

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Refusal of War Order Heralds New Civilization

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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 Many predictions have been made of the near approach of the new millennium and the coming of a world teacher. These predictions have been made by theosophical seers and others during the last decade. When this terrible calamity of wide-spread slaughter came upon the world there was much scoffing of unbelievers and sarcastic reference to these predictions of a approaching peace and universal brotherhood.



But now has been sounded a high clear note which would seem to herald the possible coming of the new millennium. That note has been sounded from the heart of materialism, Pittsburgh. So wonderful, so remarkable, is this new sound in American business life that it should be echoed over the whole world.

On February 15 the Electric Steel company of Philadelphia, Pa., refused to bid on a contract which would have netted the company \$450,000. The contract was for 1,000,000 drop fornic shells, wanted by the British government.

Attached to the blue prints returned to the commission by the company was a note which read:

"For humanitarian reasons this company finds itself obliged to refuse to consider the contract."

The value of the contract offered to the company was estimated at \$450,000. Charles E. Bryson, president and general manager of the company, said: "Our company refused to consider this contract because we don't think warring nations should be encouraged. As long as they are able to purchase supplies of this nature the war will continue."

"We are looking for business, but we would not consider the furnishing of ammunition of war to any country that is engaged in conflict. I wish to state in making this refusal that we are not opposed to England or its allies, nor to Germany and its allies. We don't desire to make money from instruments that are used to slaughter people, and we think that other companies might do well to consider the matter in the same light."

This is one of the most remarkable events which ever occurred in the business world. It is a herald of the new civilization and the new humanity which is to take possession of the world. It is not difficult to believe that a world teacher with the spirit of Christ in his heart is on the way, and that his coming is not far distant, when in this material age and with the whole of the old world engaged in a commercial war, and with greed and graft and strife rampant everywhere in our own land, such a decision for such a reason could be made in one of the money centers of America.

This is an event to think about, to talk about, to write about, to preach about. Send broadcast the great, good news. God reigns in heaven, and all is well with the world when such things as this can happen in such times as these. The day is not so far distant when all decent business men will make it their business to live in the manufacture or sale of any death-dealing implement or object, just as the higher order of man today is ashamed to be engaged in the manufacture or sale of drugs and drinks which debase humanity.

Delusion

The Lover Sees a Halo and It's Only a Hat

By Nell Brinkley

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There was a young chap with a "broken heart" who pouted to me a day ago—his hair was ruffled and his heart was cracked, and the world was black and blue like his feelings, and, said I, after his tale was told (while I smiled behind my face where he couldn't see—oh, smiled very hard—for you see he complained that the "girl" was not "what she seemed to be," and I knew that she was just exactly what she had always been since she was in frocks above her knees and chewed her lead pencil and flipped her braids over her shoulders;

it all lay, this change, with this poor chap and the spectacles that Danny had fitted him with)—well, after his tale was told, said I, the soberest I could manage: "You were looking through Love's telescope, poor chap—that's all. And the little maid who couldn't help that you were seeing her through the glorifying end of it, seemed to your rose-blinded eyes to be wearing above her braids a glowing, gleaming halo that out-glittered and out-rayed the circlet of any saint. There were downy, silvery wings shadowing

her shoulders, too, and her eyes were stars out of the meadows of Paradise. And now, dear chap, you've pushed aside the telescope and taken a look yourself. And the halo is only a hat (that might cost a chap more than he guesses), and the wings are the rustle of her skirts, and her eyes are just kind, laughing gray ones that many folks have. It's you—you are seeing different—where you saw halo there is only hat—and remember that it always was a hat!"—Nell Brinkley.

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 afterwards to see moving pictures illustrating our story.

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NINTH EPISODE.

Kidnaped.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.]

