

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## A Prayer

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.  
(Copyright, 1914, The Star Co.)

Master of sweet and loving lore,  
Give us the open mind,  
To know religions means no more,  
No less, than being kind.

Give us the comprehensive sight  
That sees another's need,  
And let our aim to set things right  
Prove God inspired our creed.

Give us the soul to know our kin  
That dwell in flock and herd,  
The voice to fight man's shameful sin  
Against the beast and bird.

Give us a heart with love so fraught  
For all created things,  
That even our unspoken thought  
Bears healing on its wings.

Give us religion that will cope  
With life's colossal woes,  
And turn a radiant face of hope  
On troops of pigmy foes.

Give us the mastery of our fate  
In thoughts so warm and white,  
They stamp upon the brows of hate  
Love's glorious zeal of light.

Give us the strong, courageous faith  
That make of pain a friend,  
And calls the secret word of death  
"Beginning," and not "end."

## "The Flirt"

By Nell Brinkley

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## Discipline

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

A great many philosophers allow for the fact that—  
It is easy enough to be pleasant  
When life flows on like a song,  
But the man worth while in the man  
Who can smile  
When everything goes dead wrong.

But they seem to omit one important fact—just as well worth considering as how to take discipline is why discipline is offered you.

Life seems to offer hardships, suffering and difficulty to the people who can bear it, and out of bearing and enduring grows new power to bear and endure still more. And when man is so injured to trouble that he can face it without flinching or whimpering, trouble ceases to wear the face of sorrow and becomes a pleasant companion merely known as discipline.

Almost all our greatest woes come out of our inability to discipline our own natures. Beginning with the girl who, rather than endure the painful process of having a diseased nerve removed from a tooth, sacrifices the tooth itself, and going up through the scale of things to the woman who divorces the man she loves rather than stay with him and help him fight to conquer his weaknesses, we have a world of women who suffer through lack of self-discipline.

Eventually the girl who sacrifices her teeth rather than suffer the pain of having them treated has all sorts of untimely dental difficulties. And the woman who is too impatient to help her beloved conquer his weaknesses, and so hastily puts him out of her life, brings on herself unhappiness which a nature disciplined to be patient and endure would have avoided.

A recent novel suggests that the "fates" wouldn't bother to pile suffering after suffering on the hero's heart unless "they" had felt that he was worth making into a great, strong, fine man. After losing everything he values in the world—friendship, companionship, love, the gift of writing popular novels, his faith in his own power to achieve, his trust in his wife, his pride in his son, and his boyish conception of his father as a man big (if only for evil)—he comes at last, stripped of everything, to the mountain tops, and there he knows that, standing empty-handed, unaccompanied and desperate, he is still master of himself, the rider of the beast of his own evil desires, and that he will, through difficulty, attain the heights.

The reason for the discipline of sorrow and suffering is to make us all strong. The way to endure this discipline is, of course, to smile, however "dead wrong" everything goes. But as a basic principle to help you smile and as an incentive to make you endure, remember this: Discipline is only given to people who are strong enough to endure it. Some power is actually offering you a compliment when it puts you to the acid test of suffering. This is the practical side of discipline, and it points the way to the spiritual one: "Whom God loveth He chasteneth."

Out of every sorrow you meet and endure bravely grows new power to endure, new strength to meet the demands of life. Some day when a great emergency arises, if you meet it well, it will be because strength has grown in your heart in a "cumulative mass" due to all the lesser emergencies you met bravely. Some day when a great responsibility is offered you and you are able to fill the position, it will be because you measured up to earlier responsibilities.

No one resents growth, and the greatest "first aid" to spiritual, mental and emotional growth is discipline.



Definition: The flirt, in common language, is the lady who sits near the moon (or any far away place where she won't get herself scorched) and with a long-handled feather from the vanity bird and a perfectly innocent face tickles the son of Venus under the ribs and the sensitive chin until he cries.

At first he laughs—oh, very hard (he doesn't know any better and he can't help himself anyway)—but he winds up drowned in tears and rage. And at first the man on another star—for she won't let him get too close (so far and no farther)—he laughs, too, and believes in his heart that she's just a merry soul. But he changes his mind when he digs to the bottom of her delicate idea of cruelty.

