

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Read It Here—See It at the Movies

Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester



"THERE HE IS, LADY!"



ANOTHER FACE CAME TO HER MIND.



GILBERT BLYE AND TOMMY.

By special arrangement for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "Runaway June" has now been 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. (Copyright, 1915, by Serial Publication Corporation)

FOURTH EPISODE.

Poor Little Runaway June.

CHAPTER I. (Continued.)
"Certainly, miss." And the clerk whanged a bell which sounded like a fire gong. "Front!"
In response to that stentorian call a shock-headed, loose-limbed Irish boy jumped forward and took the boy 46-44. The clerk, without moving his body an inch, craned forward his eyes to watch the signature, Mrs. J. J. Day.

A moment later the black Vandyked man trotted in, looked at the register and walked into the bar. Then along came Marie with a bundle of clothes. The young woman went straight to the desk.

"Mrs. Day's maid," the clerk observed, inspecting the clothing piece by piece from under his eyelids and running front and looking at the young woman and the register all at the same time. The young woman, quite evidently a maid, glanced swiftly at the register.

"Mrs. Day's" she repeated, breathing heavily.

"Yes."
"She's expecting you." And the clerk's eyelids flickered. "Room 41."

"Marie, tell June I want her," cried a voice.

"Sir," she said, "I do not know you."
"Why—er— Ned stammered, then he grabbed the clothes from the maid's arms. "Now you lead me to June."

"Sir, how dare you?" Marie said and turned appealingly to the clerk.

"These are my wife's clothes," declared the young man. "She's here. I want her."

"What's her name?" the clerk demanded.

"Mrs. Ned Warner."
"Not here."
"June Moore."

"Oh, come off," observed the clerk. "If I let you go through the directory you may hit it. Give this girl back her clothes, and good night."

"This thing has gone far enough, Marie," hotly stated the young man.

At that moment his voice stopped. Out of the bar had straggled elegantly the prize of Shanks and Co., the man with the black Vandyke, and he was neatly nibbling a piece of cheese. He was across the lobby and going out of the door, paying but a scant tribute of curiosity to the knot in front of the desk, before the young man with the clothes saw him.

The porter stopped him to get June's clothes. Ned was then delayed at the ticket window and, glancing across the station, saw Blye going uptown on an express.

Honoraria Blye, with Bill Wolf by her side, was soon speeding downtown in her

little electric coupe. In front of Luchow's restaurant they found a flat wide man with a cigar in the corner of his mouth and his narrow rimmed slouch hat shoved on the back of his round head and his eyes turned contemptuously toward the stars.

"Certain party in, Blinky?" husked Wolf.

Blinky Peters followed them inside the hazy cafe, and as they walked back toward the Thirteenth street entrance a flat wide man with his hands in his pockets came in at the rear door—Sneaky Travis.

"There's your party," suddenly hissed Bill Wolf and pointed to a table where a dark Vandyked German with spectacles was entertaining a healthy, red-cheeked young woman with a green feather in her hat.

"You seem," shrilled Honoraria Blye to her three expert detectives and went home to her parrot.

Ned Warner stepped into the cigar store next door to the Hotel Daniel and telephoned June's home in Byrnpport. Mr. and Mrs. Moore were in the city at Bobbie Blyehring's, the smooth, soft voice

of fat, black old Aunt Debby told him. Blyehring's voice and the cheery voice of Bobbie. Yes, the Moores were there. And June was located? Great! Stanch Bobbie was all eagerness when Ned said he wanted the Moores and Bobbie and Iris to come down to the Hotel Daniel.

He also telephoned Honoraria Blye. Her shrill voice cracked over the telephone. She had just this minute got in from a wild goose chase after a bogus Gilbert Blye, but if he had been seen at the Hotel Daniel with Ned's runaway bride she'd be right down. Honoraria called up her detectives and ordered them to report at the Hotel Daniel.

Meanwhile Gilbert Blye sat in conversation with jovial looking Orvin Cunningham and a usually vivacious brunette whom both men called Tommy. Triumphantly Blye held before Tommy the address in his "little memorandum book."

"Mrs. J. G. Day, Hotel Daniel." He motioned the girl to follow him. She sat glumly. Orvin Cunningham spoke to her sharply. With a flourish she rose and followed Gilbert Blye.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

FASHION has not discarded the Moyen age effects in her late winter models, and the corselet made of antique gold embroideries adds an elegance to afternoon gowns of black velvet or even colored frocks.



