

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

—ON— Self-Esteem

People Resent Attitude of "I Am Holier Than Thou." We Should Be Patient and Condone Short-Comings of Others, as None of Us Is Perfect.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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A young man who prides himself upon his good habits, and who tries to live up to the ideals implanted in his mind by a good mother, is made very unhappy by the malice of his enemies. He says:
"The reason I write is, I suffer not from weapons, but from tongues of my adversaries, who seek only to drag me down to degradation with a lie which I cannot understand. My nature is more like a woman's; by that I mean, more refined than a man's nature usually is."

No lies of our enemies can harm us if we pass on in the path of truth and pay no attention, further than a calm denial of misstatements.

We are judges by our lives and actions in the long run, not by the gossip of our detractors.

The only human being I recollect who attained maturity without being lied about and having enemies was a blind idiot.

This young man quoted above quite possibly is self-centered.

He is continually thinking how refined and good he is, and how much better he is than his associates.

This state of mind naturally attracts criticism.

When any one assumes an "I-am-holier-than-thou" attitude toward his fellow men, he is certain to be a target for lies.

People resent that attitude more than any other.

Real goodness, real worth, real morality, is always accompanied by a sort of gentle humility; a manner which invites confidence; a deportment which carries with it sympathy and understanding. Unless you feel near to your fellow men; unless you are conscious of their kinship, no matter how erring they may be; unless your thought is one of pity rather than condemnation for their failure to live as good a life as you are living, then you are not really so good, after all—not really so much better than they, with all their sins.

For you have the sin of self-conceit, of self-satisfaction, of uncharitableness, of lack of human sympathy. And you forget that you have not their inheritance and environment.

The human being who puts on airs for any reason is a pitiable creature.

The very best of mortals is still full of faults.

The very brightest is dull or weak or incomplete, in some respects.

The most successful in the arts or professions or trades are pigmae of fortune, and women who have lived in other eras.

There is nothing which we can with any reason pride ourselves upon having done or been to the extent of holding our heads above our fellows. Whatever our achievements, we need to feel humility in the presence of the great all-mighty Creator of the universe.

We need to walk softly and speak kindly; we need to be patient and charitable and sympathetic and helpful; and we need to talk much of the good qualities of others and little of our own.

This young man, quite possibly, brought all his troubles on himself by trying to impress upon his associates how very much more moral and refined and delicate he is than they.

He needs to develop some robust qualities.

He needs to turn his thoughts out toward his fellows, and not in upon his own good self continually.

Let him do good to those who despitefully use him, and speak pityingly of those who lie about him, even if he keeps away from their society.

And let him forget all his troubles, which are mainly imaginary.

No lasting or serious harm can come to anyone who fills his mind with good thoughts, his mouth with good words and his life with good actions.

Riva's Her Daughter in Youthful Beauty

(From Social Register)
A well-known society matron whose youthful beauty is no longer rivaled in this respect—though she does not lose as such—attributes her girlish complexion chiefly to two things. She says:
"I am convinced that creams, by overloading the skin and pores, tend to age the complexion. Macrolised wax has just the opposite effect. It keeps the pores clean, permitting them to breathe, and r. moves dead particles and which give the complexion that faded look. When an over-ripe skin begins to get the least bit of over-care, I go to my drugist's for an over-care of macrolised wax; I apply this right like cold cream for a week or two, and the complexion is so fresh, white and vevey."

The absence of wrinkles, and flabbiness I owe to the use of a simple face pack prepared by dissolving one ounce of powdered borax in a half pint witch hazel. This keeps the skin tight and firm.
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A Business Girl

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By Nell Brinkley

The Old Ones

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

I do not care for problem plays, I do not yearn to see The erring and luxurious ways of high society. I am not keen for strutting dukes who stand around and sneer. Or belted earls, who bawl "Gadsrooks," whenever they appear. I like the old-time stuff the best, where virtue scorned and spurned. Knocks plotting badness galley west when once the tide has turned.

I like to see a maiden wan before her father's door Instructed harshly to move on and to return no more. I like to hear her murmur then, with many a shivering quake, That rags are royal raiment when they're worn for virtue's sake. I like to watch the villain try to lure her off by stealth. And simply joy to hear her cry: "Away, I scorn your wealth!"

