

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Love's Pet Game

—BLIND MAN'S BUFF!

By Nell Brinkley
Copyright 1915—Lynch News Service.



Turn a chap loose in the meadow of the world among the flowers that grow there—you say; give him all the time in the world—'till he's a staid (ha) bachelor of thirty—and why should he not find the right blossom for his buttonhole—one that will bloom bravely above the beat of his heart and never wither until the frost kills him, too—the flower of his heart

until he falls beneath the weight of years? Because—I'll tell you why—because when he wanders out of the gate of boyhood into the meadows of the world, Love, alias Eros, the trifling son of the Goddess of Beauty, climbs to his shoulders and stays there through all the choosing—with his fat fingers tight over the young chap's eyes! How can he always choose aright

when he is stumbling with outspread arms and blinded eyes? If he gropes into a pansy-girl and clutches her tight, when a wild-rose girl would have set more beautifully above his heart, whose fault is it? Violet-girls with deep eyes and hearts and earnest thought—pansy-girls with calling eyes and perky faces and velvety beauty—wild-rose girls with simple hair and active limbs—daisy-girls with baby faces and

modest little tucking in of the chin—narcissus-girls with star-eyes and a pretty, dainty vanity and a wide, white forehead with sometimes a thought behind it—and gardenia-girls with the wax-like sweetness that cloya, exotic, luxurious, untender—they all grow there—but how can a chap tell which he is getting when Love's favorite game is Blind Man's Buff?

—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 afterward to see moving pictures illustrating our story.

Copyright, 1915, by Serial Publication Corporation.

TENTH EPISODE.

A Prisoner on the Yacht.

CHAPTER II—(Continued.)

On the "To" side, which represented the expenditures, there were very few entries, but they were interesting. In the four years the woman had had four cheap dresses besides her uniforms and very scant accessories. The last entry among the receipts was June's \$14 under the head of "Tips." On that page the book showed an item, "Banked to the credit of P. Wilkins, \$12,000."

And it belonged to the man, every penny. If the woman had anything it was a gift.

A startling thought came to June. Suppose she achieved her independence, suppose she earned her own money, so that she could go to Ned, asking from him nothing but love in return for her love, would he own what she had earned? If so, what would become of the principle for which she had run away? She paled at that thought, and then she laughed. She did not know the law in this matter, but she knew Ned. Dear Ned! She hunted her handkerchief in a hurry.

The arrival of an envelope by messenger rendered unnecessary the immediate need of police aid for the Moore family.

With fingers which trembled in spite of his habitual control, the father of June opened the telegram and read this strange message:

"I am sorry I had a certain party tied and lost in Hunter's woods. Please find him and tell him I am sorry. I am going to join our darling. I will protect her until we meet again, when all will be happy. Your faithful MARIE."

New plans were made accordingly. On the dock against which rocked and grated the swift little motorboat Flash the lonely overcoat and cap pursued their almost imperceptible way. A touring car stopped on the street up the hill.

"It is cold, my friend, is it not?" called Henri, as he rushed forward, bottle in hand. "Shall we warm ourselves—yes?"

"Yes," rolled up the somber voice, with frosty cordiality, and the neck of the bottle disappeared in the slit of the overcoat collar.

"The motor tender from the Hilarity—it is not yet returned, eh?"

"None."

"Voilà!" Henri is even cheerful as he races back up the dock. "I shall return, my friend Monsieur Frappe."

As Henri jumps into his car a dim, fat figure slinks out of the shadows and hops on behind.

Left alone momentarily, June threw open the door which she had just locked and dashed back along the gangway toward the pantry. At the end of the passage she found a companion which led her up to the deck. She rushed forward to the prow, taking in at a glance that they were far from shore and in the open water. The distant lights glowed dully through the mist, but just ahead of her, on the port side, here down the red and green lights of a tug.

"Ahoy!" she cried, lifting her hands to her mouth like a megaphone. "Ahoy!" she screamed.

Strong arms seized her—the heavy jawed officer she had seen as she had come on board. Two others came running up, Edwards and Cunningham. Close behind were Tommy Thomas and Mrs. Villard, the former laughing, the latter panic-stricken. A handkerchief was pressed against her mouth, and the tug flashed by.

It was Edwards and Cunningham who dragged June down into the crimson and gold salon, and as June was jostled in the first thing she saw was the dark, handsome face of Gilbert Blye! He was standing at the portable buffet, quietly drinking a glass of wine!

P. Wilkins and wife came running in, and Edwards, panting, his heavy lips parted in a half snarl and a half grin, released his hold on June.

"Lock her up," he ordered and joined Blye at the buffet. Blye lifted his glass, suavely smiling, as June, now unresisting, was led away.

Inside here stateroom June locked her door and at the same time heard it bolted from the outside.

On the dock the overcoat and cap watched the figure of Henri with drowsy interest, also a short duck figure.

"Say, what do they want?" the short, thick figure asked, with stiff lips.

"Didn't I tell you before to hike?" huffed the warm steam of breath. "Get off the dock."

"The beautiful little motorboat!" interrupted Henri, with ingratiating enthusiasm. "My friend Monsieur Flambeau, would it not be possible—"

"None."

"Voilà!" Henri was quite cheerful. "I shall return again, my friend Frappe."

Henri was just starting his car and the short, thick figure had just slunk out of the shadows to hop on behind when the overcoat and cap sat on the edge of the dock, with their feet dangling toward the water.

"Ah!" breathed Henri to the stiff figure beside him. "At last it arrives! We shall wait!"

"Is there any left?" huffed a voice.

