

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

A New Love

Spring

By Nell Brinkley

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Oh Spring-girl, you are hastening so slowly! You are "stepping lively and taking your time," so it "seems to us who are weary of the fur around our throats and the Winter skirt "yo-o-ouing" in our scarlet robes. Even if you tear the narrow skirt away from us (and we hate to bid it adieu) and bring the grandmother thirty-six yarder along with you (and if the men who sniff at the scant ones only knew, they're mighty hard to manage), still are we wide-armed-and-hearted for you! Chaps are weary of their rough soft hats that they gladly slapped on when Fall had finished painting her gorgeous pictures. Birds are craning their dainty heads while they cling with numb little toes to the bare branches, craning for the first warm rose glow spreading up over the hills of the world that will sing out, "Spring's on the way, Hoo-e-e-e!" The storm-driven creatures on the western plains are lowering for the chloak with its warm, languorous breath. The prairie lover is longin' for the film of green to grow in the far ripples of the

plains. The desert exile in the little dispatch oasis comes to the door often and gazes hard for the veil of pale tender green that Spring spreads even there in the bare places. School kiddies are a-wearyin' for you something painful, girl who comes with low shoes, roses, gay parasols and Summer shows on Broadway, and with woolly lambskin, like cotton batting with stuffed legs, and primroses, in the country. Step lively, please, oh Spring, with the primrose cheeks and the eyes of storm cleared blue. For the salt water's calling, and the spirit of "one-o'-cat" is prowling restlessly for the small boys in the "back lots." Spring bonnets in the sleek, colorful shop windows are fairly talking aloud, office grinders are already skimming the leaves of garden and seed books and planning vacations, romance is rubbing her drowsy sea blue eyes and stretching her white arms, and Love is feeling the call of the gypsying fever. I'm growing tired of making snow in pictures, and I'm anxious for the girls in Easter bonnets. Hurry up!
—NELL BRINKLEY.

Read it Here—See it at the Movies.

Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

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.

EIGHTH EPISODE Her Husband's Enemies.

CHAPTER I. (Continued.)
"I'm afraid it wouldn't be permitted."
"Just to try it on," begged June. "Let's ask the head nurse."
It seemed a tremendously daring thing to do.
"I wouldn't risk it." And the pretty nurse puckered her brows. Suddenly her face cleared. It was as if the sun had popped out on a rainy day. "Yes, I can! Mrs. Wade is on duty this morning. For a minute I thought it was Miss Simmons."
Mrs. Wade was a smiling woman—smiling lips, smiling eyes, and it seemed as if her hair smiled—but she was dubious about the uniform.
"It would be a radical infraction of the rules," she declared, with an absurd attempt to sever, "but we'll ask Dr. Remert not to tell."
They all three laughed at that, and within a few minutes June was in a stiff white uniform, with a prim little cap on

her head, and was walking sedately into Mrs. Villard's room. She paused on the threshold, Gilbert Blye was there! As he caught sight of her June saw the glow of admiration leap into his black eyes. She half turned to go in her embarrassment, but Mrs. Villard stopped her.
"Come here, you pretty thing!" she called, and as June shyly came to the bedside Mrs. Villard laughed, and Blye joined her.
Dr. Remert came in and expressed his profound astonishment at how grown-up June looked in a uniform and tweaked the pink ear lobe which peeped from beneath the trim little cap. The head nurse and the nurse with the pink cheeks and the phenomenally thin nose crowded in to admire June; then Dr. Remert scattered them, so that Mrs. Villard should have some rest before her next bandaging, and he took June with him for a round of the wards. He gave her a thermometer to carry, so she should look useful as well as ornamental.
She came back from that round of the wards rather thoughtfully. She had seen so much pain and sorrow and suffering, wan children and wan mothers and wan men who should have been strong, and in the light of their woes her own problem seemed foolish and insignificant.
In Mrs. Villard's room as June approached the door she heard voices, among them Orin Gunningham's. She turned away and went across the hall to the room where the injured chauffeur lay. He was in considerable pain, the

pretty nurse said, but he lay there smiling, with great cheerfulness upon his roughly moulded countenance.
"I guess I'll be laid up for a week or ten days," he stated, with a grin.
"That's a long time to be confined in a narrow, little room," sympathized June.
The head nurse brought her bit of sunshine into the room.
"How are you feeling?" she asked.
"Bully!"
"Then you can probably stand a pleasant surprise," smiled Mrs. Wade. "You have a visitor."
"Oh!" The sunshine left the roughly moulded face, but the grin was back in a minute. "Say, tell her the doctor says I ain't to be talked to, long. And can't one of you nurses stay here to make it strong?"
His grin was so confiding that the head nurse grinned back at him. She was a woman of much experience.
"Of course you must not be talked to very long," she agreed. "And you should have a nurse with you to take care of you."
She looked at June a moment, then her eyes twinkled. "I think I'll leave this one."
"Much obliged. And the man turned his cheerful grin to June, who sat primly at the head of the bed.
The man sank back when the head nurse left and looked as feeble as he could. His nurse was smoothing the pillows when the door opened, and there came in a large, heavy jawed woman, with a long ostrich feather in her hat, half a dozen cheap rings on her fingers and two buttons hanging loosely on her coat, one by a single thread.
"Well, well, Joe!" she said in a heavy voice, as she stared at June. "Didn't I always tell you you'd get it?" She bent over and kissed her husband as a matter of propriety. "Hurt you much?"

