

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## In the Gloaming

By DOROTHY DLX.

After all, most house parties are mistakes. One sees people at too close range. Only the very young care to look at the stage through opera glasses or to know their acquaintance intimately. When a one arrives at the year of discretion one is glad to cherish one's illusion and to know one's friends without knowing their secrets.



Nevertheless, I accepted the invitation when Alicia 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 Morton and his bride.

"Good heavens!" I said to Alicia the first night of my visit, as she came to my room in her dressing gown for a talk, "what made you ask her?"

"Because I couldn't ask him without her," she replied. "Even you," with withering emphasis, "must see that."

"Oh, I suppose so," I answered disconsolately, "but why the balance of us have to do penance when an adorable man marries a sheep woman, or an entranced woman marries a human stick of a man, I don't know. We didn't commit the crime, and we ought not have to suffer for it. It's a beastly unjust law of society that makes us have to put up with nice people's detriments."

"True," replied Alicia, "but," brightening up, "after all, she isn't as bad as I anticipated."

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

"Aren't we a little unjust to her?" began Alicia. "I am sure she seems very good."

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

"And as for her being homely"—put in Alicia.

"It isn't the ugliness," I returned. "I never object to that in other women. On the contrary, it endears them to me. The plainer the better. What sets my nerve on edge is her ready readiness. You feel that she got her opinions, and her religion, and her clothes all ready-made from the best people, and that they are all thoroughly orthodox. I don't suppose she ever wore a kimono, or ate a thing that was indigestible, or had an original sin impulse in her life."

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

"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 right if you did. Just fancy the misery of being married to a person who wouldn't quarrel with you!"

"She is a queer choice for a man with Tom's fiery disposition to have things," Alicia admitted, "but it was a fine match for him, and showed that he had more practical sense than we supposed."

"You mean she had a lot of money," I said brutally.

"Do you think Tom—do you think the money influenced him?" Alicia asked.

"No, I don't," I said hotly, because in my heart I was sure it had. You see, I have known Tom and loved him since he was a slip of a lad, and so I felt that I had the right to hate his wife if I wanted to."

"He is such a brilliant fellow," pursued Alicia, calmly, "and even though his wife isn't exactly quite ever-one of us, you know I was glad to hear that he had married a woman with money. And she's got bags of it. He needed only a little help at the beginning of his career, and they say he's quite sure of his domination for congress now."

"She doesn't fire my fancy," I said, pretending to stifle a yawn, "but no doubt he is madly in love with her. I am told there are people who actually prefer mush and milk."

"Ah," replied Alicia, hopefully, "she'll be the making of him. She'll discipline him." "But I don't want him disciplined," I said crossly, as I put her out of the room. "That was the charm of him. You never knew what he would do next."

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 tescups, and Tom at the piano singing. He had just sung a passionate love song, full of despair and longing and hopelessness. When it ended there was utter silence for 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 are—seem almost improper."

"You are always right," Tom replied with mocking bitterness, I thought. "Now the sentiment of that song, commends itself neither to your judgment nor your morals. Why should a man eat his heart out for love of the woman he can get?"

A fool, isn't he?"

"I do not care to discuss such topics," replied Tom's wife, tully.

It was just at this minute that Alicia entered, gaily waving a yellow telegram in the air.

"After all, she is coming, isn't it too delightful?" she said.

"I don't know whether it is or not," I replied, "seeing I haven't the slightest idea who she is."

"Why it's Mary Overby. She is the most fascinating woman I ever met," said Alicia, by way of explanation, "and she's a widow."

"Oh, Mrs. Graham," said one woman, "aren't you ashamed to expose us to such a danger?"

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

Alicia began to frown. "Do you know," she said sweetly, "that such things are shocking when said of Mary Overby? She has been a widow for several years, as far as that goes, but it isn't that which sets her apart from other women and gives her a look of—I don't know what—a sort of exalted spiritual expression as of one who has talked face to face with grief, and been sanctified by it. She never mentions it, but I found out quite by chance that she had had a story in her life that was a romance."

Tom's hand fell with a discordant crash on the keys of the piano and his face turned white. "Don't tell," he said, "all the worries worth telling were told ages ago."

"This isn't much of one," said Alicia, "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 lived with him comfortably enough, however, until one day they walked into her impenetrable life a young man who was, one might say, the other half of her soul. Neither one dreamed of any danger until it was too late. Then he went away, and Mary took up the burden of life again, but her heart was broken."

"Now that she is free, perhaps he'll mend it. Hearts are easily patched when one knows how to do it," suggested one of the men.

"No," said Alicia. "It was a double tragedy. There was some woman who was crazy after him and she was a good match, and he was desperate, and felt that he was done with love anyway, and in the sort of revulsion that often comes to a man who has misread the woman he wants, he married the woman who wanted him. It is curious, but I've never heard who was the hero of Mary's romance, and I'd give anything to know."