I like to see the hero thrust aside the proffered wine, And say with beautiful disgust, "No demon rum for mine!" I like to hear the villain say, as his dank brow he mops, "He has escaped me for today; he ducked my knockout drops!" I like to hear the villainess in accents tense with sorrow, Observe, "Oh, can that bum distress. We'll get the 2guy tomorrow!"

I like to see the lightning flash and hear the wild wind wail, And listen to the thunder crash along the lonely trail; Where heroine and hero meet and never seem to mind The sound of the pursuers' feet about two jumps behind. I like to wonder what they'll do when he arrests their flight. Although I know, and so do you, that it will be all right.

Oh, glorious plays of by-gone days, of meetings at old mills, Of heinous crimes and wedding chimes, and thrills and thrills and thrills. You always knew just who was who and just what they would say; In dopping out how they'd turn out you never went astray. Your heart beat fast until the last, and when toward home you went You didn't find it fagged your mind to find out what they meant!

Are Handsome Men Vain?

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Are handsome men vain—is that what you want to know, young woman—and you ask because—oh, I know why you ask. He is handsome or you think he is, or maybe he thinks he is—and brother has warned you against him and mother says he thinks too much of himself and you're afraid—and so—
Well, now, I don't know whether this particular handsome man is vain or not—but if he isn't he's a freak of nature—there never was a man on earth, handsome or ugly—who wasn't vain.
The vainest woman who ever kept you waiting for an hour while she settled her ribbons and dabbed on just a bit more powder is a modest violet compared to the average man—ugly or plain.

Haven't you noticed that—
Open your eyes, friends—open your eyes. Look at that bow-legged little man with the faded eyes—let's see, about fifty odd, isn't he? Pretty heavy to be out in such a sun, don't you think? See him look at the ladies—old, young, pretty, ugly—they are all of interest to him, and he thinks he's of interest to every one of them.

The queen of Sheba could step down off her throne and tell the fat little man that she was dying of love for him, and he wouldn't be a bit surprised—not he.

He'd just sparkle his tiny eyes and twist his faded mustache and look as much like a conquering hero as he could—and never wonder once what asylum the lady had escaped from.

Once I lived in the house with a poor little crippled, a dwarf, hideously ugly, and so weak and ill that you couldn't look at him without pity.

There were several other girls in the same house and we all felt sorry for the poor little distorted fellow, and we made it a point to be unusually nice to him till we found out that he was worried to death for fear some of us would commit suicide for love of him.

Since that time I have never counted on the shrinking modesty of a man of any age, condition or state of mind.

The forewoman in the factory down there—she's handsome, capable, clever, well dressed, good—she gets a fine salary—as salaries go—ask her about it.

She'll tell you that every other man in the factory has asked her to marry him—your fellow getting half her wages, all men about to be laid on the shelf—and every one of them was astonished that she didn't chortle with joy at the idea of giving up her good salary and going to work washing dishes for a man not half as clever or as good looking or as good as she is.

Vain—is your man vain?—if he isn't he ought to go home and take tickets for being on exhibition, for he is a stranger in a strange world—and that's the truth, from my point of observation.

Vain—man vain! Just tell a man you know that another man is good looking, and see him wince. Tell him that another man has fine eyes, and watch him shudder and warn you against the other man.

Tell him that you think he is the handsomest man that ever lived and see how faintly he will deny the sweet accusation to that. Dear fellow, how can he be whether he's handsome or not, he's vain anyway; so I wouldn't pay much attention to that. Dear fellow, how can he help being vain with all the ladies telling him in words and out of them how feebly they would love to have him like them just a little.

And at that he's probably something to be proud of—if he's a real man—for a earnest cooer for truth never forgets this. A decent man is a pretty decent sort of thing, and well worth the loving day and night, and always and ever, even if he is vain just a bit.

Let him be vain if he'll just be good and kind and generous and steadfast and honest and courageous and gentle, and that's what the majority of men really try to be, I believe, and really are, too, most of them, so what's the difference?

Potato Puffs.
Four cups hot mashed potatoes, four tablespoons milk, one teaspoon salt, two eggs, two tablespoons butter, one-quarter teaspoon pepper. Cook, drain, dry and mash potatoes. Then add seasoning, milk and butter. Separate eggs and add well-beaten yolks and beat well. Then add whites of eggs which have been beaten stiff. Turn into a buttered dish and bake in a quick oven until brown.

Note—About six medium-sized potatoes (or above amount, if cold potatoes are used, heat in double boiler before using. Have hot when put into oven.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

I was reading a article in a theatrical magazine, Ma said last night, that set the day of real literature in the drama was cumming back.

