The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

Read It Here
See it at the Movies

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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SECOND EPISODE.

In Pursuit of the Runaway Bride.

CHAPTER IV.

The runaway bride, who led the chase, seemed to be lucky, for the traffic opened before her like magic and closed behind her like a wall. As she turned into Central part at Fifty-ninth street, safe from immediate pursuit, the black Vandyked man's car was in a snarl at Fifty-sixth. As he came out of that pocket he leaned forward, after a look ahead, and spoke crisply to his driver. They stopped at the Plaza hotel, and the man, hurrying up the steps, suddenly paused. With a smile he drew from his pocket a tiny gold watch and opened it. Inside the lid was the picture of a beautiful young girl with a handsome collie. The black Vandyked man gazed at the picture for a moment in frowning meditation. It was the runaway bride!

As he entered the hotel Ned's taxi, with the flottering white ribbons, passed and turned into the park, just as June Warner turned out of it at Seventy-second street, heading for Riverside drive.

At that hour Iris Blethering sat pouring her voluble sadness into the ears of Bobbie in the Blethering home on Riverside drive. She had been schoolday chum and the bosom friend of June Moore, but now there was no June Moore, only a June Warner, and June Warner might become a stranger.

"Rot," observed Bobbie. "How long are they going to be gone?"

"Three weeks. It's an eternity, Bobbie!"

"Rot," said Bobbie. "Why doesn't somebody answer that doorbell?"

It had only just rung, and immediately the hollow Blethering butler came through. He did not return to announce any one, however. Instead, the caller rushed straight in and threw herself into the arms of Iris.

"June!"

Bubbie Blethering stood by and watched the tableau for a moment; then he went to the door and looked out.

"Where's Ned?" he quite naturally inquired.

The only answer was a sob.

"June!" pleaded Iris. "Where's Ned?"

"I-I-I left Ned!" June wailed. "I ran away!"

"Aw, I say!" protested Bobbie.

"What did he do, dear?" This from Iris.

"He—he gave me money!"

"He gave you money," Iris repeated this numbly after a while. "Did you say he gave you money?"

"Yes." June straightened up as she recognized the difficulty which lay before her. Iris, while a warm and loyal friend, was not exactly a thoughtful person nor a sensitive one and might, perhaps, not understand the deep ethical significance of what had happened. Bobbie didn't count.

"Just after the wedding breakfast mother gave me a purse, and if I had not left them on the library table at home I might not have known my predicament until it was too late. When Ned and I were on the train, however, I missed the purse. While I was telling Ned about it he tipped the porter a dollar in his nice, cheery way; then he turned around and gave me $30—in just the same way! Don't you see?" And she shuddered with the recollection of her humiliation. "Then I had a dream," went on June, with more vigor, bound now to make them understand, "I saw myself being paid for being a wife, as mummy pays the servants and Ned pays his stenographer. I saw Ned giving me money as he gives it to beggars! I saw myself always holding out my hand for charity!" And she was a most pathetic little figure as she upturned her palm. "I couldn't stand it! So I threw down the $30 and slipped off the train and came back."

"But you had no money!" said Iris.

"I got on the train anyhow and sold my watch to a funny old lady," June explained. She paused to remember something—the black Vandyked man who now had her watch. He had bought it from the old lady on the train, so that June could some day redeem it. That was very nice of him. She had his card and was reaching for it when she noticed that Iris had gone to the telephone.

"You mustn't telephone anybody!" the runaway bride insisted. "You would be betraying my confidence!"

"But what do you intend to do?"

"What about Ned?" Bobby suddenly blurted.

"Ned's a darling!" and June's lip quivered. "He's an angel! But I cannot be a burden to be carried on Ned's back. I shall stay away from Ned until I achieve my own independence. Then we can walk together hand in hand—in mutual self-respect and accepting from each other nothing but love!

"It is for his happiness as well as for mine," June insisted firmly. "The world will not be happy until women walk in strict equality with men, Iris, dear." She saw by the face of her friend that cold logic was wasted. The two girls walked upstairs, and Iris ushered her still bosom friend into a cozy little guest room.

