

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Blames Parents for Boldness of Girls

Too Many Young Women Who Threw Themselves in Way of Men—Mothers and Fathers Should Make Their Daughters to Understand the Dangers of Life

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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There have been lately many instances of men and women leading double lives. One of the most recent cases is that of a man who seems to make a business of the purchase of young girls for "affinity wives" and mothers of his children. The majority of these cases indicate a knowledge on the part of the young women of the situation they were to occupy. The man possessed large wealth and the girls, who were seemingly satisfied to accept the equivocal position he gave them and to resign their self-respect in order to live free from financial worry.



Talk with almost any well-to-do man dwelling in our cities today and he will tell you that men are purged by young girls and girls are purged by men to a great extent as men themselves pursue. An unpleasant case came before the courts a year or two ago. A prominent man had taken two young shop girls "joy-riding," and an accident had occurred, as frequently does in such cases, and one of the girls was crippled for life. Testimony in the case revealed the fact that these young working girls were strangers to the man, but had talked him as he stepped into his automobile and asked him to give them a ride. The man, who was married and occupied a respectable position, showed a lack of fine instincts and high ideals in consenting. But the young girls also indicated a lamentable lack of decency in making the request.

The boldness of young girls of all classes today is one of the signs of the times. It is a sign of the failure of mothers and fathers to properly train their children. The merely telling a young girl to be modest and well-behaved toward the opposite sex is not enough. There must be an intimate comradeship between the parents and their daughters, and young girls must be made to understand the vulgarity as well as the danger and immorality which lie in a departure from modesty of deportment.

It is folly and worse than folly to attempt to guard the young in these days

from all knowledge of the evil which exists in the world by ignoring these topics. It is impossible for any girl who has ears and eyes to remain ignorant of the fact of sex attraction and of its many allurements and dangers. But this danger often proves a greater incentive than warning to the romantic young mind.

If every young girl who is dazzled by the thought of being able to wear beautiful gowns and ride in motor cars could look beyond the early youth of women who have sold themselves for such luxuries they would recoil, shocked and terrified with the thought that such a situation could ever have seemed attractive. Public disgrace, private shame and crime are some of the penalties which result from a life of sex license.

Away off in Greece centuries ago a beautiful young girl named Lais sold herself for the pleasures and benefits which wealth could give her. For a few years she reigned a queen among men. Then her beauty faded, her popularity waned and she became a forlorn old outcast.

LAIS WHEN OLD.

Lais was old and all her beauty gone.

Lais, the erstwhile courted pleasure queen,

Walked homeless through Corinth. One

mocked her mien.

One took her coins; she took them and passed on.

Down by the harbor sloped a terraced lawn,

Where fountains played; she paused to view the scene.

A marble palace stood in bowers of green.

'Twas here of old she reveled till the dawn.

Through yonder portico her lovers came—

Hero and statesman, athlete, merchant, sage.

They flung the whole world's treasures at her feet

To buy her favor and exalt her shame.

She spat upon her dole of coins in rage

And faded like a phantom down the street.

An American Lais, who left her home

in a quiet country town to enjoy the

luxuries and gayeties of New York and

Paris with a married man of wealth,

came home to die—scarcely three years

later—a shattered wreck of a woman.

The asylums for the insane, the sanitariums

for victims of alcohol and drugs, the

Potter's field and the almshouses—

these are goals of many girls who have

sold themselves for a few years of gay,

idle pleasure.

It does not pay.

Callot and Doucet Models

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There is a masculine flavor in Doucet's blue serge models. This time it is produced by the waistcoat of checked linen, a white background crossed by red and black lines. The revers and crossing strap are bound in black braid. The braid likewise binds the bottom of the skirt, outlines the pockets and finishes the long sleeves. Even the buttons are of the braid. The tall pieces of the coat are folded under in the back and held by straps.

Nothing could be more typical of Callot than this evening frock, and that this authoritative couturiere showed at her spring opening the becoming Grecian draperies and narrow silhouettes will be welcome information to many fastidious women. Salmon satin is draped to reveal a black lace petticoat, and rose tulle, black velvet straps, and rhinestones enhance the corsage.

Bill Wolfe, with a long sigh of relief, prepared to unbend at last from his stiffening position. The car, however, never slackened. As it dashed past the porie-cochere its wide faced Italian driver bent and looked at his clock, and swept around on the other side of the long curve just as the family car of the Moores whirled into the drive. The handsome colic yelped as he recognized the familiar spot, and the five people in the family car looked at each other in perplexity as Jerry curved round back to the road. How peculiar! The black

she could not put enough distance between herself and that hateful scene. She was in the more densely populated district now, on a street of cheap shops and rickety tenements, and the fourth or fifth passageway which she passed gave her a happy idea. She looked in at the next one. It was repulsive looking. She remembered a cleaner one which she had passed and went back to it. She hesitated a moment, then went boldly in.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Safe Basis for Matrimony

By DOROTHY DIX.

