

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Two Graceful Skaters on Central Park Ice

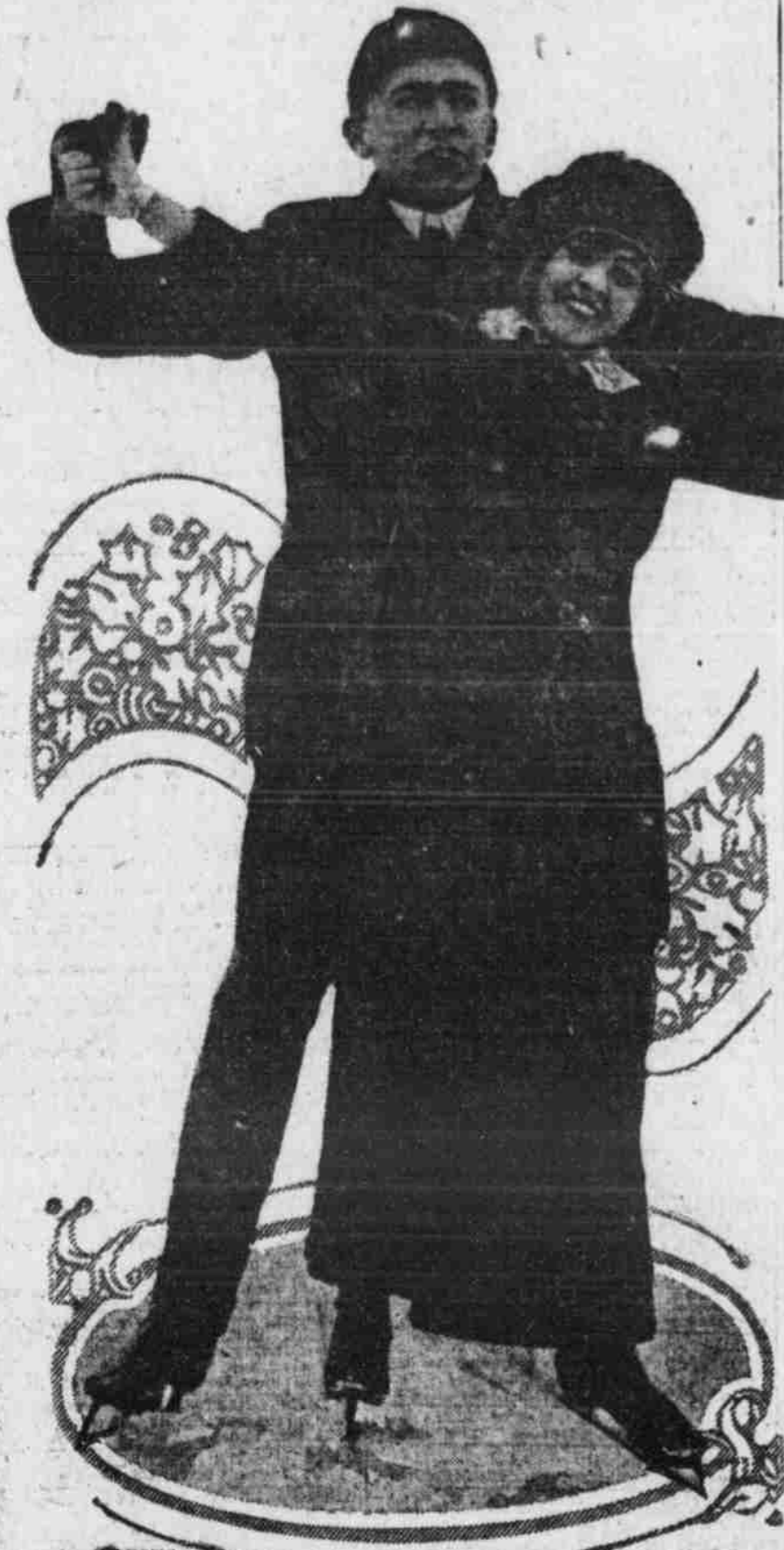


Photo  
Illustration  
by  
Lillian Chester

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 last chapters 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.

### FIRST EPISODE

#### The Man With the Black Vandyke.

#### CHAPTER III—Continued.

June Warner was helpless and bewildered. She had no money, no friends, she could not even telegraph. Why had she done this foolish thing? Her dream she saw herself again standing in the posture of a piteous beggar and accepting Ned's gifts. She saw Ned tipping the white-toothed porter a dollar, and then, with the same jovial generosity, handing her \$20. The touch of that money still burned her fingers. Foolish as her resolution might be, it was keen and real nevertheless, and until she had threshed out this question with the woman which had suddenly grown up in her she could not make of her marriage with Ned the sacred relationship which she had held as her ideal. The black Vandyke man passed quite near her, gazing at her with a smile. She walked around him. "Where should she go? Home? She could see her father and mother plying her with question upon question, driving her to tears with their worried insistence and their utter lack of understanding. How could they understand a problem which had grown up since their youth had passed? Not home, then.

If not home, where then? As if from the setting sun the answer came to her. Just New York. So big and so intent upon itself that friends may dwell around the corner for years and never know. Ned at that moment was extracting slow information from a half deaf and totally dumb old woman with a cross-grained disposition. Yes, she had seen a young woman get off the train at a station back there. She didn't know if the station was Farnville or not, but the girl had rice on her hat.

