

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

Read It Here
See it at the Movies

Why My Wife Left Me

The Man with an Evil Temper Tells How He Killed Marital Love.

By DOROTHY DIX.

"I lost my wife," said the fifth man, "because I was a grouch, and because I thought that home was a dumping ground for all of the ill temper and surly that a man doesn't dare visit upon the outside world."



"It's a tragical and humorous, isn't it, that the people we love the best we treat with the least consideration, and that the affection we value most we put the severest strain upon? Looking back now upon the wreck of my happiness I can see that if I had shown to my wife one tithe of the politeness and deference and the gentleness that I did to any one of my women clients I should have made of our married life a success instead of the failure that it was."

"When I married Annie she was a pretty, bright, light hearted girl, fond of the gay things of life, but sensible and practical, and willing to do her part in the matrimonial partnership. She was a good housekeeper, a thrifty manager, but not one of the sort of women who reek of butcher's bills and domesticity, for she had all sorts of outside interests. In short she was the kind of woman who makes not only a good wife, but a good citizen—if her husband lets her."

"Now, I am nervous and irritable by nature, and in those first years of our married life I was overworking, straining every nerve almost to the breaking point to get a solid foothold in my profession. This made me still more nervous and irritable, and in vulgar parlance, I took it out upon my innocent and unoffending wife."

"I realized that in my dealings with my law partners I had to be self-controlled and reasonable. I knew that I had to turn a suave and smiling face upon our clients. I dared not flash out angry and sarcastic speeches upon the outside world, but I could see no reason for making myself pleasant and agreeable at home, nor was there anything to prevent my making cruel speeches to my wife."

"She was my property. She belonged to me. She had to stand whatever treatment I accorded her. She couldn't knock me down for an insulting speech as a man would have done, nor could she pick up and leave as would a servant to whom I had been offensive."

"Of course, I didn't think out these cowardly arguments at the time, but they were unconsciously in my mind as they were in the mind of every other man who has a wife who takes advantage of his position as a husband to treat his wife worse than he does any menial help."

"So I became a domestic Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Out in the world I was celebrated as being a good fellow among men. Women praised my gallantry and told my wife how they envied her being married to a man who paid such charming compliments, and who was so genteel and attentive to women. I was also much esteemed as a dinner guest because of my geniality and wit and my inexhaustible fund of good stories."

"And these people who found me so amiable in public never even guessed that in private I was as surly as a sore headed bear, and that I divested myself of my good manners at my own door even as I took off my hat."

"I had wooed my wife with tenderness and gentle consideration and fiery ardor, else she had not married me, and I can well remember her first bewilderment when soon after we were married, I dropped the mask and let her see the unlovely side of my nature. Something had gone wrong at the office, and I came home seething with the fury I had had to keep suppressed all day."

"Annie came joyously to meet me, bubbling over with some little plan she had made. I don't know just why I did it, but I had done nothing to provoke me. Perhaps it was because a mean soul has a kind of joy in hurting anyone in his power, just as a brute kicks around his dog, but I turned on my wife with a torrent of abuse that made her shrink away from me as from a madman."

"And that was the beginning. The bars were down then. Poor little Annie betook to the escape valve for my temper and nerves. Whatever knocks the outside world handed me I passed on to her. If rich Mrs. Smith tried my patience I went home with a scowl on my face that made my wife afraid to speak to me. If I lost a case I took out my chagrin by making bitter and sarcastic speeches to my wife. If one of my partners called my attention to a mistake I had made, my blasted Annie with my withering criticisms."

"There were days and days in which I indulged myself in sullen grouches in which I would not speak to her except to return an irritable answer to some question. There were times when I regarded her as a nuisance over the most trifling and some wrong. There were other times when I stabbed her to the heart with cruel speeches—and the pity of it all is that I didn't know what I was doing. I didn't even realize that I should have been less of a brute if I had beaten her physically than I was to continually sting her with my temper."

