

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

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. (Copyright, 1915, by Serial Publication Corporation.)

### FIFTH EPISODE A Woman in Trouble.

CHAPTER I—(Continued.)  
In there, amid the wreaths of curthine blue smoke, moved handsomely gowned women, and many of them nonchalantly puffed at cigarettes. At the instance the smiling Gilbert Blye's key grated the lock.

A large, yellow haired woman came hurrying from the saloon with June's employment agency card in her hand. "Right this way, honey," she rasped in a voice to which the honey was foreign, and she led the way to a small side room at the left of the saloon. As June reluctantly entered the strangely furnished little room at the left Gilbert Blye came in at the front door.

With a smile upon his lips and glinting in his dark eyes he hurried straight back toward the little room in which June stood, now alone and frightened.

At that instant a huge, clumsy maid came tumbling up from the basement, followed by a puff of yellow smoke. With her eyes distended and her mouth open, ready for the yell of "Fire!" she rushed to the door of the saloon, but before she could reach it Gilbert Blye had pushed her roughly by the arm and pushed her through the door which led to the basement. He stood staring at the smoke which came curling ominously through that opening, glanced again toward June's room and dashed down the stairs.

That was a strangely furnished little room in which June found herself. There were two desks and a filing cabinet and some office chairs, but there were a luxurious couch and dainty hangings, a soft rug and pink paneled walls and ceiling. It was all so incongruous. And the work—it was queer too. The yellow haired woman came in from the parlor, presently and explained the posting into small blank books of many memorandum slips. Each slip contained the name of a woman and a sum of money. There were no slips of men, but there were index cards about men. June pushed as to what sort of business this might be.

The page girl wished in with one of the memorandum slips. The yellow head, whose face was puffy and more colored than was wholesome, took the slip, looked at the name on it, frowned, shook her head and went out with the girl. She entered the saloon and stood surveying the scene with cold abstraction. Around a long table sat the women whom June had seen. They all had cards in front of them and stacks of playboy chips, and a rawboned woman sitting on a higher chair than the rest was dealing. The yellow haired woman fixed her attention on the gambler next to the dealer. She was a fluffly blond with a feverish glitter in her eyes, and she was bent so intently upon the fall of the cards that she did not notice the door open and close.

Poor June! She glanced about her with growing repugnance. She was abjectly miserable, and suddenly she was sobbing. In the gambling room the fluffly blond who had played so feverishly staked and lost the last chip in front of her. She turned impatiently to look for the page girl. She met instead the cold, hard eye of the yellow haired woman, who quietly motioned her. The player rose reluctantly, and fright came into her face as she followed into the hall and to the little office where June had been installed, announced the yellow-haired woman.

"You've reached the limit, Mrs. Perry," turning on the unlucky one sharply as she closed the door. Here is the I. O. U. Bills brought to me. I have not G. K.'d it."

"I wouldn't O. K. it for 10 cents," snapped the other. "Now I want action. You'll telephone your husband from this room."

"No, no!" The woman wrung her hands. "I'll talk to him tonight!"

"I know that game," she snarled, and from June's desk she took an index card.

"Eight-o-eight-o Garden," she told the new secretary. "Ask for Mr. Perry and say that his wife wishes to speak with him."

"Not!" cried Mrs. Perry hysterically and reached over June's shoulder to take



GILBERT BLYE.

the phone. The new secretary had made no move toward the phone. She was staring at the yellow haired woman in astonishment. That determined person was not one to prattle in emergencies. She snatched up the phone herself and called the number.

"You women think I'm a mark," she scornfully stated to Mrs. Perry while she waited. You'd sting me for \$1,000 rather than sting your husband for it. See this card!" She held it out. It contained the name of Jack W. Perry, his business address, his home address, his financial rating, probable income, clubs and telephone numbers. And the unfortunate Mrs. Perry seemed to shrink into hopeless despair as she realized the implacable organization against which she had pitted herself. "Mr. Perry, please." The yellow-haired woman's voice had undergone a complete change. It was very pleasant of intonation, though it rasped.

"His wife wishes to speak with him." She handed over the telephone, and June, seeing Mrs. Perry's unsteadiness, rose and compassionately gave the woman her chair. The yellow-haired one walked calmly over to her own desk and took up the extension phone.

June looked at her hat and coat. She seemed quite bewildered. She could not quite understand what this was all about, but she did know that it was all unpleasant and heartless and degrading. She was starting to go when something on Mrs. Perry's face touched her sympathies and held her.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## The Spark and the Fire

By Nell Brinkley

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Somebody said long ago, somewhere, with much sweetness in their hearts, I think, that "no love ever dies." They meant not man-and-maid love alone, you must know—but any love: for a flower, a child, your friend, the glory of the sunset in the western sky, your dear mother with soft eyes. No matter if these should be broken, or lost or buried, or fled away, still were they not dead! And this is a warm thing to lay at your heart—the belief in this. For then you will know that the seed you held in your heart blows into flower somewhere, in some fashion. And you will sing more, I reckon, and carry a feather-weight heart in your body for knowing that.

Here now is the little maid with the soft little snoucers and the idle mind that flickers about in whimsical paths like the pale yellow butterfly of the spring—but with Eve's heart in her small body and a doll-baby with taffy hair and violently blue eyes, with regular twigs for eyelashes, cherished close to her breast. And another small maid from the very same Eve-pattern pearly and burningly to the other's baby. And some day the doll-baby breaks her face into bits and is buried along with other memories, and another bud in the garden of loving seems dead. But it isn't so a'tall! The bud of mother-loving lies fast and asleep. The spark under the gray ash has fanned into a

rect tower of primrose flame, and the smallest bud of long ago is a satin-soft thing that breathes and makes bubbles and clutches at life with a fist like a peach-bloom petal. The spark under the gray ash has fanned into a leaping fire. The miniature as tiny as the hollow at the foot of your throat is a picture in "heroic" size that reaches to the sky and against the throne of God. The bud that was forgotten is a princess-rose. "No love ever dies." So don't ever think it. The love that you lavished somewhere that you think is dead may have been but a tiny thing—and never lost—only the possibility of a great reality that has come!—Nell Brinkley.

### Advice to Lovelorn

By SEABYUS FAIRBAX

Think About Your Work

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 19 years old and deeply in love with a girl two years my junior. I met her at an affair Christmas night, 1913. Her mother raised no objection until the end of last summer, when she refused to let her go out with me. Her objections are due to my annual salary. I really am not earning enough, but eventually I expect to be able to. Should I continue my attentions or should I break with her? I. L. S.

Boys of 19 years should really not be indulged in mad love affairs. Since the girl's mother objects to you, and since you are not in a financial position to support a wife (and why should you be at your age?), you have no right to insist on continuing your attentions. Certainly it will not break your heart or ruin your ambitions to give up this girl. If you are a manly and worth-while chap, prove it by two or three years' hard work and by winning success. Put the energy you are wasting on a boyish love affair into your work and you will get ahead in the world and be in a position to be regarded with favor by this girl's mother or by the mother of any other girl you care for a few years from now.

Tell Her the Truth

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man of 21. I have been keeping company with a young lady for about eight months. During that time I used to call on her often. Lately I stopped, thinking it is not right for a young man to keep company with a young lady, as long as he has no intention to be engaged to her. Last week I received a telephone call from her. I am ashamed to go and explain. D. S.

Tell her the truth. There is no use in passing or hurting her by an unexplained absence. If, after she knows the truth, she still cares to be friends it will be quite fair for you to do so.



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