

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Mother-in-Law Who Turned

By ADA PATTERSON.

A broker sued his mother-in-law for alienating his wife's affections. He wanted \$50,000 for the affections he had lost, if not just and to the surprise of everyone the mother-in-law turned.



Mother-in-law have not the habit of turning, at least in public. They have been the long suffering targets for all alleged jests that hard put to it paragraphs and dubiously come illustrations have speeded at them. They have smiled with mingled patience and contempt and waited their day, knowing that mother-in-laws are like consciences. They behave well as long as you do. This mother-in-law has turned. In biting words with the sting of truth in them, she has replied in court, holding the \$50,000 tight, that it was not she who alienated his wife's affections, but his own habit of talking about the girl who had been his former fiancee.

He and his mother would sit in my daughter's presence and talk by the hour about the girl to whom he had been engaged. "Although the girl had broken the engagement he had never ceased to love her. He carried a miniature of her in his pocket. He and his mother were always praising her. That is why my daughter's affection for him vanished."

And what would you do? Some women who have married widowers have been jealous of their predecessors, although it is not quite normal to be jealous of the dead. In such cases the unhappiness has often been caused by the husband's definite comparisons of the present with the former wife, than by any vaguely disturbing memories of and imaginings about the one time incumbent. But any women with a spark of spirit about her will be set ablaze with indignation by continual reference to a woman still alive and evidently maintaining her old power. The husband who practices such a form of cruelty deserves all that follows and be sure, if the woman have the true American spirit something will follow.

The widower usually has the grace to place the portraits of his first companion in some little used room. Her reign is over. If memory of her still persists she at least does not perform the office of a daily oral reminder. But the man whose continual theme of conversation is the charm of a former sweetheart is as tactful as an elephant in a hot house.

It is abnormal, save in exceptional circumstances, to be jealous of the dead. It is normal and extensible to maintain an attitude of suspicious watchfulness toward the quick—particularly if the watchful attitude is created by a continuous conversational performance.

I know a 16-year-old girl who brought down upon herself the first harsh words her father ever spoke to her by an allusion to the man to whom her mother had once been engaged. "Mr. Brown?" said the girl. "Wasn't he spoons with mamma once?"

"That remark is in very bad taste," her parent said. "Don't let me hear any more like it."

Going to her mother for comfort the child received a pat on the head and a smiling, "Never mind dear. That is the man I would have married if I hadn't married your father. Your father knows it. I'm afraid I was a bit of a flirt. But I never speak of him and you must not."

