

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

"Am I Not a Boy? Yes, I Am---Not!"

One Proof is That I Wear an Apron

Drawn for The Bee by Nell Brinkley



Good for Athletic Stunts—Plenty of Foot Room If You Want to Tell the Maid You're 'Not at Home.'

You Can Pick Up Your Beauty Exercise in It.

You Can Pick Up Your Eraser Without Bending Your Knees—Which They Say is Most Awfully Good for You.

My Clever Little Mother. Whose Own Little Gowns Are Pretty and Sensible, Too.

Here is the Apron I Work In.

By Nell Brinkley.

I know plenty of lucky girls who do their little part of the world's work at home, as I do, away from the glare and the courtesy-killing violence of the big town.

I laid away my sentimental Billys and Bettys, who love one another—oh, so desperately—for one minute and "drawed" pics of working clothes.

rather than in some of the bibbed frights, the tie-around kind that cut you in two, or that ancient dishonored makeshift some women make do duty all day long—the kimono.

Twenty-seven inches wide, if you please, the goods must be; then there need be no pining on the sides. And twice twenty-seven inches is plenty of foot-room.

wouldn't believe how pretty it is on a girl. For it falls into every line of her body, gracefully and modestly, too.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Says Real Culture is Not Mere Polish, But Something Deeper and Finer

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Perhaps there is no word more frequently misused than the word culture.



But in what does her culture consist? She may speak several languages;

The answer to both questions can be found in the advice Buddha gave his pupils 500 years before Christ was born:

There is no higher phase of culture, and there is nothing which beautifies conduct and character like the practical and perpetual use of the golden rule in daily life.

The majority of people regard the keeping of the Ten Commandments as a literal fulfillment of that rule's obligations;

The loud, jarring voice, the uncontrolled temper, the neglect of bodily cleanliness and disregard of dress—all these things break the golden rule, because they are not what we would wish others to do;

A "cultivated personality" includes cleanliness, neatness, a certain conformation to the customs of the day, or of art, in dress; a well modulated voice, an attentive manner in listening to others,

well polished body, a direct and easy carriage and walk, and a pleasant, agreeable expression of countenance.

The haughty, disdainful and cold demeanor is incompatible with culture.

Only the vulgarian, with an outward veneer of polish, "puts on airs." The

really cultured, like the really great souls of earth, are always affable and simple and natural.

That quality which most uplifts and beautifies character is consideration of others and obedience of one's own highest instincts.

The man who is considerate of his fellowmen pays his debts promptly, does not endeavor to "beat" his neighbor in a bargain, does not haggle over prices, and is tolerant of others' political and religious ideas.

He is kind and affectionate in his family, appreciative of his wife and children, and patient and thoughtful with those in his employ.

All these homely virtues "uplift and beautify character." Without them the most heroic and brilliant deeds cannot make an admirable human being.

The woman who wishes to possess a "cultivated personality" and a beautiful character must keep her engagements, pay her social and financial obligations, abstain gossip and harsh criticism, suit her dress and her amusements to her income, keep her home orderly and attractive and herself a pleasure to eye, ear and heart.

The path to character building is a long one: there is no short cut.

It requires continual watchfulness, continual self-control, to travel that path.

But it is a way which grows more beautiful, and the world seems more interesting and life sweeter each year as we advance, when the goal of a beautiful character is our aim.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

We went visiting yesterday evening to a house where there a perfect baby.

Pa didn't want to go, because he was afraid the baby's mother was all the time talking about the perfect child, but Ma coaxed him & me to go with her, as the pepul was old friends of hers back home & had just moved east to Brooklyn.

When I first saw the husband & wife I said to myself what a handsome father & mother, I bet the baby is a peach. But when I saw the little fellow I was surprised, he was the homeliest kid I ever saw.

He was a year old & very big for his age & he was bit strong & fine like a prize fighter, but his eyes was too big & he had a long strate nose that looked like a exclamashun point & his mouth was strate across his face & he had littel gray eyes like a pig.

Oh the deer littel thing, sed Mr. he looks jest like his fater, dont you think so yureself, Mister Walsh?

Mister Walsh sed Yes, but he swallowed kind of hard wen he sed it. Fine

babby, sed Pa, bit from the ground up, dont he? But I think he looks moar like his mother, sed Pa. Dont you think so yureself, Missus Walsh? Yes, sed Missus Walsh; sum of the nabors sed so. But I noticed she looked jest as doubtful as the baby's fater about the baby looking like him.

I dont think he looks like aether one of you, I sed. You are one of the finest looking cuppeins which I have ever met & the baby has got a face like a comic plecter, I sed. It is all I can do to keep from laffing wen I look at him, I toald Mister & Missus Walsh.

What is the name of the deer littel thing? sed Ma, kind of quick. I cud see that Ma didnt want me to talk any moar & I realized that insted of making the baby's pa & ma feel happy I had made them sad, so I went over & sat down in a corner. I think a feller is wise wen he has made a bad play to keep still for awhile insted of trying to explain it & make things worse.

