

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Love Must Be Practical After Marriage

Demonstrations of Affection Count for Little with Man if the Home is Disorderly and His Dinner Badly Cooked

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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After marriage a man likes to be loved practically.

All the affection and demonstrations of love possible cannot render him happy if his dinner is not well cooked and if his home is disorderly.

Grant him the background of comfort and he will be contented to accept the love as a matter of course.

Grant a woman all the comfort life may offer, yet she is not happy without the background of expressed love.

When men and women both learn to realize this inherent difference of each other's nature and to respect it marriage will cease to be a failure.

In this woman are ready to make their part of the concession more cheerfully than are men. Women who loathe housework and who possess no natural taste for it become excellent housekeepers and careful, thrifty managers, because they realize the importance of these matters in relation to the husband's comfort.

But how few men outlive sentiment, although knowing it so dear to the wife. Man is forever talking eloquently of woman's sensitiveness, refined nature, which profits her for a public career. Yet this very sensitiveness he crucifies in private life by ignoring her need of a different heart diet than the one which he requires.

Wives through the cooking schools hoping to make their husbands happier thereby. Why not start a school of sentiment, wherein husbands should be coached in paying graceful compliments and showing delicate attentions, so dear to their wives?

A man likes to be loved cheerfully. A morbid passion bore him inexpressibly, no matter how loyal it may be.

He likes tact rather than inopportune expressions of affection. He likes to be treated with dignity in public. Nearly all women are flattered and pleased if the man they adore exhibits his love before the whole world.

If he defies a convention for their sake, they feel it a tribute to their worth and charm.

This is true of the most dignified and correct woman. But I have yet to see the man who is not averse to having the woman he loves provoke the least comment in public. He seems to feel that something is lost to him if the public observes his happiness, however legitimate and commendable it may be.

The woman who is demonstrative when he wants to read, and who contradicts him before people an hour later, does not know how to make a man happy. He is better satisfied to have her show deference to his opinions and suppress her demonstrations if she must choose.

A man likes a woman to show her love in occult ways, to consult his tastes, to agree with him in his most cherished opinions, to follow his counsel and to ask his advice. He will not question her love if she does this. But a woman needs to be told in words how dear she is, no matter what her proofs a man may give.

Yet few men live who do not appreciate a little well-timed expression of love, and every man is made happier and stronger by the praise and appreciation of the woman nearest to his heart.

The strongest man needs sympathy and is made better by it, though he may not confess it. The tendency of the age is to give all the sympathy to woman; the tendency of woman is to demand all the sympathy. But not until woman sympathizes with man in his battle with the world and himself, and not until man sympathizes with woman in her soul hunger, will the world attain to its best.

It is a queer fact that while women are without doubt the most lovable objects in the world, yet on man is lavished the greatest and most enduring passions.

A great many women go through life without even having been loved by any man.

I doubt if any man ever reached old age without being adored by some woman.

The Growing Body of Your Child

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By SARAH COMSTOCK.

(From Good Housekeeping for April.)

A young man in a certain New Jersey village is selling ribbons, chest plasters and garter snaps at the postoffice. He was to have been an architect in a large city—his talent was unusual—but he can never use his eyes for drafting. The reason is that somebody let him overexpose them during a period in his boyhood when they were weakened by serious illness.

A clever, ambitious girl in a New England college had to break off her junior year and go home, a nervous wreck. She had not over-studied; college students rarely do. The average curriculum is not too much for the healthy student. But she had been on the verge of nervous wreckage ever since babyhood, because her mother had not known how to care for a sensitive young nervous system in the formative period. As a baby she had been constantly dandled, trotted, rocked, clucked at, chirruped at, scolded, shaken, flopped, tucked, untucked and fussed over; the bill came in twenty-one years later.

A brilliantly promising young surgeon gave up his practice last year and went to Colorado to raise alfalfa. The world needs alfalfa to be sure, but there are several thousand who can raise it to one who can remove the human appendix with his incredible skill. But he had to live in the dry country. No one thought to feed him on fresh air and an especially nourishing diet, to encourage his interest in athletics—in general, to make a business of fortifying him against the threatened attack of tuberculosis.