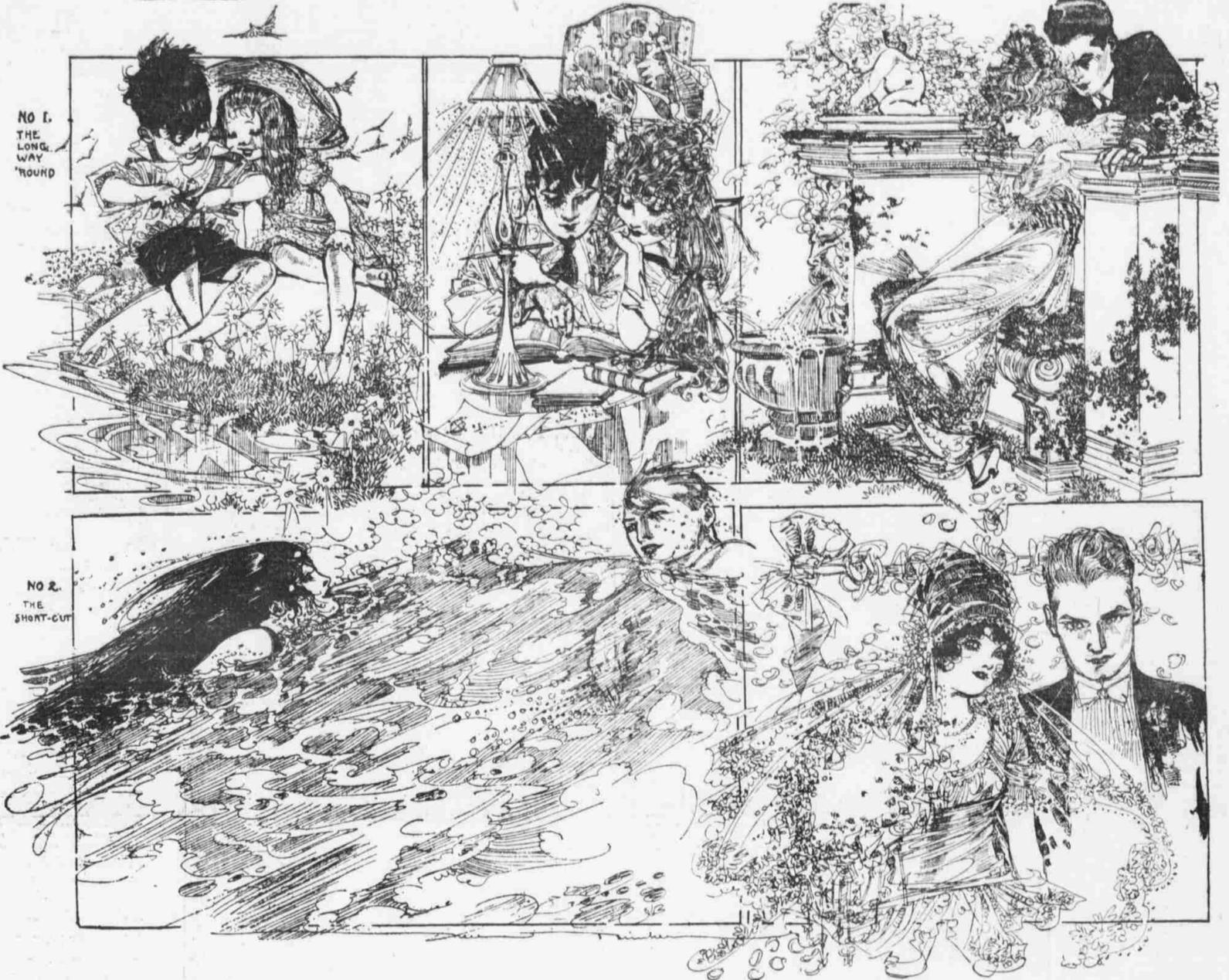
Commendable is the attitude of a bride of last month, a famous belle, who surprised her friends by marrying a man noted for his affairs of the heart. "I have heard all about them," she said gayly, "but I shall hear of them no more. We are going to forget and begin all over."

Of course the man who harped about his former sweetheart and carried her picture didn't get his \$50,000. The jury agreed that he had misplaced his wife's affections as he might his wallet through his own carelessness.

"The Long Way 'Round, and the Short"

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By Nell Brinkley



NO. 1. THE LONG WAY 'ROUND

NO. 2. THE SHORT-CUT

Dan has two ways of getting to a wedding—the long and the short of it; one's the "long way 'round," and it takes him years—on his stubby legs—to get there. His Man and his Girl waded the long grass together when he wore a gingham shirt and a pair of home-made breeches held by a single 'spender, and she had dimples in her knees and wore a hat with a loose loop of straw-floppin' up and down and little aprons that tied in a sagging bow behind. They played together—and the years wore by—and they worked together—and birthdays piled up—and they dreamed together—and all 'a sudden these two who

had tramped the same trail for Youth's whole lifetime clasped their hands tighter and drifted into sweethearts. And the wedding—the end of a long chumship that neither could remember the beginning of, with candles and the deep boom of the organ and the golden-throated peal of bells—but the loop of gold about two youngsters whom years had already welded into one.

And the other—is a short cut to the same thing, and though I ought to pull a long face and say this never works out right—I don't—because when I count up all I know of the two ways of Dan's romance-building I find just as many "they lived happy ever afters"

joined to the credit of one as the other. Dan doesn't waste on the short cut. A man and a maid may meet on the tip-top of a wave of the Sea-of-Life, swimming hard and fancy-free, strangers utterly, he never dreaming that her sweet face, finished and grown, was atop of the earth; she never getting in the span of her youth even a rumor that his clean face, with steady eyes and big mouth, was bobbing round somewhere in the waste of water. Face to face on the shoudering wave one day—and the next they're married. The Long Way 'Round and The Short Cut!

NELL BRINKLEY.

Summertime Fables

By DOROTHY DIX.

Once upon a time there was a youth who perceived that he was in the also ran class, and was never likely to win out in the race of life, determined to make an end of himself. Thereupon he sought the big drink, but before he took the fatal plunge he sat down upon the bank and wept a few.

While he was thus, a woman, being his fate, an old man, observing his grief, approached and addressed him.

"Why these sobs of gloom?" the aged party inquired.

