

# In the Gloaming

### By DOROTHY DIX.

After all, most house parties are mis- I said crossly, as I put her out of the One sees people at too close room. "That was the charm of him. You Inkes. Only the very young care to never knew what he would do next." range. Jook nt the stage through opera

glasses or to know their acquaintance intimately. When one arrives at the year of discretion one is glad to chorish

sone's fluxion and to know one's friends without knowing tholy secrets. Nevertheless, I accepted the invitation when Allein asked me to be one of a party that she was entertaining at The Beeches. There were several pretty girls staying with her, some unattached men, and Tom Mor-

ton and his bride. "Good heavens!" I said to Alicia the first night of my visit, as she came to morals. Why should a man cat his heart room in her dressing gown for a talk, "what made you ask her?"

"Because I couldn't ask him without she replied. "Even you," with withering emphasis, "must see that." "Oh, I suppose so," I answered discon-

solately. "but why the balance of us in the sir. have to do pennance when an adorable man marries a sheep woman, or an en- delightful?" she said. trancing woman marrice a human stick of a man. I don't know. We didn't commit the crime, and we ought not have to idea who she is." suffer for it. It's a beastly unjust law of society that makes us have to put up with nice people's detrimentals."

"True," repiled Allein, "but," brighten- she's a widow. ing up, "after all, she isn't as bad as I anticipated."

"I never had your power of imagination," I feturned. "I never expected anything worse than the, reality."

'Afen't we a little unjust to her?" be- notice yet? gan Alicla. "I am sure she seems very good"-

"The virtue of a potato," I interrupted. secrafully.

Alleia.

never object to that in other women. On what-a sort of exalted spiritual expresthe contrary, it endears them to me. The psich as of one who has talked fare to plainer the better. What sets my nerve face with grief, and been sanct'fied by on edge a ber ready-madeness, You feel it. She never mentions it, but I found that she got hor opinions, and her re- out quite by chance that she had had a ligion, and her clothes all ready made story in her life that was a romance." from the best people, and that they are Tom's hand fell with a discordant all thoroughly orthodoy. I don't sup- crash on the keys of the plano and his pose she ever wore a kimono, or ate a face turned white. "Don't tell." he said, thing that was indigestable, or had an "all the mories worth telling were told original din impulse in her life."

"She is always so calm and collected," began Alleia.

"That's just it," I said, "you couldn't get up an argument with her to save your life. And she'd always be fatally wouldn't quarrel with you.""

"She is a queer choice for a man with Tom's flery disposition to have finder." Nakhor one dreamed of any danger Alicia admitted, "but it was a fine match away, and Mary took up the burden of until it was too late. Then he went life again, but her heart was broken." practical sense than we supposed? "Now that she is free, perhaps he Will 'You mean she had a lat of mener," mond it. Hearts are easily patched when said brutally. one knows how to do it," suggested one "Do you think Tom-do you thing the of the men." money influenced him?" Alicia asked "No," said Alicia. "It was a double "No. I don't." I said hothy, because in tradegy. There was some woman who my heart I was sure it had. You see, I was crazy after him and she was a good have known Tom and loved him since he match, and he was desperate, and felt was a slip of a lad, and so I felt that I that he was done with love anyway. had the right to hate his wife if I and in the sort of revulsion that often wanted to." comes to a man who has missed the "He is such a brillant fellow," purwoman he wants, he married the woman sued Alicia, calmly, "and, er-er-though who wanted him, 'It is curious, but I've his wife isn't exactly quite er-er-one of never heard who was the hero of Mary's us. you know I was glad to hear that romance, and I'd give anything to know." he had married a woman with money. "Tom."-I said sharply. "I left my fan And she's got bags of it. He needed only in the drawing room. Will you find it a little help at the beginning of his for me?" careen, and they say he's quite sure of The next morning when he came down to breakfast Mrs. Norton told up that his nomination for congress now. Tom had received a letter calling him to "She doesn't fire my fancy,""I said, pre tending to stiffle a yawn, "but no doubt he is madly in love with her. I am told town, and that he had left on an early train. She said that she was glad to see there are people who actually prefer mush that he was putting business before and milk. pleasure and that there was nothing like "Ah." replied Alicia, hopefully, "she'll marriage to settle a man

It was perhaps a week after this that we were sitting one evening in the gloaming. There was a glow of a wood fire burning itself on the hearth, and the tinkle of spoons against teacups, and Tom at the plano singing. . He had just sung a passionate love song, full of despair and longing and hopelezaness.