"Tom," I said sharply, "I left my fan in the drawing room. Will you find it for me?"

The next morning when he came down to breakfast Mrs. Norton told up that Tom had received a letter calling him to town, and that he had left on an early train. She said that she was glad to see that his business before pleasure and that there was nothing like marriage to settle a man.

## An Age-Old Decree

But Clipping Eros Never Held Him Yet

By Nell Brinkley

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Little maid—and woman-grown—the unwise and the one versed in the labyrinth of Love's winding ways—has since Cleopatra turned compelling eyes on Antony and tried to keep him always by her side in unambitious dreaming (and before and since)—since little brown girls on the river that flows through the crumbled Garde, of Eden laid wastful lands on Love's departing shoulder and drew him back—'til now, when feminine kind wears ruffles and little black hats with grotesque fannies in them, fawn-tops on their shoes and their hair sleeked up as though they were scared from all times until now, woman clips the wings of Eros—thinking this will hold him fast—content!

For a little while, if his heart is yours, he will sail back to dream again and eat your salt. 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 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 playground, hold him aloft to the winds of the earth, and bid him gaily go 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 place at your feast-table, anxious for his own tiny rose-yard since you opened the gate to him!

But don't clip his wings! For the best Danny that ever was, who never dreamed any more than to look through the knothole of his fence, will grow a mad desire to get away. He'll burrow out if he can't shin the wall!—NELL BRINKLEY.

and nearer the house. As he crept up toward the back porch the door opened, and June's coiffe came bounding out for an evening run. Bouncer had no sooner hit the open than he gave a loud yelp and came tearing straight in Ned's direction. He jumped mad circles around Ned, leaped upon him, barking his loudest welcome, ran halfway up to the house, ran back to bark his joy at Ned again and started to bring Marie!

### Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

By special arrangement for this paper a photo-drama consisting of ten scenes, "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 afterwards to see moving pictures illustrating our story.

### EIGHTH EPISODE. Her Husband's Enemies.

CHAPTER II—(Continued.)

When June came into Mrs. Villard's room the conversation again stopped abruptly, but the group moved immediately.

"Oh, see the pretty nurse!" hailed Cunningham. And June glanced down in embarrassment.

In that moment of her downcast eyes Tommy Thomas and Mrs. Villard, Blye and Edwards, all glanced at Cunningham. He flushed and walked nervously over to the window.

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He had no need to go all the way. Marie had come out on the rear porch to see what was the matter with Miss June's pet, and the lights from the house glinted on her high cheek bones and her liberal supply of gums.

Ned had stepped back among the bushes with the hope of edging himself over the wall before Marie could arrive. To his surprise, however, Marie, though she looked down in that direction, did not come. She called Bouncer, and together they went into the house. Ned took advantage of Marie's indifference and of Bouncer's confinement to slip closer and rear. The lower floor was brightly illuminated, and the front porch light was lit, as if some one were expected. June! Some instinct told Ned that she was coming. He concealed himself behind the shrubbery near the porte-cochere and waited.

Suddenly he involuntarily tensed himself. Wheels were approaching. Then a brilliantly lighted limousine sped into sight, and as it turned the curve Ned saw in it his beautiful runaway bride. Over her was bending the dark, handsome Warner, as the shades of night drew in, ventured into the Villard garden

### Advice to Lovelorn: By Beatrice Fairfax

Prove Your Character.

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

I am 23 and contemplate marriage.

I am deeply in love with a young lady whose parents object to my attentions, although we do have secret meetings, and I am positive we know each other's mind.

Through some unknown channel her parents have heard rumors regarding my character which are absolutely false. Her parents will not consent to our marriage. As we are both of age, would you advise an elopement? We are desirous of having the ceremony performed on Thanksgiving day, the twenty-ninth anniversary of my mother's wedding day.

"DOC" NICKERSON.

If the girl's parents have heard rumors regarding your 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 fallacies. Tell them that they love their daughter and you do, too!

Blye, his eyes glowing and on his lips that despicable smile.

With an oath Ned stepped forward. At last his moment had arrived. Within another instant as Gilbert Blye helped June from the limousine Ned would have the scoundrel by the throat.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## The Free Will Marriage

By ADA PATTERSON.

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 from compulsion. This is his description of the free will marriage:

"I wish that every woman in the world were so situated that she did not think it was a 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 arranged that the woman when they come 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 unalloyed happiness."

"I shall give my daughter as good an education as I can," he said, "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 felt by the purveyors of luxuries. Theaters are closed, theatrical 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 serge for the street and last winter's dancing gown made over for a house dress. The man who had an automobile last 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 piano lessons and French last year may have to dispense with them this.

So while a girl may be rich in the accomplishment, she would better ground herself in enough of domestic science to keep a boarding or lodging house, or enough of dressmaking to keep a 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 heart. Today many a young woman 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.'"

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 your 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 be one of those unromantic folk who think that doesn't much matter. But give her this chance, so that she may 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?



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