

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Man's Duty to Teach Wife to Be His Partner

Husband Should Be Willing to Make All Sacrifices Necessary to Lay Solid Foundation for Happy Home, Says Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Since the home is the foundation of the nation, it is well worth while for individuals who establish homes to make some personal sacrifice of time and impulse, to create a solid bed rock for that foundation. The lover finds it easy to show an interest in the most frivolous or feminine accomplishment of his lady love; to admire her embroidery; to listen to her singing or to help her fix up her booth for charity bazaar. And whatever she says or does wins his attention. Why not continue that attitude after marriage and give the wife the happy sense of co-partnership in all her doings?



Every wife, as a rule, is ready to be taught something of her husband's business or professional affairs; enough to make her understand his ambitions and sympathize with his trials. But it is only the occasional wife who has the perception to understand the delicate difference between sympathizing and interfering with a man's affairs. Perhaps it is because of this danger of interference that so few men make their wives acquainted with their business lives. And this is a point on which women need training. A tactful man can so train the woman he loves, before marriage, by praise of other women who have shown the art of helping their husbands by the right attitude of mind and the right methods of action. Surely there is nothing too much trouble, nothing too time-taking, which may lead to a successful marriage! It is the important work of the human race. For what is the worth of successful art, of successful business, what is the worth of peace, power and prosperity in a nation, what is the use of international arbitration unless that nation is founded on happy, clean, harmonious homes?

One danger which menaces the American and menaces happy home life, is the alarming tendency of the present generation to avoid parenthood.

Young married people in good health, with good brains and bodies to transmit to offspring, and wives who might be the proud mothers of statesmen or beautiful daughters, frequently impair their health and beauty rather than accept the responsibilities of motherhood.

Here again we find the reflex action of mind; for often these wives are daughters of mothers who have borne too many children and have missed the happiness of youth and the relaxation a perfect home should give in the never-ceasing cares of a large family. I do not know what the statistics state regarding the relative number of divorces among childless people and those who are parents, but I do know that Nature intended marriage to be followed by parenthood as naturally as summer follows spring.

And I know that even the sad experience of motherhood which lasts but a few brief hours often makes a new and indescribably sacred bond of affection between man and wife. There are many happy marriages where no children are, it is true, yet the wife who has never felt the stirring of a little being under her heart has missed one of life's and love's most wonderful experiences.

They walked the valley of the dead; lit by a weird half light; No sound they made, no word they said; And they were pale with fright. Then suddenly from unseen places came loud laughter that was like a whip of flame.

They looked, and saw, beyond, above, A land where wronged souls wait. (Those spirits called to earth by love, And driven back by hate); And each stood in anguish dumb and wild. As she beheld the phantom of her child.

Yes, saw the soul her wish had hurled Out into night and death Before it reached the Mother world, Or drew its natal breath. And, terrified, each hid her face and fled Beyond the presence of her unborn dead.

