



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Duckie Was Not Very Enthusiastic Over Dickie's Regalia

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By H. B. Martin



The Come-Outer

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

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The Mennonite, Dunkard, Shaker, Oneida Communist, Mormon and Quaker are all one people, varying only according to environment. They are all come-outers.

They turn to plain clothes, hard work, religious thought, eschewing the pomps and vanities of the world, all for the same reasons.

The monk of the Middle Ages was the same man, his peculiarity being an extreme asceticism that caused him to count sex a mistake on the part of God. And this same question has been a stumbling block for ages to the type we now have under the glass. A man who gives the subject of sex too much attention is very apt to have either no wife at all or else four or five.

The Shaker does not count women out, because the founder of the sect was a woman, but he is a celibate and depends on Gentiles to populate the earth. The Dunkard quotes St. Paul and marries because he must, but regards romantic love as a thing of which Deity is jealous and also a bit ashamed.

But there is one thing among all these quasi-ascetic sects that has ever been in advance of the great mass of humanity from which they are detached parts—they have given woman her rights; whereas the mass has always prated that the male had certain natural "rights," and the woman only such rights as are granted her by the male. And the reason of this wrong-headed attitude on the part of the mob is plain. It rules by force, whereas the semi-ascetic sects decay force, using only moral suasion, falling back on the Christ doctrine of non-resistance. This has given their women

a chance to prove that they have just as able minds as men, if not better.

That these nonresisters are the salt of the earth none who know them can deny. It was the residents of the monasteries in the Middle Ages who kept learning and art from dying off the face of Europe. They built such churches and performed such splendid work in art that we are hushed into silence before the dignity of the ruins of Melrose, Dryburgh and Furness.

There are no paupers among the Quakers, a "criminal class" is a thing no Mennonite understands, no Dunkard is a drunkard, the Oneida Communists were all well educated and in dollars passing rich, while the Mormons have accumulated wealth at the rate of more than \$1,100 a man per year, which is more than three times as good a record as can be shown by New York or Pennsylvania.

Tobacco, strong drink and opium alternately lull and excite, soothe and elevate, but always destroy; yet they do not destroy our ascetic come-outer, for he knows them not. He does not deplete himself by drugs, rivalry, strife or anger. He believes in co-operation, not competition. He works and prays; he keeps a good digestion, an even pulse, a clear conscience, and as man's true wants are very few our subject grows rich and has not only ample supplies for himself, but is enabled to minister to others. He is earth's good Samaritan.

Come-outism is a protest against an idle, vain, voluptuous and selfish life. It is the natural recoil from insincerity, vanity and gourmandism, which, growing glaringly offensive, causes these certain men and women to "come out" and stand firm for plain living and high thinking.

And were it not for this divine principle in humanity, that prompts individuals to separate themselves from humanity when sensuality threatens to hold supreme sway, the race would be snuffed out in hopeless night. These people who come out effect their mission not by making all men "come-outers," but by imperceptibly changing the complexion of the mass. They are true and literal saviors of mankind.

"Johnny Giant"

By JOE JEFFERSON O'NEILL.

A more popular man than "Tommy Atkins." Oh, we take him from the bush league or the lot. When he doesn't know a thing that he should do. We teach him how to field and how to swat. And how to grab an extra base or two. No matter who or what he was before. What his managers have thought about his game—When a New York shirt he's fillin'—And he's had McGraw's tough drillin'—He's Johnny—Johnny Giant—just the same.



O-oh, Johnny, Johnny Giant, You're a good 'un and a grand! You're a credit to the diamond And to all the bloomin' land! May your glove be never fallin' May your bat be ever true, Lord love you, Johnny Giant— There's a big town watchin' you!