Meanwhile Ned Warner began to be familiar with the bronze panther on the overhanging rock in the park, and, casting back in his memory, reflected that he must have passed it about five times.

But why had June married him? Why had she walked down the aisle of the Brynport chapel with him that morning? Perhaps the black Vandyked man was married, and marriage was the only road to June's own freedom.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

THE TWO EXTREMES IN LENGTH—the very short and the long and full—are rivals for new coat fashions Developed in the new cloths and heavy silks they make attractive midseason garments.

A new silhouette is presented in midseason fashions. The latest type of jacket-suit show the skirt inclined to an exaggerated flare and the coat cut off in front at an angle of forty-five degrees away from the figure. The contour is not particularly pretty, but it is absolutely novel, and, after all, that is one of the chief missions of Dame Fashion. In this manner woman is kept constantly on the qui vive.

As pictured, the Eton suit is made of beige colored cloth, with circular flounce from knee to ankle. The jacket is bordered with soutache braidings about the edge and up the front from the waist to the poke-out line. With this costume is worn a soft frilled blouse of lingerie persuasion.

In striking contrast is the suit worn by the second figure. Its lines are long, graceful and sane, and it is safe to predict an excellent vogue for it. Its special claim to distinction is the Colonial waistcoat of white satin fastened with amber-colored buttons.

The material in which this excellent model is developed is white serge. The deep cuffs repeat the yellow braid bindings, and they are laced at the back with yellow silk cords tipped with amber pendants.

What Has a Husband a Right to Expect of His Wife?

No. 1—Obligations of Woman After Marriage—Making of Real Home is Most Important of All Duties.

By DOROTHY DIX.

In the halcyon days of courtship the only question that a man ever asks a woman is, "Do you love me?"

He believes that just love of itself is enough, and provided his adored Angelina returns his affection nothing else in the world matters. He never thinks of investigating the girl's disposition, or inquiring into the manner in which she has been brought up, or finding out what she knows how to do. Even when the girl possesses some fault so glaring that he cannot fail to see it, he waves it airily aside, in the fond and fatuous belief that love is a miracle worker that removes all blemishes.

This is a pleasing theory, but, unfortunately, it doesn't work out successfully in real life. Marriage is an affair of sentiment, but it is also a business proposition, and unless a man and woman bring to it both heart and hand it is going to be a failure. It is because people do not recognize this, and because matrimony is run on a temperamental instead of a working basis that it ends so often in disaster, for it is a sad truth that a woman may love a man well enough to die for him and yet make him so miserable that he wishes she would, or a man may adore his wife and yet do nothing to make her happy.

Stripped of the pink chiffons of romance that we are in the habit of draping about the subject there are, in addition to love, certain qualities and acts that a man and woman have as much right to expect of the individual they marry as they would have to expect the proper performance of definite duties from anybody with whom they had gone into a business partnership.

A man has a right to expect that his wife will know just how to run a house and make a real home. Any woman who drives her husband to boarding because she is too lazy to do housework, or forces a tired and hungry man to partake of delicatessen store dinners, has defaulted on the very first part of her contract. She is dishonest and dishonorable, a seller of gold bricks, because when a man marries he expects to get a comfortable home, and it is implied in the bargain that it is the wife's part to furnish it.

Not only a man's happiness, but his health and his ability to work depend upon the way he is fed and the peace and quiet that he gets by his own fireside, and the woman who fails to provide these for her husband cheats him out of his just dues. Any woman with enough intelligence to read a cook book can learn how to keep house and cook, and if, after giving her a proper trial, she still fails to make good and sets her husband down in a cluttered-up house to meals that would give an ostrich dyspepsia, he should have the right to bundle her up and send her back to her mother.

Every man has a perfect right to demand that his wife shall attend to her part of the work of their joint partnership without bothering him about it. The average man in this country has got about all he can do to bear his own burdens, without shouldering in addition those of his wife. There is no earthly reason why a man, rushed and harassed by his own affairs, should have to stop on the way downtown to order the meat, or to match silk, or to see about a new cook, or buy matinee tickets.