Why, sed Missus Walsh, to tell you the truth, we havent given the littel deer a name at all yet. I know that we shud

Favorite Recipes of Favorite Stage Stars



Summer Lunch by Curtius Barnes

SELECT large, not overripe, tomatoes, and slice off the top at great enough depth to allow the inside of the tomato to be scooped out thoroughly. Drop one whole egg—raw—in each tomato; then add a small slice of American cheese, butter the size of a walnut, and as seasoning pepper, salt and paprika. Now replace the tops of the tomatoes, fastening firmly in place with toothpicks, and bake in a moderate oven until the outside skin crackles. Serve on lettuce leaves.

MASHED POTATOES A LA BARNES. Even after milk and butter have been added to mashed potatoes, they have not arrived at the topnotch of their deliciousness. To make them as good as possible, try this: Beat an egg until creamy, then pour it into the potatoes and whip until flaky.

have named him long ago, but I am sure that he is going to do such grate things in this world that my husband & I cant make up our minds what to call him. I wudden like to name him Will-yum or Bobbie or any silly name like that. That made me kind of mad & I was going to say that they ought to call the baby "What is It" like that freak Mister Barnum used to have, but I knew better than to be impolite. We were thinking that we wud call him Xerxes, sed Missus Walsh. I thot Xerxes was such a noabel sounding name,

Mysteries of Science and Nature

The Mysterious Properties of Steel, Tin and Glass—Steel if Cooled Slowly Will Not Take a Cutting Edge—Cooled Suddenly It Becomes Breeching Hard

By GARRETT P. SERVIS.

Here is a fact, known to everybody, which is as mysterious as would be the actual appearance of a ghost, by which I mean that the fundamental explanation of the phenomenon is about as far beyond our reach as in the one case as in the other.

The fact to which I refer in the production of tempered steel by quenching in cold water. If hot steel is cooled very slowly it becomes soft and cannot take a cutting edge, but if it is cooled suddenly it becomes very hard and can be ground into keen swords, knives and cutting tools.

Now why the difference? Have you ever thought about that question? If you have not, many a man of science has, and has been greatly puzzled over it.

Here is another related mystery. If you heat an old Japanese sword, which for centuries has retained its capacity to slice off a head at a blow, or to open a swift passage for the soul of the victim of the har-kari mania, to the temperature of boiling water it gradually softens and loses the keenness that once made it so formidable.

It is the same steel, but it, too, seems to have lost its soul. At a temperature of 150 degrees Centigrade the hardened steel commits har-kari in a few minutes. Surely there is something strange in that. Then consider this: At zero temperature water changes from a liquid and suddenly becomes solid. But if you put the water in a vase and carefully protect it from dust, you may cool it as much as twenty degrees below zero, and yet it will not freeze. But now shake the vase or drop in a bit of ice, and the water immediately solidifies.

from "the tin disease." The contact of "diseased" tin with bright, hard tin is capable of setting up the transformation.

Glass, Prof. Walton informs us, is "an under-cooled substance," that is, it is in a metastable condition. If old glass tubes through which water has frequently passed are heated, the glass crystallizes and loses its transparency.

All substances in this state are liable to change, and the change, under proper conditions, may be sudden. Hardened steel is in a similar category. If it were as perishable as tin it could not be safely used for many purposes for which it is habitually employed. Fortunately steel exhibits great resistance to change of state after it has been tempered. Transformation is retarded or arrested.

"Does steel slowly return to the stable form and thus grow softer?" asks Prof. Walton, and then answers: "That we do not know; we can only say that if such a change does take place, hundreds of years are necessary to bring it about."

The same ancient Japanese sword, which, when heated, as before described, become soft, retain all their hardness if carefully preserved.

It is evidently of the highest importance to the practical world that science is investigating these things and discovering the way and the circumstances in which the changes come about, even if it has not unveiled the underlying mystery of their cause.

RESINOL CURED ITCHING ECZEMA

Years of Suffering—Immediate Relief

Cleveland, O., June 2, 1913—"About eight years ago my hands would get very red—then little blisters would come with pus in them. They would itch and burn so that I could not sleep at all. I used everything people told me about, and all kinds of blood treatment, but that did me no good. I wore out dozens of pairs of rubber gloves, using them when working in water and still the eczema stayed.

"About three years ago I read about Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment, and at once bought some at the drug store. They gave me immediate relief, and after using two jars of Resinol Ointment and a cake of Resinol Soap, I can honestly say that my hands are cured. It has been three years already since I am cured, and the eczema has not returned. I really can't say enough about Resinol." (Signed) Mrs. Chas. P. Winchester, 2304 Carroll Ave.

Better proof, even than such a letter, is to try Resinol yourself and see how quickly the trouble disappears. Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap are sold by all druggists. Free trial; Dept. T-11, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

MAULL BROS. - Louis, Mo.