

The Bee's Home Magazine Page



What Distinction Should Be Made A Woman

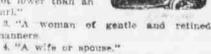
> and A Lady

Proper Use of the Terms

By ELLA WHEELER WILCON What is the distinction, asks a corre condent, between "a woman" and "e "It seems that every tady is a woman, but not every woman a lady."

Webster tolla: us "lady" in derived from two words, meaning bread and einer. . His definitions are therefore: 1. "Bread belper." "A mistress of

social distintion. In England a woman whose husband is not lower than a keight in rank, or whose father was not lower than an



In America, the land of freedom and "equality," the word "lady" is much mis-We all know the true story of the mis-

tress of the house who was met by the inquiry, "Are you the woman as advertised for a wash lady?" "Wash lady" and "salee lady" are terms now in general use by the uninstructed. The impression seems to prevail among

the ignorant and ambitious that showy garments and a divisin for labor produce a "lady." I have heard a working woman say

with a smile of pride that her young

daughter was not fond of work, but loved to "play the lady." In England the term "lady." as will be seen by Webster, is a distinct title. It has its special application the same as duchess, or countess. Lady Blank may be ignorant and ugly and untidy and impossible as a woman-yet she is Lady Blank by legal right, if her father's or

husband's rank so makes it possible In America we have no titles; and the cultured and intelligent mind understands that the word "lady" here is only ap plicable to one to whom Webster has given the third definition:

She may be a laundress, a housemaid a salesgirl or an object of charity, but if she is possessed of gentle manners and a refined deportment it is absolutely proper to speak of her as "a perfect

If she is loud-voiced, vulgar in speech she is NOT a lady, no matter if she is born and reared in wealth, and if she sparkles with jewels.

She is a woman who has misused her opportunities of becoming a lady. A woman whose wealth has made her

name a familiar one in two continents recently entered a fashlonable shop in New York in an unmistakable state of intoxication and disgusted the proprietor and salesmen by her rude and boisterous manners.

She is not-in America-a lady. She would of necessity be one in England if her father had been an earl, or her husband a knight.

It savors of the ridiculous to apply the employed at mercantile counters, its inspiring atmosphere need an oc-Chorus ladies," "wash ladies" and castonal reminder 'shop ladies' should understand that that we do not yet the word is offensive and absurd when thrust upon the listener.

It is not necessary for the "lady" to on label herself. She is easily discovered, precipices of un-And if she is not there the flimsy label attained knowledge only makes her ridiculous.

The word woman with a prefix is many awkward much stronger than the same prefix and difficult corwith "lady" attached. A splendid woman, a noble woman, a

lovely woman, has tenfold the strength proach the snowy of a "splendid lady," "a noble lady," or peak which sails "a lovely lady." The term, "a fine away in the sky woman," is full of dignified meaning, like a cloud, while a "fine lady" suggests the guady

world's worthy workers, while a "saleslady" means nothing at all.

Unless Properly Treated With Hyo-

mei This Disease May Become Serious. Catarrhal troubles are far more dan-

gerous than they seem at first thought. If you have catarrh, usually indicated by smiffling, stopped-up head, droppings in throat, and morning choking, there is an irritated state of the mucous membrane which affords an ideal ladgment and culture medium for disease germs. e-pecially those of consumption.

Do not allow the dangerous germs which may be breathed into the throat and lungs to begin their work of de-

The easiest, simplest, quickest, surest and cheapest way to check catarrh is by the direct method, breathing Hyomel. This wonderful medicated air treatment does not drug and derange the stomach but is breathed in through the Hyomel inhaler, directly following and destroying all disease germs that may have been inhaled, and healing and vitalizing the tiesues of the throat, nose and lungs so as to render catarrh and all other germ infections no longer possible

The unusual way in which Hyomet is sold by druggists is the best evidence of confidence in the treatment, and should dispel all doubts as to its curative properties. They are authorized to refund the purchase price to anyone whom Hy .met falls to benefit so you do not risk at cent in testing its healing virtues. A complete outfit costs but \$1.00. Extru bottles of liquid if later needed, 50 cents Rold by druggints everywhere .- Adver-

Actress and Wife = A Difference of Opinion = By Nell Brinkley



THE ACTRESS:

"Oh for a home! What is freedom to me? I hate the false life of the stage! I'm tired of travel, and struggle, and pain. My spirit loathes even the sight of a train. There's nothing in being the rage!"

