

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

People We Do Not Like

There Are Types We All Would Like to Avoid, but Since We Cannot We Should Avoid Their Eccentricities.

(Copyright, 1915, Star Company.)
By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

There are certain types of people we all meet and all find undesirable. We would like to avoid them, but since we cannot, the next best thing to do is to avoid their eccentricities.

If we cannot like them, let us not be like them. There is the woman who appropriates all the space she can in public conveyances. Two people could snugly occupy the space she occupies in a trolley car or stage. You swing upon the strap in front of her and your parcels fall upon her lap and at her feet. She looks coldly into space, while you glance apologetically at the small place which might be made larger between her and her neighbor.

If you are aggressive and ask her to "please move along" she stares at you and moves a few inches. You might as well try to push the pyramid along as to make such a woman budge an inch farther than she chooses. Looking at her face, you fill find self written on every feature—cold, unloving, selfish eyes, stubborn, selfish nose, an unswerving mouth. Her soul has been choked and kept out of sight by her poor, petty self. This same small self has chiseled and fashioned her face. Figuratively speaking, the woman is standing in front of herself and obscuring her own vision.

Then there is the ready bluffer—the woman whose proposed achievements always overwhelm the uninitiated. Wonderful things are about to happen always to this woman, to judge by her talk. She is on the eve of sailing, her passage is engaged; yet she never goes. When you meet her soon afterward and ask her how it happens that she did not go abroad she has a long story to tell you,

but ends always with a new date fixed for the delayed journey, though possibly it has taken an opposite direction. The professional bluffer is of the same pattern. She is about to sing before the queen—in private audience—or she is on the eve of signing a contract to go into grand opera, or she is to start out with a company of her own in a few weeks, or she has a book ready for the press which all the publishers are fighting over, or she is engaged to take an important position on the leading newspaper of the day—until you meet her again. Then she has a new repertoire of remarkable things which are about to happen.

It is so much wiser to let our actions speak for themselves in this world than to herald them with much talk. The ready bluffer wastes in words the vital force she needs for the execution of her plans. There is a tremendous force in silence. God did not talk about the world. He made it and let it speak for itself. Always before the elements show their greatest power there is a hush.

The woman who knows all about the family history of your friends and who carries the key to their skeleton closets is familiar to all humanity. No matter whom you mention—a stranger, as you suppose, from another town, who is coming to visit you or whom you have visited—she straightway sets forth on a recital of the doings of the grandparents or more distant relatives of your friends. She knew the aunt at school or was bridesmaid at the uncle's wedding, and recounts what a scamp he proved to be, etc.

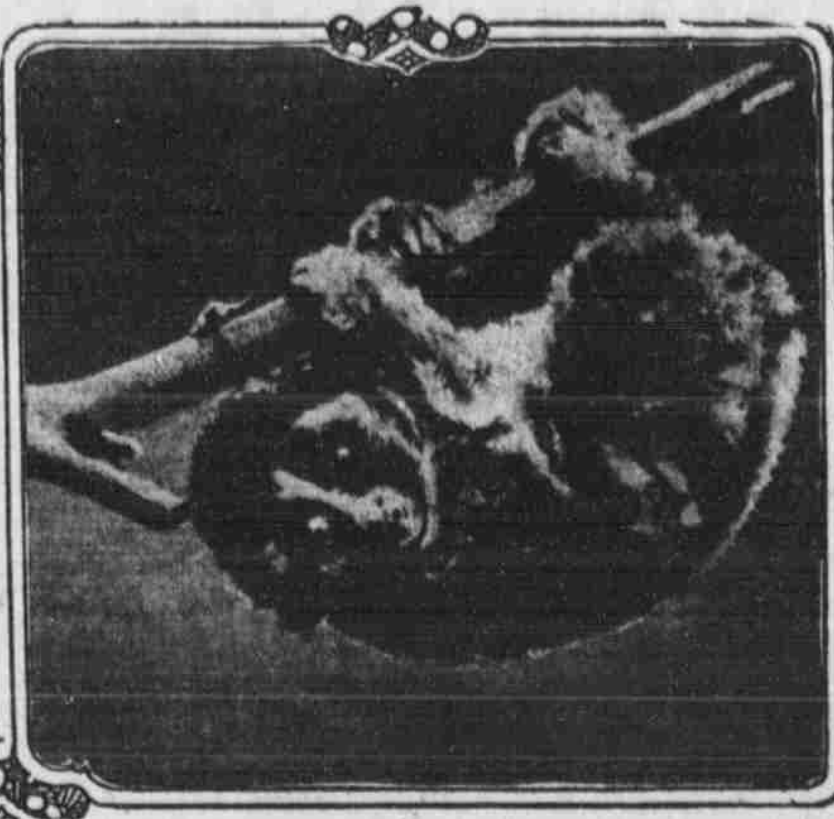
If you seem embarrassed by her narrative she condescends to you by remarking that every fool has a black sheep, and that the wool of the white ones is not the fairer by the contrast. And she concludes with a brilliant and original reference to the small size of the world, after all.