June Warner, alone on the station platform, had grasped meaning with the first problem of her independence. That problem had to do with the means of getting to New York, and it was comely expressed in her beautiful little gold watch.

In the meantime Ned's train had drawn up at the next stop, and he had the station master at Farnville in a minute and was inquiring for a lonely bride.

"Why, yes," hastily shouted the station master at Farnville. "A young person of that description has been loafing around here on the platform and she's just getting on the down local," reported the station master. "She's with a tall fellow with black whiskers. He's helping her on the train."

A black Vandyke stranger! Ned almost roared. So that was why she had left the train!

"Stop them!" he yelled. But the phone was dead. Station masters are busy people.

A train thundered in—a down train.

Ned looked at the bulletin board. The New York express. It arrived in New York at the same time as the local. The first passenger to board that train was a perspiring young man, swinging four pieces of white-ribboned luggage.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## Prisoner's Sacrifice Reasonable

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

(Copyright, 1914, by Star Company.) A life prisoner has written to the warden of Sing Sing, offering himself to be inoculated with cancer germs to prove whether or not the terrible disease is contagious. This man is young, highly educated, and has requested the warden, Thomas Mott Osborne, not to reveal his name. In his letter to the warden the man says that he is willing to sacrifice his life, having first become interested

to compare with the crime of capital punishment, which puts terrified beings to death, and makes some man an unwilling or hardened murderer.

Nothing to compare with the holocaust of war, where all evil passions are aroused, and where brother leaps at the throat of brother, and the world applauds and calls it patriotism.

Nothing to compare with the violence and fiendishness of vivisection, where frightened animals are tortured by devils in human form, while the world gives its approval in the name of science.

Experimentation upon animals is of small value to human beings. After torturing and killing by slow death thousands of dumb creatures one physician had the grace to confess that his experiments really proved nothing for the human race, owing to the difference in the nervous systems. If we are to inoculate any living thing with poison to cure poison in other living things, let us human beings who are willing to take this road to the inevitable goal, and who may be morally benefited thereby.

## Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

### Actors.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young stenographer, considered pretty, and last summer became much taken with an actor.

He asked me to become engaged. When I told my parents they told me I had no business going with an actor.

He has told me of his love for me, and do you think it would be right for me to invite him to my house and let my parents see him?

SOPHIE.

By all means invite this young man to your home. If your parents find him actually to be a man of merit, I am sure they will not be foolish enough to let his profession separate you. There is real honor in being a member of a profession to which such splendid men as Joseph Jefferson, Edwin Booth and James A. Herne belonged. If your sweetheart can prove to your parents that he is worthy you can take your happiness with no misgivings.

### Dancing with Strangers.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 26. Recently I went to a dance. I do not wait and a stranger asked the girl I resorted for the first time. With my permission she accepted. At the end of that dance she made another engagement with the same young man. At the end of that dance I firmly told her if she would rather dance with this young man than with me or the friends in our party she might stay with him for the evening. Her excuse for dancing with a stranger was that he danced so well. Who was justified?

N. E. W.

The first blunder was yours. You should never have given your permission to any girl for whom you felt real respect to dance with a stranger. Of course, she should not have come on dancing with him, but you can hardly blame her after your own lack of proper dignity. A man ought to protect the girl he escorts to dances from any advances strangers are impudent enough to make.

### Try Separation.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 years old and attractive. I love a young man who deeply loves me. He has been out of work for more than a year. I have known him ever since my school days, and consequently my parents know him well.

My parents have forbidden me to see him any more. He is awaiting appointment as policeman. His salary will be about \$17 per week and will in time rise to \$25. My parents are in moderate circumstances and wish me to marry a man of means to avoid the struggle they have had, and I am at a loss to know what to do. Do you think we can manage on the salary mentioned and be happy?

G. H.

Both of you are a little young to be

## New Paris Decrees in Fashions

Reproduced by Special Arrangement with Harper's Bazar



Straight from the court of Napoleon has come the inspiration for this costume in white broadcloth outlined in grosgrain ribbon. The jacket flares over a veston of buff colored brocade embroidered in tarnished gold with threads of black to bring out the design and fastened with an antique gold buckle. A bit of brocade peeps from beneath the tunic.

Even the material—a deep buff colored taffeta—is old-timey in weave and in color. And as it ripples its way from the pointed basque to the black faille underskirt, it recalls many a "best dress" of the long ago. There is an attempt to define a waistline, for the material is gathered in the back toward a jet medallion. A black band calls attention to the high collar.

contemplating marriage. It is possible that when you are more mature you will find that your childhood friendship has really not developed into a lasting love. However, the wisest course seems to be to separate for a time and to see if your admirer will really prove his ability by getting work, keeping it and advancing in it. I think he could manage very nicely on \$17 a week, but it is natural that your parents, who have always had to do just this "managing," should want to save you from their struggles and hardships. The only way to be absolutely fair to every one is to try the test of a year's separation. A great love will survive it, a lesser one die. If your parents find this man really necessary to you I am sure they will respect your rights as an individual, and let you take your happiness where you find it.



Victrola VI, \$25  
Oak

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