

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

No Rules for Proposals

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"I am 22 years of age, and in love with a young lady three years my junior," writes one who signs himself Ralph, would like to propose to her, but do not know how to begin.

Without doubt one could find somewhere, in books new or musty, a rule for every procedure under the sun except that of proposing marriage.

"A guide-book," mind you, but not without a guide! At such a moment the girl whose hand is sought becomes the guide. She may have had no previous experience; that is unnecessary. Woman's wit and woman's intuition lead her to safely pilot the man from his floundering in the pit of declaration to the high and dry standing of a declared suitor.

But if Ralph, the writer of this letter, man-like, does not want to depend on the leadership of the other sex, even in matters as tender as this, here are some suggestions gathered from the experience of others, which may help him.

Evening is the accepted time in poetry and prose, real life fiction, though declarations have been made before breakfast, in the starry light of moon and sun. However, I would not recommend a proposal before breakfast. At that most becoming hour no man is in a tender mood, and if he were the appearance of his lady love might chill his ardor.

Twilight is a pretty hour; the moon is always good for romance. Indeed, many prefer it, and there is something sacred and holy about a love declared under the stars that no brighter lighting effects offer. There is a secrecy about such a proposal that doesn't accompany one made in the light of the moon, where a man's arm around a girl's waist becomes a target for eyes and tongues six blocks off.

You might begin, Ralph, by holding her hand. This will not be hard, for doubtless you have held it many times before. I hope you have, for this hand-holding is the time-honored prologue to a proposal. This time you will not let go, as before. You will hold fast, and you will find pouring into your hand such a current of inspiration and courage that after you have held her hand at least a minute, nothing short of the appearance of a mad bull, or the girl's enraged father, could keep back your declaration.

Having held her hand till this psychological moment, you may say, "I love you." Of course she knows you do, but that makes no difference. They are only three words, all short and easy to say, and, having once said them, you must say them over and over for the balance of your life.

However, always say them to the same woman. Sometimes in the books and in actual experience the girl looks shyly down, and the man must lift her face for a kiss. If statistics were available, however, I am sure they would show my contention that she has her face lifted up for a kiss before the last of the three words will cross his lips. I hope, Ralph, you will verify my contention the next time you write.

If you find you are still shy on words, here are three more that are so short and easy to remember they are eligible to a child's first reader. They are "Set the day."

You need not say what day it is you want her to set. She knows it is not a day for going fishing or for having the hay cut in the east meadow. She knows what day you mean, thus saving you any necessity for detail or verbosity.

Proposing, Ralph, that many men become addicted to the habit and propose to a girl for the passing enjoyment love-making affords. I hope you will not get the habit. Propose to this girl because you love her, and let it be a proposal that will ring steadfast and true.

"She will accept you, I am sure, and the next thing for you to do is to buy a ring, and I hope you will pay her the compliment of good sense by buying one that is comfortably within your means. When Love looks at diamonds it has a way of forgetting the price of bread and beefsteak.

And now, my dear young man, permit me to congratulate you!

JUST YOU

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

All the selfish joys of earth. I am getting through to do is to buy a ring, and I hope you will pay her the compliment of good sense by buying one that is comfortably within your means.

Not for me the lonely height. And the larger world to do is to buy a ring, and I hope you will pay her the compliment of good sense by buying one that is comfortably within your means.

Not for distant goals I run. No great aim pursue. Most of earth's ambitions seem like hazy visions of a dream.

All the world to me means one—Just you.

MORE NUTRITIOUS FOOD AT A LOWER PRICE

Most people eat too much meat. It is the one big item in our high cost of living. We go to this meat excess under the mistaken belief that it is necessary to nourish our bodies.

Cupid in a Quandary

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CUPID is in a quandary these days—with all the advice that has been given about Mistresses and Maids. Sometimes he is tempted—and does advise his clients—to take the little Maid in preference to the daughter of the house, who lords it over the shrinking girl who waits on her.

By Nell Brinkley



Ella Wheeler Wilcox on Scientific Training of Children

Few Mothers Are Fitted to Train Their Offspring—Hygienic Care Only Solution Toward Healthier Children

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Children brought up by other than the guiding hands of the mother, whether it be in institutions or in so-called "homes" or by nurses, are machine raised children. Whoever heard of a genius so reared?

These words were uttered by a woman opposed to suffrage, a woman who believes in the "good old fashioned" methods of mothers, and in the tradition of the "maternal instinct" which guides all women to do the right and best thing for their children.

No more fallacious theory was ever talked than this. Select fifty mothers of your acquaintance at random, and you will find five who are guiding their children wisely in the ways which lead to good physical development, good behavior, order, system, concentration and unselfish ideals.

The old fashioned "good mother" in New England brought up a whole race of dyspeptics by her New England food—preserves and pies, and cakes, and pickles, and fried things galore. And when they suffered from indigestion, rheumatism and "lung complaint," she told them it was the "will of God."

It would have been better for the descendants of these good mothers if some scientifically organized society had taken the children into its care for proper feeding.