"Pardon," abjectly apologized Henri—"a thousand pardons, Mlle. Marie." And he produced a fresh bottle.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Wisdom of Fostering Finer Possibilities in Children and Encouraging in Them a Spirit of Loving Kindness

By DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

In discussing any question of morals it is necessary to start with the understanding that man is fundamentally a beast. This is not to deny that he may have angelic possibilities, but these are not an asset upon which one can prudently bank. It is not in point to discuss the question whether he acquired his animal propensities by the Darwinian method or by some other process equally mysterious. All that we are urging is that in the condition in which he enters life he is practically an animal, just as bears and wolves are animals, and an undomesticated animal.

Now the policy that requires to be pursued in dealing with the young creature that is practically an animal, and only possibly an angel, is to foster angelic possibilities to the point of securing to them the mastery over the propensities of the other kind, and crowd down the animal to a state of submission. That is all perfectly clear and rational. The Bible teaches the same thing when it says, "Keep your body under."

Now, one of the propensities contained in our animal endowment is the disposition to fight. In that respect we are precisely like cats and dogs. They do not quarrel because they have anything in particular to gain by it, but because it is their nature to do so. There is no immortality involved in it in their case, because there are in them no higher propensities of even a possible kind for the animal disposition to be submitted to.

As the disposition to fight is one of the beastly ingredients of our nature—a part of man's inhumanity—the eradication of that disposition is one of the purposes which the education of the home, the school and the church should be made to subserve. There are two practical ways of compassing this, one positive, the other negative.

The first is to foster the finer possibilities, the latent seeds of sweet humanness that come into existence in the child alongside of his beastliness, and cultivate in him a spirit of loving kindness. There is no danger of our festering or bayoneting a person whom we have first embraced with our affection.

The second is to discountenance in the child or boy any practices or exercises that will have a tendency to foster in him the militant spirit, that is to say, the fighting spirit. There is only too much of it in him by nature to make it necessary to have it intensified by training. It is because of the wolf that is in the boy that he had rather drill with musket than with a stick, and drilling with the musket only arouses the wolf. It is poor consistency to send a boy to Sunday school to teach him the Christian principles of peace, and then on Monday send him to military school to teach him the acts of war and foster in him the spirit of war.

An exceedingly interesting exhibition was recently given in Carnegie hall by General McAuliffe's Scouts. Military drill forms an essential part of their discipline. The boys displayed the excellence

of the training that their admirable commander had given them. Among other exercises they dragged in a small cannon, loaded it, fired it, and all that was necessary to make the performance complete was to have an enemy in front of it to be cut down by the ball which was imaginatively discharged.

Now no one can be at all familiar with the elementary principles of human nature and not understand that by that performance war was made less terrible, indeed was made almost fascinating, to the boys that participated in the performance.

It has been said recently that this is an inopportune time to discuss such matters because of the excited condition of the public mind. It is the best time in all the world to discuss them. The time

to talk about things is when people are interested in them, and war is just now the world's supreme interest.

If the boy could actually witness a battle close at hand and see men shot dead or run through with bayonets, and their bodies already dead or perhaps not yet dead, thrown in heaps into the trenches in quick and perhaps premature burial, then he would understand what war means and would win a terrified sense of its horror. But it is another thing for him to play war on the stage or to read about war in a history where the terrible details are invisible to the eye, and only the immensity of the occasion and its thrilling exploits reach his appreciation.

In a letter written by David Starr Jordan, chancellor of Stanford University, he

says: "Enforced military training in the colleges and high schools is a step toward the abandonment of our best American traditions. Let the officers at West point, Annapolis and Newport do their best with the tasks assigned to them. But these are not the tasks of general education, and they have no natural part in our training for civil life."

Another authority profoundly committed to the best interests of our civilization as secured by the finest type of educated young men is Dr. John H. Finley, president of the university of the state of New York and commissioner of education, who said in the course of an address delivered at Cincinnati a week ago, before the National Educational association: "If you mean by our educational system 'the substance of things hoped

for' in a democracy's highest faith, and if you mean by 'war' the greatest savage game played under international rules; war, whose issue is absurdly assumed to determine relative values of civilization, war, that greatest tragedy that would be the greatest comedy if it were not tragically—then I answer, 'Not' Our educational system, in its basic nation-wide disciplines, in its earth-wide racial heritages, and in its vocational courses, should not include those whose special purpose is preparation for war."

There is much that can be persuasively urged as to the necessity of being in a condition to meet and match a national adversary. But when the strongest word to that effect has been spoken it still remains true that events which we get ready for are exceedingly likely to occur.

A Hot Dish for a Cold Day

Your Winter overcoat will do you little good if you do not develop a certain amount of natural warmth by eating a nutritious, body-building food. The best fuel for the human furnace is

Shredded Wheat

Every particle of these filmy shreds of baked whole wheat is digested and converted into warm blood, good muscle and sound brain. Two of these Biscuits, served with hot milk, make a complete, nourishing meal full of warmth and strength.

Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits, heated in the oven to restore crispness, served with hot milk or cream, make a complete, nourishing satisfying meal at a total cost of five or six cents. Also delicious with fruits. TRISCUIT is the Shredded Wheat Wafer, eaten as a toast with butter or soft cheese, or as a substitute for white flour bread or crackers.

Made only by
The Shredded Wheat
Company
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

ANY MOP WILL DO.

to polish hardwood floors if a little 3-in-One has first been poured on it. Removes heel marks, scratches, signs of wear. Restores, protects, preserves. No dust. A Dictionary of 100 other uses with every bottle. 10c, 25c, 50c—all stores. Three-in-One Oil Co. 42 N. B'way, N.Y.