

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Where Trying Fails

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Love is a sickness full of woes,  
All remedies refusing;  
A plant that most with cutting grows,  
Most barren with best using.  
—Samuel Daniel.

If there lingers in a man's mind something which he would give worlds, if he had them, to forget, that one little thing will prove to the end of his days that he possesses a good memory. For forget he can't, and the harder he tries to dislodge it from his brain the closer it sticks.

There is nothing that possesses the burrlike tenacity of that which one wants to forget.

There comes from the prairie town of a middle-west state a cry from a man's heart for a way to blot memory.

"I am in love," he writes, "and I want to forget it. The girl I love is beautiful, but she has a bad temper, and another thing against her is that she knows very little about cooking, and my wages would not permit the hiring of a servant."

He wants to forget her, and man-like, no doubt, is trying to accomplish his desire by keeping away from her presence, and by doggedly telling himself early and late that she has a temper, and can't cook, and servants are a luxury, etc., etc., and man-like, no doubt, he is looking at other girls whose pie-crust is more perfect than their complexion, and who are soft of speech and gentle of manner, and man-like, no doubt, he is trying to

transfer his heart to one of those patterns of domesticity, thinking to do it as easily as if it were a piece of unencumbered real estate.

That is not a way to forget. There is no way to forgetfulness that lies in the trying. That is, of course, when one loves. If you would forget her be with her more. Get a surfeit of her society; call on her in the curt-paper hours and encourage your stomach to every feat of endurance her cooking exacts, remembering that the way to a man's heart lies through his stomach, and that the path by which love goes in love may also go out.

I do not promise good results. Your desire to forget will make you remember. You may marry another girl, thinking that will conquer memory, but when years have whitened your hair your wife's plainness of feature will remind you of the pretty girl you once loved, and, alas, still love; and her faultless pastry will cause you to remember some that was very faulty. And memory will not be attended by a whisper of congratulation, but by a sigh of regret.

My dear young man, if you love her you will never forget. If you love unwisely, that is better than not loving at all, and if you decide to stand by your heart and give it a chance you have this to comfort you.

Time and experience have a way of softening a woman's temper, and of bending her to a better understanding of the kettle and the stewpot.

## The White Sulphur Girl



Fashionables at White Sulphur Springs have taken up the "Hiding" fad, and morning or early afternoon one may encounter groups bent on getting the full health benefit from their stay here.

Mrs. William C. Dinmore of New York was seen on her way to the golf links the other morning. She was attired in a suit of black and white check worsted, made with a gored skirt.

The jacket was of the Norfolk persuasion, with a deep yoke front and back and large pockets on either hip. The pockets were distinguished by a deep box

## Masks and Masqueraders

Uncivilized Natives of Wild Regions Delight in Weird Creations

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

A mask worn by the Indians of Vancouver Island.

Whoever walks thoughtfully through the hall of the American Museum of Natural History that are devoted to the exhibitions of the life, customs, dwellings, occupations, apparel, customs, ceremonies, weapons, utensils, ornaments, toys and fetiches of the former red-skinned owners of this continent will gain an insight into the minds and ways of savages that hardly any amount of reading could give so well, and that will place before his eyes, almost as vividly as in a motion picture, the thrilling scenes by which our forefathers were surrounded when they were subduing a new world.

Among the things there shown nothing is more curious than the strange masks that were used by various tribes in their religious and other ceremonies. The imagination of the red man rioting in the invention of these grotesque objects, and yet the play of fancy exhibited in them was not purely capricious, but was directed according to certain fixed notions and beliefs concerning the gods, demons, imps and other superhuman powers and agents supposed to watch over and interfere with the lives of human beings.

The tendency to represent the human face under extraordinary disguises and in nondescript forms and to imagine supernatural powers to be concealed behind such masks is common to savages all over the world. Among civilized people it shows itself, without the superstitious element in masquerades, carnivals and conventional symbols. But even civilized or partially civilized people, in some cases, have not been free from the superstitious practices connected with the use of masks.

