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How We Love to Be Deceived

By DOROTHY DIX.

One of the most curious of human weaknesses is that we all enjoy being decelved if the deception ministers to our We are not only ready, but

anxious, to swalow any lie, howpreposterous; if It finttern us. compliment in the

mouth. Most of us. OMFER pretend inn't true, but there is at least one man who has the courage of his egotiam. in a recent divorce case, the aggrieved should be given a separation and air-

from her husband, submitted a set of rules that he had drawn up for her conduct. Among other "do'a" and "don'ts" was this illuminsting from:

You must deceive me continually by telling me that I am handsome and fascinating, and that you adore me, and could not live without me.

Probably everyone who read this extraordinary theory of a wife's duty united-but with a wry mouth. It hit near home, for the only difference between this man and the balance of us is that he har the candor to speak out what we all secretly desire.

The honest truth is that there are cerain matters about which we want to be deceived. Our happiness depends upon our believing that those about us an in a light that we know in our souls to impossible and with a halo that we are perfectly aware we do not possess,

ethical question whether it is not really the duty of husbands and wives to pe ure themselves like gentlemen and ladies is resurds their opinion of each other. Perhaps husbands and wives do have a right to expect to be decrived by the partners of their bosons, and so this husband's demand of h's wife was not abaurd, after all.

case, for instance, of the fat and #. When she asks her husband how she looks, she is simply imploring him to dece ve her, Bue Wants him to saure her that she was the most beautiful woman at the ball, and that in his eyes she is better looking than the day he married her.

Of course, the woman knows this for palpable he that it is. She knows oddering idlot to think that a fat, grizpasty-checked, dull-eyed coman of 50 was in the Venus class with lithe young girls, with the roses of youth in their cheeks, and the glint of morning in the gold of their hair and the dew of their eyes

Snap-Shots

Feel insulted if the man she loves does not think her capable of absolute diseretion in regard to his affairs or absolute indiscretion in regard to her own.

Money made the mare go-before more money for automobiles made her stop

Some absente-minded people have very good presence and give very acceptable

Have you noticed how desperate a woman must be before she is reckless about who knows her age?

WOMAN WEAK AND NERVOUS

Finds Health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Creston, Iowa .- "I suffered with female troubles from the time I came into womanhood until I had taken Lydia E.



Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I rould have pains if overworked or lifted anything heavy, and I would e so weak and neryous and in so much sery that I would be prostrated.

friend told me what dicine had done for her and I tried it. It made me strong and healthy and our home is now happy with a baby boy. I am vary glad that I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and do all I can to recommend it."—Mrs. A. B. BOSCAMP, 504 E. Howard Street,

Tons of Roots and Herbs are used annually in the manufacture of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-pound, which is known from ocean to cean as the standard remedy for

For forty years this famous root and herb medicine has been pre-eminently successful in controlling the diseases of Merit alone could have stood

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegeta-ble Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for ad-vice. Your letter will be opened, rend and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

A Well-Known Pilot

The Father and His Little "Ship-of-State"

By Nell Brinkley



of these tiny boats lifting and falling, mounting and dropping, crawling slowly over the wastes to some port; hopeful little shells that must be madly bailed sometimes to keep them on top; these little "ships of State." In the stern the little mother is look-out, but most always her intent eyes are fastened on and searching the face of the Pilot, searching for his heart that she knows he wears there for her to see, searching for signs of weariness and despair, for the light of

hope and strength. Never does she watch the clouds, but only his face. There can she help the most. Of course, the kiddles that sometimes crowd the boat almost to sinking and rock it, too, fooiishly, as they grow up; they laugh and snuggle and never see the green, deep water that slaps alongside, only to take joy in it; they never lift their eyes to the black, thunderous skies that sometimes grow and grow until there are only peek-holes of sunlight left. And on the soul of the Pilot sits the fate of all this snug boatload, that

there be "grub" enough, that they are dry and warm, that they ultimately reach the Wonder-Port that is dreaming for them, that his he swill smooth and safely. And that means pull and hope and sweat and dream and keep a sharp lookout ahead; above all, never lay down the oars even when his head swims and his heart is like death in his breast. There are so many of these brave, gallant pilots bent to the oars that folks think too little of them .- NELL BRINKLEY.

Read it Here—See it at the Movies.

Runaway June By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

By special arrangements for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the leading moving pictures 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.

and June Warner had fitted up to be their nest Ned rose from the couch where he had fallen asleep with the miniature of June in his hand and recognized the rasping voice of Honoria. "Well, we've located your darling:" And there was a shrill cackle. "She's on

SYNOPSIS

ELEVENTH EPISODE.