A reminder that the Moyen Age effects are not yet discarded by the fashionables is evinced in a charming model of velvet combined with tulle. It is the sort of dress that one might use for a restaurant frock or for informal occasions in the evening. As will be seen by referring to the sketch, the skirt is widened at the hem by the addition of a flounce headed by a narrow fur band. The fur is very dark brown, relieving the sombre note of black which is the "color" of the gown fabric.

The special feature is the corselet arrangement of the velvet, whose pointed hip sections are embroidered with antique gold threads and weighted with a gold tassel. Both the upper and the lower

Selfishness of Parents

By DOROTHY DIX.

When parents are old and poor it is indisputably the duty of their children to support them, but it is equally as much the duty of the parents to support themselves if they can.

Unless incapacitated by age or sickness, there is no earthly excuse for a father or mother to sit aimlessly down, with folded hands, to be fed or clothed by some hard working son or daughter who already finds it difficult enough to make a living. Old people, like young people, are far better off for being engaged in some active, gainful occupation that keeps their interests alert and their minds occupied.

Of course, men generally do go on working as long as they are able, but middle-aged women, when they are left widows, have a way of knocking off work and going to live either with their married children, where they are almost always freer than in the house, or else of calmly settling themselves down on an unmarried son or daughter to be supported. And mother feels she has a perfect right to do this, and that her children are a bank account that she can draw upon at will.

This is a wrong view of the subject. An active, able-bodied woman should be just as much ashamed of grafting on her children as she would be of sponging on anybody else. Because she here and took care of them when they were little ones does not put them under an everlasting debt of gratitude that they can never repay. Mighty few of us are called upon to give thanks for having been born, and having thrived, life upon us, the least our parents can do is to take care of us until we are old enough and strong enough to engage in the sad and losing battle of existence on our own account.

Leaving aside, however, the question of duty between parents and children, there is no fact that stares us more uncompromisingly in the face than that fathers and mothers should take definite steps to present themselves from becoming bur-

Epigrams and Sayings

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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The more utterly forgetful we are of our own needs in our anxiety for others (not in mere actions, but in our deepest hearts), the more we are remembered and cared for by divine forces.

The most unfortunate being is he who has no one dependent upon him for support. However poor such a man may be, he is wise if he takes a cat, a dog, or a blind beggar to care for, in order that he may get out of himself.

If there had been no God originally, the devout belief of billions of souls in His existence would long ago have called Him into being.

The most cruel judgments in the world come from the women who, resent never having been tempted themselves.

Some people make such an ado about their virtues, we almost wish they would lose them.

dens on their children, either financially or spiritually.

Wherever it is possible enough money should be laid aside in a sacred fund, never to be touched for any other purpose, to secure a man or woman a home of his or her own, instead of forcing him or her to be an unwelcome guest beneath an "in-law's" roof.

It is astonishing how many people neglect to do this. They go on bittily spending every cent they make, under the calm assumption that they have sufficiently provided for their old age by having children on whom they can depend when they are no longer able to work. This is most unfair. Of course, every decent man and woman will take care of their aged parents, but it is often done at a ruinous price to the son or daughter. Most men, in these days, have all of the burden that they can stagger along under in providing for their own wives and children, and when to this is added the support of their parents it becomes the last feather that breaks the camel's back.

Every human being knows that age is bound to come, and not to provide for the days when one's earning power is gone is nothing short of dishonesty; for if we cannot take care of ourselves we rob other people when we force them to feed and clothe and house us.

As I have said, men are not often dependent on their children. Women are. Not many women have much opportunity to save up enough money to make them independent, but every woman can learn some sort of a trade or profession that she can follow, should her husband die, so that she will not have to become a parasite upon her children.

Especially would I urge the woman who has established herself in business, or who has some job, not to give it up, however besought, to go and live with her children. Independence means happiness and dependence means misery, and there's a vast difference in the attitude of even the most dutiful children between mother with her own pocket-book and mother with her hand held out for alms.

Also there is always the son-in-law or the daughter-in-law to be reckoned with, and the son-in-law or the daughter-in-law who does not secretly or openly resent having to support mother-in-law and have her always on the premises is as rare as hen's teeth.

Every woman should provide against being dependent on her children financially, and she should likewise provide against being dependent on them mentally and spiritually. There are foolish women who, just as they spend all of their money on their children when they are young, spend all of their interest on them. They have no life apart from their Johnnie or Mamie, and so when their Johnnie or Mamie marry they have to tag along.