When Dr. Schliemann uncovered the so-called "royal graves" at Mycenae, which he supposed to contain the bodies of Agamemnon and his companions, slain after their return from the siege of Troy, he found, in some of the graves, masks of pure gold, fitted or pressed over the faces of the skeletons, and although these masks are thought to have been intended for portraits of the persons on whose faces they rested, yet there can be little doubt that they had a ceremonial meaning, just as have the various objects that nearly all primitive peoples deposit in graves. Their grotesque appearance may be due to the lack of skill of the makers and to the fact that the graves dated in centuries ago, flattening out all their contents.

The Iroquois Indians, the original "Five Nations" of Central New York, had a most popular institution called the "False Face Band," consisting of certain members of the tribe who wore for ceremonial purposes grotesque masks, imitating the imagined faces of evil demons, who were believed to inhabit the earth, and to be hideous, except that they possessed hideous faces of the human type. Whether in visions or by pure force of fancy the Indians had acquired definite ideas concerning the aspects of these demon faces, and their typical forms were closely mimicked in the masks. It was believed that the makers, by their numberless, were able to counteract, or render innocuous, the evil influences of the demons. The power to heal the sick was also ascribed to the makers in which case they reversed the magic of the "false faces," as the demons were called.

One of these masks, which may be seen in the museum, has a curious story connected with it that shows the reach of the Indian imagination. The face of the mask has one side singularly distorted. This was done in strict imitation of the fabled face of the particular demon whose evil practices it was in-



tended to render innocuous. According to the legend, this demon one day met the god Hahawitza examining the world which he had made, whereupon the demon demanded of the god what he was doing on his earth. They were standing in the middle of a valley and the infuriated god, to show his power, and at the same time punish the arrogant "false-face," commanded the hills on each side to approach until the face of the demon was permanently squeezed out of shape. Then Hahawitza gave permission to the "false-faces" to remain on the earth on condition that they would not harm the children of men whom he was about to place there. They promised, but proved themselves false-faces indeed.

The definiteness of conception underlying some of the grotesque masks used by Indian tribes in their ceremonies is shown by the forms employed by the Zuni of New Mexico. Many of their gods, of which the sun is the head and chief, are represented by masks of fixed shapes and colors, worn by chosen persons in the ceremonies. Some are hideous, some simply fantastic, but the Indians recognize each other on sight. The same principle is seen in the wonderful carved stones representing Aztec gods. A careless observer might think

A mask worn at feasts and weddings in Solomon islands.

that they and the masks had been made as horrible and terrible as possible, in order to inspire fear or worship, without regard to the precise form; but, in fact, everything about them is symbolical and has, or had, a meaning.

### Do You Know That

Of British peers 17 are, or have been, serving in his majesty's forces.  
The English income tax was first established seventy-three years ago.

## The Heavens in April

By WILLIAM F. RIGGE.

There is nothing of unusual interest going on in the heavens during this month, except perhaps the close conjunction of the two bright planets, Venus and Jupiter, on the morning of the 15th. At the time of their closest approach, they will be about one-third the diameter of the sun or moon apart. As both will rise that morning at 4:30 o'clock and the sun at 5:45 o'clock, we will have only a short time to enjoy the spectacle, if the envious clouds do not interfere. We ought to look low down in the sky a short distance south of east. Jupiter will be about eight times and Venus about fifty times as bright as a standard star of the first magnitude.

The sun rises on the 1st, 15th and 30th at 6:11, 5:48 and 5:27 o'clock, and sets at 6:15, 7:01 and 7:36 o'clock, thus making the day's length twelve hours thirty-four minutes, thirteen hours fifteen minutes, thirteen hours forty-nine minutes, an increase of one hour and a quarter during the month. On the 21st the sun enters Taurus.

The sun is four minutes slow on the 1st, according to a sun dial, on time on the 16th, and three minutes fast on the 30th. According to standard time it is twenty-eight minutes slow on the 1st, twenty-four minutes on the 15th and twenty-one minutes on the 30th.

Venus and Jupiter, as said before, are to be found in the morning twilight. Mars will be there also much nearer to the sun and scarcely visible. It rises on the 15th at 5 o'clock. Saturn is evening star, and sets on the 15th at 12:08 a. m.