Witch Animals

Strange Stories of One of the Most Abasing Superstitions That Pledge in the Human Mind, with Pictures of the Mysterious Loris

BY GARRITT P. SERVISS



With Enormous Eyes (Used for the Brewing of Love Potions) and Excessively Thin Legs: the Slender Loris.

One of the follies of superstition is to turn certain animals into witches. A pair of these "witch animals" are to be seen in the photographs herewith. These are lorises, and they prowled by night in the woods of Ceylon and the Malay Peninsula. They are also found in Africa. The mystic charm which is attributed to them resides in their eyes.

The loris is a cousin to the monkey. He is still more closely related to the lemur, which is peculiarly a Madagascar animal, although found, in some of his varieties, elsewhere.

It is not wonderful that the loris should be regarded by ignorant savages as an animal possessing magical powers. With his slender limbs writhing spectre-like about the branches of a tree at night, and his huge eyes gleaming in the moonlight or candlelight, he presents a spectacle calculated to send a shiver through anybody's nerves.

He slumbers by day, grasping a branch firmly with his feet and hands, and creeps silently about at night pursuing his prey, which consists of little peacefully sleeping birds, beetles and other small animals, as well as eggs and fruits. In Ceylon the witchery of the loris is believed to be concentrated in its big globular eyes. But what do you suppose is the nature of the witch-power ascribed to the marvelous eyes of the loris? It is a love charm! The Sinhalese (native of Ceylon), who wishes to win the affection of some coy, or unwilling maiden of his race, catches a loris and obtains a "love potion" from its eyes, which he administers covertly to the object of his passion. The way in which this potion is obtained, according to W. P. Pyeratt, the

English naturalist, is almost too horrible to be described—and yet we civilized men, merely in order to gratify our liking for dainty food, often practice equal cruelty on lobsters and other animals. The poor loris is held over a fire until his large eyeballs burst with the heat, and the steaming liquid is caught in a cup! I certainly should shrink from stating this fact if I did not think that the best way, and, indeed, the only way, to put an end to cruel and barbarous practices is to let all the world know about them. Similar superstitions, mingled with fear, are entertained about the loris in southern China, for the animal is found there also. Among the Malays another species of loris is employed for the supposed bewitchment of enemies. Parts of the body of this animal buried secretly under the threshold of a house are believed to inspire the owner of the house with a

mania for murder. Instances have been known in which Malays convicted of assassination have pleaded in justification that some enemy had bewitched them by burying a loris at their door. Closely related to the loris is a very strange little animal called the potto, another cousin of the monkey, whose nocturnal habits, huge eyes and wild appearance, have made it also an object of superstitious fear and reverence. But we should not smile too contemptuously at such absurdities, because you have only to read the witch scenes in Shakespeare's "Macbeth" in order to perceive how recently our own ancestral line was infected with superstitions of exactly the same kind. The British islands were a very menagerie of witch animals not many centuries ago, but, luckily, little of that kind of delusion found root in America.

