

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Life is What We Make It

By DOROTHY DIX.

I know two cooks. Give one of them a piece of meat, a few vegetables, a dash or two of seasoning, and she will turn you out a dinner that is a gastronomic triumph. Give her the same materials day after day and she will introduce such novelty into the different ways of preparing them that they never grow monotonous and pall upon your palate.



Give the other cook exactly the same ingredients and she will place before you a dinner that is an insult to the taste and an outrage to the digestion. Give her the same materials to cook two days in succession, and you would be ready to swear that you had never eaten anything but stringy meat and watery potatoes and burnt bread in your life.

Yet both cooks had exactly the same raw material to work upon. One turns out a thing of art and delight. The other makes a mess of things. It's all in the way you do it.

There are two families whose situation in life is almost exactly the same. Both families are well-to-do in a moderate way. They have all of the comforts and many of the luxuries of life, but in each family the man must work hard, and the woman look thriftily after the household. In both families many sacrifices must be made.

In one household the whole atmosphere is one of peace, and love, and happiness. The wife goes about her household tasks with a song on her lips because she feels that making a comfortable home for her husband and her children is the biggest and the best work that any woman can do, and their appreciation and affection are her highest reward.

She doesn't have as many pretty clothes as many of her friends do, nor can she afford trips to Europe like her sisters, but she knows that her husband gives her the very best that he can, and that he would like to dress her like the queen of Sheba. So she makes over her old hat without a particle of envy of what other women have, because she realizes that when it comes to happiness a man's love and tenderness are better than millinery.

The man at the head of the family does grilling work; he has many cares and responsibilities, but when he comes home to his family he doesn't take the nerves and the temper he has suppressed all day for fear of driving away customers out on his family. He's gentle and affectionate with his wife and children. He's interested in everything his wife wants to do, and ready to listen to everything his children have to tell.

He economizes on a hundred little personal luxuries so that the whole family may have some little spree together. Of course, the children have to be denied many things they see rich children have, but they know that "daddy" would give them anything on earth he could afford, and so there's no whining or complaining when they can't have the things they want.

In this household you never hear a word that is not kind and loving. All is peace and harmony and great happiness. It is a successful home.

In the other household there is perpetual wrangling and quarrels about everything and about nothing. The air is electric with storm. The wife frets and complains about how hard she has to work and the monotony of domestic life. She continually repines because she can't dress as smartly as the rich women with whom she associates, and because she can't go to Palm Beach in the winter and Europe in the summer.

The husband comes home tired and nervous, with never a pleasant word for a member of his family. He flies into violent rages, or sits in sulky silence. His children are as afraid of him as they would be of a wild beast, and when he denies them anything they ask for they, too, sulk about it, because they consider him a tyrant whose chief delight is in circumventing them and depriving them of pleasure.

Purgatory itself cannot be a more unpleasant spot in which to dwell than this home, where husband and wife and children are all at daggers' points with each other.

Now these two couples have exactly the same material out of which to make life a success or a failure. One couple has achieved happiness, the other misery. One man and his wife have had enough intelligence to realize that matrimony is what we make it. They accept its duties cheerfully, they bear its hardships bravely, they give their best and sweetest to it, and in so doing they find happiness.

The other couple have spent their time looking for faults in each other and in exaggerating every defect. They have been selfish and inconsiderate and impolite to each other, as they would be to no stranger. They have brought out the worst that is in each other, and turned their home into a battle ground. And what is true of these people is true of us all. Life gives us all the same ingredients to work upon— toil and leisure, sickness and health, laughter and tears, success and failure, birth and death, and whether we win or lose out, whether we make a success or failure, is up to us. For life is what we make it.

## Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

The initial for the bride's linen. Dear Miss Fairfax: Will you kindly settle this dispute between A and B?

A says that a girl about to be married should have all her linen initialed with her maiden name, and B says the initial of the name to be taken should be used.