The "genus homo" is warned that when he gets out his spyglass and lights on a lady with a feather and a "come hither-go away" look and a baby face, throw down everything that will count for weight in a race and vanish as surely in the opposite direction as if a red India with a yellow streak across his face and a war cry were after him. The flirt also comes in man's clothes.—NELL BRINKLEY.

## Why Love Making is Now a Lost Art

By DOROTHY DIX.

Those who attempt to find a reason for what the late Elias Weg would call "the decline and fall of matrimony," overlook one important reason why weddings occur less frequently than they used to do.

It is because the art of making love has become one of the lost arts. The modern man no more knows how to conduct a courtship poetically and romantically than he knows how to wear lace ruffles and a sword gracefully. When he is tempted either he gets all balled up. Both his mind and his tongue have lost their cunning, and his proposal is as likely to go wide of the mark as his rapier point.

Of course, men still make love, just as they make cutlery by machinery, and turn out colored glass in patented moulds, but, as in the race of the time of the Damascus blade and of staining glass, certain exquisite shades have been lost, so has the fine art of making love.

The beautiful flowers of speech with which a lover once wooed a maid have withered and died and been thrown away. The voice of the serenade has been stilled. No man now writes sonnets to his lady's eyebrows, or risks getting the grippe standing out in the night winds waiting for her shadow to cross the window.

Courtship has become as prosaic a matter as ordering one's dinner, or making a deal in real estate, and the modern man now goes about it in a businesslike manner. He makes a note in his memorandum book to call Maud up on the telephone, just as he makes a note to call Smith and Brown about a bill of hardware, and he sends his office boy out to buy her candy, just as he orders his broker to buy a thousand shares of P. Q. D. for him. It's all in the day's work; and if his love turns out unhappily he conducts himself pretty much as if his business venture resulted unfortunately.

In either case he shrugs his shoulders and takes a couple of drinks to the mental toast of better luck next time.

He does not go off and commit suicide because of a broken heart. Nor does he show himself before the cruel fair one so thin and wasted, so haggard and distraught with love that it melts the heart in her bosom, and she rewards such faithful love as it deserves. Nay, verily, he goes about his affairs as usual. His tailor sees no need of altering his measurements for a new spring suit, and when he meets up with the lady of the ready mitten, they discuss the kind of weather we are having and the base ball prospects for the season.

Things were not always thus. There was a time when the man in love laid aside all business and devoted himself to the exclusive pursuit of the lady on whom he had set his affections. He was always sighing at her feet. He wooed her in impassioned language. He risked his life to save her. He made her feel that she was all of earth and heaven and the great hereafter to him, and that if she said him nay, his blasted life would be upon her soul.

Bless you, in those days a girl didn't have to play second fiddle in a man's profession, and know that she was only remembered in the interval when he wasn't doing anything that he considered really important, like administering pills to a patient, or setting a client off for petty larceny, or selling a bill of goods. There were no cold storage love letters then, nor did the man put off a rendezvous to close a trade.

Those were the days that gave us the great impassioned love stories at which we still warm our hearts. Romeo, whispering his passionate vows through the flower-scented night to Juliet, a Catalina raving of his adored, a Paolo daring death for a forbidden kiss—what writer of today would dare to make his hero do such romantic things for the sake of the

heroine, or address her in such burning language?

None. Modern novels reflect modern life, and it is significant that in not a single six best sellers is there a proposal that even a kitchen maid can view without contempt. At the critical moment when it is up to the hero to make love, he balks, and has to be beaten over the hurdle. He does not take the leap with the swinging stride and free gait and perfect poise of the thoroughbred of the past.

These criticisms on modern courtship are offered more in sorrow than in anger. It is even realized that it is not man's fault that he has lost the art of love-making, and that somehow, whenever he approaches near to it, he manages to run his great clumsy feet sprang through all the pink chiffons of romance.

Doubtless every man regrets this himself. Doubtless every man sees himself a Romeo, and has visions of himself making love to some woman in beautiful, poetic language, that she will be proud to remember as long as she lives, and it must give him a shock himself to realize that he is popping the question to her as badly and in as commonplace a way as if he were asking her to have another fish ball.

Being practical, so long as the present method of making love works men are sufficiently satisfied with it; but to women it is one of the secret sorrows of life. Of course, if a woman loves a man, she accepts when she asks her to marry him, no matter how he does it; but it is one thing to have your heart's desire presented to you on a silver salver wreathed in roses, and another to be slugged with it.

