

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Women No One Likes to Meet

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

(Copyright, 1915, by Star Company.) There are certain types of people we all meet and all find undesirable. We would like to avoid them, but, since we cannot, the next best thing to do is to avoid their eccentricities.

If we cannot like them, let us not be like them. There is the woman who appropriates all the space she can in public conveyances. Two people could occupy the space she occupies in trolley car or stage. You swing upon the strap in front of her, and your parcels fall upon her lap and at her feet. She looks coldly into space, while you glance appealingly at the small place which might be made larger between her and her neighbor.

If you are aggressive and ask her to "please move along" she glares at you and moves a few inches. You might as well try to push the Pyramids along as to make such a woman budge an inch farther than she chooses. Looking at her face, you will find self written on every feature—cold, unloving, selfish eyes, stubborn, selfish nose and unsmiling, selfish mouth. Her soul has been choked and kept out of sight by her poor, petty, self-fashioned face. Figuratively speaking, the woman is standing in front of herself and obstructing her own vision.

Then there is the ready bluffer—the woman whose proposed achievements always overwhelm the uninitiated. Wonderful things are about to happen always to this woman, to judge by her talk. She is on the eve of sailing, her passage is engaged. Yet she never goes. When you meet her soon afterward and ask her how it happens that she did not go abroad she has a long story to tell you, but ends always with a new date fixed for

the delayed journey, though possibly it has taken an opposite direction.

The professional bluffer is of the same pattern. She is about to sing before the queen—in private audience—or she is on the eve of signing a contract to go into grand opera, or she is to start out with a company of her own in a few weeks, or she has a book ready for the press which all the publishers are fighting over, or she is engaged to take an important position on the leading newspaper of the day—until you meet her again. Then she has a new repertoire of remarkable things which are about to happen.

It is so much wiser to let our actions speak for themselves in this world than to herald them with much talk.

The ready bluffer wastes in words the vital force she needs for the execution of her plans. There is a tremendous force in silence. God did not talk about the world. He made it and let it speak for itself. Always before the elements show their greatest power there is a hush.

The woman who knows all about the family history of your friends and who carries the key to their skeleton closets is familiar to all humanity. No matter whom you mention—a stranger, as you suppose, from another town, who is coming to visit you or whom you have visited—she straightway sets forth on a recital of the doing of the grandparents or more distant relatives of your friends. She knew the aunt at school or was bridesmaid at the uncle's wedding, and recounts what a scamp he proved to be, etc.

If you seem embarrassed by her narrative she conceals you by remarking that every flock has a black sheep, and that the wool of the white ones is all the fairer by the contrast! And she concludes with a brilliant and original reference to the small size of the world, after all.

It is excellent to know some things we do not tell.

If chance has given you a peep into the skeleton closet of your friend's friend there is no need to carry the key in your hand ready for instant use. There is no law against hiding other people's secrets.

"Keep Your Eye on the Ball!"

By NELL BRINKLEY
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This is the veteran golfer's chant, and sometimes the grinning caddy ventures it in a small voice when you smack the ball with the heel of your club and send it a marvelous flight of five yards. "Keep your eye on the ball!" How can a chap do it, though, if he happens to have along with him the prettiest girl this side of heaven? When he stews his body about for the drive his lightning eyes fall on her face,

under a wreath of glistening hair, and his heart melts from the little pellet of a golf ball that it was to a spoonful of warm honey, and his drive is nipped in the bud. And all the "impudent" little caddies gurgie and grin, and his own small retainer screams lustily, "Keep your eye on the ball." There's plenty of chances to look at the queen, rose between times!—Nell Brinkley.

Apples and Health

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

A doctor's bill doesn't always have to be paid at once. Apples are generally bought for cash.

But in the long run, apples are much cheaper than medical service.

The old maxim still holds. "An apple a day keeps the doctor away."

As a race we have never had enough fruit. We have lived too much on meat and white flour. Any doctor will tell you that there are a hundred diseases that would absolutely disappear if we would adopt a fruit diet, say for one meal a day. Apples agree with everyone.

Apples tend to modify the demands of the meat trust, increase the flow of bile, and their plentiful use will add to our happiness and length of days by eliminating the drag of such pessimistic theology that yet clogs our social system.

In apple season, when you saunter through an American orchard and see a pile of nature's health fuggies, you think of a painting by Turner. Old Sol has dipped into Mother Earth's palette and colored them with gold, russet and vermilion drawn out of the soil and then flavored them with an Elysian essence. Later, man learned to co-operate by spraying the trees, irrigating, plowing and leveling the soil. And it came to pass that the world learned that art in apple culture paid.

The apple growers of California, Oregon, Washington and Colorado were the orchard teachers of this country. They made the farmers of the east realize that apples might well be taken seriously—that they were not a sort of garden truck.

The Hood river valley apples have attained an international reputation. This Hood river valley is one of the most picturesque and beautiful spots one can imagine. The cool nights and the warm sunshine of the days seem to contribute exactly the right conditions for apple culture. However, there are many other districts that can produce just as good fruit as the Hood river valley, provided the same amount of genius is brought to bear.

I admire the Hood river valley apple, but I admire the Hood river people more. They have brought genius to bear in the business of apple culture and apple salesmanship. They know how to prepare their wares for the market in the most attractive shape.