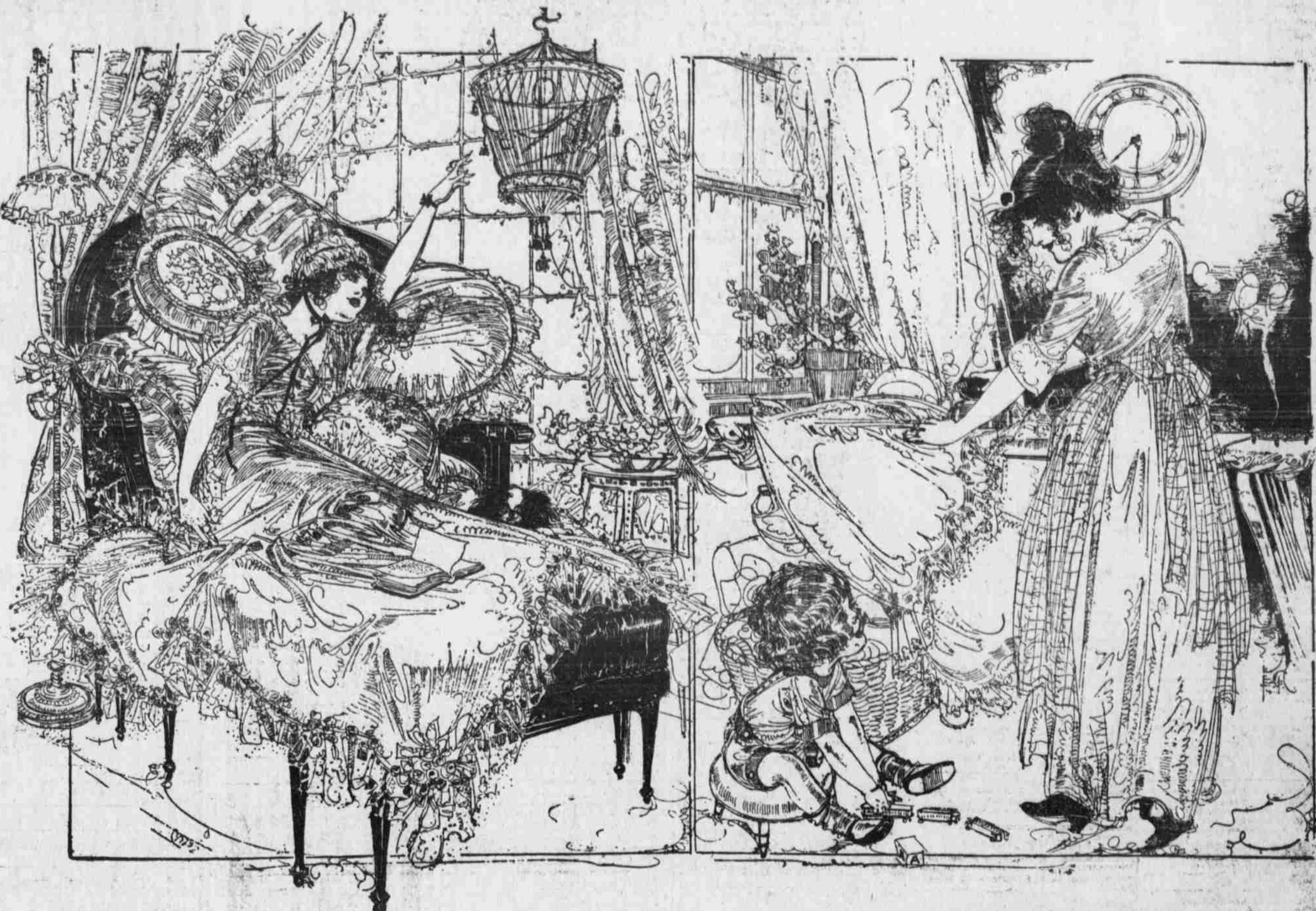
A TROUBLED BRIDE.

The bride's linen should be marked as she prefers. Personally I like the more elegant custom of using her own initials instead of those she will assume with marriage.

## The Butterfly and the Bee

Copyright, 1915, Intern'l News Service

By Nell Brinkley



Eleven-Thirty A. M.

—and—

Seven-Thirty A. M.

One gives her beauty and naught else—and there are those who say that is enough to give a reaching world.

One makes the world go 'round, washes babies and feeds men and the— those who say she is beautiful, too.—Nell Brinkley.

## Along Came Joy

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Many decades ago mischievous sculptors and artists made, of marble and oils, Niobes dissolved in their own tears, so wistfully beautiful, so attractive in their paths that weeping became quite the fashion and cry-babies became quite the rage.