We will refrain from multiplying this dismal list of the handicapped. To many of us it is far, far sadder than a list of the dead. But when you stop to think of it, do you wonder that when Dr. Thomas Denton Wood of Columbia university lectures to his classes on the hygiene of childhood he tells them that it is the least-understood hygiene in the world?

Such cases as the above can only be explained by lack of understanding. We don't realize that during the first year especially and to a great extent during all the years of growth, life habits of health or non-health are formed. Indeed, Dr. Wood claims that moral training,

One of the commonest and most unfortunate habits of the growing child—sitting on one foot. It may produce scoliosis (lateral curvature of the spine), resulting in "high hip" or "low shoulder," and impaired health enough to pump in defiance of any temperature.

But it's a safe rule for the growing child that, other things being equal, the more hours of the twenty-four he spends in the open, the better. Eating, sleeping, working, playing, loafing—he can do every one of these, at least a part of the year, outdoors. Two of the greatest ills that flesh is heir to—tuberculosis and nervous disorders—are treated nowadays with fresh air. Forewarn the physician. Now for rest.

Your new baby sleeps nine-tenths of the time. It ought to. Occasionally it takes a brief vacation from sleeping in order to cry. This, too, is as it should be. At least a half-hour a day ought to be spent in what appears to be lamenting its fate, but is, in reality, mere lung exercise and a sort of self-assertion.

The rotting baby is extremely excitable, and too much stress cannot be laid on the quiet which is its right. One of the commonest of baby-abuses is putting it to bed in a stimulated condition—playing with it, romping and laughing, at bedtime. Instead of this, it ought, for at least a half-hour, to be gently drawn into a state of relaxation. It can be taken to the silent nursery, undressed slowly, soothed by quiet talking and peaceful lullabies, led toward the total loosening of nervous tension which the night should bring. Care must be taken, however, that it does not grow dependent upon singing, rocking, or any other form of soothing.

The child needs sleep, much sleep, moreover, careful sleep. All sleep is not restful. If the healthy child does not sleep well, find out the reason. Cold feet should be rubbed. The bed-clothing may be too heavy, or too tightly tucked in. The room may be stale of air.

Don't make a slave of yourself to amuse the baby. It is better off without your urging when it starts to walk. This, as well as the play, should be spontaneous. The great proportion of adult deafness is caused by adenoids. These cases are usually incurable. If the growth had been removed when the deaf person was from 4 to 8 years old, at any rate before 12, he might be enjoying lectures, concerts, sermons and musical comedies today.

If the child breathes persistently through his mouth, if he has repeated caries or abscesses in the throat, heed the warnings. Adenoids are probably present and should be removed. Deafness is a probable result, and a general



Sleeping always on one side and in a cramped or twisted position while the bones are still soft tends to produce one-sided development of the body.

be effective, should have as a basis a healthy body.

Consider the number of children annually born in the United States. Every one of these children has, or had, in the beginning, at any rate, a mother. That makes a multitude of persons annually undertaking the most responsible position that there is. How many of them are fitted for the undertaking? How many of them would dare declare that they fully understand the growing body of their child who is to be?

Dr. Wood preaches a social parenthood—that all grownups ought to feel the responsibility of all children. But there is no getting away from the fact that the person most intimately responsible of all is the one who let the boy architect ruin his eyes, who wrought nervous destruction for her daughter, who opened the gates to tuberculosis—the mother.

Are You a Free Luncher?

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"I am 22 years old," writes a young woman, "and have never been out with a young man. A few weeks ago a young man called on my home for the first time. I did not serve any fruit, thinking it was not proper to do so the first time. The young man did not call a second time. A few days later I was informed by one of my friends that the reason he never called again was that I didn't bring out something for him to eat. Should I have done so?"

No. If the sentiment that leads a young man to call on a girl is prompted solely by a desire to get something to eat, then he is no higher a type than the man who frequents saloons for the benefit of the free lunch. The principle is the same: A desire to gratify an appetite at some other person's expense; a hunger that is not satisfied by self-respect.