Over in France recently the wise law took a child away from the "guiding hand" of a mother who was living such an immoral life that she was declared unfit to have the care of her child.

That is what happens to many home-made children.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

His Remarks Signify Nothing. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 20 years old and am going out with a young man a few years my senior for the last six or seven weeks. I am learning to love him more and more daily, and as my folks are starting to question me regarding him, and he doesn't seem to say anything, but occasionally he remarks that men are foolish when they marry, should I give him up or wait, as I have plenty of other admirers, but care for none but him?

If he says men are foolish to marry, it is evident the thought of marrying is in his mind. It seems to me your anxiety is premature. He has been calling on you only a few weeks, which is entirely too soon for him to know his own mind. Give some of your time to your other admirers. It will be good for both of you.

Most Certainly Not. Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been keeping company with a gentleman for the last six months, in which time we have had two or three slight quarrels, not amounting to very much, and after they are all over we seem to love each other more than ever. He is very nice when we are alone, but as soon as we meet any of his friends or my friends (which is very seldom), he is very cold and indifferent to me and almost ignores me. Another thing is, I love him very, very much, and would do most anything for him, but at times I find myself criticizing him, not his clothes, but his—well, I hardly know what to say, it is perhaps because he seems so young to me. He is 22, I am 18. Now, do you really think I could be happy if I married him?

If everything else were in his favor, his rudeness to you when others are present is enough to condemn him. Let your next quarrel be the last; you are too young to marry, and too young to play with love.

Folly of Trying to Do Without Sleep

By WINIFRED BLACK.

There, now, it's all settled. No more problems, no more troubles, no more debts, no more sorrow, no more creases, no more the sins of forgetting, no more "I'mness, no more failure, life one long sweet song from the cradle to the grave. They've solved the riddle at last—no, I mean again.

This time it is to keep from sleeping. No more alarm clocks, no more, no more, nothing but one long, merry, joyous working day for ever and ever. Oh, joy! Oh, rapture! "Oh, ain't it grand!"

Who was the man who had everything settled another way not long ago? He had fixed for no more cooking, no more books, no more grocery bills, no more meeting the butcher face to face on a blue Monday morning, all on account of a tiny pellet which was going to feed us all for next to nothing.

No sleep, and the other fellow is getting ahead of you in business by trickery, and you won't stoop to compete with him on his own ground! No sleep, and the wind sobs in the chimney and tells you of days long, long gone when you were gay and believed in just for the pure joy of living!

No sleep, and the woman who bores you to madness coming for a two hours' visit tomorrow. No sleep, and Lillian Russell telling women how to be beautiful at 100 years of age, and you can't think how to be even passable at 40 years!

No sleep, and every time you look in the glass you see that you've gained a pound or so. No sleep, and the bright stars fade to dawn and the gray broadens into rose, and the tall poplars at the foot of the garden whisper and whisper in their dry branches.

No sleep, and the roosters begin to cry that day is coming, day is coming. No sleep, and from the house next door comes the stir of new life, some one shakes down the furnace, and milkman is heard. Chirp, chirp, the sparrows twitter to each other about the fine news they had when the wind went down last night—scrape, scrape, some one is early with the snow shovel.

Mph, mph, bacon and eggs next door on one side, ham on the other, chop across the street, massage and cakes downstairs. Hurrah. The house is up at last. No sleep, why that's the way they punish the worst criminals of all in China. What have we done in this year of grace that we should be tortured so?

Sleep, blessed, balm-giving, wholesome, snow-dropping sleep. Out upon the man who dares to invent any way whatsoever to do away with it, say I.

Saint Patrick

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

St. Patrick was born, according to the most reliable account that we have, in the year 387, at Banoven, Tipperary, Scotland. In all probability Banoven corresponds with the modern Dumbarton.

When about 16 years old Patrick was captured by a band of pirates and taken to Ireland, where he was sold as a slave to a noted north of Ireland chieftain named Milin. For five or six years Patrick remained with Milin, looking after his master's cattle and doing such other work as was required of him.

But the high-spirited youth naturally did not relish slavery, and at the first opportunity he ran away. Reaching the coast, he happened to strike a vessel that was sailing for France, upon which he secured passage. After some four years in France, spent as we know not how, he returned to his native Scotland.

In Scotland, however, Patrick was not destined to remain. "Voices" began appealing to him to return to the green island to which he had been Milin's cattle tender. "The voice of the Irish," he says, cried out: "We pray thee come and henceforth walk among us."

Patrick was about 30 years old at the time, and, changing his name from Succat, or Succath, to Patrick, he proceeded forthwith to obey the voice that called him to Erin.

From all accounts the Irishmen of that distant day were the worst pagans to be found anywhere on earth. The Irishman never does anything by halves. Like the "old horse" that lived in clover, when he died he died all over; the Irishman, when he goes into a thing goes in "all over."

No halfhearted measures for the Irishman. He votes the straight ticket or none at all. So, when the Irish were pagans, they were real pagans and none of your adulterated variety.