The ordinary woman has got plenty of ability and plenty of leisure to attend to all these details for herself. Nor should a man be called upon to do household tasks, unless under very exceptional circumstances. Still less should all of the accumulated worries of the day be poured over him the minute he puts his key in the latch. If a man furnishes the money to supply the domestic machinery, it is up to the wife to be a competent engineer.

A man certainly has a right to demand that his wife shall exercise a reasonable economy and live within their means. It is every man's pounden duty to make a girl thoroughly understand before he marries her just how much income he has and in what style they can afford to live. Having done this, and the girl having accepted the proposition, he has a right to expect her to keep faith with him and cut her cloth accordingly to the pattern.

Against an extravagant wife a man struggles in vain. He might as well try to stem the tide with a pint cup as to get ahead in the world with a wife who keeps him continually in debt. He becomes nothing but a slave who toils for the milliner, and dressmaker, and butcher and baker, and he is strictly within his rights if he refuses to be ruined by his wife's wastefulness. Every husband should give his wife as liberal an allowance as he can afford, and then he should force her to keep within it.

Every man has a right to demand that his wife shall not complain and whine about her lot in life. Not being a fool, she knew what she was getting when she married him, and that on a beer income she could not indulge champagne tastes. If she was not willing to accept this situation she had the privilege of staying Miss Smith instead of becoming Mrs Jones.

Every woman on earth knows the common lot of the average woman who marries to bear children, to cook and sew and patch and mend, to make sacrifices, to do without many things she wants and deny herself many pleasures. Unless she is willing to meet this fate with courage and unless she considers that the joy of having a good man's love, that the blessedness of little children's arms about her neck and the peace and security of home offset the hardships that she has to bear, she should certainly stay single.

It isn't fair for her to treat the man as if he had brought a lot of undeserved misfortunes upon her. A woman marries a man just as much as he marries her, and knows just as much what she is doing. There is no kidnaping of brides in these days, and a man has a right to expect his wife not to squeal about the bargain she has made.

Do You Know That

Certain days in the week or month have constantly been marked one in some persons' lives. Nearly all the chief events of Thomas A. Becker's career, including his murder and the translation of his body, occurred upon a Tuesday. Henry the Eighth had his three children—Edward, Mary and Elizabeth—expired upon the same day of the week—Thursday.

Alligators' eggs are eaten in the West India islands and on the west coast of Africa. They resemble in shape a hen's egg, and have much the same taste, but are larger. More than 100 eggs have been found in one alligator.

In Ashanti and around the woods near Kabba grows a tree, resembling in appearance the English oak, which is said to furnish excellent butter. This vegetable butter keeps in perfect condition all the year around in spite of the heat.

Japanese cooks seldom use the fingers in preparation of food. Chopsticks, spoons and many other ingenious little utensils in white wood do the work, which is of the most elaborate nature, many of the dishes requiring twenty-four hours to prepare.

The water of the River Tinton, in Spain, hardens and petrifies the sand in its bed, and if a stone falls in the river and alights on another, in a few months they unite and become one stone. Fish cannot live in the waters.

The coldest inhabited country is said to be the province of Werchojansky, in Oriental Siberia. The daily mean temperature of the entire year is 2.74 degrees below zero.

Parrots seize objects with the left claw by preference or exclusively, and they have been found to make a readier use of the left claw for climbing than the right.

Simplicity

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Getting "all dolled up" seems to be some folks' idea of being charming. And ruffles and frills and furbelows aren't charming at all—they are merely distracting.

Anything that is worth anything is worth standing by and for itself. There is a great deal of truth in the old saying, "Beauty unadorned—adorned the most."

Recently a girl I have long known and never thought at all pretty began to seem almost beautiful. I hunted for the reason. She was no dearer to me than ever. She was not dressing any better than usual. There seemed no general reason for her improvement in appearance. And the particular cause at last made itself felt. Her hair, which she had been in the habit of waving and fluffing into a "broken halo" about her head, was now brushed smoothly into shining coils.