No one remembered in eulogizing these emotional creatures that grief is as disfiguring as a loathsome disease. The nose becomes red, the eyes swollen and as devoid of intelligent expression as a pair of oysters. The hair is disheveled and a general air of untidiness accompanies what women call a "good cry," though why they should call it "good" no one knows, for the weeper doesn't look good and no good is accomplished by such an outburst.

The next time you have engaged in such an exhibition, look at yourself in the mirror, with a good strong light on your face. Then ask yourself frankly if you are in condition to win what you are crying for. If it is a lost love (which seems to be the cause of all the overflows when the weeper is between the ages of 15 and 30), would your appearance win back to you even a lover who is blind?

If you have lost a position, which is a serious matter these days, will your face so saturated with tears it looks like a sponge, have any influence on the next man to whom you apply for a position?

Men, who are the cause of 90 per cent of the tears women shed, are the quickest to resent the sight of a tear-stained face. They don't want to be "bothered" with any appeals to their sympathies; if there is any one to be patted on the back with kind words of sympathy and encouragement, they want to furnish the backs.

The tear is bound to lose; it is the laugh that wins. Fate served me meanly, but I looked at her and laughed. That none might know how bitter was the cup I quaffed. Along came joy and paused beside me where I sat.

Saying, "I came to see what you were laughing at," learned men will tell you, begins in the lungs and diaphragm, and as it comes to the surface it sets the liver, the stomach and other organs into a jelly-like vibration that is good for them. It descends to the stomach and shakes it, hurrying the process of digestion, accelerates the respiration and given warmth and glow to the entire system. It brightens the eyes, increases perspiration, expands the chest, forces poisoned air from the least used lung cells and restores health.

Tears have the reverse effect on the one who weeps, and affect the spirits and health of an entire family. Tears are less a sign of a tender nature and more a proof of a selfish one.

Laugh, and along will come joy to find what you are laughing at.

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.)

### SEVENTH EPISODE. The Tormentors.

#### CHAPTER I. (Continued.)

June might as well have been alone for all that she was conscious of the O'Keefe ministrations. They had been here, here in these very rooms, Ned, her father and mother! How she longed for them! How she grieved they had found her! And a great flow of love surged up in her. She must see them! She must go to them at once! She must give up this foolish fight for a romantic ideal and be just a girl, and return to her own people, and be petted and forgiven, and be clasped in Ned's strong arms, never to leave them again! She rose with a wild impulse to hurry straight after them, but her knees bent under her. She had not known how much this sudden emotion had taken away her strength. The Widow O'Keefe pressed her tenderly back in her chair, and Sammy held a glass to her lips and spilled a trickle of water on her chin. She smiled at them both, for she was very fond of them; then the widow drove Sammy from the room and put June on the bed, and took off her little shoes, and drew the blinds, and left her alone to cry it out. And the Widow O'Keefe rasped her own eyes with lumpy knuckles as she closed the door.

June sat suddenly bolt upright and drew her eyes and hunted for her shoes. How bare everything looked in the room! Why, everything was gone! And where was Marie?

Marie had just turned the corner of Officer Dowd's post when there came swiftly toward her a family limousine which she remembered with a jump in her breast.

Suddenly there was a loud yelp of joy from an handsome fellow sitting beside the driver, and Bouncer, who never left his seat when in the city, was halfway to the curb in one spring. With a shriek Marie headed for the nearest alley. Bouncer barking happily at her heels. Five voices yelled to Jerry to stop, but it was unnecessary. That good chauffeur had used both brakes, and the Moores, the Betherings and Ned Warner all tried to crowd out of the door. While the agitated Bobby blocked the doorway Ned rushed after Marie, but he suddenly found himself breathing to breathe with Officer Dowd.

"Excuse me," said Officer Dowd, still brooding him. "Was it you or me that is in the road?"

"I want to speak to that young woman!" And Ned tried to pass around Officer Dowd as "that young woman," accompanied by the leaping Bouncer, turned swiftly into a narrow alley. The last flash of her was a red and white striped stocking.

Officer Dowd was at this moment one of the most awakened men on the force. He had tried to shove around Ned, and now they men again, breastbone to breastbone.

"Get out of my way!" yelled Ned. "Who you orderin'?" retorted Officer Dowd.