"Alas," replied the youth, "I am nothing but a false alarm, and as I do not desire to be merely a piker all my days, I have resolved upon doing the suicide stunt, for of what use is it to possess a dress suit if you have nowhere to wear it, or to have brains in your heels if the only place where you can Maxie is in a cheap dance palace?"

"Ha," cried the old man, "your case is one of aspiring youth and blasted ambition combined with symptoms of lack of opportunity."

"You have got me, Steve," replied the youth, with a fresh burst of woe. "I apprehend," said the ancient mariner, "that you yearn to be a lady's pet, and have the fair ones sighing for your favor."

"Mock me not," returned the youth, "but such is the desire of my heart."

"Also," continued the gray beard, "that you would not look with disfavor upon easy money."

"Try me," exclaimed the youth. "Likewise," suggested the venerable philosopher, "that you would not seriously object to occupying the center of the stage, with spotlight turned on you."

"In pity," pleaded the youth, "quit pulling that earthly paradise stuff on me."

"All may be yours," quoth the old man, "if you will only follow my counsel. Arise, go forth and purchase yourself glad raiment, and beat it to the nearest summer resort. There shall fair women struggle for your favor, and claw each other's eyes out for the privilege of tangling with you, and also shall they feed you on rich foods and ply you with costly drinks, and ride you about in automobiles. Likewise you may marry the daughter of a pork king, for a thing is of value in proportion to its rarity, and a man at a summer resort is a pearl in a barrel of clams."

Thereupon the youth did as the old man bade him, and the result was even as the wise one had prophesied.

Moral: This fable teaches that the summer is the young man's opportunity, and sagacious is he who embraces it.



Bishop Butler and John Wesley

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

Bishop Butler and John Wesley! What a royal pair—the great thinker and the night organizer; the author of the immortal "Analogy" and the founder of the great Methodist church.

In 1728, somewhere around this date, the good bishop and the unworldly priest locked horns in a somewhat animated conversation. De Morgan, late professor of mathematics in University college, London, declared that there may be conversational arguments, but there are no arguments.

The first result of the "set-to," so far as the bishop was concerned, was the conviction on the bishop's part that Wesley was "an undesirable priest," or, as at any rate an undesirable priest to the sinners of his diocese. "You must leave, Mr. Wesley. You have no commission to preach here."

Wesley, notwithstanding his well known humility, was never lacking in the disposition to fight for what he believed to be a good cause, and when the bishop told him that he had "no commission to preach," he threw back at his lordship the staggering pronouncement:

"My commission is to preach everywhere. I am a priest of the church universal."

We are not told how that bombshell affected the good bishop, but right here, from all accounts, the dialogue abruptly closed. The bishop went back to his study to write a preface to the second edition of the "Analogy," and Wesley strode out to found the Methodist church—an institution that was to stir the globe with a zone of fiery enthusiasm, and reach the proportions that should astonish mankind.

Very Simple. Dear Examiner—Now speak up, boy. Do you know what nasal organ means? Boy—No, sir. Examiner—Correct—London Opinion.



The Girl in Her 'Teens

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

When a girl is in her early teens she needs her mother most. Mothers take very good care of their little children and chaperon their young lady daughters conventionally, but they generally leave the girl of 14 or 15 years to shift for herself.

She seems too young for problems and sweethearts, she is old enough to attend to the small concerns of life for herself, and since she does not need to be taken care of like a child, she is not guarded as she grows to womanhood.

The girl of 15 years often runs the streets till dark. She has for "beaux" all sorts of boys whom she ought never to know. She frequents the movies, the parks, the soda fountains and the beaches in summer and may even go to cheap cabarets in winter, and because she comes home before dinner and goes to bed at 9 o'clock no one dreams she may be coming to harm.

Granted that her own good moral fibre, her early training, and the atmosphere of her home keep her from actual wrongdoing, still what of her fitness, her girlish sweetness, her modesty?

She finds herself growing restless as she ceases to stand "with reluctant feet where brook and river meet."

She takes one wild leap and strikes out into the deeper waters. She becomes a noisy, silly, giggling creature, who lives on fudge and "sundae," and absurd love affairs and trashy novels.

She learns to value the froth of life instead of the "golden wine of living."

The girl in her teens needs a friend—her mother.

She needs some one to guide and control her, to sympathize with and understand her. She needs a home in which to bring her friends—and a guiding spirit there to keep her in a wholesome group of happy young folks together, and not wandering off into dangerous boy and girl intimacies in emotional young couples who do not understand themselves.