"Maternity" and Test of Motherhood

By MABEL M. IRWIN.

I was returning from the play, "Maternity," wondering how it were possible that the public had been admitted to so tragically realistic a sex play, when my eye chanced to fall on the evening's paper, telling of the Haeffners and their deserted children—the death of the babe, deserted in a hallway; of the indifference of the mother, as evinced by her attitude and words: "I couldn't stand them all in one room; they wore me to a shadow, and I don't care to give up my life for four children."

It seemed as if I must still be listening to the play, and that this was but another act on the stage, save that the scene had shifted, and instead of responsible maternity, which slew its unborn children to save them from shame, disease or poverty, I now saw a mother who felt so little responsibility of motherhood that she was willing that her children should perish after they had been born and she had held them to her breast.

Both seemed to me so tragic that I hardly knew which type of mother most drew my sympathy—she with a sense of responsibility almost mad in its intensity, or the other, with such an utter lack of it that she could have no realization of her crime—one who killed her unborn child because of her love for it; the other, because of love of self, sends her born children out to perish of cold or to be mothered by strangers. But in both instances, whether love of child or love of self dominated the mind of the mother, it spelled death to the little ones they had called from the unknown.

This "Maternity" that Monsieur Breux has put into the hands of Richard Bennett to be staged is a terrible thing—an expose of the underworld of marriage; i. e., that condition of things which is fostered in the guise of legitimacy and sacredness under the marriage vow, that which makes of women but an instrument of debauchery in the hands of lustful men, and maternity, motherhood, but one long threnody. It is a terrible arraignment of man from beginning to end—of man and of man-made laws—leaving man and laws without one redeeming feature, with woman, as mother, ever and always the victim. Whether betrayed motherhood, enforced motherhood, starved motherhood, it is all the same. Simply to be born a woman—and a possible mother—is to pass under a curse, and all laws and all customs but serve to perpetuate the curse. So ran the play.

After the uncovering of conditions as to the minds of the author—they exist; after nothing was left to the imagination of the audience, there they lay, naked and bleeding, with none to cover their nakedness.

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If this "maternity" play of Breux's in dealing with the woes of enforced motherhood, be but half as true as his revelation of the dangers of the social evil in "Damaged Goods," then the eternal mystery of life consists, not in the fact that one young and overburdened mother sent her little ones out to perish in the night, but that ten millions of mothers hold with such wondrous love their unwelcomed babes to their breasts. "An evil exposed is half cured." "Him that hath ears to hear let him hear."

Read It Here—See It at the Movies

Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

By special arrangement for this paper a continuous correspondence 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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THIRD EPISODE.

June Finds Work.

Back near the abandoned taxi there was a frantic group. Ned Warner, his face as set as if it had been chiseled from marble, stood in the center of the road with his fists clenched until his nails dug into his palms. There could be no doubt now that Gilbert Blye's pursuit of Ned's wife, June, was deliberate and purposeful.

Up came Mrs. Blye's auto. "You're to jump in with Mrs. Blye, Ned, and go straight on!" Iris shouted. "Get right in! Don't waste a minute!" And she fairly shoved the grim young husband of June Warner into the seat by the side of the determined wife of the man with the black Vandyske. The electric rolled away at its utmost speed.

At Blye's club the limousine stopped, while the black Vandyske man alighted. June smiled as she bade him good night, but she was very thoughtful nevertheless and troubled. Blye stood on the steps of the club and gazed after the receding car with a smile of satisfaction.

The limousine sped on to the address which Blye had given the driver. Marie saw panic in June's face. She found the little hands of June cold with nervous collapse. "East!" she snapped to the driver. "I don't know the number. I'll tell you when we get there."

A few minutes later they stopped in front of a dainty looking building with no light in the vestibule. Marie jumped out and rang the doorbell. A woman came to the door. They exchanged a few brief words and Marie ran down to the limousine.