I guess it will cum back about the same way Jeffries did, and Pa. This is a fine age for real literature. Why, the peepul nowadays think Shakespeare was a awful boob because he didn't rite songs like That Honey-moon Oldie. I think the peepul are living so fast now, Pa said, with all of the evening papers & all of the magazines to read & think about, that they are slowly getting nutty, at least in the big cities. If they ain't getting nutty, Pa said, why do they think 'I Shud Worry' is funny? I doant see anything cunnin' about it.

But this article says the peepul are cumming back to there ober sense just as a man gets over a wine flinger. I am awfully glad to hear it, because I have a yung friend who has rote a one act sketch. She is a very deep gurl, Ma said, & the sketch is all ritten in blank verse. The scene was laid at the time the Persians was trying to make Greece quit, that was many years ago. Sum of the lines is beutiful. A yung Greek captain falls in luv with one of the wives of a grate Persian general & she tries to make a tool & coax him to tell the secrets of the Greek army. She says to him:

This strange wild feeling—yes, it must be love.
For every other passion have I known, & every other impulse have I felt, except that of love. Listen, oh Dionades, the dawn is breaking and the song birds trill.

Their hearts thrill to the throne of your god!
You told me once I had sweeter voices than any songbird. Do you hear it now, laughing you to be both my lord and my slave?

The strongest lord shud be the meekest slave.
When his fine face reflects the fire of love, Tell me the secrets of the Grecian camp. And Xerxes will reward thee splendidly, and then we two shall dwell in so-er-stasy.

Upon sum wondrous isle of gold and pearl.
How do you like them? Hest said Ma. That ain't poetry at all, and Pa. Why doant you rite yung lady friends cum and see me is she wants to rite sumthin' that is real literature.

I think the lines are fine, said Ma. Then the yung Greek captain says to the sweetening woman:
Prate not to me of love, thou art so sweet! Speak of me strange wild feeling that thou hast.

How couldst thou love Dionades dis-honest?
Striped of his medals, dithered? One sneaker only canst thou drag from these halls.
And that is this: I have no time for thee!

Awful, said Pa. Who is yure yung lady, friend that thinks she can rite?
Then Ma luffed at Pa. There ain't any yung lady, she said. I found them lines in an old play you started to rite years ago. They was in a trunk up in the attic. Now how do you feel?

Pa looked cheaper than a F & C cent store, but he didn't say a word.



Here in my inky fist I hold a letter on severe, businesslike paper from one of the valiant army of girls who do battle in New York town shoulder to shoulder with the men. It's rather different from the one I hold in the other hand—an odorous little gray note, lined with delicate tissue as thin as tulle and breathing sandal seed when I ripped it open. The one's plain and square and typed, smelling of just clean air, the very sign and symbol of the trim, black-and-white, sane and cleanly sort of brainy girl it came from. The other is long and narrow, and faintly scented—awfully feminine—making one see the essential, lacy, charming, luxury-lapped girl it came from. One was probably rapped out on the typewriter at 8:30 a. m.; the other was scrawled in bed on a silken knee at 10:30 a. m., with her chocolate tray just finished beside her. One girl had just covered a mile, more

or less, of city streets on a stout pair of pumps. The other had maybe covered the space of velvet carpet between bed and window on a pair of oriental "mules," with pink heels here. One little chuckle I can get in here: The busy feet in the pumps and the lacy ones in the mules are just alike—the busy ones just as pink and white and kissable as ever the others are!
The square, white letter says—courtly and appealingly—
"Make, if you please, ones, not the splendid creature of letters and plenty, but just the plain business girl! There are a lot of us, you know."
The narrow, gray letter says, "Make, if you please, a fancy creature who finds life a thing of rosy down, and who sometimes wishes she had—A JOB! There are a lot of us, you know!"
Here they are. Both together! —NELL BRINKLEY.

Wonders of the Planet Jupiter--He Is the "Comet Catcher" of the Universe--Were It Not for the Sun, Earth Would Go Around Jupiter

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

If you look toward the south in the early evening you will see the planet Jupiter glowing placidly among the constellations, like a great super-star which has no need to twinkle in order to call attention to itself. You will understand at a glance why the ancients gave to this magnificent planet the name of the chief of their gods, why the Chinese called it the "Regulator" and the Egyptians "Horus, the Guide of the Spheres."