"She was a servant of mine," said Moore.

"Did she steal anything?" demanded Dowd.

"No."

"Then it's none of my business." And Officer Dowd looked toward the alley with a twinkling glint in his eye. Marie knew every turn and twist within ten blocks of the Churgers. "Go on and speak to the lady."

They went down to the alley mouth and looked in. There was a wilderness of crooked byways, and no Marie visible.

"Where to, sir?" asked Jerry.

"The Widow O'Keefe's!" declared Ned.

CHAPTER II.

Marie dashed into the O'Keefe house as fast as her red and white striped legs would carry her. Fast as she was, Bouncer was six springs ahead of her, and she had no sooner started to open the door than he burst out of her grasp and was across the floor and up on the bed and trampling all over June, barking in her ear.

"Bouncer!" sobbed June. "Bouncer!" "Will you be still?" screamed Marie to the dog. "Muss June, dear, get up! Mrs. O'Keefe, hide us! They're coming!" "Coming!" June was startled.

"Till hide you," offered Sammy from the doorway. "Come right here!" And he rushed across to the side window.

"It was but a few seconds' work to transfer June across the fire escape platform connecting with the McPherson house. The family limousine, containing the Moores, the Betherings and Ned Warner, came spinning around the corner!

"My wife is here!" declared Ned Warner to Mrs. O'Keefe, with conviction. "I want her!"

"Come right in and get her," invited the widow, flinging wide the door. "If you take her along this time you won't be a nuisance to me any more today."

But their second search revealed nothing.

At last the discouraged party left the house of O'Keefe.

In the meantime Mrs. Villard had stood in front of Gilbert Blye's magnificent club. A short, wide, fat man

was leaning against the lamp post, smoking a short, thick cigar, when Mrs. Villard's chauffeur jumped down and ran into the club, but he paid little attention until Gilbert Blye came out; then the short, wide man pulled his slouch hat over one eye, dropped his cigar and with remarkable agility beat both Blye and

the chauffeur to the car, where he opened the door obsequiously. Blye and Mrs. Villard talked in low, quick tones for a moment.

"At Pinkham's, then, you think, in half an hour." And to Mrs. Villard's nod he lifted his hat, and the car drove away. Blye gave the fat man a quarter and

went back into his club. The fat man stuck the coin into his pocket, went to a telephone and heartily called for a number.

A sharp-faced woman with a long nose and high, arched eyebrows answered that call.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## HOME FURNITURE CO.

24th and L Sts., South Omaha

QUALITY HIGH, PRICES LOW—NOT ONE DAY BUT EVERY DAY

### Advance Spring Styles in Rugs, Furniture, Etc.

### Get Our Spring Prices on Rugs

9x12 SEAMLESS BRUSSELS RUGS... \$8.50

9x12 SEAMLESS VELVET RUGS... \$12.00

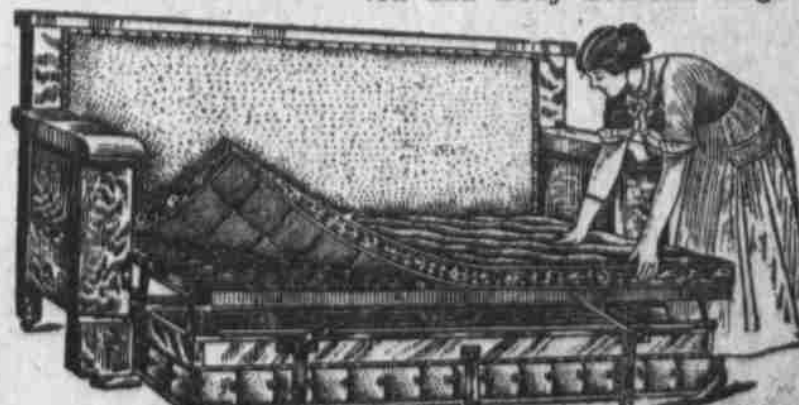
9x12 AXMINSTER RUGS... \$16.00

See our complete line of Wilton and Body Brussels Rugs.



### FULL SIZE BED DAVENPORT

Fitted with sanitary spring; \$29.00 value, \$18.00 at...



SEE OUR NEW DAYLIGHT DISPLAY ROOM