

The Bees Home Magazine Page

Europe's Great Struggle Will Arouse the World To Much Higher Ideals

By DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

It is a fact that ought not perhaps to surprise us that in the same months in which men are computing the cost to the world of the blood that is being shed on the European battle-fields they are also calculating the gain to the world in the acquisition of higher ideals...



The soul is that half-asleep kind of thing that cannot be aroused into full wakefulness except by being startled into it. We read in the Hebrew scriptures that it was only after Moses had witnessed the strange scene of the burning bush that he felt equal to becoming the emancipator of the children of Israel.

There is enough in any man to make of him a prophet and a master of events if only he be overtaken by some influence penetrating enough to reach inward to the hidden spot where are closeted his possibilities.

That is the philosophy of the present intellectual and moral and religious condition of the world. It has been stirred out of its sleep and will be still more thoroughly aroused than it is now by what the coming months have in store for us.

Both here and abroad are evidenced the preliminary symptoms of a quickened religious life. People are praying even while they are killing. It seems a monstrous incongruity, but one needs not be a great psychologist to understand how that can be.

IN STERLING LIVES A GIRL

Who Suffered As Many Girls Do—Tells How She Found Relief.

Sterling, Conn.—"I am a girl of 22 years and I used to faint away every month and was very weak. I was also bothered a lot with female weakness. I read your little book 'Wisdom for Women' and I saw how others had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and decided to try it, and it has made me feel like a new girl and I am now relieved of all these troubles."

Masena, N. Y.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I highly recommend it. If anyone wants to write to me I will gladly tell her about my case. I was certainly in a bad condition as my blood was all turning to water. I had pimples on my face and a bad cough, and for five years I had been troubled with suppression. The doctors called it 'Anemia and Exhaustion,' and said I was all run down, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought me out all right."

Young Girls, Head This Advice. Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should immediately seek restoration to health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"Information?"

By Nell Brinkley

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"Hello! Hello! Hello! Please give me information. I want the small fat one—the yellow curls, for I want something very important! And only who knows. (If he shouldn't—who does?) * * *—Is this information? Listen, I want—please put me on the wire of the man who wants me, too. I don't know his name. I don't know where he lives. No, I don't know the street or the town either. And I don't even know his name. Not even his name and initials! What?"

"I—I'm mighty sorry. I don't know what he looks like either. I only know one—two things—can't you get him from that? I know that he's livin'—and I know that he's splendid! And nothing else do I know. He must have been ringin' for me, too. That is if he's had a breathing minute to lean back and wish that he might find the only girl in the world! Up till now I've been busy myself. I've been growing—and finishing myself into the girl that is the best I can do. I've been saving my heart—and thinking and working so I might be possessed of a soul and capable hands. I've

been growing a merry smile so I might win the happy-habit for good. Oh, I've been most busy—just living and roundin' out the angles of mind and heart. And now—now I have time to study on which side my hair looks best parted—and what color looks best next to my face, so I may please a prince. "Listen, information—I don't know his street number—nor the town where he lives—nor even the color of his eyes—but please find him, and put him on the wire."

And says information, cocking her head and tucking in her chin, "Sure, my dear, there's been plenty a-calling who are having their breathing-minute and thinking of finding the 'only girl in the world,' but they, too, are poverty stricken in addresses and numbers and any little thing I might nab onto to locate Hear's Desire. Which one is it that's been calling that's the one you're looking for? I'm the one big information! I know almost everything. And sometimes I get him! But I was born of Venus—and sometimes I fail. Oh, sometimes I fail! But I'll do my best and give you the one who sounds like the one you're looking for. Good-bye!"—Nell Brinkley.

Do You Know That

Just as a deep sea fish, when brought to the surface, sometimes bursts open, owing to the removal of the great pressure to which it has been habitually subjected, so the diamond, fetched from the bowels of the earth, is liable to explode. In many instances large ones have actually burst in miners' pockets or even held in the warm hand.

There has been recently placed on the market a gun for sporting purposes in which compressed carbon dioxide is used as the propelling agent. The carbon dioxide is contained in a small interchangeable case holding sufficient for from 100 to 200 shots, and lodged in the gun.

One civilian, and one only, has a right to pass through marching troops—namely, a court physician on his way to a royal residence. He can make even the household cavalry open their ranks to him.

Mr. Kennerley Rumford, the popular singer, is acting as a chauffeur at the front.

Once a bullet finds a lodging in a body, it can now be located in a few minutes by means of the X-ray and quickly extracted. "It is all done in a few minutes," says an expert. "Give seconds for a wound in the hand, thirty seconds for one in the foot and ten or fifteen minutes for a wound in the abdomen."

"The Marcellaise," the national anthem of the French republic, was written and composed in 1793.

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" may be seen at the leading moving picture theatres. This is not only possible to read "Runaway June" each week, but also afterward to see moving picture illustrating our story. Copyright, 1915, by Serial Publication Corporation.

June, the bride of Ned Warner, impulsively leaves her husband on his 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. She poses as the "Spirit of the March," is driven out by Mrs. Durban and is kidnapped by Blye and Cunningham. June escapes, tries swash-buckling work and is discovered by her landlady. Blye finds June in her tenement home and drives Cunningham away.

FIFTEENTH EPISODE.

"At Last, My Love!"

CHAPTER I.

At the moment that Blye met June, Ned Warner was ascending up the stairs, his jaws set and his fists clenched. It was that Ned Warner had, after all his weary pursuit, found his bride in the presence of Gilbert Blye. Beyond the door the dark, handsome man with the black Vandyke had led the beautiful little runaway bride to a heavy man with thick lidded eyes and a

round head bristling with short hair. He sat in a chair, and in his hands was money. He rose as June was led up to him, and into her hands he thrust the money. Then he smiled at her, while Gilbert Blye stepped back, smugly smiling and stroking his black Vandyke with his long, lean, white fingers. June sprang from the fat hands which were about to be clasped upon her shoulders and from that wide, thick smile upon the face of the heavy man and, laughing nervously turned to Gilbert Blye, who bent his dark, handsome head above her and spoke to her in his low voice.