"Still less did I realize that I was murdering love. I thought in my masculine egotism that a woman went on adoring her husband no matter how he treated her.—I know better now, for one day Annie left me."

"Even a worm will turn," she said. "I have stood your abuse as long as I can, and I am going away where I shall at least receive civility from those with whom I am associated. In a passion of remorse I told her of my love and my repentance, but it was too late. She had come to hate me with a concentrated bitterness with which a woman only hates the man that she has loved."

COMBINATIONS OF PLAIN AND FIGURED FABRICS will be a feature of the spring and summer fashions. One-piece dresses with coatee effects combine the plain material in the coatee, while full skirts are of the figured material



The combination of plain and figured fabrics is featured in midwinter gowns, of which the sketch gives a very good illustration. Like its forerunners of the fall and early winter the model has the appearance of a little suit, but in reality it is a one-piece affair. The skirt is hung from a sleeveless bodice lining of white washable silk, and over this the blouse is mounted. The salient note in the skirt is the double line of cord shirtings placed below the hips and confining the fulness thereabouts. Below the shirtings the material flares to make its own flounce, and it is weighted at the bottom with a narrow ruche of old blue taffeta, which contrasts effectively with the spotted blue and white of the foulard composing the skirt. Of this same blue the blouse is made. There are little pocket introductions on either side of the front and these show embroideries in gay colorings. Sleeves with a greater degree of fullness are gradually making their appearance, and, as indicated in the sketch, they partake of bishop characteristics, although in a very modified way. Within the next few weeks we shall note a greater use of corded shirtings and flouncings. Their particular use is to give the stand-out effect to skirt edges with undulating hems. Many of the new gowns, in fact, have the hems widely scalloped and then defined with a narrow plaited quilling of the dress material or some contrasting fabric.

"In Time of Peace Prepare for Peace"

By BISHOP SAMUEL FALLOWS.

(Illinois department commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, formerly brigade commander in the Army of the Tennessee, former chaplain-in-chief and national patriotic instructor of the Grand Army of the Republic, now chaplain of the Second Infantry, Illinois National Guard.)

I would change George Washington's aphorism to read: "In time of peace prepare for peace."

The best preparation is adequate provision for self-defense. I believe perhaps President Wilson didn't say all that was in his mind. Perhaps he didn't want to give the rest of the world, which watches his utterances as a president carefully, the knowledge that we are not prepared. That, of course, must create a false sentiment in this country by leading our citizens to believe that we are ready.

No one can predict what we may be called upon to face at any time, now that Europe has proclaimed the new philosophy that nations cannot deal together as individuals on a plane of honor. This, in effect, means that each nation is supreme—that no combination of nations is superior. It does away with our Hague peace tribunal and compels every nation to rely on its own resources.

I believe that of our 100,000,000 population, 20,000,000 are able-bodied men. Is it too much to ask that one-fourth of this number, or one-third, be trained in the elementary principles of military movements and the bearing of arms? I think not.

Let us give them six months' training. Let us drill them and provide for proper target practice. This country has forgotten the Civil war, when not one man in 100 had any knowledge of military drill, and hardly one in 100 had ever shot a gun.

The national guard ought to be stiffened and properly equipped. It should be kept up to its full maximum strength all the time. This, even, is not enough. There are not guns enough for these men or ammunition for them to fire. We must have them. The European war teaches us that most of our guns are obsolete. We must be ready to meet the 6-centimeter guns with others of equal measure, served by trained men, and with plenty of ammunition. We must have aerial craft, ships, everything to cope with all the

advances in the science of warfare that Europe is displaying. Those who say our extended coast line and our great eastern and western mountain ranges are sufficient protection are teaching a dangerous lesson. Suppose no enemy could penetrate far into the interior of our country. Shall we leave our great coast cities, with their tremendous wealth and wonderful beauty, at the mercy of any enemy? Never! The newspapers of this country should put the situation before the people. They are ready to listen and to meet the proper steps be taken, but continue the fight until "in time of peace we are prepared for peace."



