

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

What a Pretty Girl Told Me

(Copyright, 1934, Intern'l News Service.)

By Nell Brinkley

How Mothers by Neglect Lose Girls

By ELLA WHEELER WILSON.

(Copyright, 1934, The Star Company.) Margaret M. Dow, who has been active in mission work for many years, sent recently in a private letter (which she does not object to having used publicly):

"The article called 'Man' is a peculiar one. He reminds me, in his attitude to women, of that of the dog who, when he is ready to fight, he will worry and chase and torment until the cat 'turns' and he is put back where he belongs. The cat has the field—so has woman. We do not need to blame the man, or wonder why things are so. We must first go to the source of the trouble and re-educate the ordinary girl of today. The real fault is with the mothers."

"As long as girls are allowed to get their social education in the streets, to receive no law of decency or womanhood, boys and men will reap the harvest. Let such pastors as Dr. O. P. Cadman and Dr. Rhodes, with his assistant pastor of the Central Presbyterian church; Rev. Tracy B. Griswold, who are all real shepherds of the sheep, lend a hand and give their testimony, and they will agree with me that the fault is at home."

"Let me repeat, making no excuse for men who have sown his wild oats (who should know and do better) that to make right the wrong the woman must set the standard and demand it. In only this way can the wretched social scale now unbalanced be rectified, men helped and women taught more sense and propriety."

These ideas are not new, but they bear repetition. The high calling of motherhood and the high calling of fatherhood have been discussed many times in this column. And it has also been said here that motherhood was the oldest profession in the world and the one to which the fewest gold medals have ever been awarded."

It is in the power of every mother to make her children very much what she desires them to be. She devotes all the time passed in their society to wise, sensible and practical methods of brain building. Kindness to all living things is the very first thing to develop in a child's mind."

Many a woman believes herself a good mother because she is ready to fight for her child through fire and water, and to walk over the bodies of other mothers and other children in the effort to make way for her own; and because she loves her child in this selfish manner, she is blind to any suffering it gives other human beings or animals."



Maybe this secret's old to you—gray with cobwebs! But did you ever see it work? Listen! One of the prettiest girls in southern California—most the prettiest girl I have ever seen—told me this story for girls—and she said it was old. Old Magic! I met her by the blue sea one day, and while she watched the gulls wheel and fly and the white clouds sail, and all the time the white-gold sun of that sky pouring down on her face and hair, she told me all about it. For I had said it plain—"Please," said I, "you have the loveliest skin I ever saw—and you live on a ranch in the bone-dry Mexican valley, where other folks got skins like a little baked apple. Why is it?" And she told me. Her face was clear like some flower petals—those you can almost see through to the faint pink flesh beneath. Her bronze hair lay against her cheek like copper threads against a satin vase.

Every morning for more years than she can remember she has gone about this little ceremony—plunged and soaped her face, after an old-fashioned washing with tallow fat, into just-warm water and soap until it was clean and warm. And then from there, all pink, she has gone to the poles—a bowl of

cracked ice! And this crackling cold and glittering, she held and smoothed over her face until it stung and sang and was almost numb—as it would be if she had played for long in the blowing snow. And "that is all!" There wasn't any more. And she rides in the face of dry desert winds and snaps her fingers in the dripping face of the sun! And here's a strengthening prop to the Magic story. My mother nodded her head when I told her, and gave me a true tale of an old lady of 80 in her home-town in the south who washed her face every morning in the icy spring—and, said my mother, "her face was faded a bit—but it was a faded rose and lovelier than any of ours—and we were 16."

So there. But you must hammer faithfully. I have a sneaking notion, as you must at the effort for all good things that you desire.—Nell Brinkley.

Read it Here—See it at the Movies.

Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

By special arrangements for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the scenes as they are seen at the leading moving picture theaters. By arrangement with the Mutual Film Corporation it is not only possible to read "Runaway June" each week, but also afterward to see moving pictures illustrating our story.

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SYNOPSIS
June, the bride of Ned Warner, impulsively leaves her husband on their honeymoon because she begins to realize that she must be dependent on him for money. She desires to be independent. June is pursued by Gilbert Blye, a wealthy married man. She escapes from his clutches with difficulty. Ned searches distractedly for June, and learning of Blye's designs, vows vengeance on him.

ELEVENTH EPISODE.

In the Clutch of the River Thieves.

CHAPTER I.
The woman looked up at the houseboat as if she were estimating for herself its plan, arrangement and all the mysteries which it might contain. She slowly rose and coast aside her shawl. She had been beautiful once. She still bore traces of it, would have shown more traces had she not kept unkempt and in frowzy clothing.

"It's a wonder Jake wouldn't take a chance on the break-in once in a while," she complained. He's as light on his feet as I am."

"But I ain't so quick in the head," she hastily complimented Jake.

"That'll do!" growled the leader of the party. "Up with you, Babe."

The woman shrugged her shoulders and put her roughly shod foot into the big man's outstretched palm. He raised slowly and lifted the woman straight up so that she could draw herself on board.

She disappeared. The three men astir.

Perpetual Laughter

By DOROTHY DIX.

A woman writes me that she and her husband are in a perpetual family spat because she laughs all the time. She declares that she just can't make her laugh behave, and so she wants to know what to do with her husband.

I am free to say that in this case my sympathies go out to the husband. The woman who smiles is delightful. The woman who has a funny bone, and who laughs at the right time and place is enchanting. But of all horrors under the sun none is so insufferable as the woman with the continuance performance, laugh.

We have all met her, and we would all go miles out of our way to avoid meeting her again. What it must be to be married to a wife afflicted with a chronic laugh fits one's heart with pity for the martyr who has to endure it. Certainly any man who stands it is entitled to the iron cross of the hero for having gotten the double cross in matrimony.