From her earliest years every woman looks forward to the time when some man will really love her and court her and propose to her. By the time she is six years old she has begun picking out the kind of romantic wooing that she desires and expects to have, and from year to year she adds to the specifications and ground plans; throwing out a new wing here and a bay window there, and adding an ornamental cornice and running up a few turrets, as her study of the great romances of poetry and fiction and the stage adds to her knowledge of the subject.

At last the time arrives and the hour and the man and the situation meet. It is a blow to her that the hero is named Tom instead of Reginald or Percy; but she overlooks that. There's nothing in a name, as her friend Romeo remarked. It is all in the love making. It is he begins by calling her upon the telephone, that cursed instrument of trade. Who can talk sentiment over a wire? And if he did, who would want anybody whispering sweet things to her ear with his mouth a thousand miles off?

He sends her flowers. Great bunches of costly bouquet roses, when violets are her favorite flower and she always wears shades of lavender and purple. She grinds her teeth as she puts the lilac-chosen and thorny messages of love in water. Fool, Doll, Idiot, Chump. Why, why, why, didn't he have enough sense to send for a 10-cent bunch of violets with a note saying that they were like her eyes, or that she always made him think of violets, or something to show that there was some personal significance in his choice, something to show that he thought of her, instead of going on the general principle of sending flowers to a woman?

Then comes the climax. He has given unmistakable indications of being in love. The girl knows by many signs and tokens that he is going to ask her to be his wife, and she waits with palpitating heart for the great hour of her romance—for all her dreams to flower. Surely he will rise to the occasion. Surely he will select some moment when they are alone together in the still hush of the evening, or when the moon draws the soul up to the stars, or when the sea is beating in on the shores and the tank of the salt waves makes one mad with the joy of living; or, perchance, he will speak some night under the palms of the conservatory, with the throbbing strains of a waltz dying on the air, and he will say, oh, certainly, all the things that her ears have thirsted for, for love must make every man a poet for once in his life.

He speaks. He coos as the psycho-

logical moment a time when they are sitting in the midst of a feeding herd of people in a public restaurant, and when the table is spread with a planked steak and a lettuce salad, and he says: "Say, Mamma, a little table for two for like looks good to me—what do you say to enclosing this stage setting for keeps?" And she gulps and looks down at her plate, and says that she will have to look it over, and he responds cheerily: "All right; I'll give you thirty days," and goes on discoursing about an apartment that he knows that he can get at a bargain.

Without doubt, the girl says "Yes" eventually. The man is all right. If his love-making is all wrong. Besides she knows it's as good as she'll get, for the art of love-making is lost. There's no more of the beautiful old romance left except in old novels and poems, but as long as she lives the girl will go hungering and thirsting for that which was denied her.

Perhaps men love as truly as they ever did. Perhaps the man who tells a woman that if she'll marry him he will work hard to support her means just as well as the man who used to swear that he would kill himself if his lady love refused his suit. Perhaps a heartbreak is just as much a token of affection as an orchid; but the practical, home-again, all-wood-and-a-yard-wide love-making will never satisfy the heart of woman. To the end of time she will pine for the glory and the circling wings, the music and the poetry of romantic love.

This is why women crowd the theaters to see on the stage that which they have missed in real life, and it is also why American women are fascinated by foreign men who have still preserved intact the romantic art of love making.

It is a pity that the art of love-making should have been lost in this country. It is even worth while to try to revive it. Perhaps it is because we have so little of the genuine, old, romantic, handmade love in America that we have so many divorces.

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.

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### FIRST EPISODE

#### The Man With the Black Vandyc.

#### CHAPTER II.

There was a shadow on the Palisades, the grayness of a cloud which had not been there as they had started upon this journey. Money—the woman's money. It had been all right for June to coax her mother and wheedle her father, but they were mummy and daddy. Yes, Ned would give her all he could afford, but that was it—he would give it to her. She would be paid for being his wife. She suddenly arrived at the startling fact that this was the status of every wife. It was a most disgusting thought, destructive of self-respect. It was unbearable.