What are the signs and symptoms of the brand of affection that makes a safe basis for matrimony?

Are respect and suitability and congeniality of tastes enough to marry upon? Or must one have thrills and heart throbs and the glory and the circling wings of romance before one ventures into the holy estate?

This is the conundrum a man asks me to answer. He is 45 years old, well-to-do, and he wants a home, and wife, and children. He desires to marry, but he hesitates to do so, because he cannot fall wildly, madly, passionately in love as he once did in his very early youth.

There's a widow, young and good looking and the best sort of a chum, and with two little boys that he's devoted to, that this man knows. She'd make him a splendid wife and a comfortable home, and he's the warmest friendship for her, but he doesn't know whether to marry her or not, because she doesn't fill him with the same poignant emotion that his first sweetheart did.

Now, far be it from me to advise any human being to take that dangerous leap into the dark that we call matrimony. Every man's risk is on his own head in doing that, but I would call my correspondent's attention to the fact that it's a long, long way sentimentally from 15 to 20, and that at 45 a man loves as differently from a boy as he eats differently or dresses differently.

When we are 20 everything is at high pressure with us. We are keen about every pleasure. We feel that we will never survive any disappointment. We are carried away by your enthusiasm. We are raised to the seventh heaven by a small success, and plunged into the depths by a little failure. We have boundless expectations. We hate fiercely and love fiercely, and the sound of the



footstep of the one for whom we have been waiting gives us heart failure, and sends hot and cold chills chasing down our spines.

By the time we are 45 we have stowed down emotionally as well as physically. We no longer desire to hop and skip around and be forever doing something as we did when we were 20. Experience has taught us to take good and evil for granted, without being either puffed up or cast down. We have learned not to expect too much of other people, and there are, for us, no more little tin gods or goddesses, but just men and women, who are human and faulty just as we are, and for whom we must make allowances as they make for us.

Therefore, it is that the man of 45 who is holding his fingers on the pulse of his affection, and who thinks that he isn't in love because it doesn't jump to fever heat, is demanding the impossible of himself. At middle life our temperature is always normal, but that doesn't prevent us from experiencing a beautiful and soul-satisfying affection, or entering into a marriage that is far happier than any youthful marriage is.

It is likewise absurd for a man to compare all other women with the memory of his first love, and to find them wanting because they have not all the charms and graces with which his imagination has come to invest that dream maiden.

The only two faultless creatures on earth are the man and the woman we didn't marry, and believe me, none of us ever gets such a shock as when chance throws across our pathway after the lapse of time the hero or the heroine of the blighted romance of our youth.

What man has not said in his soul: "Is this fat, frowsy, stupid woman with seven children the ethereal Leonora from whom I was cruelly parted, and whose image I have carried imprinted on my heart all of these years?"

What woman has not confided to her pillow her chagrin when she recognized some day-shaded, bald-headed, conceited ass of a man, whose wife was talking in hoarseness to support him, as the hero of her girlish dreams?

Times change and our tastes change with them, and there is no cure for an old love, like taking a quinine at it from our present point of view. Hence, any one who spends his life grieving over an old love is doing nothing more nor less than manufacturing trouble where none exists.

As a matter of fact, it is doubtful if there is any other basis upon which it is safer to marry than that of respect, maturity and congeniality of taste. These things last long after the mists of romance have been put to flight by the bright light of the work-day world, as the fire of passion has burned down to ashes. No woman can keep up the pose of being an angel in the stress of cooking and sewing, and bearing and rearing children. No man can preserve the illusion that he is a demigod in the face of white heat that beats about the family circle.

But when all the attributes with which each has invested the other in the days of courtship are shorn from them, the man and woman who can still respect each other, who are still mutually helpful, and who see real comrades, have got the rock upon which to found a home against which the storm shall beat in vain. Their safety and happiness are assured.

In America we do not put enough stress on common sense in marriage, and it is significant that we lead the world in the number of our divorces, while in the countries in which the marriage of reason prevails divorce is rare.

Advice to Lovelorn

By EMATRON FAIRFAX

Beauty vs. Brains.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Will you please state how a girl who is pretty and stupid triumphs over a girl who is homely and brilliant, and give illustrations in favor of the former.