Slowly and with infinite pain Ned finally freed his hands. They were quivering as, with a mighty effort, he raised them to the back of his head and fumbled with the knot which held his gag in place. It seemed ages before he was able to remove that tight bandage. He removed the tight thong from around his ankles. He limped awkwardly for half a mile, bent and stooped like an old man, but exercise restored him, and by the time he found a road he was his vigorous self again and full of the dogged determination which had led him so far in the pursuit of his runaway bride.

Down the highway a mile or so he found an obscure roadhouse, and he strode in at the saloon door.

While ordering a "bracer" for his stammering nerves he saw his two captors sitting at a table. He rushed madly at them and knocked them both to the floor. Dashing out of the place, he saw their auto. He jumped in, pressed the starting button and sped away.

The house of Mrs. Villard was closed and locked when Ned arrived there at 1 o'clock in the afternoon.

In the meantime June and Mrs. Villard and Bouncer were snugly ensconced in a pleasant hotel downtown, and before her at the writing table Mrs. Villard held open a bank book. Its figures represented the price she had received for the sale of her ten best years, and she spent an hour in the debate of whether to give up her earnings. June had been taken into that debate, but she had been able to offer no argument on either side. She had realized at last a great and saddening truth—that every woman's problem must be for herself alone.

Marie meantime, with Officer Down as interpreter had telephoned everywhere for news of Ned Warren, but without

result; then in despair she telephoned the Villard house to excuse her absence to June. That number did not answer after repeated trials. Marie, more frantic now than ever and feeling sure that she was about to lose her mind, hurried straight down to the station and caught a train to the Villard place. It was closed, locked.

Just as Marie was pondering over this remarkable circumstance there came trudging down the drive a matty little figure, its limbs neatly incased in leather leggings, its cap pushed on the back of its head, but his tiny little moustache all fuzzy. It was Henri, and in his eyes was a very great weariness.

"Where is Mr. Ned?" screamed Marie.

"Name of the good Lord!" groaned Henri. "He is watching the day perhaps. Such a headache!" and he pressed his thumping brow.

"Vanished! I wake up, Jens is no more! He has had a fight, they say. He has been licked, they say. The enormous ruffian who is strong enough to box my friend Jens has stolen the machine. Here it is. Voilà! Jens must have returned!"

"Where is Mr. Ned?" she demanded.

"In the woods," Henri waved his arms comprehensively.

"Not tied?"

"As you saw him, Mile Marie." And once more Henri was able to laugh. He blew a kiss to the sky. "It was well executed, mademoiselle. It was Henri, myself, who—"

"You take me right out there," she ordered.

"Bravo!" he approved. "It is another good enterprise!" I have enthusiasm!"

"Then don't talk about it!" snapped Marie, and lightly as a cat Henri climbed over his spare tires, plumped into the seat beside Marie, and away they sped.

vivant and a heavy, round headed man with thick eyelids!

Her moment of paralysis past, the hearty Iris made a straight dash for June's table, and it was Bobbie's turn to clutch her by the arm.

"Look here," he whispered in her ear while he held her, "what can we do? We interfered once and messed it all up. Now, the right thing to do is to telephone Ned."

"I'll sit right behind this post and watch that table!" Iris promptly decided. "You telephone, and hurry up. But I do wish I had a good place to cry!"

Ned was at home when Bobbie called. He was ready to start on any journey in search of June—and Gilbert Blye! When he arrived at the cafe he found Iris and Bobbie blithering in a state of quivering excitement.

"You're just in time!" grasped Iris. "They're leaving," said Bobbie.

At the pent-up murder which had seethed in Ned Warren's heart for days flamed into his eyes as, with an oath, he started for the table.

"Stop him, Bobbie! Stop him!" suddenly cried Iris blithering, and, jumping in front of Ned, she threw her arms about his neck and hung her weight upon him, while Bobbie, also frightened by the terrible expression of Ned's countenance, impeded his progress on the other side.

Ned had turned to shake off his dogging friends when June, drawn by some intangible force, wheeled slowly and looked in that direction.

"Ned!" she cried.

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

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