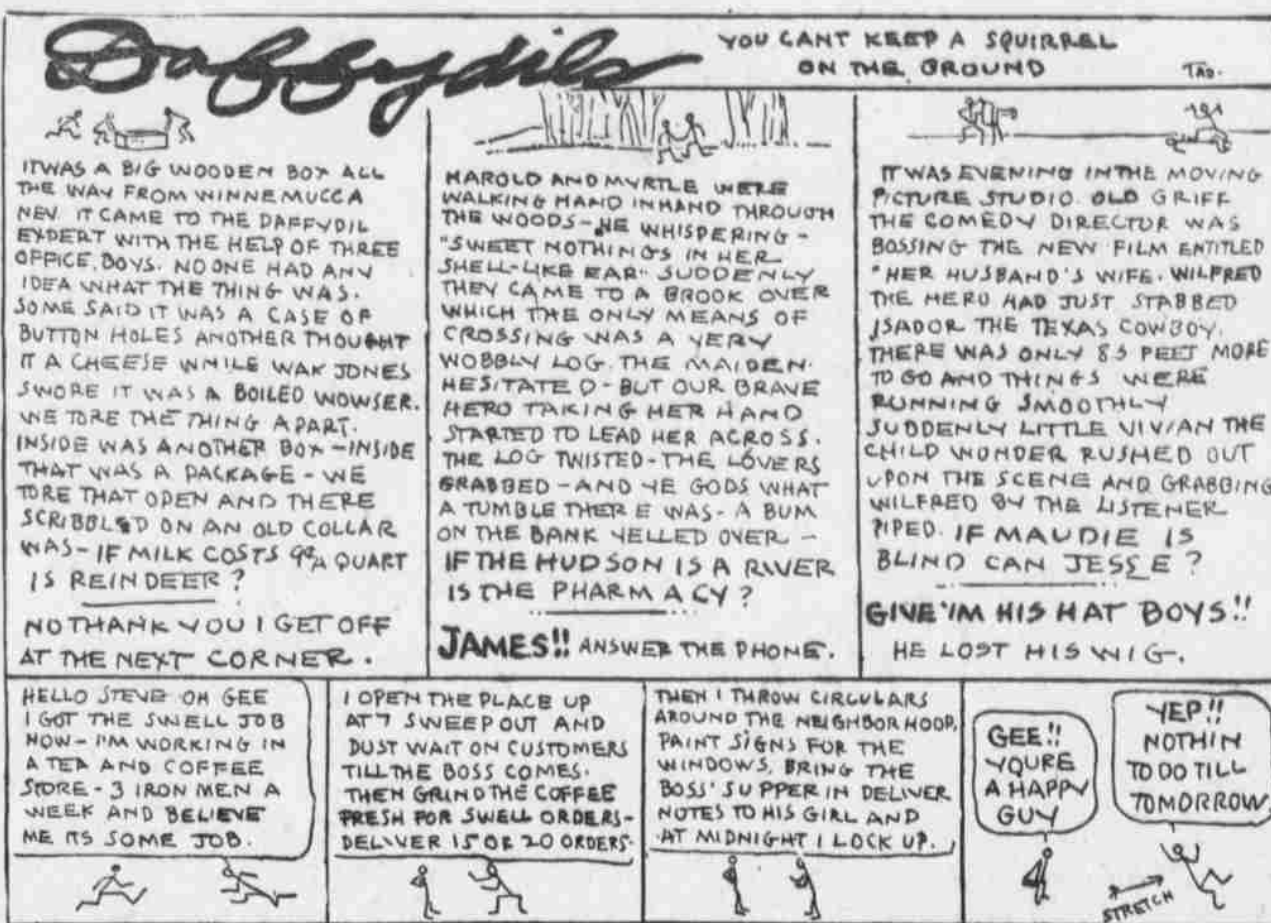
Now, you're fightin', Johnny, fightin' with a crew That's a-goin' to give you battle all the way We're puttin' everything right up to you To win the banner and the coin—but say! Remember we are with you to the end. We don't care who you are or whence you came. Now you're startin' out for glory, Mind! No matter what the story— You're Johnny—Johnny Giant—just the same!



O-oh, Johnny, Johnny Giant, You're a good 'un and a grand! You're a credit to the diamond And to all the bloomin' land! May your glove be never fallin' May your bat be ever true, Lord love you, Johnny Giant— All New York is backin' YOU!

OFFICER, HE'S IN AGAIN

By Tad



The Beauty Craze

By WINIFRED BLACK.

"I'd rather have my husband find me in a compromising situation than have him find me in a dowdy wrapper." A gem from one of the latest dramatic successes.

I wonder if men are really such gone gumps as they are always trying to make each other out to be? Here's a whole pile built on the "LOOK pretty every minute or you'll lose his love" idea—and it's a success, too.

Is it possible the men really don't care a mill clipping whether a woman is good, or true, or clever, or honest, or interesting, or devoted, or anything else on earth or not—just so long as she's pretty?