Ned Warner felt the precious head on his shoulder become heavy. Poor little girl. Getting ready to be married was wearisome work. Well, little wife's terrible tribulations, such as separating from home and friends and honor and being made to give an account of herself, were all over. Ned braced himself against the arm of the seat for fifteen minutes, while the tired head drooped lower and lower,

Poor little girl. Her neck would be stiff from that strained position. He moved even so gently, but the gentleness was an unnecessary precaution. When he tried to shift her, she slid into his arms without a flicker of her eyelids and lay there sleeping like a baby, her long lashes curving on her cheeks, her red lips half parted.

He lifted June's feet into the other end of the seat. She gave herself one pretty shrug, which settled her into the graceful line of perfect rest, put a pink palm under her round cheek and slept straight on. Ned covered her with a cloak, kissed her cautiously on the outermost surface of her cheek and strode out to the smoker.

He was back in five minutes to see how she was resting. The pretty little bride had not the rosy flush of sleep which he had expected to see. Her face had the pallor of weariness and her beautifully curved brows were knotted as if in distress. He thought that the light in her eyes disturbed her and drew down one of the blinds.

That troubled knitting of June Warner's beautifully—curved brows had not been due to the light shining in her eyes, but to the lurid flame which had sprung up in her mind, and that flame danced itself into the figures of weird dreams. She saw Ned tipping the white-toothed porter; then she saw Ned, with equally hearty generosity, giving her three bills. The difference was \$25.

pan of the delicious cakes from the hot oven. Wonderful cookies, those! June was just reaching for one when, much to her disappointment, they were not there. Aunt Debby was not there. The familiar old kitchen was not there. Why, this was the kitchen of the new apartments, the nest which was waiting for Ned and herself after the honeymoon! June was in a big white and blue dotted apron, struggling in the baffling art of making cookies. Some one came in. Ned—his eyes shining as the fragrant cakes were drawn from the oven! June turned them over on a white cloth. Ned burned his fingers on one of the cookies and he burned his tongue, but he was highly pleased with the taste and he gave June some money. He patted her on the shoulder. Again she saw her mother paying Aunt Debby and patting that valuable cook approvingly on the shoulder.

In her dream June saw Ned's office, a stiff, prim place, as staid as the elder Warner. There was a nice looking stenographer, quite obviously great friends with a nice looking young secretary, and there was a nice looking office boy. It was evidently Saturday night, for Ned presently rose from his desk and walked over to the stenographer. He handed her the envelope containing her pay and they exchanged a frank smile and a few pleasant words. Pretty good pay the stenographer received. She earned it. Ned handed the nice looking secretary an envelope. They exchanged a few pleasant words and a frank smile.

## Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Clothes and Admirers.  
Dear Miss Fairfax: Am a girl of 15 years and have a girl friend of the same age. We are both considered good looking. We cannot afford to dress in the height of fashion. We have girl friends that dress up-to-date, and they have many admirers. Is there anything that prevents us from having admirers too?

AMELIA W.  
"Clothes certainly do not determine a girl's popularity. Attractiveness of manner and sympathetic interest in other people will win you more real friends than all the Fifth Avenue costumes in the world could acquire for you.

Have Your Marriage Annulled.  
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 35 years old. Seven years ago I was secretly married. For the last three years I have dearly loved a young lady who reciprocates my love, and is looking forward to the great of our formal engagement. She does not know of my marriage. I am afraid if she was told it would ruin the love of her love.  
TROUBLED.

You can have your marriage annulled and should do so at once. But you owe it to the girl for whom you care to tell her the truth about yourself. You will have yourself future unhappiness in doing exactly what I tell you in this case.

## Sage Tea Turns Gray Hair Dark

It's Grandmother's recipe to bring color, lustre and thickness to hair when faded, streaked or gray.

That beautiful, even shade of dark, glossy hair can only be had by brewing a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray, streaked and looks dry, wiry and scraggy just an application or two of Sage and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundredfold.

Don't bother to prepare that tonic; you can get from any drug store a 50-cent bottle of "Weyth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," ready to use. This can always be depended upon to bring back the natural color, thickness and lustre of your hair and remove dandruff, stop scalp itching and falling hair. Everybody uses "Weyth's" Sage and Sulphur because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair has disappeared, and after another application it becomes beautifully dark and appears glossy, lustreous and abundant.—Advertisement.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)