The moon is in last quarter on the 6th at 2:12 p. m., new on the 14th at 5:36 a. m., in first quarter on the 22d at 9:29 a. m., and full on the 29th at 8:19 a. m. On the 11th it is near Venus and Jupiter, and on the 19th near Saturn.

Easter is celebrated on the 4th, according to the rule that it shall fall on the Sunday following the first full moon of spring. Spring began (and begins every year) on March 21. The moon was full on Tuesday, March 23. The Sunday following, April 4th, is therefore the date of Easter.

Croighton University Observatory, Omaha.

Read it Here—See it at the Movies.

## Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester.

By special arrangements for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the incidents of "Runaway June" was shown at the leading moving picture theaters. By arrangement with the Mutual Film Corporation it is now possible to read "Runaway June" each week, but also afterward to see moving picture illustrations of the story.

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### SYNOPSIS

June, the bride of Ned Warner, impulsively leaves her husband on their honeymoon because she begins to realize that she must be dependent on him for money. She desires to be independent.

June is pursued by Gilbert Blye, a wealthy married man. She escapes from his clutches with difficulty. Ned searches distractedly for June, and, learning of Blye's designs, vows vengeance on him.

After many adventures June is rescued from river pirates by Durban, an artist.

### TWELFTH EPISODE.

#### The Spirit of the Marsh.

#### CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"My dear," his voice vibrated with pleasure. "I can't keep my secret. Tomorrow is the fourth anniversary of our wedding, and here is my gift in commemoration of that happy event."

Her eyes shining, the woman took the document and opened it.

"A deed to this house!" she cried.

"And all that it contains," laughed her husband; "everything, including myself."

There was an exclamation of delight. The woman kissed him again and again, and called him a dear boy and a good boy and the best husband in the world. June, who had awakened and followed them, drew back, so they would not know that she had heard, but she was glad for once to have been an unwitting eavesdropper, glad to have shared in this joyous moment.

### CHAPTER III.

Down at the dock Ned Warner's detectives appeared, and Bouncer, picking up the trail at the landing, ran excitedly up the street at the point where June and Durban had taken the taxi. Bouncer began to go round and round in widening circles, whining, his nose close to the ground. The trail was lost, as they had known that trail would be, and from here the detectives scattered, seeking everywhere in their own method for a clue to the whereabouts of the runaway bride.

As they left the vicinity a rowboat pulled slowly up to the dock, dragging behind it a steam yawl with frosty mist on its stevens, and a very much begrimed lady with a long nose and high arched brows landed and went away without a word, pausing only to cast a look of withering scorn at the well known and justly famous private detective, Bill Wolf. That short, thick individual, with much puffing exertion, scrambled up and renewed the smudge on his face with a rotary motion of his sleeve and darned profusely; then he, too, stomped away.

Blye and Edwards and Cunningham in a luxurious limousine stopped at a house, where they were ushered into a gay parlor, where half a dozen handsomely gowned young women crowded around them with hilarious greetings. A large blond woman came in to greet the callers, and to her Blye showed the picture in

the watch. She laughed and nodded her head.

Gilbert Blye gravely left Mrs. Russell's house.

In the high ceilinged studio June quietly watched Bennett Durban walking about with a perplexed air.

"I can't find my brushes, Viv!," he blurted as his wife came in.

"It will be the easiest thing in the

world from now on, Bennett," she informed him and showed him the box at the side of the big easel.

He stared at her in surprise.

"Good scheme," he granted, looking down at the brushes, and then he laughed.

"However, I suppose I'll have them scattered all over the place again by tomorrow."

"Oh, no, Bennett," she returned. "I'd rather you'd keep them here, please. I don't like my house all cluttered up."

"I don't believe I can paint if I don't

have to find my favorite brush behind something or other," he confessed. "Why, where's my good old chain lounge?"

"I had it taken out. It was so very disreputable," Mrs. Durban was studying the room with haughty severity. "I want my house to represent me."

The young butler came in, dragging a tall stepladder.

"What are you going to do, Oscar?" inquired Durban sharply.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

# Tone

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