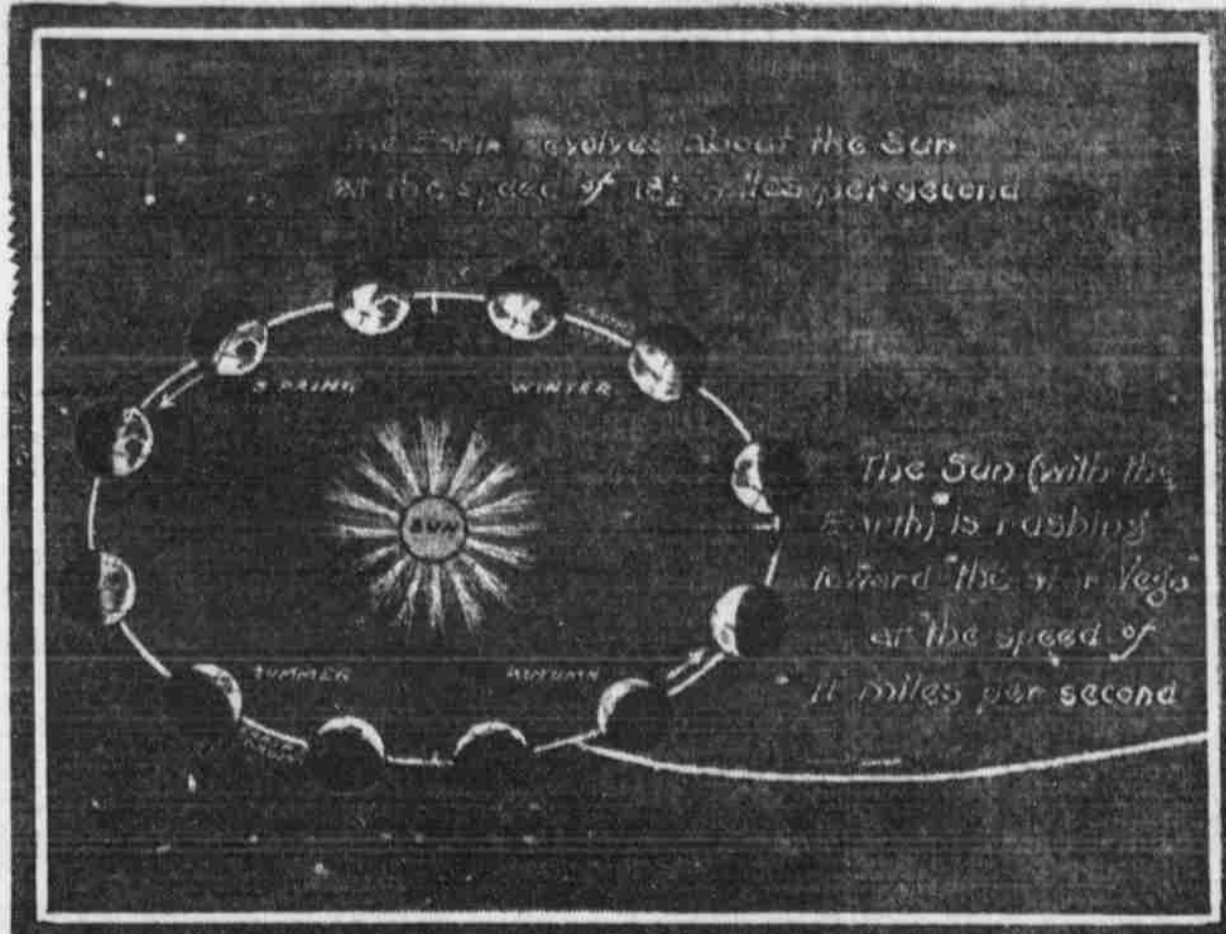
And God's Great Angel, who provides Souls for our mortal land, Laughed, with the laughter that derides, Of self-made barren women of the earth. (Hell has no curse that withers like such mirth.)

"O Angel, tell us who were they That down below us fared; Those shapes with faces strained and gray. And eyes that stared and stared; Something there was about them gave us fear. Yet are we lonely, now they are not here."

This spoke the spectral children, thus The Angel made reply: "They have no part or share with us, They are but phantoms; 'But may we pray for them?' the phantoms plead. 'Yes, Angel, need your prayers,' the Angel said. They went upon their lonely way (Far from Paradise); Their path was lighted with wan rays From ghostly children's eyes— The little children who were never born; And as they passed, the Angel laughed in scorn.

Earth's Mad Onward Dance

With the Sun It Is Rushing at Terrific Rate Toward the Far Distant Star Vega



The earth in its relation to the sun, showing how our planet turns on its axis in its revolution about the source of its heat and light. Both sun and earth are flying through space toward the star Vega, so far from us that the mind can not even grasp its distance.

By GARRETT P. SERVIS.

The earth's double motion is a source of never failing interest. The earth seems to be rushing up the steps of a mighty spiral stairway, which towers steadily through the abyss of the stars. The sun ascends along the axis of that spiral, which is like the core of masonry in the center of a cathedral stair-well, and the earth winds about the sun as it mounts upward. "Up" and "down" are mere relative terms anyway, and they answer well enough to indicate the course of the solar system through space, which is no more accurately described by the usual statement that its direction is, roughly, from south toward north.

For every five miles that the earth progresses around the center of the spiral it ascends three miles in the direction of the spiral's axis. The star Vega, one of the brightest in the heavens, lies not far out of the line of that axis. The velocity of the earth's (and sun's) motion toward Vega is about eleven miles per second, while the velocity of the earth's motion around the sun is about eighteen and one-half miles per second. In one year the earth advances 350,000,000 miles nearer to Vega, but because of the spiral shape of its path it has to travel about 680,000,000 miles.