The average girl spends over half her time, energy and nerve force trying to look pretty. She spends every penny she can get, borrow or steal—to put it mildly—buying puffs and curls and rats, and high heels, and powder, and complexion lotions, and remedies for tan and freckles, and things to put on her hair to make it grow, and stuff to use on her hands to make them white, and she ogles herself in the glass and struts and poses and "affects this" and tries to "look like that" till her afflicted family look at each other and wonder where they are going to get strength to stand her till she comes to her senses.

The first year she's married she's usually worse than ever. George likes pink or George hates blue, and George can't bear her in broad hats, and George doesn't love her in a toque. But when the first baby comes she begins to show signs of returning reason, and by the

time she and George have walked the floor with Son and helped Daughter through the measles and fought it all out about whose "in-laws" are the hardest to stand, she usually thinks about something and somebody besides herself and her looks and then, and not until then, is she worth one-half the money it takes to keep her hair-dresser and manureur paid.

And now comes this fool preaching the doctrine that the thing for daughter to do is to keep up the pose business as long as she lives or George will stop loving her right away, so there. Well, what if he does? If George is such an empty-headed primitive thing as that, how could any woman of any spirit or brains care whether he loves her or not?

His love doesn't amount to much, anyhow! He really doesn't care for her at all. All he wants is a lay figure to hang some pretty clothes on. He doesn't love daughter at all. He loves daughter's clothes and daughter's pretty ribbons and daughter's high heeled shoes. And just as daughter thinks she has earned his deathless devotion by going without proper luncheons to buy a corset that will make her over into the "smart" figure George is likely to meet some one who looks a thousand times better than she dared to hope to look—what then?

The sort of man who loves his wife when she's dressed up and hates her when she is tired or ill or in a faded frock isn't the sort of man to run very hard when he sees a good-looking temptation headed right straight down the road toward him.

I'd like to know—really would—what the American man thinks of all this "be beautiful or die" cult that is turning half the decent middle-aged men in the country into painted imitations and making half the restly beautiful women into silly, empty headed simpering dolls. Do the men really demand this sort of thing? I ask, gentlemen, for information. Won't some of you please rise and give it to me?

Running an Engine

By THOMAS TAPPER.

Men in the mechanical sciences are devoting much thought these days to preventing leakage of power. Nearly every piece of mechanism delivers for manufacturing use only a small percentage of the actual power generated. The greater part of it escapes, and yet it costs just as much to produce the power that escapes as to produce that which is used directly for the purpose of manufacture.

It has been shown that unnecessary projections on the sides of railway cars destroy energy by presenting surfaces that resist the atmosphere when the train is running at high speed. Car builders are removing them.

By studying the air resistance of a large flywheel thirty-horsepower additional energy has been secured.

Only a small proportion of the best energy of a ton of coal is secured; the greater part escapes by the chimney. And heat conservation is a very practical question, to which men are devoting the most careful thought.

What is true in the mechanical sciences is equally true in the science of life. We are, all of us, great wasters of power. We neither think nor act directly, but in a roundabout way that costs more in effort than we get in return.

We should become more thoroughly familiar with ourselves as machines, more capable of direct and incisive action. Every man and woman in the engineer of a physical and mental engine that is more delicate than any piece of machinery ever made. It excels in the work it can do, in endurance and in efficiency; but not until the engineer back of the mind and body has studied the nature of the machine, knows how to direct it and stops leakage of power.

Taking the twenty-four hours of the day as a unit, the physical and mental engine of our work comparatively little. Getting aside hours for sleep, meals and relaxation, there is only a small balance left. This small balance of time should be made the most of.

Even knowing that power is always being wasted, the engineer would never dream of treating the locomotive as we treat our far more powerful human machine.

If he is even a halfway decent engineer he will do the things:

He will look it over before the day's run begins to be sure that it is in proper shape and capable of its best work. He will keep the firebox free, so that combustion will be easy and most efficient. To generate steam he will use water, and nothing else. Water does the business; other liquids do not.

When he starts on his run he knows that his job is to keep on the track and make time. This does not apply to the

Sherlocko the Monk

By Gus Mager

The Adventure of the Exploded Ammunition.



Distant Relations. "Irish wit is inherent," asserted an Omaha wholesaler. "Get an Irishman talking; that's all. One of our packers by the name of O'Brien came to me about some goods that were to be shipped out. His face seemed familiar, and after a little reflection, I remembered that one of the office boys was an O'Brien also.

"Do you know Barney O'Brien, one of our boys here?" I asked. "Sure I do, sir," was the reply. "O'm distinctly related to him. O' was me mother's first child; Barney was th' sixteenth."