She would have sensible relations with boys if she saw them in a frank, natural home environment and was saved from premature kissing off.

who will not ignore romance that grows apace in the heart of youth. The mother who "plays fair" with her girl will cultivate the dream in youth's heart so that it will grow in flowers and not in weeds.

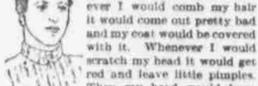
The girl in her teens needs of all things on earth sympathy, guidance, and understanding love to bring her unscathed to her high heritage of womanhood.

Dog Kidnaps Kittens. Muffy, a tabby cat, at the home of Carl P. Meyran, 233 South Wilton place, made a move several days ago which resulted in the kidnapping of her family, two blue-eyed kittens, by a little fox terrier dog. Muffy prefers to bring up her family according to her own ideas, and resents any interference, no matter how good one's intentions may be. Neither does she take any stock in those new-fangled ideas of sanitation, so when a neighbor designed to sprinkle flea powder on her of laying she moved them to a new home. This came very near being Muffy's undoing, for no sooner had she settled in the new place than along came the little fox terrier, who, having no family, took the kittens. Mrs. Muffy was frantic until someone found and returned her family to her—Los Angeles Times.

FALLING HAIR AND DANDRUFF

For Four Years, Dandruff Could Be Seen Plainly, Head Burned and So Itchy Could Hardly Stand It. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trouble Disappeared.

455 12th St., Detroit, Mich.—"I was troubled with falling hair and dandruff for about four years. The dandruff was very thick and my hair was always full of it. It could be seen plainly at times and whenever I would comb my hair it would come out pretty bad and my coat would be covered with it. Whenever I would scratch my head it would get red and leave little pimples. Then my head would burn and be so itchy that I could hardly stand it. I tried almost everything but with no result till one night I happened to think about Cuticura Soap and Ointment and thought I would try them. After using them about two weeks I found they were doing me so much good that I kept right on using the Cuticura Soap for washing my hair and the Cuticura Ointment for rubbing on my scalp. Now my hair is nice and thick and I am not bothered with any more dandruff or falling hair. The trouble has disappeared." (Signed) Roy Mittendorf, Jan. 31, 1914.



Samples Free by Mail

A single hot bath with Cuticura Soap and a gentle anointing with Cuticura Ointment are often sufficient to afford immediate relief in the most distressing cases of skin and scalp diseases when all else fails. Sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

She Does Not Love You.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man 26 years of age. And dearly in love with a girl about 19 I met her about two years ago, and been with her three times since. I do not live in the same town she does, and come up nearly every Sunday night hoping to see her. We write to each other all the time, but I miss her every time I come. About three nights ago I met her with another friend of hers, and she did not know me. And I would like to let her know that I am dearly in love with her, but never get to see her when I get to her town. Now I would like your advice what to do, try and win her, or keep friends with the other girl I met the night I come down, thinking I would meet Cathryn. But I'm not in love with the other girl. She is only about 15 years of age. BLONDE.

It is very apparent the young lady does not care much about you, or she would be more careful about keeping appointments with you. Let her alone for a time, and if she cares for you, she will find a way to let you know. If she

doesn't care for you, it is a waste of time for you to pursue her.

Rest a While. Dear Miss Fairfax: I have had three husbands. The first one drank and I left him. The second one chewed and I left him. The third one left me. Which of the three do you think I had better try to reconcile myself with? MARIAH JONK.

The fact that you have had three husbands indicates you did not care a great deal for either. You would probably better desist from marriage until you are able to make up your own mind.

Don't Be Sore. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of eighteen and go to school in the city. I meet a young fellow daily and he is just dying to get acquainted. The other day I met him and he tipped his hat and I did not answer. Now I am sorry as I would love to know him. SORRY.

You did the right thing—don't regret that. A nice girl cannot afford to take chances involved in making acquaintances with men of whom she knows nothing.

Very Simple. Dear Examiner—Now speak up, boy. Do you know what nasal organ means? Boy—No, sir. Examiner—Correct—London Opinion.

FRECKLE-FACE

Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots. How to Remove Easily.

Here's a chance. Miss Freckle-face, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable dealer that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes the freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from Sherman & McConnell Drug Co., or any other druggist, and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the homely freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength othine as this is the prescription sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles. Advertisement.