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THE WEDDING OF JUNE AND NED.

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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FIRST EPISODE

The Man With the Black Vandyke.

CHAPTER I.

The quivering center off all the intense agitation in Brynport was Bouncer. That energetic wile could remember no occasion so exciting as this in the Moore household; but, as every one seemed thoroughly satisfied, Bouncer helped in the happiness until his tail ached.

Once, and once only, Bouncer had been able to get past old Aunt Debby. This time he caught that coal black cook with her hands full of snow white dough. She lost her dignity and her center of gravity and sat down on the floor with a plump which jarred the house as Bouncer plunged beneath her flaring skirts, but she saved the dough! Bouncer meanwhile was up the back stairs, and a brown and white streak had flashed into the dimly-lighted room of his friend, mistress and playfellow, pretty June Moore. Here all was billowy confusion. June herself, standing by the long, low row of thickly curtained windows, was the nucleus of all the frothing white. The girlish cheeks were flushed and her eyes were wide and shining, and a fat dressmaker, with her lip in her mouth and a maze of diabolical wrinkles in her brow, was on her knees completely encircling June with pats and pulls and twitches. A brosewater dressmaker's helper, with a flaming red spot in each cheek, and her yellow hair dragging to denote her repressed agony, and with her bosom stuck full of pins and needles and things, was standing rigidly to one side holding an orange blossomed veil. June's mother, in a very special dress and with her hair done in the most painful precision of which a Frenchman was capable, stood just in front of June, striking her hands and helping with her eyes in all the sacred ceremonies.

Marie, Marie of the broom and duster, black haired and red-gummed, waited near, with a wide grin and moist eye, to have things hung upon her when there was no more space upon the little white bed nor any of the chairs. Over by the door, talking incessantly, was Mrs. Bletcher, as black-haired as Marie, as tall as the dressmaker's helper and more excited than all of them put together. She was the moment Bouncer was permitted to gaze upon this pausing scene. When he sprang too near the central figure of it all, with the perfectly natural and commendable intention of leaping upon her to show his indelible affection, there was a combined shriek from all women, and five of them put him out.

Well, it was a strange world, and by way of setting his mind at ease Bouncer ran six times around the house and chased a cat up a tree and exchanged loud views with all the neighborhood children who hung upon the fence waiting to see the bride.

There were pink bridesmaids at every window, and a nice, regular father, garlanded and silk-battered and Prince Alberted, walked up and down the porch, looking at the watch until eternity dragged by, but when the end of time was come the limousines began to move, and Bouncer, with a yelp of welcome, sprang to his regular seat by the side of the first driver. Jerry pulled Bouncer's ear and about the long-pointed ingalls in a gasp told that, and gave him other rough tokens of friendliness; then the door opened and there came out a cheery vision in whom the neighborhood children found it difficult to recognize June Moore, but filmy robes and pale cheeks were no disguise to Bouncer.

"Bouncer!" June Moore, in all her important theory, stopped swiftly down and took his hand between her white gloves and looked into his wistful eyes and touched her cheek, for an instant upon his slick ear and whispered to him, of all the world, her very last girlish secret. Then Aunt Debby, now divested of dough, dragged Bouncer back and locked him in the shed, while June Moore rode away never to be June Moore again!

What was this new world which she was approaching? No bride knows and no woman June called contentedly. Ned—how he had filled her world! And how happy they were to be!

Why, they were at the chapel, the pretty little gray chapel loaded with vines. And there was a chapel at a window of the Sunday school room and looking so strained and uncomfortable. And there were the ushers in the doorway. She hardly knew how she was suddenly transformed into a procession.

Why, here was Ned, close beside her, and trembling! In a mist they knelt and said responses, and Ned put a ring on her finger. His own fingers were cold and clammy, but his voice was clear and earnest as he promised to love, cherish and protect her as he beloved upon her all his worldly goods.

