

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.)

SIXTH EPISODE. The Siege of the House of O'Keefe.

CHAPTER I. (Continued.)

Tired and famished Blye ate his delayed dinner in company with the vivacious brunette, Tommy Thomas and the white mustached, pink faced Orin Cunningham, and with a heavy, silent, thick-eyed man who wore short cropped hair on his big round head.

Tommy and Cunningham and Blye sat for some time together after the big man had left. They were evidently planning something.

Finally all three went out and stepped into Blye's luxurious limousine. Before they had gone very far Blye, sitting by the girl, leaned toward her and began talking to her in low tones. By and by the trace of a smile came to her lips.

In a tastefully furnished drawing room a kindly looking woman held the bubbling Tommy's hand between both her own while they talked. There was both sadness and loneliness in Mrs. Villard as she drew Tommy to a seat on the couch beside her, but she had spirit, too, for she displayed a most eager interest in the beautiful portrait of June Warner, which presently peered up at her from inside the lid of June's little gold watch.

When Tommy rejoined the men in the brilliantly lighted limousine she handed Blye June's watch with a triumphant laugh.

CHAPTER II.

June, busy with her own thoughts, did not notice the closed cab which stood at the corners the next morning as she left the house. As she passed by, however, walking briskly up to the surface car, Officer Mack, who had been watching that cab and the handsome brunette whose vivacious face had occasionally appeared at the windows, saw the cab start and slowly move away.

June had stepped from her uptown car and was crossing to Broadway when a closed cab passed her, turned and drew up from the opposite direction and a gloved hand tapped at the window. Tommy Thomas, the girl to whom Gilbert Blye had introduced her.

"Which way, pretty maid?" Tommy's glowing face protruded from the door of the cab.

"To the employment office, kind lady."

she laughed, and June exhibited her little address slip.

"I'll take you over," offered Tommy. The two girls laughed together as they drove away, but at the next corner Tommy excused herself for a moment and ran into a drug store to telephone.

Tommy hurried out and returned to her place in the cab with June, but Mrs. Villard, to whom she had phoned, remained at the telephone and called up another number.

When June walked into the Acme Employment bureau, having chosen a new one, quite naturally, since the old one had sent her to a gambling house, she found a new address ready for her. A lady wanted a companion.

Her eyes widened with pleasure as she saw the beauty of Mrs. Villard's home. It was scarcely visible from the street, set back and below a tangled profusion of shrubbery and trees. Before it rolled the broad, smooth Hudson. Her timidity was set entirely at rest when in the cozy parlor just back of the stiff drawing room she met the kindly faced Mrs. Villard.

"Companion? She was not to be a companion to this charming and sweet and yet sometimes sad lady. She was to be a friend, a sister, a daughter. They knew that much in the first three minutes of their conversation, and then Mrs. Villard took June up to a wonderful bedroom which had once been a child's, upon the walls of which were peacocks and roosters and gnomes and elves. It was visiting day among the Villard cottages and the cottages beyond which were not Villard cottages, and June had the joy once more of giving, mingled with the sorrow that there was need.

It was late when they arrived at the cottage of the Groggs, and as they entered the front door Mr. Grogg came up from the lower road and entered the back door. Fully ten feet behind his breath. He was a red faced man with no blend in his countenance whatsoever. Nose, ears and all, he was the same tint of red from where his neck rose out of its sprawling collar to where his low forehead disappeared in his sprawling yellow hair.

"D'afternoon, ladies," observed Mr. Grogg, cheerfully and bowed his smile in the direction of the severe eyed Mrs. Villard and the shocked June. "Brought you a little present, Lou," and with as much extravagant importance as if this had been the rajah's jewel, he bestowed on Mrs. Grogg a geranium in a paper mache pot.

Mrs. Grogg was a thin woman, chiefly distinguished for droopiness and hollowness as viewed from almost any direction.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Paris Before the Spring Openings

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This model is reminiscent of the costumes worn by the women who lived through the Franco-Prussian war in the draped skirt of a plaid material and in the tight fitting, pointed bodice, buttoning prominently to the choker collar of fur, fashionable even when spring breezes blow.

The three-piece costume is a favorite. This model in old blue gabardine has an underskirt of brick-red duvetyne, slit at the side. The blue embroidery, brightened by silver threads, appears both on the loose waistcoat-like bodice and on the coat.

A khaki-colored rough serge suit. The fullness in the skirt is frankly achieved by the box plaits. The saucy, rippling jacket, short to the hip line, is belted in black oilcloth, its scalloped peplum piped in the same material. Military collar of the oilcloth.