Of course, a nice, cheerful woman, one who is temperamentally optimistic and who always looks on the bright side of things is God's best gift to a man. She's like a ray of sunshine about a house, and makes bright the dark places of domesticity, but the cheerful woman and the woman who is a perpetual laughter are as far apart as the poles.

The woman who laughs in season and out of season is a fakir. She is a poseur. She is putting on what she does not feel, for daily life is not a funny affair, and there's nothing in it to excite one's risibilities.

Nor is there any mirth in the laughter of the woman who is forever laughing. It's like the cracking of thorns under a pot, or the braying of a donkey, or any other meaningless sound that you can imagine. A real laugh, a laugh that bubbles up suddenly and spontaneously from some well of humor that has just been tapped, is as contagious as the measles. Everybody catches it, but nobody is ever lured to join in the hysterical cackle of the woman who keeps her laughter always on tap, and turns it on whenever a stranger approaches.

The woman who laughs all the time, in season and out of season, has no sense of humor, or else she wouldn't do it. She is one of the poor, silly, hen-brained creatures, who have been told by some enemy that they were vivacious, and who feel called upon, ever after, to live up to the part.

You see them, young girls who would

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Well, sed Pa to Ma last nite wen he was looking at the paper, I see that the dear ladies has put one over on the sterner sex. Of all the ridiculous fad which I ever herd of, sed Pa, this is the worst. The wimmen now are beginning to wear colored wigs. Purple wig & haggard old women flashing their false teeth, and rolling their faded old eyes, and gazing, and smiling, and laughing their tin-pau laughter because, in their youth, they also had somebody wish the curse of vivacity on them.

No woman ever makes a greater mistake than when she thinks she renders herself attractive to men by being 'abnormally' gay, and forever laughing.

To begin with, men are afraid of the woman who laughs, because they are always afraid that the women are laughing at them. Men are curiously sensitive to a woman's opinion, and the mere suspicion that they might possibly look ridiculous to the laughter, and furnish the subject for her mirth, sends them shivering with cold suspicion away from her vicinity. The vivacious maiden who goes off into peals of laughter never is a belle. It takes your dumb little maiden, who has to have a joke diagramed for her, to trail processions of beaux in her wake.

When a man thinks about a home, and the kind of a woman he wants in it, he doesn't think of a woman who is a spitting piece of human fireworks. He doesn't think of a loud woman, nor a noisy woman, nor a woman who will be forever strutting around.

He thinks of a quiet and peaceful woman, a woman who is full of sympathy and tenderness and pity; a woman to whom he can come with all his troubles and worries and cares. A woman in whose eyes there will be the softness of tears. That's the kind of a woman he wants to marry. A woman who will be restful, not a laughing machine grinding out its wearisome combinations.

Women know little of men if they think they make a hit with them by perpetual laughter. It's the lasse who weeps on the second button of a man's waistcoat that he invites to accompany him to the altar.

These few words are not to discourage the sense of humor in women. Far from it. There is only one worse thing than the inability of a woman to see the point of a good story, and that is for her to laugh before the story is told. Also the only thing that enables a woman to endure matrimony with fortitude is perceiving how funny it really is.

But let the woman who wishes to catch a husband and the one who has one and desires to keep him, can her laughter, and dispense it in homopathic doses. Remember that the one picture above all others that has caught and held the fancy of men for ages is that of Mona Lisa with the soft, inextinguishable, maddening smile, that has kept them guessing as to what she meant.

And it still works, that smile.

In-Shoots.

When love laughs at locksmiths the old emity generally has his ha-ha in the divorce court.

Fellows who never work for a living always exhibit the most intense hatred for the rich man.

It is all right to speak well of your enemies, but it is better to give your friends the first compliment.

The young chap who is not good for anything else can sometimes make a noise in the world by running away and getting married.

HE LOVES HIS BATH



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Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Serious Intentions.
Dear Miss Fairfax, I am 19 and have been going out for one year with a man of 22. He thinks very highly of me and I am in love with him. How can I tell whether or not his intentions are serious? He seems rather a bashful young man for his age.

V. L.
If this man is in love with you he will tell you so, and back it up with a proposal of marriage. Do not yield dignity and make him realize that you will not enter into a light and casual love affair with any one who chooses to show you attentions or to try to make love to you without actually loving you. Make yourself desirable and a little more difficult to attain.

Furnishing the New Home.
Dear Miss Fairfax: Would you kindly advise whether it is the proper thing for the bride to furnish the home or whether it is the bridegroom's place to do that?
B. E. H.

Sometimes the bride's father furnishes her home as a wedding gift. But where this unusual generosity is missing, the bridegroom furnishes the home for his bride. I prefer the custom of the man's making a home to which to bring his wife.

Men Pay Homage to Mother's Friend



"I am not surprised to observe the number of men who come into the store to purchase 'Mother's Friend,'" remarked a leading druggist.

The expectant mother if she hasn't heard of this splendid embrocation is probably not reading the papers to much extent. And if she does it is a happy thought to send hubby to the drug store. "Mother's Friend" is applied externally over the abdominal muscles.

It is a gentle, soothing lubricant, penetrates to the tiny network of nerves beneath the skin and has a marked tendency to relieve the muscular strain to which these broad, flat abdominal muscles are subjected. The cord, tendons and ligaments are thus permitted to stretch without the corresponding surface strain so often involved during the period of expectation. And particularly to young mothers is this remedial application of inestimable value since in thus keeping the muscles firm but pliant it enables them to go through the ordeal without laceration of the epidermis after the case when this acute situation is neglected.

"Mother's Friend" is highly recommended by a host of women. Write Bradford Regulator Co., 408 James Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., and we will send you a valuable little book to expectant mothers.