

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## "What Are Little Girls Made Of?"

(Bathing Caps)

By Nell Brinkley



Just about now they're made of bathing togs. Caps for one puzzling thing. Down in the far southwest where the Pacific is as blue as the water your mother rinsed her snowy clothes in, with a feel of warm velvet in it that dreams through flesh and blood, we've had our bathing-cap question puzzled over and solved long ago.

I make my own bathing caps—and so can any girl with her hands and head doing team-work.

There are some ideas. There's a scoop hat. A girl I know with hair like live copper wears one all in black. There's the Dutch-cap version with the wings of some

bright color flaring away from the face—and wired of course. There's a plain strip of black satin gathered to fit the face and bound and piped in a gray color, and lined with the same, so that when it is gathered together at the top and tied with a narrow ribbon it flares into a pompon bright on its inner side. There's a stocking-cap of heavy satin with a tassel on the end and a band of something barbaric-hued around the face. You might have a broad strip of elastic on the inner edge to keep it tight—or even hook it at the nape of the neck as I did mine.

There's an "air-man's" cap—and I like it—close and

trim and sleek and shiny with a seam running from the center of the brows to the nape of the neck and a row of round buttons knobbing along it, buttons to match any color note you strike in your suit, blue grass, or green, or amber, or white. It has a piece that runs down like ear-muffs and ties under the chin with cords ended with a button.

There's a pirate cap—tied on to show a strip of another gay cap beneath. There's a cap like those of the white sort that the peasants of Normandy wear with a broad band of varied material running all 'round and a

puffy crown rising out of it. There are no gathers—the crown is shaped in the cutting of it.

There's—oh, there is the butterfly cap! And it's only to play on the beach in and look your darlingest up under the wings. Really, truly butterflies can't ever fight the strong old sea; they are so much gold-dust—a tiny pinch of beauty and dream—and piff! They are gone. And so would be my butterfly cap.

And then some day some mermaid will slip up out of the green boiling suds, and show you the cap she wears of 'shells and porpoise hide!'—NELL BRINKLEY.

## Lesson to the Young Man in Love

By ADA PATTERSON.

A New York girl says she never knew she was in love until the object of her love tried to kill her in a fit of murderous rage. Although the bullet sped by it is jealous frenzy has disfigured her probably for life, she has pleaded with the judge for his release. She said she was willing to marry her would-be murderer.

Her reason for this curious stand is interesting. "I never thought any more of Fred than of my boy friends," she said, "until he did this. I knew he had been attentive, but I thought, when I thought about him at all, that he was just like the other boys."

"I would soon have forgotten him. Before a girl is 30 new faces bring new thoughts and interests. But when Fred followed me through the subway and shot me, and then shot himself, I realized that this was different. He must love me a great deal to do this. I thought just before I fainted."

I hope the story of this girl and her strange reason for loving will not meet the eyes of many loveless young men.

For the story established a dangerous precedent. The young man, least by mightiness, may choose to follow it. He may say, "I've sent her flowers. I've made goo-goo eyes at her. I've copied verses from books of poems and sent them to her as originals. I've bought new suits and got kuffus about hats and ties for her sake, and I've talked a lot of mush. She seems as insensible as an oyster. Suppose I shoot her?"

Better not try it young man. Your chin may be better than that of the love-crazed New York youth. Instead of sending her flowers from another ward in the hospital, as he did, you might be planting them on her grave, or what is more probable, sending orders for them from a penitentiary, where you may be awaiting the final penalty or serving a life sentence.

Look deeper into the meaning of this girl's words, deeper than she herself has looked, and you will find truth it were well for you to know. Women love love. In this there is a rather unusual marriage, a wedding we seldom see. Reason mates with instinct. Instinctively a woman loves to be loved, and her reason tells her that that is a firm foundation upon which to build her wedded life.

This young man was no handsomer, no cleverer, no more magnetic, no better after the deed than before. But his deed convinced the girl of what she had doubted, or what she hadn't given a thought—that she cut a large figure in his life.

Every woman who has loved has at some moment had a sickening sense of being a small item in a man's life. There may be no genuine reason for this idea of hers. He may have answered her sharply because his head ached. He may not have heard her twice repeated question because he was deep in his newspaper. He may have refused to take her to the theater because he was tired or was worried about affairs down town. Whatever it was she felt because of it a sickening sense of humiliation.

This is the danger point of married



life. If a woman thinks she is a slight figure in her husband's life she will either brood in misery about or will, if she have not strong principles and a head securely set upon her shoulders, cast about for someone to whom she will be "everything."

There's a lesson for you, young man in love, in this act of the Harlem youth. Not the lesson you facetiously discovered, "to make a girl love you shoot her," but convince her by lawful means that she looms large in your life, that she will be the largest figure in it so long as you live.

## Heavens in June

By WILLIAM F. RIGGE.

There is nothing of special interest transpiring this month in the heavens. On the 23d at 6:30 a. m. the sun reaches its farthest north, and enters the sign of Cancer. It is then at the summer solstice and begins to go south. That day is the longest of the year, 15 hours and 4 minutes. If the nearest minute alone is considered, the four following days are equally as long. The earliest sunrise, 4:53, occurs from the 10th to the 21st, and the latest sunset, 7:59, from the 23th to July 1.