Many curious consequences follow from the fact that our planet is thus forever voyaging onward through space. One of these consequences is that we have no fixed home in the universe. We keep in company with the sun, it is true, but it is only by chasing along with him, like a boy on a bicycle pursuing an automobile through a desolate stretch of country, where he is mortally afraid of being left alone. If the sun should abandon us, drop us out of his company, our case would be desperate, for we would be left without any light or heat. In a little while the zero temperature of open space would close in upon us, together with the universal light, and our last regretful sight of the life-giving sun would be a glimpse of a runaway star, rapidly fading from view in the glimmer of the Milky Way.

There is no danger, however, that the sun will shake us off so long as its law of gravitation holds true. That is a fact that cannot be repudiated, and the smallest and most insignificant planet can absolutely depend upon it.

But, on the other hand, this mad rush through space, this planetary dance which the sun is leading, and which never stays in any place, has peculiar results. All the other suns and solar systems are doing the same thing. Motion-uncesing motion—is their very life. Some of them outpace us "ten" or twenty steps to one; others are soberly deliberate in their movements; but they are all going. They are the dancing electrons in the huge atom called the universe. And in their very motions resides the danger of collisions.

It is not the actual bodily encounter of flying suns that is to be feared so much as their near approach to one another. At short range their tidal attraction would have a rending force which nothing could resist. Imagine two warships which should possess some new kind of bottled force which would act upon an adversary like the paws of a grizzly bear, instead of like the fists of a pugilist, which would tear asunder by fierce, differential pulling instead of de-

molishing smashing blows—they would enact a tragedy resembling that which would result from the drawing near together of two great suns which would burst one another apart as if each had a mysterious grip upon the other's mid-rib!

Whenever we see a new star suddenly flaming out in the heavens we are, perhaps, the distant witness of the catastrophic approach of two wandering members of celestial space whose invisible tenacles of gravitative force are as fatal to whatever their touch falls upon as those of a devil-fish.

But, measured by the span of human existence, these catastrophes of space are so excessively rare that nobody need be troubled about them. They have only an intellectual interest.

As to the conviction of the immeasurable profundity of the star depth which the onward motion of the earth produces, it is only necessary to consider one plain fact. The brightness of a star varies with the inverse square of its distance. If we approach twice as near it will be four times as bright. Now, the earth has been traveling nearer and nearer to the star Vega for, say, 5,000 years since men began to notice that star and to call it by a distinctive name and to compare it with other stars. In those 5,000 years the distance of the star has diminished in consequence of the earth's approach toward it, and also of its own motion hitherward, not less than seven millions of millions of miles, and yet there is no evidence that it is a spark brighter today than it was 5,000 years ago! How gigantic must be that distance which is not appreciably affected by being shortened seven millions of millions of miles! But there are millions of stars vastly more distant than Vega.

THE FULL-SKIRTED DANCING FROCK is here to stay, as its comfort and grace have done for it what fashion-makers have despaired of doing. Made in flowered organdies and soft taffetas, they are particular attractive



The short, full-skirted dancing frocks which have been taken up cautiously by the lovers of "line" and slenderness, are proving, by their comfort and real grace on the dancing floor, their effectiveness, and they are surely rapidly supplanting their predecessors with full overskirt and tight-fitted lining.

They are made of effleur volie in two tones of gray, suggesting morning mist. The bodice of gebratum taffeta accents the morning mist idea.

They are very youthful, and, in spite of their fullness, really make a woman appear less stout, for they conceal rather than reveal defects of figures. The picture above represents a charming gown for dancing. It follows rather the "artistic" than the ultra-modish style. With this frock are worn white or silver cloth slippers.

Snap-Shots

A wife would like to be treated as a jewel—before she lies in her casket. Some men go to hell—before they have a chance to notice whether they like the scenery or not.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Forget About Your Lameness. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man, 22, high school graduate, excellent habits. I have met a young lady recently, whom I could love dearly. I would like to take her to different places of amusement, and as I am lame, I hesitate in asking her to go, as I think she would feel embarrassed to go out with me on that account. Do you think I am justified in feeling that way? My dear boy, no girl who is worth caring for could possibly be repelled by your looking neat and attractive, and proving a kind and attentive escort. Since you have education and character and refinement of feeling (all of which are evinced by your well written little note), I am inclined to consider the girl who attracts you very lucky. The beau of the town where I once lived was lame—and one of the most fascinating men in history (Lord Byron) had a club foot.