"Something fierce!" huskily murmured Joe and half closed his eyes.
"Tough luck!" said the woman. "You wouldn't take out the accident insurance I wanted you to, and now I suppose I can starve."
"Oh, well, you ain't done it yet!" objected the man, his tone losing some of its feebleness. "I guess you can get along till I can get out of this. I give you every cent I ever make."
"I guess that's a lot!" And the woman sat down with a thump.
"Thirty dollars last week."
"And how much the week before?"
(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

PUT CREAM IN NOSE AND STOP CATARRH

Tells How To Open Clogged Nostrils and End Head-Colds.

You feel fine in a few moments. Your cold in head or catarrh will be gone. Your clogged nostrils will open. The air passages of your head will clear and you can breathe freely. No more dullness, headache, no yawning, snuffing, mucous discharges or dryness; no struggling for breath at night.

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Suicide is Worst Folly that Man Can Commit

(Copyright, 1915, by Star Company.)
By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

If you are discouraged and blue and life looks hard and the future hopeless today, do not grow cowardly and think of self-destruction as the door of escape. You did not make yourself. You cannot unmake yourself.

By no process of reasoning can you explain this wonderful marvel of the principle within you. Science has found all the ingredients which compose an egg, chemically, and an egg which resembles the hen's product can be manufactured.

But it will not produce life. A certain low order of fish life has been produced in the chemical laboratory. But the germs were spawned by the fish had first to be employed.

Nothing can produce life but that unnamable, mysterious Power back of the universe. Created beings carry on the first principle through succeeding generations and centuries, but its production and creation remain God's secret. He who imagines he can destroy that principle is as great a fool as he who says he can explain it. And he is a criminal besides.

All that death does is to shift the scene of action to another form and plane.

If you are miserable and unhappy you do not become happy by going to another town or state. You carry your wretchedness with you.

It is precisely the same when you rush out of the body by your own act. If you are called out of the body by the same power that brought you into the world, then it is safe to suppose that conditions are ready for you to start anew in another place.

Wait for that call.

The actor who rushes upon the stage before his cue is given spoils the play and ruins his own chances for glory.

Keep behind the earthly scenes until you hear the call. Meanwhile think well of your lines and be ready to do your best when called.

However discouraged you may be thousands of successful and happy people in the world today have been just as discouraged and unhappy as you are at some time in their lives.

In Greater New York there lives today a woman, who less than a year ago harbored dark, despairing thoughts of suicide.

She had made a mistake; she had lost her self-respect, and every imaginable trouble seemed to threaten her. Hunger and misery for those dear to her and dependent upon her, with despair and remorse, all combined to turn her



thoughts toward the coward's goal—of even weeks' diet of raw vegetables, or milk and eggs, would restore half of the remainder, if coupled with the right mental attitude and exercise.

The day is nearing when sickness will mean disgrace or lack of brain.

If you have no money and no employment make up your mind that both are coming to you. If starvation seems imminent go to the nearest house in the country and tell your condition. Not one door in 100 will shut you out before showing a saving meal. If you are in a city the blessed Salvation Army will help you, and will tell you of places to find shelter until you can look about and gain courage for a fresh start.

Unlike most of our orthodox churches, their rooms are open night and day, and in all parts of the city in every city in the union they are to be found. They are doing just the work Christ did when upon earth. No matter if your creed is not theirs to the letter, they will help you to rise and keep out of the morgue and the potter's field.

After you have rested for a day brace up morally and mentally and declare that you are going to make a new start, and that the way will open, must open, and has already opened to you for a new life.

This assertion will strengthen you amazingly. Believe in yourself, in your right to a useful, happy and successful life. Remember how many men have been in poverty and despair and have risen out of them to power and usefulness afterward.

Trust in the invincible force of your own divine soul to become one of these and believe the angels of light who bear the cry of departing ones on earth will strengthen you.

The way will and must open for you if you turn your eyes away from death and despair, upward and inward.

The world needs you or you would not be. Your place is waiting for you—find it!

Do You Know That

A coating of wood almost equal in hardness to stone may be made by beating together ten parts lime, twelve parts resin, and one part linseed oil, and when thoroughly dissolved and hot applying it to a wood surface.

Portugal's navy is not great, but it is useful. It consists of some half dozen medium sized or small protected cruisers, in conjunction with a dozen torpedo craft and three submarines.

The Edison company of New York makes use of an apparatus that indicates the approach of a thunderstorm several hours before any clouds appear.

An oil can for filling lamps has been patented that carries a funnel so that the oil may be poured into the right place without waste.

At a cost of \$15,000,000 Calais made its harbor, which was nearly dry at low ebb, one of the finest in Europe and enabled it to become a chief port of debarkation for travelers from England to France.

When a Russian air scout near Kraank was shot at, the bullet penetrated the petrol tank of his machine, but, pressing his foot against the hole, he stopped the flow of the petrol and regained safety.

Floating mines, under various names, have figured in naval warfare for nearly 200 years, but they were first used with really deadly effect in the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-5.

DON'T SIT

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