When it ended there was utter silence for

be the making of him. She'll discipline him." "But I dont want him disciplined,"

a minute, and then a man stirred in his long chair. "Tom can draw the tacks out of the carpet when he sings like that," he said.

with an attempt at flippancy. "I dislike all such songs and the manner in which Tom sings them very much," said Tom's wife, disapprobation in her voice. They er-seem almost improper

"You are always right." Tom replied with macking bitterness, 1 thought, "Now the sentiment of that song, commends itself neither to your judgment nor your out for love of the woman he can get? A fool, isn't he?"

"I do not care to discuss such topics," replied 'lom's wife, toily.

It was just at this minute that Alicia entered, gayly waving a yellow telegram

"After all, she is coming; isnt it too

"I don't know whether it 's or not." I replied, 'seeing I haven't the slightest

"Why, it's Mary Overby. She is the most fascinating woman I ever met." said Alicia, by way of explanation, "and "Oh, Mrs. Graham," said one woman,

"aren't you ashahied to expose us to such a danger?"

"How long has her husband been dead?" asked another. "Has she begun to take

Aliela began to frown. "Do you know." she said awcetly, "that such things are" shocking when said of Mary Overby? She has been a widow for several years, And as for her being homely"-put in as far at that goes, but it isn't that which sets her apart from other women "It len't the ugliness." I returned. "I and gives her a look of-I don't know ages ago.

"This isn't much of one," said Ailcia, "and I suppose it's rather commonplace after all. It was just that Mary was married when but a mere child to a dull. commonplace man that she outgrew. She right if you did. Just fancy the misery ever, until one day they walked into her monotonous life a young man who was, one might say, the other half of her An Age-Old Decree 🕸

But Clipping Eros Never Held Him Yet

By Nell Brinkley Copyright, 1915, Intern'l News Service.



## By ADA PATTERSON.

The

Free Will

Marriage

A former president of the United States has been arguing for the free will marriage.

Yes, there are two kinds of marriage. that of free will and

that of necessity; the one made from choice, the other because one must. This is his description of the free will marringe: "I wish that every woman in the world

were so situated that she did not think it was necessary for her to marry if she did not want to. This is a proposition that I am prepared to defend against all comers. I would have

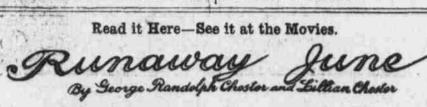


the matter so ar ranged that the women when they to decide and make their choice, should have a full and free choice, and that can only be reached when they are put in a situation where that which they choose is not a life they select because it is better than some that they expect, but a life that they look forward to with unmixed happiness.

"I shall give my daughter as good an education as I can," he mid, "so that she shall marry only when she chooses to marry and not because of circumstances.

This is the best modern parental attitude. You who are prince today may be pauper tomorrow. Let your daughter be trained to do something which can supply a community with necessities rather than luxuries. The first pinch of hard times is fetl by the purveyors of luxurics. Theaters are closed. Thearrical managers fail. Actors' salaries are cut 50 per cent. The concert singer finds herself without engagements. Women who have their dresses made do without chiffon dancing frocks and limit themselves to serges for the street and last winter's dancing gown made over for a house dress. The man who had an automobile tast year sells it or at least keeps the old model and marches resolutely past the factory where this year's model is displayed. The girl who took plane essons and French last year may have

to dispense with them this. So while a girl may be rich in the accomplishments, she would better ground herself in enough of domestic science to keep a boarding or lodging house, or enough of dressmaking to keep a shop, or enough management to keep a tea room. or enough of hat trimming to keep a millinery shop. For food and shelter and clothes and hats we must have. Such training will banish from a girl's heart the great misgiving, the fear that she will not be able to earn her daily bread. It will make a girl free to marry the man she wishes to marry, or to marry no man at all. "If every girl were trained to follow some occupation, which, if followed, will make her independent of marriage as a means of support, she need not marry except in obedience to the dictates of her Today many a young woman heart. marries because she reasoned. 'I may never have another chance. This one will have to support me, and if I can't stand my life with him I can divorce him.'



By special arrangement for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the install-ments of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the leading moving picture the-ators. By arrangement made with the Mutual Film corporation it is not only prasible to read "Runaway June" each fay, but also afterward to see moving pictures illustrating our story. (Cupyright, 1915, by Serial Pulbication Corporation)

Corporation.)

EIGHTH EPISODE.

moist eyes.

denly liking this black Vandyked man.

As she turned to smooth Mrs. Villard's ing

"Well, we'll see you later," said T. J. Edwards, with a clumsy attempt at Her Husband's Enemies. me know."

CHAPTER II-(Continued.) When June came into 'Mrs. Villard's fatherly glance in them and no disposiround the conversation again stopped tion to pat her on the shoulder. abruptly, but the group moved im-

"Oh, see the pretty nursiel" hailed Cunningham. And June glanced down in had pursued her with a mocking cerembarrassment. In that moment of her downcast eyes

mediately.