Some one in the church was crying softly—Iris Bletcher, the bosom friend. Husband Hobble was comfortably patting her hand. There was a general dabbling of handkerchiefs. Bright eyed little old Grandmother Moore smiled and smiled through it all, a gay little grandma with as smart a gown as any there. Ned's father, a strong faced, handsome man, sat stolidly with his arms folded and went over the ceremony with his lips, word for word. Bouncer trotted down the aisle, wagging his tail, his blue ribbon torn and the marks of the earth under the shed upon his fluffly coat.

Then the organ pealed again, and beneath the vine swung portals, which June Moore had entered on the arm of her

father, June Warner, on the arm of her husband, now emerged into the world.

Then the bustle and confusion began again—the mad scramble into traveling clothes, and the going away amid showers of rice, and the earnest goodwishing of friends, and the semihysteria of Iris Bletcher, with Bouncer barking his indignance protest somewhere in the muffled distance.

Just before June came downstairs in her trim little traveling suit of blue her mother had slipped something into the hand of the daughter. It was the symbol of every woman's tragedy. It was a purse stuffed with crackling bills.

At last they were alone, launched upon the sea of life! They were in the tiny drawing room with a white-toothed porter stowing things into racks and hanging things on hooks and sticking flowers everywhere.

Ned had clasped her in his arms and had covered her blushing face with kisses at that first realization, and now she sat by the window, her head pillowed contentedly upon his shoulder, and outside the world they had known by to this point in their lives was slipping past them. A tiny dicker darted into her eye, after first instinct was to grab her handkerchief, and the search for that resulted in a little cry of dismay.

"My purse!" she gasped. At that moment her mother, returning home to a house which had suddenly grown lonely, picked up from the table in the library the little purse.

"Too bad!" Ned's voice was full of sympathy. "Anything in it?" "My money," she replied in concern, with all at once a panic springing into her heart.

swift blush—"why am I here?" "I know," she uttered, "but— She stopped, confused, and cast down her eyes at her interlacing fingers.

"I'm just the same as your purse, except that you can't lose me," he told her, dwelling with fond eyes upon her long lashes, her smooth, round cheeks, her red lips. He reached into his pocket with bluff heartiness and produced a roll of bills just as the porter came in with two snow pillows.

"Good work, George!" approved Ned, and, catching two bulging eyes fixed upon the roll of bills he held in his hand, Ned stripped off a dollar. "This is my letter of introduction," he observed as he passed it over.

Ned turned to June, smiling, as the porter went out of the door and took three bills from the roll.

"I think you'll feel happier carrying this around." He stuffed the bills into her clasped hands. She tried to close her hands against it, with a sudden instinct which she could not fathom, tried to draw away from the money, but his fingers were the stronger, and, laughing, he kissed her and straightened up to put the balance of the money in his pocket. She looked at the bills, while a slow flush of crimson came up over her face. Why should this have embarrassed and humiliated her? It seemed absurd, for this was a part of marriage.

Ned sat beside her and put his arms around her, and she held up her lips to be kissed. Suddenly she buried her head on his shoulder and cried. Something had been swept away from her, something had been broken. The man had given and she had received.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

* What's Wrong with the Men? *

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

A few days ago we considered the cardinal feminine weaknesses: hypocrisy, prevarication, unreliability, and general pettiness, coupled with too great a tendency to expect life to yield things merely because one is a woman.

A correspondent writes to ask if I have a grudge against my own sex, and also if I see no faults in the "Lords of Creation." Indeed I see plenty of faults in men, but masculine faults, like masculine virtues, are big, constructive things that must be reached in the incidental and that cannot be blotted out in the sex.

Men are seldom petty—the men who are are not manly, and so cannot be treated in any general view of their sex. Men have broader horizons and larger and more impersonal vision than those of which women, as a sex, are capable. Consequently their faults are not weaknesses, which may easily be conquered by taking thought, but are actual big failings which must be worked at to be uprooted.