The standard times of the rising, meridian passage on southern, and setting of the sun and moon at Omaha for this month are as follows:

Sun.	Rising			Meridian			Setting		
	Time	Alt.	Dist.	Time	Alt.	Dist.	Time	Alt.	Dist.
1.	4:56	12:21	7.46	11:47	5:54	8.42	1:11	11:51	11:1
2.	4:56	12:21	7.47	11:47	5:54	8.42	1:11	11:51	11:1
3.	4:55	12:22	7.48	11:47	5:54	8.42	1:11	11:51	11:1
4.	4:55	12:22	7.49	11:46	5:53	8.41	1:11	11:50	11:1
5.	4:56	12:22	7.50	11:46	5:53	8.41	1:11	11:50	11:1
6.	4:54	12:23	7.51	11:45	5:52	8.40	1:11	11:49	11:1
7.	4:54	12:23	7.52	11:45	5:52	8.40	1:11	11:49	11:1
8.	4:54	12:23	7.53	11:45	5:52	8.40	1:11	11:49	11:1
9.	4:54	12:23	7.53	11:45	5:52	8.40	1:11	11:49	11:1
10.	4:53	12:23	7.53	11:45	5:52	8.40	1:11	11:49	11:1
11.	4:53	12:23	7.53	11:45	5:52	8.40	1:11	11:49	11:1
12.	4:53	12:23	7.54	11:45	5:52	8.40	1:11	11:49	11:1
13.	4:53	12:23	7.54	11:45	5:52	8.40	1:11	11:49	11:1
14.	4:53	12:23	7.54	11:45	5:52	8.40	1:11	11:49	11:1
15.	4:53	12:23	7.55	11:45	5:52	8.40	1:11	11:49	11:1
16.	4:53	12:24	7.56	11:45	5:52	8.40	1:11	11:49	11:1
17.	4:53	12:24	7.56	11:45	5:52	8.40	1:11	11:49	11:1
18.	4:53	12:24	7.57	11:45	5:52	8.40	1:11	11:49	11:1
19.	4:53	12:24	7.57	11:45	5:52	8.40	1:11	11:49	11:1
20.	4:53	12:24	7.57	11:45	5:52	8.40	1:11	11:49	11:1
21.	4:53	12:25	7.57	11:45	5:52	8.40	1:11	11:49	11:1
22.	4:54	12:25	7.58	11:45	5:52	8.40	1:11	11:49	11:1
23.	4:54	12:25	7.58	11:45	5:52	8.40	1:11	11:49	11:1
24.	4:54	12:26	7.59	11:45	5:52	8.40	1:11	11:49	11:1
25.	4:54	12:26	7.59	11:45	5:52	8.40	1:11	11:49	11:1
26.	4:54	12:26	7.59	11:45	5:52	8.40	1:11	11:49	11:1
27.	4:54	12:26	7.59	11:45	5:52	8.40	1:11	11:49	11:1
28.	4:55	12:27	7.59	11:45	5:52	8.40	1:11	11:49	11:1
29.	4:55	12:27	7.59	11:45	5:52	8.40	1:11	11:49	11:1
30.	4:55	12:27	7.59	11:45	5:52	8.40	1:11	11:49	11:1

The dot or period between the hours and minutes signifies p. m. Times not so marked are a. m. As our clocks keep standard time, which is 34 minutes fast of local time, whenever the minutes in the column "Noon" are less than 24, the sun is as much fast of standard time, and whenever they are greater, the sun is as much slow.

Venus is morning star, rising on the 15th at 3:24 a. m. Jupiter is in quadrature with the sun on the 19th, rising then at 1:37 a. m. Mars is yet too near the sun in the morning sky and too faint to be well seen, although it rises on the 15th at 2:44 a. m. Saturn is in conjunction with the sun on the 25th.

The moon is in the last quarter on the 4th at 10:22 a. m., new on the 12th at 12:37 p. m., 1st quarter on the 20th at 6:23 a. m., full on the 28th at 10:27 p. m. It is in conjunction with Jupiter on the 15th, Mars on the 25th, Venus on the 10th and Saturn on the 15th.

Read It Here—See It at the Movies.

## The Goddess

INTRODUCING  
**EARLE WILLIAMS**  
as Tommy Barclay  
**ANITA STEWART**  
as The Goddess

Written by  
**Gouverneur Morris**  
(One of the Most Notable Figures in American Literature)

Dramatised into a Photo-Play by  
**CHARLES W. GODDARD.**  
Author of  
"The Feeds of Pauline"  
"The Exploits of Elaine"

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**Synopsis of Previous Chapter.**  
After the tragic death of John Amesbury his prostrated wife, one of America's greatest beauties, dies. At her death Prof. Stilliter, an expert of the interests, kidnaps the beautiful 5-year-old baby girl and brings her up in a paradise where she sees no man, but thinks she is taught by angels, who instruct her for her mission to reform the world. At the age of 15 she is suddenly thrust into the world where agents of the interests are ready to pretend to find her.