Science for Workers

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q.—How am I to figure out the law of gravitation. I drop a pebble into my well, 100 feet to the water. I understand it takes 1 second for the first 16 feet. How can I figure out the increase in number of feet per second as distance increases?—C. H. Goodacre, Wineville, Riverside County, California, January 15, 1915.

A.—The laws of falling bodies are that at the exact end of the first second of fall, at mean sea level in a vacuum, the space fallen through is 16.1 feet. At the instant of end of one absolute second of time the falling body has acquired a velocity of 32.2 feet per second. And this is the regular rate of increase per second thereafter. There is only one value given by Mr. Goodacre—100 feet, or space. Then time of fall and velocity acquired must be found. First find the time required to fall 100 feet. Mathematical research has proven that the time equals the square root of the quotient obtained by dividing twice the space by the force of gravity. Twice 100 equals 200, which, divided by 32.2 equals 6.207, whose square root is 2.492. The number of seconds. Since the constant acceleration in velocity is 32.2 feet per second, the final speed must equal the product of time and acceleration. Then 2.492 multiplied by 32.2 equals 79.644 feet per second velocity when stone strikes water in well.

Q.—Recently I overheard some advanced Monists discussing the problem of mind and matter, and they stated that mind is an attribute of substance, but I do not understand what is meant by substance. Can you tell me what advanced Monism is?—W. J. Clarke, 678 East One Hundred and Fiftieth Street, New York City.

A.—The Greeks in Athens, Epicurus, Thales and the Peloponnesians said mones when they really meant one. And the word "monism" came up from the addition of "ism." And the Funk & Wagnalls book says: "Monism—the doctrine of cosmology that attempts to explain the phenomena of the cosmos by one principle of being or ultimate substance. Monism may be (1) idealistic, holding that all phenomena, spiritual and material, are from spirit; (2) materialistic, that both spiritual and material phenomena are from matter; or (3) pantheistic, that neither matter nor mind is substantial, both being referred to one original substance." These speculators were not aware that their basic substance is nothing but electrons; nor that electrons are nothing but electricity. Many thousands of books, filled with absolutely valueless, unharmonious disputations and senseless arguments, are based on these three definitions.

Household Hints

The ink used in printing type makes nothing like newspapers. That is why, in the absence of moth-proof bags and cedar chests, some housewives pack their furs and woollens in newspapers.

When sweeping carpets, always remember to sweep the way of the grain. To brush the wrong way is not only bad for the carpet, but it tends to force the dust in instead of out.

An easy way to peel walnuts when once removed from the shell is to steep them in cold water for a few minutes. Almonds will skin more easily if placed in hot water.

During a vigorous day's work the head naturally often becomes overheated, and the hair suffers.

Why My Wife Left Me

No. 6—The Husband Who Flirted with Another Woman Tells His Story

By DOROTHY DIX.

"I lost my wife," said the sixth man, "through a foolish flirtation with a woman I did not even care about; a woman who was infinitely inferior to my wife in looks, intelligence, charm—everything that makes up a woman."

"We would think a man crazy who, having in his possession a priceless jewel, traded it off for a garish bit of pinchbeck, but how often do we see him make the same sorry bargain emotionally—throw away the love of a wife who is pure gold for a fancy for some woman who is nothing but dross!"

"I was one of these poor fools. By nature I am somewhat of a sentimental Tommy. Women attract me and I have always found the game of hearts to be the most exciting game in the world. The rapture of the discoverer, the excitement of the big game hunter, the fitness of the gambler, they are all there in the pursuit of that mystery that we call woman. That's what makes love the great adventure, and every pretty woman a challenge thrown in the face of a man with my temperament."

"From my boyhood I was what is called 'a lady's man.' I knew the whole litany of love-making by heart, and all the little gallantries that please women in a country whose men are, curiously enough, the most devoted to their women-kind and the least loverlike in the world, where men give women the most money and the fewest attentions."

"Of course I had many flirtations, and I remember that a cynical old bachelor uncle used to say to me, with a chuckle: 'Watch out, Jimmie! Some day one of these near-engagements of yours is going to end fatally for you in matrimony.' And it did."

"I met a girl who was everything that I wasn't—a grave, solemn, serious woman, with eyes that were like great pools of tenderness; a wonderful woman, all strength and steadiness, to whom love was a holy thing, a name not even to be taken lightly on your lips. She was beautiful and fine, and in my heart I worshipped her as a man worships his patron saint."

"We were married, and for years we were perfectly happy. For I was absorbed in wonder and reverence of this new love that had come into my life, and that was so much higher than anything I had ever known. And then by degrees I grew accustomed to it, as I suppose a man would grow accustomed to having the Kohinoor if he happened to possess it."