When a young man calls on a young woman the presumption is that he calls because he enjoys her society. It may be just a passing fancy, but a second and a third call, growing into a gradual monopoly of her attention and time indicate something deeper, finer and holier. He is learning to love her, and heaven forbid that any of this best of all sentiments originate, or be bred, in the results of nightly raids on her mother's ice box. If his attention depend on fruit, cakes, sandwiches, chafing dish feasts or any other form of entertainment which mean an incursion on her own little income or a tax on her father's purse, then they amount to no more than the ingratiating leer of the man who slides up to the free lunch counter in a saloon.

A mother was once heard making the complaint that all the eligible young men in the town had once made her home their loafing place, but never had one of them taken her daughters to a theater in return for hospitably attended, and all had come elsewhere for wives.

She had four daughters. Often on an evening there were five or six boys in her home, who made themselves as much at home that they cleaned out the icebox and morning after morning she would discover there wasn't any fruit for her husband's breakfast, and that every egg in the house had been cooked in a chafing dish the evening before.

The young men behaved like stragglers when in her home because she let them. And she let them because her interpretations of the word "hospitality" were maudlin. She and her daughters forgot the rights of the husband and father who was paying the bills, and when some few years later there was a financial failure, and it became impossible to continue the free boarding house that had been opened in the mistaken idea that by such means popularity was attained, the young men stopped calling.

It is pleasant to serve a light refreshment for an old friend, or for the young man who has spent time and money on a daughter, but to open the dining room to any and every young man who stops by is a corruption of hospitality in the finest sense of the word, and an encouragement to that class of social male parasites to whom the word "reciprocity" is unknown.

Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

By special arrangements for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the illustrations of "Runaway June" may now be 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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STORY. 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, a rich, wealthy married man. She escapes from his clutches with difficulty. Ned searches desperately for June and, learning of June's designs, vows vengeance on him. After many adventures June is rescued from river pirates by Durban, an artist. She poses as the "Spirit of the Marsh." He drives out by Mrs. Durban and is kidnaped by Rye and Cunningham.

TELEVISION EPISODE.

Trapped.

CHAPTER III.

In the gaudily furnished house of Mrs. Russell there was a frantic running to and fro and up and down stairs. Every room in the house was searched, and at last in the dining room, where the artist, Gilbert Cunningham, thought to investigate why one of the windows in the room which had been provided for June seemed darker behind its heavy hangings than the others. He found the fire shutters closed and opened them, revealing the stalwart Christian frozenly waiting on the isolated balcony to be told his further share in June's trick. The young man and the three girls laughed.

June had gone, and Gilbert Rye turned and walked down the stairs. He paced the hall for a few moments, his head bent, his black eyes somber and his long, lean white fingers stroking his black Vandyke.

There was a ring at the doorbell. A messenger boy, and he carried a bundle. A stealthy figure slipped forward into the hall.

"No answer," said the boy as he delivered the bundle. A signal from Rye took the bundle and passed it to Mrs. Russell. She tore it open and drew forth before the revelers who had gathered in her parlor the gorgeous raiment in which they had last seen the beautiful June. Orin Cunningham stooped down with an oath and picked up something which had fallen to the floor. The string of pearls! He stamped upon the floor in rage.

"Stop that messenger boy!" came the cool, hard tones of Gilbert Rye, and the stalwart Christian, rushing out, brought back the boy.

"Where did you get this bundle?" demanded Orin Cunningham. The boy hitched his trousers.

"I ain't supposed to tell."

"How much did you get for not telling?" demanded Mrs. Russell.

"All she had—70 cents."

"Here's 15," said Orin. "Now, where did you get this bundle?"

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Dear Mr. Rye, if you can—

Dear Miss Fairfax: About a year ago my father, a widower, married a widow who has a daughter, 15 years old (three years my junior) whom I have learned to love, and I am sure that she loves me. I'm not doing anything wrong if I married this girl.

There is no reason why you should not ask this girl to be your wife. There is no tie of blood—no relationship between you.

Convince Her. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 25 and in love with a widow of 35, but she is afraid to marry me because she is older. She has had many other suitors, but she never gave me up because she loves me, though she is afraid to risk marriage.