In the Clutch of the River Thieves.

CHAPTER I.

There was a wild clanging of bells on the yacht Hilarity as the sun pushed its scarlet rim up into the edge of dawn. At the foot of the landing stairs beautiful June Warner, her big lustrous eyes widened in terror, had cast off the swift little motor tender, and the dark, handsome face of the black Vandycked man, peering over the deck rail, was distorted with commands to the officer on the quarter-

Sleepy sailors were on deck now, fum bling with the davits on each side. From one awung a little covered cutter and from the other a long, narrow racer. Bly's sprang to assist the sailors lowering the

On the dock as the sun pushed its scarlet rim up into the edge of the dawn stood the well known and justly famous private detective, Bill Wolf, who at once called up Honoria Blyc.

'Well, I got him!" came the hoarse eice of Bill Wolf, "He's on board the eacht Hilarhy, and, say, with the girll' Immediately Honoria moved swiftly. The sleepy-eyed ateward stepped out pon the deck of the Hilarity with his form jacket buttoned askew. "Beg your pardon, sir," he said. "Don't

lower the boats for a moment."
"What?" shouted Gilbert Biye. "The gasoline, lar. It did not arrive noti an hour ago." "You inferent bliet!" yelled Orin Cun-

"Lower those boats!" shouted Gilbert prey. "Wikins, get downstairs. You can fell those boats in the water!" And he looked out across the waves. The escaping beauty was rounding the point. In the pretty spartments which Ned

board the Hilarity with my husband, And Copyright, 1916, by Serial Publication the rucht is anchored outside the bay Good morning."

Ned wasted no time. Bobbie Blethering had a stanch little boat and Bobbie was 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 Blye, a wealthy married man. She escapes from bis coutches with difficulty. Ned ssarvhes distractedly for June, and, learning of Blye's designs, yows venicance on him. phoning June's mother and father at their beautiful home in Brynport. As the sun pushed its scarlet rim up

into the edge of the dawn and stared in pleased surprise at the beautiful girl who was speeding toward the marshy shore a low, gray skiff with a portable motor attached to its stern skipped in and out of the dimness along the black bulls at the river's edge. In the skiff were three rough looking men and a roughly dreased yoman, who sat huddled in the bow. All four were silent, but their furtive eyes constantly over every vessel around which they crept. In the bottom rage. He shouted again his impatient of the boat were a huge bundle of celery and a loosely piled tarpaulin.

Suddenly the woman leaned forward and touched the nearest man on the knee. He was a big, raw-boned man with a bronzed face and a deep soar on his chin. The woman pointed, and the man turned his evil eyes in that direction. shining houseboat with braze rails, ma- dream come true. He will work and ogany cabin and all the fittings and ap-

w with a hooked nose and a lean jaw cheek, slowed down the engine until it in his heart—that the ability to accomplished the two adjoining docks before they came

Nothing great was ever accomplished then the skiff glided in beneath the over- dreams weave themselves into the simple hang of the barges, and the big man cashs of life just as they do into the with the sear on his chin knocked on the poetry and chivalry and great adventures, buil. No answer came from within. The A mother who brings love to the trivial

except these four early morning birds of in enery impatience. There is a dream

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

with the scar on his chin.

Dreams that Win Success

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Whatever, Time, thou takest from my what from my life, From what dear thing thou yet mayst

make me part—
Flunge not too deep the knife.
As dies the day, and the long twilight

Spare me my dreams" Watson Gilder. Columbus had in his heart a vision of

routed out of bed immediately, yawning and equal" in very truth. He banished roads because their graif lies ahead. Such slavery from his country.

may one day make it come true. Dreams with faith. And they achieve. the promise of future reality. What discoverer or inventor would have If you dream of beauty you must sooner forces to "light up the dark" and make or later rouse yourself to realize at least the arid places fertile; what physician some measure of it.

were not in the heart of the sculptor to been accomplished without dreams? dream of the figure of loveliness that for him lies sleeping in what to us is warm houses to live it, or a chance to only stone quarried from the mountain- live without destroying and fighting for

might hear if only we were attuned to some before? dream lovely harmonies as he is.

Poet, painter, philosopher, discoverer, achieved because his mind beheld visions; because the dream of accomplishment was born and grew and came to fruition in his heart.