"Then, as some party or other that we happened to go to, I met a little flirty, ruffle sort of a woman, one of the pretty, pert, gay little buccaners that sail the social seas in quest of adventures. They are daring little pirates, and they like nothing also so well as to capture some staid merchant ship of a married man and bear him off, right under the guns of his wife's eyes."

"I was easy prey—all the easier because for so long my weapons had been hanging on the wall, and I had been out of the fight. I had forgotten that my tongue was ever nimble at flirtations."

that I had ever quoted poetry effectively; that I had ever sighed unutterable nothings. I had thought of my fascinations as gone. I had come to consider myself as done with romance.

"God knows how some women do it, but here, in an instant, I saw myself in this woman's eyes no longer as a middle aged, perfectly domesticated husband and father, but as an alluring Romeo, and it went to my head. Before I knew it, without intending it, without meaning it, I was embarked on one of those flirtations that almost invariably end in disaster, and prove the truth of the old adage that there is 'no fool like an old fool.'"

"Let me do the woman the justice to say that she, no more than I, intended any real harm. We really attracted each other because we were both experts at the love game, and in each other found foemen worthy of our steel. It was a match of wits instead of hearts, of fencing instead of feeling."

"But we played the game according to Hoyle. There were flowers, and candy, and rides, and little strolls through the park at night, and notes sadly sweet, breathing of a hopeless passion. And all,

I swear it, meaning nothing from either her or me.

"In my heart I was never untrue to my wife. I knew this other woman for the foolish, vain, frivolous little creature that she was, and in the very moment that I was entreating her to go out to dinner with me, or automobile with me, I was thinking in the back of my heart, and thanking God for it, that my wife was not of that sort, and that no man on earth could tempt her to treat me as I was inducing this other woman to treat

her husband. Also, incredible as it sounds, by the very froth of this flirtation I measured the depth of my love for my wife.

"I never intended, of course, that my wife should know of this silly affair, but one day she found in my pocket a letter from the woman full of fond and spurious endearments, and making an appointment for a rendezvous that was really innocent, but that damned me in her eyes. I tried to explain to her that I had only been amusing myself, and that I was not in

love with the other woman, or she would comprehend how a man may love and honor his wife in his inmost soul, and still let his fancy occasionally wander.

"And so my wife did, as doubtless I should have done under the same circumstances. She left me, and I lost the steady sun of love for a light of lover."

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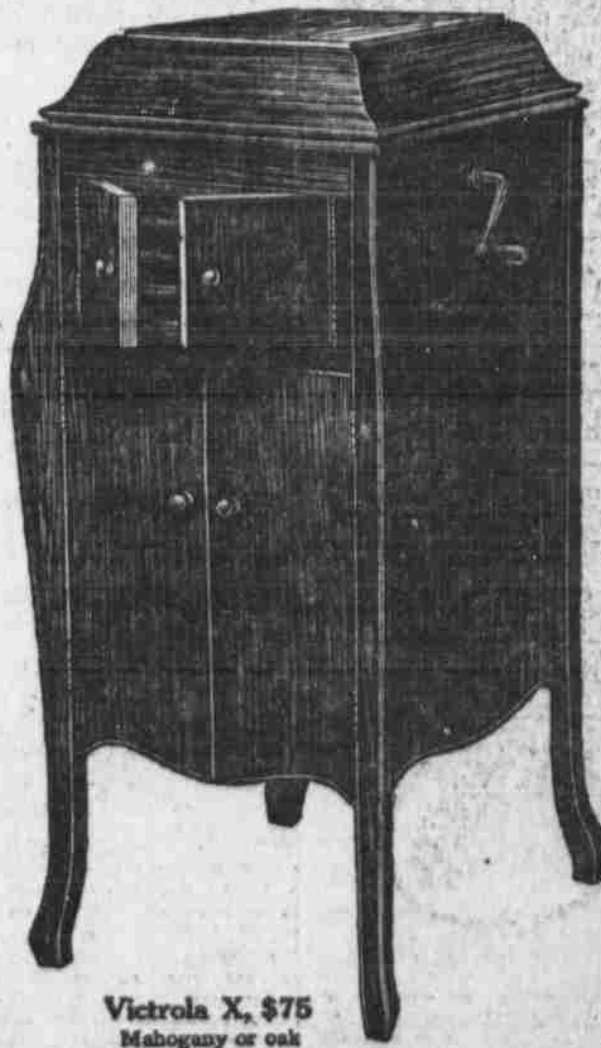
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