In our scientific way we have found more accurately descriptive terms for this big planet, which exceeds the earth about 1,300 times in magnitude. Among other things, we call Jupiter the "Comet Catcher."

Its power of attraction is so great (more than 30 times that of the earth) and its position in the solar system is so commanding (about five times as far from the sun as the earth is), that it often draws wandering comets out of their paths as they approach the sun from outer space and turns them into smaller, shorter orbits, so that, henceforth, they are unable to go very far away, but continue to revolve around the sun in elliptical curves, whose form has been imposed by the interference of Jupiter.

Nearly thirty comets are now known which have thus been "captured" by Jupiter.

He is not powerful enough to keep

them for himself, but is compelled to hand them over to the sun. He is like one of the great feudal barons of the middle ages, who had to surrender his prisoners to his lord, the king. Still, he sometimes intercedes with them a second time, if they venture near him, and sends them scurrying off in new orbits.

He has also created havoc among the orbits of the hundreds of little planets, called "asteroids," which he has trained into groups, and he is even suspected of having turned some of them into his own retainers, in the character of little "moons."

In fact, Jupiter is so powerful that he would make the earth revolve around him if the sun were absent. One of his four principal moons is larger than the planet Mercury, and yet he swings it

around him once every week, making it travel in that space of time more than 4,000,000 miles. The nearest of them, which is considerably larger than our moon, is whipped around him at a speed of 40,000 miles per hour.

Everything goes fast about Jupiter. He turns on his own axis so rapidly that his day is only ten hours long, and if we were situated on his equator, we should find ourselves whirled round at the rate of more than 7,000 miles per hour.

One consequence of this is that he has flattened his own poles and swelled out his own equator by centrifugal force to such an extent that he measures about 5,000 miles less through the poles than through the equator. His equatorial diameter is about 88,000 miles, and his polar diameter only 83,000 miles.

This difference is so striking that you can see it easily if you look at Jupiter through a telescope. He is not round like a ball, but elongated like a foot ball, or, rather, flattened like a pumpkin. Another consequence of his mad energy of motion, which you will see if you inspect him with a telescope, is that his whole surface is covered with parallel belts of clouds drawn out into bands by the swift rotation. These clouds vary in color and in form, and while you are watching them you will actually see the planet turning, if you continue your observations for an hour or two.

Another thing of fascinating interest which a telescopic view of Jupiter affords is the motion of the four nearby moons. It was Galileo's discovery of these moons that upset the ancient system of astronomy. They seem to fly as if terrified at the possibility of being drawn down into the grasp of their relentless master. In the course of a single evening you can see them cross his disk or pass into and out of his shadow, and often you can watch their own little round shadows, as black as ink drops, moving swiftly across his broad, oval, shining face or disk.

If you have not yet studied astronomy—a subject that every intelligent human being should know something about—begin at once with the planet Jupiter. If you cannot get a chance to look at him with a telescope, watch him with the naked eye, observe his place among the stars—he is now in the constellation Sagittarius—and see how that place slowly changes from week to week. Then set a book on astronomy, and learn from it all you can, not only about Jupiter, but about other things in the sky, and the result, in the broadening of your mind and the tranquillizing of your spirit, will be both of delight and a surprise to you.

A FICTIONLESS FABLE FOR THE FAIR.

By LILIAN LAUFERTY.

There was once a woman whom life hurt. It drained her heart of joy, and left it empty and throbbing. She bore it moaning for a time, and then she set about filling the empty shell. She setted upon all the things that lay near at hand and packed them tightly into the throbbing loneliness of her barren heart.

There were cards and song and dancing and wine and gay companions and loud merrymaking, and she forced them all—a motley company—into the cold emptiness of her desolation. Oblivion and the forgetfulness she sought did not come, but fever and excitement kept her brain whirling far away from the sadness of reality.

It chanced one day that true love passed by, and he stopped at the door of her heart. He knocked, but the eers of her soul were dulled with merriment and his eyes were blinded by the glare and glitter of jewelry, so neither heart nor soul could tell the woman that he who stood without was true love.

At last—and timidly—love opened the door of the heart that offered him no welcome, but when he saw how crowded that heart was with tinsel and paste jewels, he sighed. "Alas! there is no room for me," and went his way.

And the woman went on playing that she was happy and content.

But love—hurt and slighted—would not pass that way again for evermore.