If you are sure of your own feelings why not prove them by a year of constancy and devotion. This, coupled with the belief in the sincerity of your love will probably do more to win the woman who loves you than anything I can write on the subject.

The Right-O Stories

By DOROTHY DIX.

The tender passion appears to be unusually fatal this season," observed the Stenographer, giving an additional allusion to her peeled onion effect culture.

"It always is," agreed the Bookkeeper, sourly, "few that make love escape matrimony. It's a dangerous as a playing with dynamite. But what's on your mind just now?"

"Suicide," replied the Stenographer; "every paper that you pick up is full of accounts of Romeo and Juliet who have hiked out for the great beyond over the rough-roads, or the gas route, because he or she got turned down for some other jammy young thing, or love's young dream struck some kind of a snag."

"Well," exclaimed the Bookkeeper, "you'll never hear of me blowing out my alleged brains over any female lady girl person, but all the same it goes give a fellow a grouch to part with his hard-earned coin trotting a girl around to designers and dandies and staking her out to feed, and then for her to turn him down for some skate who's not one-two-three in the run?"

"Surest thing you know," assented the Stenographer, "but it seems to me that under such circumstances instead of going into the discard a man should go out

Broken Hearts Absurd, Says the Stenographer

and offer up burned offerings to the great god Luck. For if the girl didn't appreciate him it shows that she wasn't the bill of lading he thought she was."

"Right-o," said the Bookkeeper, "and it's curious what a slump a girl's stock takes after you find out that she prefers another to you. Before you can say 'scat' you flip over from the bull side to the bear side of her market and wonder what ever made you fool enough to think that you wanted her for a permanent investment."

"All that is wanted to cure the worst case of blighted affection is twenty-four hours and a liver pill," remarked the Stenographer, "and if these blighted beings would only give themselves that kind of treatment they would be patting themselves on their backs as favorites of fortune instead of hunting for the pruned sickle."

"They'd be saying, 'Oh, I'm a Sagacious Sue, or Wise Willy, to have missed running my neck into the matrimonial noose with a life partner that is such a bone-head he or she couldn't appreciate a good thing like me when he or she saw it. Oh, I'm the great original Honolulu Hunch! I'm the Darling of the Gods! You can't fool me!'"

"Marriage is a con game any way you look at it," said the Bookkeeper gloomily. "You never know what you are getting until you have got it, and then it's too late to duck and run."

"Marriage is the great transformation act of the world," replied the Stenographer. "I've seen it turn living skeletons into leather beds and roly poly dumplings into living skeletons. I've seen men who were howling swells before marriage wheeled a baby carriage after

In-Shoots

Those who have tested it find that the epigram "Revenge is sweet" is the most misleading of all.

The man who does not need to explain anything to his wife is apt to be an uninteresting husband.

When opportunity to buy a book knocks at your door you can always hear the flat of the agent.

Medicine talent properly advertised will discount genius every time.

Had given you the toy mitt in the years gone by?" inquired the Stenographer sentimentally.

"One," grinned the Bookkeeper.

"What did you do?" asked the Stenographer.

"I took her husband out and bought him a drink," replied the Bookkeeper, "and then I sent an anonymous donation to the church—a thank-offering for having been delivered from great peril."

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Blame the Soap

If your hair is dry, stiff, sticky or gummy, blame the soap you used most recently. If the hair is falling, brittle or breaky or if excessively troubled with itching scalp or dandruff, blame the soap you used a month ago. You will hit it nine times out of ten.

It's not so much the soap as it is the soapy lather or suds. This soaks into the pores of the hair and scalp, and when the water finally dries out, leaves dry soap in the pores where the natural oil should be. Now soap is about one-half lye and, in contact with animal matter, it gradually disintegrates or breaks down. The first, caustic lye then attacks the hair and scalp with the above effect.

Lee's Shampoo is a neutral liquid soap, but is different from any other soap, solid or liquid. Made of glycerine, pure grain alcohol and three superior vegetable oils, it goes right to the scalp and washes out from there in a thick, creamy lather that cleans and dries very quick. It takes every foreign thing out of the hair and does not leave dried soap suds in its stead. It leaves the hair soft and silky—permanently so. You will like Lee's Shampoo better the longer you use it.

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