So we little mortals (oh, so charming in our own chosen path sometimes, if we only knew it), and gazing on some other neighbor planet busily speeding and hurling down its orbit, we envy it and see in its sphere more silver than our own! And the other planet is a discontented little fellow, too! That's just a way some of us have with us it's not a nice way. Be ambitious, but find in it, if you can, awfully good to be yourself! NELL BRINKLEY.

Bulgaria

THE WIFE:

"Oh for the stage! It is heaven to me! Home, Husband, and Child-what a life! I long for travel—the lack of restraint! The music, the lights, the smell of grease paint.

Nature Has Yet Many Puzzles

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

age, and an age so remarkable for its mass, as black and opaque as coke. All term "salesladies" to all women who are rapid advance in science, we who live in its crystalline beauty is gone, and you

> know everything. and that there are the slippery still above us ners to be turned before we can ap-

I find such a reminder in a partial list of "standing A "saleswoman" means one of the Juzzles of science" which I have just been been reading, and I present this list here, with some added remarks, simply for the sake of the useful thought that it is calculated to inspire. Some of the statements may be slightly misleadthey are sufficiently true.

I .- The diamond, the hardest substance known, and one of the most transparent, and characteristic ameli, subtle way in which it plays with the the secrets of the flowers and fruits apricots, and in the adjoining garden

grapes, strawberries and other fruits. imitative chemistry puts up, with a minsame thing! If you put the diamond into imum of cost and a maximum of price, Just because this is so ingenious an fire it swells up and becomes an ugly cannot deceive the palate of the grownup boy who used to eat these things with open joy at his father's table, and somecannot turn it back again into a gem.

It is like a body without a soul. II .- Rattlesnake polson and the white of an egg contain the same amounts of dentically the same chemical elements. But we cannot turn common albumen nto snake venom.

III-Coal gas and oll of roses each consist of four atoms of hydrogen, combined with four atoms of carbon. The one delights our sense of smell, and the bee's nest you know how exquisitely difother stifles us with its mephitic odor. ferent is the taste of its honey from that Here again nature has a secret, which of the honey made by the hive bee; but t imparts only to the unthinking flower, can chemistry discover the peculiar se-IV .- Oil of orange, lemon, cloves, gin- cret of the burly "yellow-breeched phil-

ger and black pepper is, in every inozopher," or give us something as good stance, composed of stateen atoms of as he makes? hydrogen and ten of carbon, yet each has its distinctive taste and smell. V .- Ammonia, a strong whiff of which

will knock a man down, is composed of hydrogen and nitrogen, neither of which has any oder. VI.-Copper is practically odorless and ing, or incomplete, but upon the whole so is zinc, but when they are melted together, in certain proportions, the result

is a metal, brass, which has a decided a marvel of heauty on account of the In view of all this, it is no wonder that

Science can analyze milk, but only the cow can make it. We know what are the chemical constituents of honey, but the bee alone possesses the secret of putting them together in such a way that

times, covertly, in his mother's pantry.

man will risk a good deal of stinging in order to enjoy the matchless flavor of the wonderful product. If you have ever robbed a bumble

Smell some of the sickening perfumes that science concocts and then turn and press a rose or a lilac to your nose. Eat a bowt of old-fashioned corn meal mush with milk, and then say if you can. where it got its flavor. Take a handful of wheat, another of oats and another of rye, and chew a little of each in turncan chemistry tell you just how and why

they differ or imitate them? In the orchard hang apples, almost in finitely varied in the flavor of their juices, and cherries, and pears, and colored elements of light, is composed of escape us. Nobody will buy an imitation grow grapes and berries of a dozen pure carbon. But lampblack is also pure of the attar of roses who can get the varieties, each having its own peculiar

There's nothing in being a wife!"

great field laboratories that sweeten are all formed from the same soil and People generally take these things as and beautify the meadows of war-like the same air, but you must depend upon matters of course, but we are intellectual beings and we have no right not to think nature to furnish them. Chemistry, with The jams and conserves of apples, all its analytical skill, cannot perform and ponder over the marvels that are presented to our senses.

color to the flowers.

He simply detects some half hidden or ages it, as you may turn a stream of where it cannot yet explain.

the miracle.

pure product of nature, distilled in the delight in store for your palate. They water into a different course

Luther Burbank can gradually turn a In that way true science is born and field of yellow poppies into a field of true worship is performed. The smell of crimson ones, but he cannot give the the sacrifice that the Creator loves is that which arises from the altars of a knowledge which is not afraid to learn forgotten tendency of nature, and encour- all it can and not ashamed to wonder

Is This the Doom of Children?