Don't Spite Yourself.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young lady, 17 years of age, and I am in love with a young man about 30, but he does not pay much attention to me. Another man about 27 is just crazy about me, but I do not care much for him. He is willing to buy a machine if we get married, although I do not care for him. My girl friend advises me to marry him for spite.

SEVENTH EPISODE.

The Tormentors.

CHAPTER I.

Meanwhile Marie, disguised in the suffocatingly tight black mourning outfit of the Widow O'Keefe, was many blocks out of the danger zone, smothering in a telephone booth and calling up the place where June had gone to work. Mrs. Villard was not in her beautiful home up the Hudson, nor was Miss June there. They had gone into the city, but the maid gave Marie a telephone number. Marie Villard answered that call from a gorgeously furnished room, where half a dozen stunningly gowned young women sat smoking, and her kindly face showed immediately concern when she learned that June must not come home to the Widow O'Keefe's.

"Why?" she naturally wanted to know. "Well, you're a friend of hers, aren't you?" hesitated Marie. "Of course," smiled Mrs. Villard, and before her rose the fresh young face of pretty June.

"Well, then, I'll tell you." Marie threw her thick black veil over her shoulder for the twentieth time, and a drop of perspiration trickled down her nose. "I'm her maid, Marie, and she mustn't come home."

"But she's already started," worried Mrs. Villard. "She's probably there by this time. Why mustn't she come home?" "Has she?" And the voice of Marie cracked. "Oh! Goodby! How am I to get her away from there?"

"Wait a minute!" This seemed to be no time for asking questions. "I'll come down in my car!" "Oh, yes, do!" gasped Marie, nearly pulling the transmitter off the wall. "Goodby! I have to hurry!"

"Wait a minute! Wait, Marie! Where am I to come?" "Oh, yes!" And Marie gulped. "It's the Widow O'Keefe's, at the corner of Deshley street and Duck alley, right across from Tim Courty's saloon. Any policeman can tell you the place. Hurry!" And Marie, starting another seam in the Widow O'Keefe's mourning dress,

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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plunged out of the telephone booth, battling for air. Mrs. Villard stood at the phone a moment, with a musing smile growing upon her lips; then she gave the number of a magnificent club. The man whom a brass-bottomed page brought through the marble corridors from the leather-hung library to answer the call wore a suave smile and a black Vandyke.

"This is Mrs. Villard, Gilbert," came the low, sweet voice. "I have something very important to tell you, June."

"Oh!" Gilbert Blye stroked his black Vandyke with his long, lean, white fingers. "I'll join you immediately wherever you say."

"Shall I stop at your club?" "Please," Gilbert Blye walked out of the telephone booth, sent for his hat and sat in the reception room near the door. The family limousine of the Moores had no sooner rolled away from the widow's house than Sammy O'Keefe unlocked the closet door, in proud self-approbation.

"What was it?" June asked. "Your husband, Miss," and the Widow O'Keefe laughed her crackling triumph and rubbed her gnarled hands over each other. "It's small satisfaction he got out of me and Sammy with his pryin' and his inquisitive—"

"Ned!" cried June, and she clutched at the banister rail. "He was here!" "Right where you're standin', miss. And your father and mother and—"

"Daddy! Mummy!" The tears gathered. "Don't you mind, darlin'," encouraged the widow heartily. "They got nothin' out of either Sammy or me. Sammy, I'm proud of you, boy. I didn't know you could lie so good, and I'll never believe anything you tell me again. And there was a couple of your friends, miss—hearty soul of a young woman that never left off talkin' or laughin' or cryin' or somethin' one minute after the other and her husband, a henpecked little fellow that'll be no trouble until he gets waked up some day; then watch out for his kind. My Dan was that way. I could bully-rag that poor devil night and day till I see the glint begin to come in his eye— Why, darlin', what's the matter? Sammy, you big simpleton, why don't you get Miss June a glass of water! And be quick, will you!"

Jabbering out of her pent-up excitement, not a word of which June had heard, she helped the colorless half-fainting girl up to her own rooms and mothered around her with a solicitude which was fully as lively as her tongue and far more sincere.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Money in the Bank

is good, but a good stomach in a vigorous body is better than Dyspepsia with Wealth. Health is beyond the reach of money-bags. It is purchased with good habits and a simple, natural food.

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