In the unadorned simplicity of her coiffure it became evident that she had a remarkably well shaped head, a smooth white brow and masses of glossy, fine hair. Her whole face took on the charm of simplicity. It had a cool, clean, restful look that actually made me think her beautiful, and since every one else I knew was exclaiming, "My, how pretty Jessie's getting," I decided that the best argument for simplicity I had ever seen was embodied in Jessie of the smooth locks.

Gowns of simple lines, simple color schemes, whole costume combinations that look unelaborate, unstudied and simple, charm the beholder. Of course, they are probably worked out with a great deal of elaboration. But the effect they produce is one of simplicity. It is worth striving for.

The principle that makes a costume charming applies equally well to a personality. Mannerisms, peculiarities and affections are not at all attractive. They give a personality, a touch of unreality and of artificiality that it not at all lovable. This does not mean that one is not to have depth. Simplicity and shallowness are not in any way synonymous. Simplicity really proceeds most easily and most naturally from a big, deep nature that is not bothering to produce impressions.

The people who strive conscious poses are too busy producing effects to produce much work in the world. The people who are doing constructive working or thin living are too busy in the doing to waste any energy on worrying about how they strike the rest of the world. Consequently they give a very simple impression to humanity. They just live out their own personalities and are what they are.

There is a very lovable quality to simplicity. No more worthwhile compliment can be paid a man than to say he has the soul and mind of a man and the simple heart of a child. No greater compliment can be given a woman than to say that she has all the big abilities of mature womanhood and the simple sweetness of an unaffected child.

Simplicity is lovable and livable.

Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax

She Must Stop at Once.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I know a young girl of 17 she has a fondness for gifts. She accepts presents from any young man, whether a friend or stranger. I believe that in time she will stake her reputation to obtain things that she can not otherwise get, for whatever she sees that attracts her, she asks for. She is at present an honest, respectable girl, is good looking, but also conceited.

FRANK.

Bring every bit of your influence to bear to turn this girl from her rash and foolish habit. To accept presents from men would be bad enough, but to ask for them adds the final touch of poor taste. Most of life is run on the principle "nothing for nothing." Some day this girl may be called to a sharp reckoning from the men who must consider her a grasping and forward young woman, to say the least.

Tell Your Mother.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 years old for five months have been going out with a young man six years my senior.

A couple of weeks ago he went on the road, taking with him a ring which was a gift to me from my mother. Later in one of his letters to me he wrote that he had lost it.

Now he is back and has asked me to go with him for another ring. Do you think it is proper for me to go with him, or do you think he ought to get it for me himself, as I will not accept anything but one that is exactly like the other one.

I haven't told mother about it yet.

UNDECIDED.

It is only right that this young man should give you a ring to take the place of the one he lost. He is not making you a gift—merely returning your own property. I think it quite proper that you should go with him in order to make sure that the ring be the same. But before doing anything further tell your mother about the situation.

A Cuddish Bet.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 23 and single. Recently at church I remarked that a certain girl of our congregation had a "kissable mouth. I was asked why I didn't prove it, and I said I would. We made a wager, and I am now up against the proposition of fulfilling it or losing. The girl is a good friend of mine. I would not like to lose her friendship, but I have made a pretty strong resolve to win the bet. A. B. CARROLL.

Don't be a cad. You have acted like one in making this wager. Now proceed to redeem yourself by making no effort to win. If the girl permitted you to kiss her it would probably be because she cared for and trusted you. Don't you see how utterly contemptible you would be to trade on these things in order to win a bet that should never have been made if you had the proper respect for her.

Marriage Without Love.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 25 and am engaged to a man several years older than I. My parents wish me to marry him, and I have consented for their sake.

Recently at a party I met a young man whom I have known for some time. He is respected by all. I think a lot of him and find he cares for me. Would you advise me to do as my parents wish or take my own choice. GRACE B.

Marriage without love is little short of a crime. If you marry one man, caring seriously for another all the while, you cannot fail to be unhappy. Talk this matter over with your parents and try to make them realize your rights as an individual.

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