Women accuse men of selfishness, self-centredness and actual cruelty, and women see these failings in men somewhat because of their own pettiness.

The one great fault in masculine business nature is its calm air of superiority. An old player says, "Lord, I thank thee that Thou has not made me a woman." Modern man does not voice this prayer, but he thinks and feels it and his whole attitude breathes it. Out of this attitude rises the unfairness man shows in his dealings with woman and all his slowness to aid her in her efforts to rise in the scheme of things. With his views we are not dealing.

Being a man has always proved such a comfortable affair that man placidly sits back in selfish enjoyment of his privileges, and doesn't offer woman a helping hand as she rises above his old-time oriental despotism.

world must be spotless angels, with no one to admire the set of their halos. Hence, too, comes the sneering attitude toward women of the half-world and the under-world. If he has chivalrous impulses toward them, if he thinks of them as human beings who have slipped out of the path on which their feet were set, he conquers these feelings because of the masculine superiority which permits his double standards.

Men are too easy with themselves, too tolerant of their own failings, too willing to excuse themselves, too willing to excuse selfishness, thoughtlessness and even unkindness on their own parts. They do not give fairly enough of their own personalities, they do not yield readily enough to the demands of their conscience. They are not sufficiently chivalrous in their attitude toward womanhood. But all of this is directly traceable to the inflated air of superiority that exalts them above the rest of the world. I think that Thou hast not made me a woman."

The business absorption, the over-ambition, the lowered standard of righteousness and honor, of which men are guilty today, are all directly traceable to this fountain head of evil.

What's the matter with the men? The answer is that they think there is nothing at all the matter.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a man and in love with a girl. I have a brother's eye and a half older than myself who was previously engaged. My brother is so angry with me for contemplating marriage while he is yet single that he vows never to know me as a brother hereafter. Moreover, as a sister prettier than either of us has already been married for some time, my mother and the rest of the family sympathize with my brother. They are very much set against me and will not meet the girl I love. Now, I always advised my brother not to think of marriage, as we were supporting mother and younger sisters and brothers, but now I think differently. What shall I do? HEARTBROKEN.

The fact that an older brother is unmarried is no reason why you should not marry. In bringing this up as a reason against your marriage your whole family is unfair to you. But if you let any influence in causing your brother to give up thoughts of marriage because of his duty to help support your mother and your younger sisters and brothers, they must all feel that you, who called him to give up his happiness for their sakes, ought to live up to your own principles in the matter. Suppose you talk this over with your mother and

Advice to Lovelorn: By Beatrice Fairfax

Quarrel Between Brothers.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a man and in love with a girl. I have a brother's eye and a half older than myself who was previously engaged. My brother is so angry with me for contemplating marriage while he is yet single that he vows never to know me as a brother hereafter. Moreover, as a sister prettier than either of us has already been married for some time, my mother and the rest of the family sympathize with my brother. They are very much set against me and will not meet the girl I love. Now, I always advised my brother not to think of marriage, as we were supporting mother and younger sisters and brothers, but now I think differently. What shall I do? HEARTBROKEN.

It is Not Honorable.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Last honorable for a man to try to make love to an engaged rival is in the same social and financial position as I am. All three of us work in the same office. She cared for me before she met him, but he is a fine fellow and won her love quickly. I love her more than anybody in this world. Now that she is engaged, would it be honorable for me to attempt to win her love? We meet dozens of times daily. How ought I act? R.S.

It is Most Dishonorable.

It is most dishonorable for a man to try to make love to a girl who is engaged. Since she knew you first and had not given you her love as the time the man for whom she cares came into her life it was either because you had failed to try to win her then, or because you had tried and failed. It would be perfectly inexcusable for you to attempt to win her now. Probably you would succeed in estranging both of your friends if you made the attempt.