Many American apples command a price in England. I have paid a shilling for an American apple and had it brought in on a silver platter with the original wrapper upon it, duly served by a flunky in side whiskers, who expected a tip for his genius in selection. And, really, I was a little proud of the fact that people in America occasionally do their work so superbly well.

And, as the years go by, apple culture will receive a degree of attention that it has never had before. Fruits, vegetables and poultry are now being regarded just as important as corn, wheat and oats, and perhaps a little more so.

We prefer to buy our doctors by the barrel, bushel or box, rather than by the "call."



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 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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SEVENTH EPISODE.

The Tormentors.

CHAPTER II.

"Say, this is Bill Wolf," reported the thick one. "Say, I got him! Do you know where Pinkham's is?"

"Yes!" unexpectedly shrilled Mrs. Blye. "Well, your husband's gonna be there in half an hour and meet the gal!"

"June Warner?" snapped Mrs. Blye violently. "That's the name," said Billy Wolf. "I heard him say it half a dozen times."

Honorita was hastily preparing to go out when a sudden thought came to her, and she called up Ned Warner. He had just arrived at the lonely apartments which June and he had fitted up with such care.

"Well, Mr. Warner," came the parrot-like voice of Honorita, "your wife is to meet my husband in the offices of Benjamin Pinkham, in the Bond Security building, in half an hour."

The coast was quite clear when Mrs. Villard arrived opposite the O'Keefe house. Sammy came out on the doorstep.

"Do you know where Mrs. O'Keefe lives? This lady says she has a young lady friend stoppin' there, and—"

"Is it Mrs. Villard?" asked Sammy, and he exchanged a pleasant smile with the lady.

"Yes, indeed. Is Miss June at home?"

"No," he grinned, "but you come right in!"

The coast was still clear when, a few minutes later, Mrs. Villard and June and Marie and Bouncer and a huge bundle of clothes came out of the passageway between the O'Keefe and McPherson houses and climbed into the car.

in the severe man. He had been changed from metal into wax, his eyes had come to life and on his lips a smile.

"Why, my dear," he said, "this is an unexpected pleasure. May I ask you to wait just a moment?"—And he glanced apprehensively toward his private office, where a small, impatient man, with his gloved hands clasped on a cane, sat nervously.

"I don't think I shall need to wait," And the woman glanced around the reception room. Her glance swept just above the head of Mrs. Villard, but it swept downward as it came to June. She calmly lifted her pearl-handled lorgnette, opened it with a snap and surveyed the girl from head to foot with a cold appraisal of that beautiful young person's charms. She swept her gaze to her beaming husband. "I shall need some money," she remarked, and there was an additional insolence in her having made

herself obvious to the fact that there were strangers present.

"With pleasure, my dear." And Mr. Pinkham was so obsequious as if he had been a salesman whom the woman had just favored with a large order. "How much shall it be?"

"Ten thousand," she said calmly. The impatient little man leaped forward and started to talk as Pinkham sat down at his desk, but no attention was paid to his eager renewal of the conversation, and he died into fuming silence while the check was written. Mrs. Pinkham stood in disdainful repose.

"I have made it twenty," Mr. Pinkham observed, using the ingratiating tones as he tried to smile.

"Thank you," she said, and, folding the check, dropped it into a little gold purse as if it were a trifle of vulgar insignificance. If the man had thought by his eagerness and generosity to strike from her any spark of gratitude or affection

he had been mistaken, for, having thanked him in a manner which makes the thanks themselves an insult, she made him goodby and swept from the office. And the man? He beamed after her!

Mrs. Villard and June breathed a sigh of relief. They were invited into a handsome inner office. The impatiently handsome woman in Mrs. Pinkham the runaway bride had recognized another and a startling phase of her own problem. Here it was again—the same, never ending condition of the man owning all and the woman none, of the man giving and the woman receiving.

Suddenly June gave a start of mingled surprise and fright. In the doorway stood the darkly handsome, suavely smiling Gilbert Blye!

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

It takes a pretty handsome waitress to make a bit continually fixing her hair when on duty.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BRANTON FAIRFAX

Common Courtesy.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Is it proper for a gentleman when walking with a lady friend to tip his hat to another lady friend, if the second lady friend be not on speaking terms with the first? W. R.

A gentleman always removes his hat when he meets a woman he knows upon the street. No quarrel between two women makes it permissible for a man who is escorting one to be rude to another.

It is improper.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Will you please advise me if it is proper for a gentleman to walk along the street with a young lady and smoke a cigar. DISORACED. It is not courteous to a girl to smoke

when accompanying her down the street. No man should smoke in public without asking the permission of the girl he is escorting, and it is scarcely advisable even to suggest a desire to smoke on the street.

You Are a Woman. He a Child.

Dear Miss Fairfax: As I am heart-broken and am at a loss what to do, I have come to you for advice. I am 39 and deeply in love with a young man of 16, but he does not seem to reciprocate my love. He seems more devoted to younger girls. I see him very often, as he boards at our home. His salary is \$10 a week. Would that be enough to support a wife? A. W.

Give up your ridiculous fancy for this youth, who, with the pitiless tendency of youth, would probably ridicule your infatuation if he knew of it. You are a woman grown and he a mere child. It is absurd of you to think of marriage with him. Conquer your folly. You can—and you must.

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