Tommy Thomas and Mrs. Villard, Blye lost that note of overfamiliarity, and she day at the Widow O'Keefe's and also at and Edwards, all glanced at Cunningham. liked the change. Only Blye was the the Bond Securities building and every-He flushed and walked nervously over to the window.



"Others and Imitations

The Food-Drink for all Ages Rich milk, malted grain, in powder form. For infants, invalids and growing children. Furnutrition, upbuilding the whole body. igorates nursing mothers and the agerl. More braighful than tes or coffee. stroked his black Vandyse. They turned its brilliantly lighted comfort sat the their eyes as by one accord to the beau- precious June and Mrs. Villard, Tommy tiful runaway bride. Thomas, Orin Cunningham and Gilbert Ned Warner at the very moment in Biye. Strange what a difference this which Blye and his crowd had changed day had made in June's feeling toward rear. The lower floor was brightly flumtheir tactics toward June was, after in- these people. They liked her. If their terminable red tape, securing the address views of life were not her views she of the owner of car No. M007707, and, that could keep her own. They seemed to ecured, he hurried out to the beautiful have discovered that she meant to retain ing. He concealed himself behind the ome of Mrs. Villard up the Hudson. He her ways of thinking and fiving, and it shrubbery near the porte-cochere and Biye, his eyes glowing and on his lips

came to it by the lower road and, as he was so much nicer since they had ap- waited. approached the house he saw Marie in parently acknowledged this. Now her Suddenly he involuntarily tensed himthe sloping hillside garden. He stepped work as companion to Mrs. Villard would self. Wheels were approaching. Then a last his moment had arrived. Within in the shelter of the well to consider. A be much more pleasant. They were chat- brilliantly lighted limousine aped into another instant as Gilbert Biye helped fow days ago his first impulse whould ting in gay comradeship as they irew sight, and as it turned the curve Ned June from the timousine Ned would have have been to rush up to Marie and seize near the Villard home. ber and compel her to tell what she Ned Warner, as the shades of night Over her was bending the dark, hand-"ake no substitute. Ask for HORLICK" knew, but Marie had proved herself to drew in, ventured into the Villard garden some face of the black Vandyked Gilbert .

Little maid-and woman-grown-the unwise and the one versed, for a little while, if his heart is yours, he will sail back to dream in the labrinth of Love's winding ways-has since Cleopatra turned again and eat your sait.

compelling eyes on Antony and tried to keep him always by her side in unambitious dreaming (and before and since)-since little brown laid wistful lands on Love's departing shoulder and drew him back-'til now, when feminine kind wears ruffles and little black hats with clips the wings of Eros-thinking this will hold him fast-content! But, oh! it doesn't-not ever-work! Love with clipped wings

develops the mad yearning to sneak! If he can't fly the fence, he'll place at your feast-table, anxious for his own tiny rose-yard since you

crawl under, even if he never dreamed of leaving before. For love opened the gate to him! will go his way, mind you-whatever you do. His dreams come from But don't clip his wings! For the best Danny that ever was, who nowhere, made of the fragile gold of his mind! In ardor he clings never dreamed any more than to look through the knothole of his close to your heart, content to let the world go spinning past. If he fence, will grow a mad desire to get away. He'll burrow out if he can't

But of the gold of his dreams tarnish, and his gaze and feet wander, and he soars out of your garden on freedom bent-all you girls on the river that flows through the crumbled Garde of Eden may do is, remember that his own mother said he was a villain (though very sweet!), and forget him softly. If he be ardent and faithful, eager for his nook in your heart, give him the world for his playgrotesque funnies in them, fawn-tops on their shoes and their hair ground, hold him aloft to the winds of the earth, and bid him gayly go sleeked up as though they were scard from all times until now, woman where he will-this love will hug your knees. If he be of a roving eye and wandering fancy, give him the same wide world. Perhaps he will linger wondering about the state of your heart, fearful for his

saunters out to clear his brain of dreams and mix in common things shin the wall!-NELL BRINKLEY.

"Such a marriage carries in itself the seed of separation. I believe one of the most frequent causes of divorce is just this entrance into the marriage state for some other reason than love.

It is a strong argument, this by a former chief executive of our nation. Think it over, you mother, and you father, and decide to give your girl not only as good an education as possible, but a training in some means of livelihood. This not only to enable her, if she marries, to marry a man she loves, for you may one of those unromantic folk who think that doesn't much matter. But give her this chance, so that she may not add another item to the work of the busy divorce courts, for you do want your daughter's marriage to be a lifelong one. don't you?