By LILIAN LAUFERTY.

From the throb and pulse of living I have taken her, From the sunlight I have shut her far away At the very peep of dawn I always waken her Then I drive her on and on through all the day. There are tasks for her to do-can I spare her? I am Mammon, the great spirit of your age. There is need of children, too, and I wear her

To the doom of age and darkness I am calling her; She must labor though her spirit yearns for play. She must bear with quiet heart what's befalling her, For the world is mine and I must make it pay. She has but one life to live-and I break her.

Youth and power as my guerdon and my gage.

I am Power with its greed of needless gain. 'Till she dies she shall not live---for I take her, And I burn her in the furnaces of pain.

Sowing and Planting

By WINIFRED BLACK

They are busy in the garden today, the little tykes. What a hurry of hoes, what an array of shovels and rakes, what a digging, what a scurrying, what a plant-

Beaus here, peas there, lettuce over and then hills for tomatoes and cuthe edge of the garden there are to be aweet peas and sweet alyssum Dear, dear, what

a be-au-ti-ful garden, as fine as the garden of the em where all the lilles were hung with

sliver bells, and where all the roses wore tiny golden collars about their green stalks, and each collar bore the rose's own particular name.

I'll suggest that to these little gardepers. Yes, name each flower-you can write them on slips of paper and tie them on after the plants gete started. Oh, joy, the very thing, What? Princess Khan is your first

rose, little girl with the dreams brimming your soft eyes, and Steamboat Bill is the name of your first gilly flower. Oh, sturdy, little 5-year-old with the daredevil cowboy chaps and the wide hat with the rope around it. Sweet Alce? yes that's a good name for a llly, and Ben Bolt for the phlox. And the digging and the sowing, and the planting go merrily

brown earth, those seeds so bravely planted? I wouldn't risk much on them, planted so early, would you, and yet, why tell the children so? Why not let them have the fun of the planting, and the hoeing, and the raking, and, best of all, the expectation? By the time they begin to be disappointed they'll be thinking of something else.

How much more clever children are than grownups, after all. They never hold sorrow's cup and drain the last drop with tear-dimmed eyes and aching

hearts, not they. What's done is done, what's over is soon forgot; wise little creatures. There's always something nice coming, tomor-

row, maybe; sometching giorious. Why, once a perfectly strange man liked the looks of the little boy and gave him a bag of marbles, perfectly good

ones; all tied up in a glorious bag. too And once on a rain-discouraging day, just when the little boy thought the world really was a good deal of a mistake, somebody went into the kitchen

and made fudge-just as easy. Oh, you never can tell, can you, Little Boy, never, and it's always best to look for the best, isn't it? You have the fun

of looking, anyhow. Think of the lost dog. A few days ago the lost dog had no home at all, and

nothing to eat, and people kicked at him and called him a cur, and you happened to meet him, and here he is with a bed of his own in the basement, all the bones any reasonable dog could ask, and you to play with all day long. What a fool that lost dog would have

een to sit in a corner and howl, wouldn't he? That's right, Little Boy, you have the

sensible point of view, and I for one shall not try to discourage you in it. Come rain, come shine, come storm,

come fair wind, the seeds are in the grown earth now. You did the best you could. You raked, you hoed, you crumbled the moldy dirt in your little brown hands. All in brave and orderly rows you planted them, the seeds of promise, and if they do not come up, why, there are more somewhere, and there is always brown earth to spare. So let's have the fun of it today when

the first spring winds stir the blood, and when you wish you could see a dandelion somewhere, and believe that old winter was just a troubled dream.

Ben Bolt, Sweet Alice, Steamboat Bill, Princess Knan, they are calling to you, the children, with their gay happy voices; don't you dare to lie there in the ground and sleep forever, you lazy things. Come up, come up. This is a gay world, full of promises, and most of them are fulfilled if we keep our side of the bargain. Come up, Sweet Alice, there's a little maid with eyes c'dream waiting to love you. Arise, Ben Bolt, and be as sturdy.

never do anything for the world if you stay there all spring. Come up, come up hope, come up faith, come up joy and love and comfort; up, up, up out of the dark into the sweet sunthe of smiling spring. The children are

'ing, don't you hear them?

as your name. Princess Khan, you'll

Oh! It's Great to Be Married

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Drawn for The Bee by George McManus