It is scarcely possible to be "an idle in the sun of inaction as idly as a pussycat is no dreamer. He is just a waster who is as capable of thought as is tabby. urrounded by black coal barges was a seeks expression. He longs to make his pointments which extravagance could tion so that his "vision splendid" may devise. true to his dreams-to cherish ideals-to cultivate the music and poetry and longwhich ended in a big knob on each ing for beauty and expression that stirs

Nothing great was ever accomplished oac kto the slip where coal barges lay: without inspiration. And inspiration and men picked up a club and pounded. No task of darning her children's strokings will make the weaving softer and There was not a living creature in sight smoother than if she enaried her threads of love for her children in the true "All right, Babe," growled the man mother-heart—that dream uplifts werk

and makes it beautiful. Inspiration may help you write a sonnet-or make a delicious strawberry shortcake. A salad dressing that is in-

telligently mixed by a cook who visions the perfect blend she aspires to have in the end is far better than one that is slapped together just to combine ingredi-

ents. One can never help realizing the dreams

There are men and women who, to realize the vision splendid in their hearts. another world. He discovered it. Lincoln will endure darkness and trial and pain believed that "all men were created free and want, who will travel far over rough as these save our world from degenera-Whoever has in his heart a dream tion. They illumine work and suffering

Visions hold the seed of achievement given us new continents or splendid would have been enabled to sterilize taken into account. A block of marble would be nothing but wounds or make surkery painless; what a shapeless mass of cold whiteness if it great deed of progress would ever have

Would we possess printed books to read, The musician combines sounds we all the hearts of some of those who have

There isn't a finer thing in all your life than your dreams. Your selfish, self- of a home. inventor, healer each of them has seeking wishes, your inordinate desires, are not dreams. But all the longings to krow and know and see and do-all the know this. No matter to what station respecting girl, the rich as well as the visions or giving and working you haveall the poetry and song-all the willing. much wealth she may possess, the higher other than as one entirely able and willnoss to illuminate sordid tasks and serve the station and the greater the wealth ing to do her share of the world's work

come true!

Self-Supporting Girl

self-supporting? Just as soon as she is . Any girl who can skilfully home-make a girl-and not a child. Even while quite has already attained to the place where of his heart. For naturally one gravitates should begin to be something of a too, whether she is in the house of her toward what one secretly desires and family asset. This, too, not only in father or that of her husband. These justice to the wage carner of the family. services so rendered should receive the future.

> expected to be able, either in the home the family purse. or out of it, to at once be fitted for any work that would give her adequate support. Training and experience are necessary along any line, and must be had before she should be expected to earn a trade or profession-among which homeliving wage; and this should always be making ranks high-which will enable

If a girl's taste leads her to adopt another vocation than home-making, she choose to marry, she goes to her husband should, nevertheless, learn-preferably -not as some helpless creature who, withwhile in her mother's house-to do everything that the home requires. It is futile belpmate, to do her share in the making place, if there had not been visions in to argue that because some girls have and keeping of the home, and there to professional tastes that would naturally receive the honor and the support that take them outside the home there is no is her due. need for them to learn how to take cars. The time is passed when helplessness

If she fall to acquire it no household mother.

At what age should a girl begin to be true home.

oung and still in school her helpfulness she is capable of self-support; and this, but in justice to herself and her own proper money acknowledgement-in the A girl's ability to be entirely self-sup-food, shelter and clothing, with a regucase of her father, a salaried wage, or porting should, of course, be a thing of lar allowance for extra needs; in the gradual schievement. No girl should be case of her husband, an equal share in

> No girl should ever be allowed to reach the marriageable age without either some her to earn honestly her self-support. Then, if she choose to remain unwed, her economic Tuture is safe, and if she out his support, would perish, but as a

or inability to earn her own living was Whatever her vocation, there will never a girl's passport to marriage and family ome a time when she will not need to life. The time now is when every sefin life she may be called, no matter how poor, will refuse to go to her husband dreamer." The lazy individual who basks well, are indeed dreams. Make them the greater the need of this knowledge, as a self-supporting homemaker and

In Passing

By CONSTANCE CLARK.

A city street thronged with a crowd, but fleeting, A blur of drifting faces ever new; How many journey end in lovers meeting. And yet how strange I never meet with you.

How many others find a cause for laughter The while the city swallows for laughter For few of us believe that pain comes after The fruits of joy that we have met and known.

Eyes mystery-widened, cheeks with flire aglowing, Heart over-full of fairy tales come true; Life holds no greater joy than just the knowing, That some day midst the strangers I'll see you.

