The Bee's - Home - Magazine - Page

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

European battle-

fields they are also calculating the gain to the world in the acquisition of higher ideals, in the broader grasp upon the doctrine of the brotherhood of man, In a more earnest search after the things that are true, and in a deeper experience of whatever in spiritual and sternal Events such as are now

mething the same way that earth-

The soul is that half-asleep kind of wakefulness except by being startled into planets around the sun. We read in the Hebrew scriptures vas only after Moses had witnessed the strange scene of the burning hush that he felt equal to becoming the emancipator of the children of Israel. in the newer scriptures is the story

of the way in which Paul was fitted to secome the chief apostle of the church the dazzling experience of the great ight which he encountered on his way to Damascus.

There is enough in any man to make if only he be overtaken by some influ- thing. And yet it is accomplishing some-

That is the philosophy of the present intellectual and moral and religious condiof 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 Unsettled conditions make men search for more stable foundations. An English writer has recently made the statement that English publishers are now issuing only to per cent of the usual nt of novels, and explains it by sayng that the appetite of the reading pubfor literature that deals with what real rather than with the fictitous. All of which is a symptom of the deepening of the popular consciousness.

The same influence is also affecting

the world religiously. Every quality sugsta ita opposite. If beauty renders de formity more repulsive, so deformity a new charm to beauty, and the very horror of the times, the flendishness of them, is itself suggestive of its for "whatsoever things are honjust, pure, levely and of good report." And the lesson is being burned in in a way unparalleled in our history.

Both here and abroad are evidenced inary symptoms of a quickreligious life. People are praying even while they are killing. It seems a monstrous incongruity, but one needs not to be a great psycholigist to understand how that can be. Men's souls are roomy and can contain incompatible passions without danger of mutual interference.

If one were placed on the planet Mars, with eyes strong enough to appreciate the tumult that racks the city of New York on a busy day, with the population surging from north to south in the mornand back again from south to north in the evening; carriages, wagons, de-

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 Wonen, 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. I hope all young girls will get relief as I have. I never felt better in my life."-Mrs. JOHN TETRRAULT, Box 116, Sterling, Conn.

Mansens, 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 turn-ing to water. I had pimples on my face and a bad color, 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 Lydis E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-pound brought me out all right."—Miss LAVISA MYRES, Box 74, Massens, N.Y.

Young Girls, Heed This Advice.

Giris 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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from her. "Ned! Mr. Blye!"

through the excited throng.

ing that's the one you're looking for? "Listen, information-I don't know his I'm the one big information! I know al-

"My husband!" sobbed June, and tried the light of reason seemed to have fled. to throw herself upon him, but he turned "Ned, listen to me! It's Iris! Don't you see? This is a motion picture studio! A hand was laid upon Ned's arm-Iris

Blethering. She had forced her way The Bee Want Ads Are Best Business "Why, Ned!" she called, shaking his Boosters.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

PERFECTION Oil in a NEW PERFEC-

The new fireless cooking oven gives you all the economy of a fireless cooker with none of the bother and extra steps. Just pull a damper, and the oven be-comes a fireless cooker. Use it as an ary oven when you wish; or open or and use the two oven burners

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

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 baunted by its own pet superstition; and the nearer to the lovers goal, the more thickly these s'uperstitions cluster. And herein lies much of the charm of weoing and being woed; for not a step forward can be taken without a delightful trepidation as to whether it will be lucky or the reverse, wise or toolish. It is such pleasing fears, such delictous doubtings, that feed the flame of love, and add a greater brightness to its halo of romance Every maid, for instance, knows that f 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 er guidance. She is told, on unmistakable authority.

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

Marry when June roses blow, 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 Octobe seem to shine with brightest promise nuptial bliss, and the days of happless omen are June 4 to October 8. 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 margin for felicity. Thus in Februthy, 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 3d the greatest. Even in lucky June lovers must give the 7th and 15th a wide berth, and in October the 6th. 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 wilfully 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

> for crosses, Friday for losses. Saturday no 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 piece of soap and rub all over the stee 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.



GAS STOVE COMFORT WITH "PERFECTION" OIL

cooking easier and quicker. The NEW PERFECTION lights instantly and requilates by raising or lowering the wick. No valves to clog. No feed tubes to warp.

just like the grate burners.



By DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST. livery carts, elevated trains, automobiles it is a fact that ought not perhaps to half feet by a foot and a half, all surprise us that in the same months in steadily perambulating and scurrying in which men are computing the cost to the every direction between times, what kind world of the blood that is being shed on of an impression would it leave upon him, with every object moving with a determination that appeared as though its own existence and the existence of everything else depended on the turmoil being kept up, and with only enough interval of comparative quiet between evening and norning to allow the ferment to renew itself with unabated ferocity? The impression made upon him would be exactly that which is made when we look upon a live ant hill or a hive of bees, where each little insect is tremendously busy, but without any appearance of accomplishing anything.

And yet all this miscellaneous and complicated scurrying is not at all foolish or meaningless. In the first place, it is in keeping with the general order of things To be stationary is against nature. Everything below and above is instinct with the spirit of motion. It is a law of the universe. Its life depends on quakes work in nature, which shatter keeping a-going. It is the rule of the the mountains and lay open the seams heavens and all the way down to the minute atom, whose component elements maintain a system of infinitesimal revoluthing that cannot be aroused into full tion like that of the wheeling of the

> Motion thus is one of the fundamental ideas that the Creator carried into the construction of the universe, so that the unrest of the city is only in keeping with the general scheme of things, and a sleepy town is an offset against the laws of good behavior.