Mamie's husband doesn't want mother, but mother would die if she were separated from Mamie. John's wife would rather have the plague in his house than John's mother, but mother couldn't exist two blocks away from her darling boy, and the result is that the happiness of innumerable homes is wrecked by the mother-in-law imposed upon it.

Yet any woman with ordinary common sense should have wisdom enough to foresee that the time will come when her children will marry and set up homes of their own, and that she should provide herself with enough outside interests to keep her going when they leave her.

The truth is there are too many dependent parents who should be independent, and they need to get away from the idea that parenthood is a graft that can be worked to any extent. It isn't. It is an awful obligation that no father or mother can ever sufficiently fulfill.

Invention of Thermometer

Reason Why Fahrenheit Instrument Used in English-Speaking Countries Has Such Inconvenient Divisions

By GARRETT P. SEVVIS.

"Why did Fahrenheit make 32 degrees the freezing point and 212 degrees the boiling point?" J. Brown, Chicago.

You have hit upon one of the most interesting things in the history of science, and the answer to your question will show, both by what gradual approaches some of the greatest inventions have been perfected, and how long usage adds inconveniences on men's backs.

Let me say, to begin with, that the Fahrenheit thermometer is a metric scale, which is in popular use in all English-speaking countries, by an unsuitable for a scientific age as is the ordinary English system of weights and measures. All men of science, for all scientific purposes, use the Centigrade scale for reckoning temperature, and the decimal metric system for all kinds of measures.

The inventor of the Fahrenheit thermometer, Gabriel Fahrenheit, a native of Danzig, settled, as a maker of meteorological instruments at Amsterdam. He was the first to bring into general use mercury instead of alcohol thermometers, but he did not invent the mercury thermometer that was done in Paris, in 1663, by Isaac Boulliau.

The alcohol thermometer was invented in Florence by pupils of Galileo, about 1627. They selected two fixed points, one determined by the temperature of snow or vice in the severest frost, and the other by the bodily temperature of animals. They divided the interval into eighty equal parts, or degrees. On their scale the melting point of ice was 19 1/2 degrees.

The Florentine thermometers, says, Cajori, became famous and spread all over Europe. When one of them came into the hands of Boulliau he made an improvement in the construction of the instrument by substituting mercury for alcohol in the tube.

Fahrenheit experimented long in search of a better starting point, or pair of starting points, for the division of the scale, and this was done before he began to use mercury. Finally he selected the temperature of a mixture of ice, water and salt for his lowest point, mistakenly supposing that that was the lowest temperature attainable, while for his upper point he chose the temperature of the armpit, or mouth of a healthy person. The space between these two points he divided into 180 equal parts.

Afterward, when he began to use mercury in the tubes, he changed his scale division so that there were only 96 degrees between the lower, or zero, point and the top of the scale. Then he adopted for the upper point the temperature of boiling water, and found that this, by using the same system of division, fell at 212 degrees above zero, while the freezing point of the water was at 32 degrees. Thus the selection of these inconvenient numbers to mark two of the most important points on the Fahrenheit scale was, virtually, a mere accident, arising from the application of a scale of division before those points had been determined.

There is some confusion among the historians in regard to the way in which Fahrenheit arrived at his division of the scale. According to some, Sir Isaac Newton was, in a sense, responsible for Fahrenheit's choice, because Newton had invented a lapsed oil thermometer whose scale he divided into twelve equal parts, between the freezing point and the natural temperature of the human body, Fahrenheit, it is said, adopted Newton's division, except that he halved their length on the scale, making 24 degrees from freezing to blood heat. Then, when he had found his imaginary lowest possible temperature by mixing salt and snow water, and had taken that for his zero, he counted 8 degrees up to the freezing point, 24 degrees to blood heat and 32 degrees to the boiling point. Later he divided his degrees into four parts each, thus making the temperature of freezing 22 above zero and the boiling point 212 above.

Many other thermometric scales have been invented and several are in limited use, but the best of them all is the Centigrade, which is based upon the division of the interval between the freezing and boiling points of water into 100 degrees, and the selection of the freezing point as the zero of the scale. The originator of this system is usually said to have been Andreas Celsius of Upsala, although the 100-degree division had been used before he adopted it. In the scientific construction of thermometers great pains are taken, not only in the selection of the glass for the tubes, and the exact formation of the point, and falling with decreased pressure. This is the reason why water boils at a much lower temperature on the summit of a lofty mountain than in the valleys below. Prof. Tyndall found that water boiled at the top of Mount Blanc, nearly 16,000 feet above sea level, at a temperature just under 135 degrees Fahrenheit, instead of at 212 degrees.

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