The one to feel the loss of the little Amesbury girl most after she had been spirited away by the interests was Tommy. In a few days, however, he found himself living amid luxurious surroundings as the adopted son of Mr. Barclay. Time in his flight brings manhood to Tommy and great expectations to Barclay, who has planned to have Tommy marry into wealth. But Tommy's lack of interest in Barclay's business affairs changes matters. Barclay meets with success in breaking up the match he had really planned. Turned down by the girl Tommy goes to the Adirondacks to forget the affair. While there he meets by accident Celestia.

### THIRD EPISODE.

Stilliter stood as if in the midst of black night, groping with his hands, lest he dash his face against a tree, listening and cursing fabled curses through his set teeth.

"Why in hell," he thought, "did I take the trouble to bring an extra pair and then leave them in the tent?"

Then fear overcame him, and he began to shout for help.

It was Tommy who answered the appeal.

"Listen," called Tommy, "and don't make such a noise. If you can find the place where Celestia was sitting you'll find your glasses. If not, I'll come back in a day or two and find them for you. You won't starve—not at your size."

Tommy laughed like a schoolboy, and turned to Celestia.

"Now let's beat it," he said, and he hurried her along the trail. "We'll just make a safe effort and then we'll decide how and where to go next. You're not exactly dressed for roughing it. That white thing wouldn't keep a five warm. Hope you're warmly dressed underneath."

"Underneath," said Celestia, panting and without grammar, "there is only me."

To rescue the girl who called herself Celestia from Prof. Stilliter had been the work of instant and impulse. But what to do next was not to be decided without plenty of reflection. Reflection did not come easily to Tommy, however, especially in the present circumstances. For any train of logical thought upon which

he asked, referring, of course, to Prof. Stilliter.

"Not so long as I have known you, but sometimes I feel as if I had seen you both before. You can't ever have been in heaven and I've never been on earth."

"If you were seeing him for the first time why were you afraid of him?"

"For the same reason that I'm not afraid of you."

"And you're not—not a bit?"

"He," said she, simply, "is bad and ugly. You are good and beautiful."

As Tommy guided her through the woods toward his camping ground of the preceding night, he kept on saying to himself: "But there's got to be a show-down soon. What am I to do about her?"

He almost wished he had not taken her away from Stilliter, but had instead stayed with them, dogged their footsteps from place to place, until he was sure that the girl was in no real danger from the psychologist. Indeed, he was in a

state of great mental perplexity, and at the same time there was a novel and romantic quality to the episode that he could not but enjoy.

"If only," he thought, "I might play around with her for the rest of the day and then turn her over to her proper guardians and have no further responsibility I'd ask nothing better."

They came to a black pool of rain water. Before Tommy could prevent, Celestia had stepped upon the surface, as it upon a solid pavement, and gone down in above the knee.

She gave a little cry of amused astonishment.

"Why, it's—it's," she cried.

"Yes," said Tommy, "it's wet water. You appeared to think it was a board walk. But never mind, you'll soon dry out. Don't they have water in heaven?"

"Of course, but not black and still like that. In heaven it's all alive with rain-bows in it."

"They speak English in heaven?"

"Oh, yes, and French and Italian and Spanish and German and American and all the others."

"Can you speak them all?"

"Of course. What good could I do on earth if I couldn't talk to people?"

"Just what good are you going to do?"

"I'm going to tell people to be better and not so foolish, and they are to do as I tell them."

"That's a splendid idea," said Tommy, feeling that it was best to humor her, "and then what?"

"Then? Why, when I've made everybody rich and happy I'll go back to heaven, of course, and be happy, too."

"Are you unhappy now?"

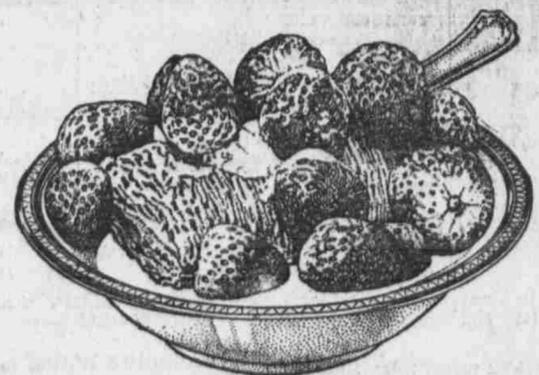
"No, not unhappy, but if I were back in heaven I wouldn't be all wet and muddy and hungry and thirsty, would I?"

"Of course you wouldn't, you poor child," said Tommy, "but soon we'll be at my camp, and then I'll hustle around and make you comfortable."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

## Your Summer Treat

Nice, big, juicy Strawberries on  
**SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT**



## A dish for the Summer days

Serve it for breakfast—Serve it for lunch—Serve it for supper  
Serve it as a dessert for dinner

Heat the Biscuit in oven to restore crispness; cover with strawberries or other fresh fruit; pour over them milk or cream; sweeten to suit the taste.

## Your grocer sells the biscuit and the berries