And not only that, it is the policy is pursuance of which men and things, the planets and the stars work out their destiny. In a hive of bees each little insect is tremendously busy, but without of him a prophet and a master of events any appearance of accomplishing anyence penetrating enough to reach inward thing all the time. The full meaning of to the hidden spot where are closeted his its unresting activity it may not itself appreciate, and may not be at all evident to the eye of the observer, but in some way it counts in the summing up of the general result.

It is in that way that we have to regard much of what looks to us to be our own meaningless activity. There appears to be very little to show for each day's exertions. We travel over a great deal of ground, and go through a tremendous amount of performance, and at the end of the day ask of ourselves what it all amounts to. That, however, it the way we achieve our destiny, for with us, as with the perpetually stirring honey bee, there is more in life than we find in it

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 presopposite, and creates a longing and a sure to which it has been habitually subjected, so the diamond, fetched from the s of the earth, is liable to explo 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 suffleient for from 100 to 800 shots, and lodged in the

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.

inger, is acting as a chauffeur at the

Once a bullet finds a lodging in the

June, the bride of Ned Warner, impulsively leaves her husband on their honeymoon because she begins to realise 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 Marsh," is driven out by Mrs. Durban and is kidnaped by Blye and Cunningham. June escapes, tries sweatshop work and is dispossessed by her landlady. Blye finds June in her tenement home and drives Cunningham away.

FIFTEENTH EPISODE.

"At I ast, My Love!"

CHAPTER L.

At the moment that Blye met June,

Ned Warner was springing up the stairs,

It was thus that Ned Warner had, after

his jaws set and his fists clinched.

n the presence of Gilbert Biye.

SYNOPSES

voice.

Read it Here-See it at the Movies.

Runaway June By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

"Hello! Hello! Please give me, I-I-I'm mighty sorry. I don't know been growing a merry smile so I might there's been plenty a-calling who are havinformation. I want the small fat one- what he looks like either. I only know win the happy-habit for good. Oh, I've ing their breathing-minute and thinking body, it can now be located in a few with the yello' curis, for I want some- from that? I know that he's livin'-and out the angles of mind and heart. And but they, loc, are poverty stricken in minutes by means of the K-ray and quickly extracted. "It is all done in a few minutes," says an expert. "Five knows. (If he shouldn't—who does?)

I know that he's splendid! And nothing now—now I have time to study on which addresses and numbers and any little close do I know. He must have been ring-side my hair looks best parted—and what thing I might nab onto to locate Heart's ling for me, too. That is if he's had a color looks best next to my face, so I seconds for a wound in the hand, thirty * * "-Is this information? Listen, I breathing minute to lean back and wish may please a prince. onds for one in the foot and ten or want-please put me on the wire of the that he might find the only girl in the fifteen minutes for a wound in the abman who wants me, too. I don't know world! Up till now I've been busy mydomen." street number—nor the town where he most everything. And sometimes I get
his number. I don't know where he lives, self. I've been growing—and finishing lives—nor even the color of his eyes—but
him! But I was born of Venus—and
lives—nor even the color of his eyes—but
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lives—nor even the color of his eyes—but
him th "The Marselliabe," the national an- No. I don't know the street-or the town can do. I've been saving my heart-and wire."

one-no, two things-can't you get him been most busy-just living and rounding of finding the 'only girl in the world,'

myself into the girl that is the best I please find him and put him on the sometimes I fail. Oh, sometimes I fail.

them of the French republic, was written either. And I don't even know his name. thinking and working so I might be pos-Not even his name and initials! What? sessed of a soul and capable hands. I've and tucking in her ohin, "Sure, my dear, for. Good-bye!"-Nell Brinkley.

husked. "Your husband is right upstairs ate encounter which would have ensued. arm and looking at the eyes from which -with the girl." "The viper!" hissed Honoria Blye and

Bill Wolf caught her as she started up "Not so fast, madam!" he called, and laid hold of her arm. "This way.

get away. Here's your picture, ma'am,

He handed her a large roll of paper and two photographs, one of Gilbert Blye and one of June.

confusion. The runaway bride, her mother, Iris Biethering 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 Biethering and half a dozen other men rushed upon the flercely struggling men on the floor.

through it burst the wild eyed Ned Into this tumultuous scene there rushed Marie and Officer Dowd and fat old Aunt Debby just as the man by main strength dragged from Gilbert Blye the maddened assailant who had sprung upon

> 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 man with the black Vandyke had led the well known and justly famous pritime jumped in between the two furious combatants and, with the aid of half a

Warner, his jaw set and his fists clinched. For a second he stood bewildered by the strange light which flooded this large room; then, with an oath, he aprang for the black Vandyked man. He clutched his fingers around the throat and, with a savage roar, bore Gilbert Blye to the

June sprang from the fat hands which

were about to be clasped upon her shoul-

ders 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

floor. The rumaway bride uttered shrick after shrick. 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 Il his weary pursuit, found his bride- the dim hallway there came a short, thick man with a short, thick stub of a Beyond the door the dark, handsome cigar in one corner of his mouth. It was

the teautiful little runaway brids to a vate detective, Bill Wolf." heavy man with thick lidded eyes and a "Got nim, Mrs. Biye," ne triumphantly

dashed into the dim hallway.

By special arrangements 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 week, but also afterward to see moving pictures illustrating our story.

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"Not so fast, made laid hold of her a please." "But my husband! "They're here all rimoney. Then he smiled at her, while office and here's your bill." Gilbert Blye stepped back, suavely smiling and stroking his black Vandyke with his long, lean, white fingers. "But my husband! The girl, June!" "They're here all right, and they can't

Upstairs there was a score of wild

The door splintered and gave way, and "My husband!" shricked June.

dozen strong men, prevented the desper-