INDIFFERENT.

A girl who is pretty and stupid triumphs over a girl who is homely and brilliant only temporarily except in extreme cases. The things that really make a girl loved are charm and sweetness of character and, according as to whether the pretty stupid girl or the brilliant homely one has these valuable assets, she wins or loses in the social game. At a dance the pretty girl is more likely to have partners than the homely one. But when it comes to friendships, the clever, interesting girl holds hers far better than does the dull one, however pretty she is.

Take Some Other Girl.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been keeping company with a young lady about eight months, and every time I ask her to go some place she refuses, saying she will go alone, but not with me. What would you advise me to do? I love this girl dearly, and in the future would like to make her my wife.

WALLIE.

Let her go alone and see you there apparently devoted to some other girl.

Monogrammed Paper.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have a friend who will celebrate her first wedding anniversary in April and I would like to send her a gift, appropriate for the occasion.

I believe "paper" is for the first anniversary and I find it rather difficult to think of something suitable to send. Thank you for any suggestions you may make. I remain, very truly, H. P.

Select a pretty monogram die and have either correspondence cards or stationery marked for your friend. Or send a handsome wastepaper basket, or a woven paper basket.

Do You Know That

Vast stores of undeveloped riches await Russia in Galicia. There are not only the world-famed rock salt mines at Borko and Veltchko, but oil lands and mineral wax deposits at Goritz; iron ore at Plok and Kirjanoff, fire clay at Mendin and coal in Lemberg.

The making of glass tiles of "azulejos" is the only ancient Valencian industry which has retained its importance through centuries up to the present day.

The actual weight now carried by the British soldier, exclusive of clothes, rifle and bayonet, is thirty-five pounds fourteen ounces; the rifle and bayonet weigh together ten pounds eight ounces.

Rats in southern Italy climb the orange trees and suck the blood oranges, neglecting the others.

The thread of a silk worm is one-thousandth of an inch in diameter.

Counting only sea-going merchant steamers of 2,000 tons and upward, Great Britain built 64 per cent of last year's output of the world's new ships.

Forests cover one-sixth of the entire surface of Switzerland.

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It enables you to hear the greatest singers and musicians whenever and as often as you wish. There are Victrolas and Victrolas in great variety of styles from \$10 to \$250— at all Victor dealers. Victor Talking Machine Co. Camden, N. J.



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Brandeis Stores
Talking Machine Department
in the Pompeian Room

Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

By special arrangements for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of Runaway June may be seen at the following 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 feel 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 for June, and, hearing of her whereabouts, goes to her rescue. After many adventures June is rescued from river pirates by Durban, an artist, from the "Spirit of the Marsh," is driven out by Mrs. Durban and is kidnapped by Blye and Cunningham.

THIRTEENTH EPISODE.

Trapped.

CHAPTER II—(Continued.)

"Christian," and he actually grinned. "Well, Christian, now listen," and she held up a warning finger. "I want you to help me play a little trick. Come on and I'll show you." She turned and tripped lightly up the stairs.

Christian, however, hesitated and stalked to the parlor and poked his yellow head between the portiers.

"She wants me to help play a trick," he announced, and they all laughed.

"It's a state trick if you help," chuckled Cunningham, and Blye motioned his ascent. Thereupon Christian stalked up the stairs and entered the room where June stood anxiously awaiting him.

Her silver little laugh came as she saw him, and she ran lightly to the window and threw it open. There was a tiny balcony outside which was entirely isolated and quite high above the street.

"Now, just stand out there," she directed, and she stepped obediently out.

Gently she lowered the window.

"I'll tell you what to do next," she laughed and, nodding to him, turned the window lock; then she slid the steel fire shutters, which she had discovered in the window jamb, and dropped their bolt in place.

On the bed were the coat and hat which she had laid out. She grabbed these up and then, with a quick glance about her, closed her door softly from the outside and tiptoed down the stairs. She scarcely breathed as she slipped past the parlor portieres and covered the slight cough which she could not repress. Her touch upon the locks of the heavy front door was as deft and as light as a feather.

As the big door swung slowly June stifled a shriek with the sharp intake of her breath. The portieres had swayed, and an elbow had come through.

Quick as a flash June slipped out through the narrowest crack which would accommodate her body. Closing the door behind her with a touch as soft as the breath of summer, June hurried lightly down the steps, crouching close to the stone wall.

CHAPTER III.

The black curtained limousine, its bit of filmy gauze fluttering at the door and Bill Wolf holding on to the spare tires for dear life, swept from the road down into the long private drive to a beautiful residence overlooking the river, and