"It's all right, June. Mrs. Boales has a nice back room for you and a cot for me." June stepped from the car with a sigh of relief. A home of any sort was welcome now. It had been a long and exciting day.

"I know the room, Miss June," said Marie, sweeping past with her arms full of fluffies. Blye was in front of his club with a gray mustached Jewish looking, pink faced man when the car returned. "Where did you take her, Scatt?" Blye asked.

CHAPTER II. Just when one turns from the Concourse into the narrow lane of the interminable Mott street construction work the Moore limousine overtook Honoria Blye's electric. Mrs. Blye let Ned alight. She drove home. Her husband had longer since proceeded her. From a secret drawer of his desk he took some papers and stuffed them in his pocket; then he called the ugly Blye maid to help him with a trunk.

They were in the hall with the luggage when Honoria let herself in. She seized the situation at a glance and without a word laid hold of the trunk. But Blye, aided by Scatt, dashed away.

Ned Warner meantime had driven straight to the apartments which he and June had fitted up. He leaped rapidly through the telephone directory, called a number and delivered his message.

There was a knock at the door. Three detectives had come from a private agency. Ned had given them a miniature of June.

Meanwhile Mrs. Blye in the presence of the parrot was also giving instructions to detectives. She gave them a photograph of Gilbert Blye and warned them that that there was to be no publicity.

June, busy with her own thoughts, presently found the dark eyes of Marie fixed steadily on her in the glass. She missed Marie's red gums, which were always showing, but there was no smile in the French-Canadian girl's just now.

"Why did you leave him?" asked the maid. "Money, Marie. Ned gave me some money." "We were all so glad that Mr. Ned was going to be so good to you," Marie peevishly observed, "and you ran away from him because he said 'You should go back. My sister's husband beats her.'"

June shook her head. "Get me a newspaper, Marie," she requested. June had a new problem to confront now. She must earn a living, and it was a subject which she had never considered except in the vague haze of romance. When Marie returned with the paper she studied the want ads with curious interest.

Meanwhile Blye and Orin Cunningham drove to the house where Blye had first directed June. "Send Tommy down," directed Blye, pacing the floor thoughtfully. Scatt, storing many things in his mind, turned his swarthy face toward the window and presently saw Tommy come into the room, the vivacious brunette girl whom June had seen. Scatt saw Cunningham rise and the three conversed earnestly. Blye showed Tommy the picture in the lid of the little gold watch. Tommy was not highly pleased from the very beginning. The men grew stern, and then Scatt saw them reduce her to submissiveness. She walked away and presently came back wearing an evening wrap of creamy colors. The three hurried out and got into the car. They drove down into the dingy east side street where June lay in the sleep of blessed rest. Blye had Tommy take careful note of the house.

If someone were seeking admittance, it was Mrs. Boales. "There's a young lady to see you, Miss—Miss—"

"Justin," snapped Marie, who had given that name by a brilliant flash of intellect. "Yes Mary," wheezed Mrs. Boales. "That wasn't the name the young lady gave. First she said Moore, and then she said Warner, and then she said that Justin was right, she guessed, but she said 'June' every time, and she brought this slipper. Is it yours?"

"Who is the young lady?" asked June. "Miss Thomas, Miss-m'am." Mrs. Boales' constantly roving eyes came to rest on the solitary and the plain gold band on June's finger. "She said she came to see you about a position."

June cast down her eyes in troubled thought. Blye—he had said he would send some one for her in the morning. Was there no evading the man's kindness? How had he—Aburd! Of course he had got her address from the driver of the car. She went down the stairs in worried concern, but in the doorway of the parlor she stopped in astonishment as she saw her caller. For a moment the two beautiful young women stood studying each other in admiration, then the brunette swept forward with a gracious smile.

Later June called up the stairs, "I'll be back some time this afternoon, Marie." Then June went out with Tommy Thomas!