WHY HAIR FALLS OUT

Dandruff causes a feverish irritation of the scalp, the hair roots shrink, loosen and then the hair comes out fast. stop falling hair at once and rid the that you are as anxious for her happiness scalp of every particle of dandruff, get as they are, and that you want a chance a 25-cent bottle of Danderine at any drug store, pour a little in your hand and rub well into the scalp. After a few applications all dandruff disappears and the hair stops coming out,-Advertisement.

Don't Flirt. Sore Throat Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18. My par-ents, to whom I am devoted, have not as much money now as formerly. Therefore our home is not as fice as it was. **Chest Pains** Sore chest and sore throat can at once be relieved by Sloan's Liniment. It goes right to the seat of pain, warming and soothing the affected parts ; the pain-Don't worry about the shabbiness of presto !-- is done You letter shows refinement of girl who will be admired by discriminating people-and won for herself alone Don't flirt. You are not the sort of girl who could so lower her standards without suffering from a feeling of self-abasement and disgust. Keep up to your own **KILLS PAIN** best standards in everything, and if you Hundreds of people have given their grateful testimony for what Sloan's has are ashamed of a little, honest and reapectable poverty, think how you would At all dealers, Price 25c., 50c. & \$1.00 suffer at the consciousness of commo Dr. Earl S. Slean, Inc. Phila, & St. Louis and ordinary actions that made you seem a poor sort of girl to the men you me

be a slippery customer. She had denied and nearer the house. As he crept up toknowing Ned on his first meeting with ward the back porch the door opened. heartiness, and, rising, he bowed to the her after the runaway; she had denied and June's collie came bounding out for ladies. "If there's anything I can do let knowing earnest and eager and black an evening run. Bouncer had no sooner His small eyes roved to Aunt Debby when that faithful servant hit the open than he gave a loud yelp Junc, but there was no patronizing of June's mother had happened upon and came tearing straight in Ned's direc-Marie in the market, and only yesterday tion. He jumped mad circles around Ned, Marie had run away from the entire leaped upon him, barking his loudest wel-June was puszied. There seemed to be family, taking June's collie, Bouncer, come, ran halfway up to the house, ran

a distinct change in the attitude of all with her. There was little to be gained back to bark his joy at Ned again and these people toward her. Yesterday they from Marie. If Ned were able to force started to bring Marie! himself in and scarch the house June He had no need to go all the way.

tainty in which there was an underlying would be hidden by some one or be Marie had come out on the rear porch insolence, but now they seemed to have helped to escape, as had happened yesterto see what was the matter with June's pet, and the lights from the house glistened on her high check bones and same. His black eyes glowed when they where else. So there was but one thing her liberal supply of gums. rested upon her, and he still wore his to do-to conceal himself about the Ned had stepped back among the bushes suave smile, though somehow he seemed grounds until June herself should appear.

with the hope of edging himself over the more frank. June found herself sud. He adopted that course, and the weary wall before Marie could arrive. To his Thankagiving day, the twenty-ninth anhours dragged on, noon, afternoon, evensurprise, however, Marie, though she looked down in that direction, did not pillows the three men exchanged glances. With the dusk the luxurious limousin come. She called Bouncer, and together and the suavely smiling Gilbert Blye of Gilbert Blye left the hospital, and in they went into the house. Ned took advantage of Marie's indifference and of

Bouncer's confinement to slip closer and look in at the windows, front, side and inated, and the front porch light was lit, as if some one were expected. June! Some instinct told Ned that she was com-

## Advice to Lovelorn : By Beatrice Fairfax Fairfax

your home.

#### Prove Your Character.

I am at present employed by a large wholesale coal company, earning a fairly good salary, and have excellent prospects.

whose parents object to my attentions, although we do have secret meetings, and I am positive we know each other a mind. Through some unknown channel her par-Miss ents have heard rumors regarding my character which are absolutely faise. Hor parents will not consent to our mar-riage. As we are both of sge, would you advise an elopement? We are desirous of

advise an elopement? We are dealrous of having the ceremony performed on Thankagiving day, the twenty-ninth an-niversary of my mother's wedding day. "DOC" NICKERSON If the girl's parents have heard rumors regarding you character, how likely are they to feel that these reports are false if you persist in meeting their daughter clandestinely? Go to them frankly and ask for a chance to disabuse their minds regarding your failings. Tell them that and culture and you are surely the sort

they love their daughter and you do, too;

that despicable smile With an oath Ned stepped forward, At

the scoundrel by the throat.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

to prove that it will be assured with you as her husband. Don't slope. Beam 22 and contemplate marriage. I am dearly in love with a young lady tween now and your mother's aliver anniversary you can win the faith and trust I feel you deserve.