The door splintered and gave way, and through it burst the wild-eyed Ned Warner, his jaw set and his fists clenched. For a second he stood bewildered by the strange light which flooded this large room; then, with an oath, he sprang for the black Vandyke man. He clutched his fingers around the throat and, with a savage roar, bore Gilbert Blye to the floor. The runaway bride uttered shriek after shriek.

At the door downstairs there stopped an electric coupe, driven by a sharp-featured woman with a long nose and high arched brows. She jumped out, and from the dim hallway there came a short, thick man with a short, thick stub of a cigar in one corner of his mouth. It was the well-known and justly famous private detective, Bill Wolf. "Got him, Mrs. Blye," he triumphantly

hushed. "Your husband is right upstairs—with the girl." "The viper!" hissed Honoria Blye and dashed into the dim hallway. Bill Wolf caught her as she started up the stairs. "Not so fast, madam!" he called, and laid hold of her arm. "This way, please."

"But my husband! The girl June!" "They're here all right, and they can't get away. Here's your picture, ma'am, and here's your bill." He handed her a large roll of paper and two photographs, one of Gilbert Blye and one of June. Upstairs there was a scene of wild confusion. The runaway bride, her mother, Iris Blyehering and the vivacious Tommy Thomas were screaming in hysteria, while the heavy man with the thick eyelids and the man with the white mustache and Bobbie Blyehering and half a dozen other men rushed upon the fiercely struggling men on the floor. "My husband!" shrieked June. "My husband!" Into this tumultuous scene there rushed Marie and Officer Dowd and fat old Aunt Drabby just as the man by main strength dragged from Gilbert Blye the maddened assailant who had sprung upon him. Gilbert Blye rose, feeling of his throat, and for a moment he contemplated Ned Warner with dazed bewilderment: then a flash of anger came into his cheeks and his black eyes blazed. "Let him go!" he yelled, and, thrusting the heavy Edwards out of his way, he made a mad rush for the man who had attempted to strangle him. It was huge Officer Dowd who this time jumped in between the two furious combatants and, with the aid of half a dozen strong men, prevented the desper-

Some Queer Superstitions of Love

By IRENE WESTON.

There is no step along the rose-strewn path that leads to the altar that is not haunted by its own pet superstition; and the nearer to the lovers' goal, the more thickly these superstitions cluster. And herein lies much of the charm of wooing and being wooed; for not a step forward can be taken without a delightful trepidation as to whether it will be lucky or the reverse, wise or foolish. It is such pleasing fears, such delicious doubts, that feed the flame of love, and add a greater brightness to its halo of romance.

Every maid, for instance, knows that if she marry in the month of May she will surely rue the day—but what of all the other months of the glad year of wedding? Which will bring her happiness, and which must she shun? Happily she is not left to her resources in deciding this crucial question, for love's calendar has all been land-marked for her guidance. She is told, on unmistakable authority:

When February birds do mate, You may mate, nor need you fate, If you wed when March winds blow, Joy and sorrow, both you'll know. Marry in April when you can, Joy for maiden and for man.

Over land and sea you'll go, Those who in July do wed, Must labor always for their bread. "And so on, until December snow fall fast, marry, and true love will last."

In all the year since June and October seem to shine with brightest promise of nuptial bliss, and the days of happier omen are June 4 to October 5. The maid who wears her bridal veil on either of these golden days is assured of all sweet things in her wedded life. Then each month has its unlucky day, which lovers on wedding bent will be wise to avoid. After all, they only number thirty-two in the year, so that is a liberal allowance for bad luck. Thus in February, 6th, 7th and 18th must be struck out of the nuptial calendar; in March, the 1st, 6th and 8th; in April, the 6th and 11th; in May, the 5th, 6th and 7th, and so on to the 17th of December, the last ill-omened day of the year. Of all the days of the month, the 6th holds least promise of happiness and the 24 the greatest. Even in lucky June lovers must give the 7th and 11th a wide berth, and in October the 8th.

Having chosen the month in the light of this good counsel, a crucial question still faces the would-be happy couple. Which day of the week shall it be? And here none but the blind—the willfully blind—need go astray. Friday is admittedly a day to avoid the altar—except in Scotland, where it is, curiously enough, the favorite day of all the week. Tuesday and Wednesday are full of promise; Thursday has one conspicuously lucky, if inconvenient, hour—that before sunrise; while Sunday, Monday and Saturday are neutral days. The qualities of the days are fairly displayed in the following not unfamiliar lines:

Monday for wealth, Tuesday for health, Wednesday for all; Thursday for crosses, Friday for losses, Saturday for luck at all. When once the happy day is fixed, beware of changing it, for that way certain disaster lies.

Household Hints

To remove rust from steel moisten a piece of soap and rub all over the steel, then powder and some bath-brick and rub well. Polish with a clean dry rag. To polish mahogany wipe with a cloth wrung out in cold water, then rub for twenty minutes with a dry cloth.

DON'T "GET HOT"

over a smutty kitchen range, 3-in-One keeps nickeled parts shiny. Makes top and lids clean easier. Splendid, too, for gas stoves. Makes keys hold tight—work right. A Dictionary of a hundred other uses with every bottle. 10c, 25c, 50c—all stores. Three-in-One Oil Co., 42 N. Broadway, N.Y.

Advertisement for Gas Stove Comfort with "Perfection" Oil, featuring an illustration of a woman at a stove and text describing the benefits of the oil.