Honoria Blye, sitting at her parlor window and exchanging the thoughts of the morning with her green feathered familiar spirit, saw loafing across from her house a long, lean, lanky man with a sparse black beard. Presently the doorbell rang, and one of the wide, low detectives came in with an air of great exhaustion.

"Nothing doing, m'am," he reported. "Blinky Peters and I watched your husband's club all the time. Sneaky Tavis has shadowed Warner's apartments, and I'm to go let him get some sleep."

"Are you sure my husband and that girl haven't left the city?" she asked. "They didn't go from any regular railroad station," stated Bill Wolf, with conviction.

Ned Warner at about the same time received a report of similar discouragement from the long, lean, lanky detective. There has been found no trace of June Warner nor of Blye. In one of the big department stores June was taken up to the manageress of the French salon; then Tommy went away, and presently June, whose face and figure, carriage and manner, had been grimly inspected and approved, was being instructed in the art of parading in a gown and of displaying the proper degree of elegant insolence to impress customers. "Your name here will be Therese," said the manageress. "You haven't done this before, have you?" "No," June's voice was faint and weak. She had a queer feeling in her stomach, and her eyes began to widen again as she studied an appalling array of cosmetics. "Never mind. I'll be in and make you up."

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Your Father Will Care for Her. Dear Miss Fairfax: I have known a young man for the last year who lives in another town. He has repeatedly asked me to marry him, but I have already refused, as I cannot bear to leave my mother, who wishes to win the affection of some coy, or unwilling maiden of his race, catches a loris and obtains a "love potion" from its eyes, which he administers covertly to the object of his passion.

She is Too Young for You. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 35 and am in love with a girl of 18. Her mother and father object to my attentions to her on account of the difference in our ages. "What do you think the best for me to do, as the girl says she won't marry me until she has her parent's consent?"

A Case Where Age Does Not Matter. Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been receiving attentions from a young man for eighteen months. "What I would like to know is if age has anything to do with the matter before I accept an engagement ring, which he has pressed me to take?"

Your attitude toward your mother is greatly to be commended, but I am sure that she will not want you to sacrifice your life for her. Since your father is living and can care for her, I think you are quite free to marry the man you love. If anything serious befall, your husband would surely let you go home temporarily or bring your mother to your home.

What do you think the best for me to do, as the girl says she won't marry me until she has her parent's consent? The young man's age is 25, and I am 32. Does this make any difference if there is true love? He is a gentleman in every respect; he does everything to make me happy, and, above all, Miss Fairfax, he is so lovely and so good and kind to his mother—I just love him for that, and if I do a little kindness for his mother he is delighted.

Ordinarily I do not believe in marriages where the man is much the woman's junior. But there is no hard and fast rule in this matter. Now in your case I believe a marriage would be advisable. You seem to be sensible, thoughtful, sympathetic people, who will try to make each other happy and who know true love and consideration. These things are more important than the count of your birthdays.

A mixture of politics and religion is liable to be followed by more or less fermentation. When it comes to swats, we always seem to get what the other fellow deserves. "The man who continually howls about "bad business" is doing his part to make it bad.

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The Cost of High Living

is not in dollars and cents alone, but in the breaking down of those vital functions of the body that bring happiness and long life. Neither the high cost of living nor the cost of high living need disturb the man or woman who knows

Shredded Wheat

Two of these crisp, brown loaves of Shredded Whole Wheat, served with hot milk, make a warm, nourishing, satisfying meal and the total cost is not over five cents. It supplies all the human body needs to work on or play on. Keeps the stomach sweet and clean and the bowels healthy and active.

Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits, heated in the oven to restore crispness, served with hot milk or cream, make a complete, nourishing, satisfying meal at a total cost of five or six cents. Also delicious with fruits. TRISCUIT is the Shredded Wheat Wafer, eaten as a toast with butter or soft cheese, or as a substitute for white flour bread or crackers.

Made only by The Shredded Wheat Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)