But Saint Patrick was not a man to be intimidated by anything. His original name, Succath, signified "warrior in war." He was a born fighter, fearless, of spirit unconquerable, and because he loved the Irish and was determined to make Christians of them, he permitted nothing to daunt him, but went right on with his work as fearless as though he had been gathering flowers in a meadow full of skylarks.

And great was the victory that he won. With unbounded love for the Irish people, with a perfect knowledge of the Irish language, and with unlimited grace and grit, Saint Patrick won the victory of which it is said: "He found no Christians and left no heathen."

For forty-four years Patrick lived and labored among his Irishmen, dying at Armagh in 461. In his seventy-fourth year, beloved as but few men have been since the world began.

And it is no wonder, for in addition to his saintly virtues, about which there has never been so much as the shadow of a suspicion, we are told, upon unquestionable authority, that St. Patrick was a gentleman. Now, the first great prerequisites to gentleness are kindness and consideration. The man who is invariably thoughtful of others' feelings, and in his own feelings always warmly sympathetic with the misfortunes of his fellows, is a gentleman. And such, from all accounts, was the patron saint of Ireland.

It would probably be not very wide of the mark should we venture the conclusion that St. Patrick never staggered under a great burden of proddery. Could he, by anticipation, have known of the Frenchman who refused to save a drowning man because he had never been introduced to him, St. Patrick would undoubtedly have hotly condemned the business. A thoroughly good man, he was at the same time solidly human, and invariably natural. A man among men, he made them love him as a man—as a fellow human being.

Hence the wide human interest that is found in his story even at this distant day. Hence the explanation of the very hearty, whole-souled fashion in which, after the lapse of almost fifteen centuries, the millions of Irishmen scattered about the earth hail the thought of "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning."

Musings of a Cynic. The fellow who blows his own horn is always a solist. Charity begins at home, even when the home doesn't need it. Many a woman regards a husband simply as a necessary audience. Even the most ardent changing of one's mind is apt to wear it out. If to the pure all things are pure, how can we have any reformers? Travel with care—some fellows almost as much as a padded coat will. Success is always due to our own efforts; failure we can blame on someone else. A woman hates to feel that she is old enough to be justified in lying about her age. It isn't ignorance of the law that defeats a client so often as the ignorance of a lawyer. The theatrical managers who are scouring the country for plays might try securing a few of those plays they already have.

The girl who thinks no man is good enough for her is quite surprised to find that the man she is satisfied to have her think so—New York Times.

Stiff Neck

For any stiffness or lameness Sloan's Liniment gives relief at once. It acts like massage—quicken the blood and limbers up lame muscles and joints.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT is good for any kind of pain.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Wife, sed Pa to Ma last nite, I know that you are a keen & thoughtful student of music. Thank you dearest luv, sed Ma. Why do you mention it? Bekausu you can help me out, sed Pa. You can help me out very much indeed. I can't help you out much, sed Ma. There is only six dollars left and I guess you ought to get along on a dollar of it till you git down to the offis tomorrow. Tomorrow is payday, as I remember it.

As you remember it, Ha Ha, sed Pa, that is indeed a merry jest. Did you ever forget anything about a pay day? Were there ever a Saturday morning. Pa sed, wen you dident kiss me goodby with the love life shining in your eyes and ask me to be sure & cum hoam early? I see you do not anger, sed Pa. I see that my shot went hoam. But seriously, sed Pa, I dont mean about munny or that you can help me that way. I mean that you can help me by putting sum music to a new Nashunal anthem wich I have wrote the words to. It ought to make a dis-sided sensashun.

Indeed, sed Ma, what nashun are you going to make immortal now? Mexico, sed Pa, the poor country that is torn up so much of the time with war & revolutions. Well, sed Ma, if I am going to put the music to it, I want to know that the words is good. Show me the words. May a little young mustahus has wasted her talents on a lot of words that ment that much poppycock, Ma sed. Read the words to me. Then Pa read:

Nashun, we love the best, Which is better than the rest? Some grand nashuns had their day, But they crumbled all away. What's the country that will stay? Mexico, Mexico. Running you seems like A grand oopsashun. Poor little country, Still in your teens. Child-Con-Carry & Mexican beans.

He Dedicates His Muse to the Greatness of Mexico

By LILLIAN LAUFERTY.

Did I understand you to say, Ma asked Pa, that I was to put music to that stuff? Oh, I thought you mite, sed Pa. Of course, it may not come to you rite off the reel, but I guess it will later. If it ever comes to me, the verses, I mean, sed Ma, it will go from me so quick that yure hed will swim. Let sum Mexican rite his own anthem, sed Ma. You give me enuff songs wen you cum hoem late at nite.

What's Deep Within My Heart

By LILLIAN LAUFERTY.

"No one but God and I know what is in my heart." —Slave Song. What's deep within my heart is known to God and me; He only knows how I can feel and what my thoughts must be. Though men may hear my voice and tear each word apart, Still my God and I know what's in my heart.

Perhaps I fail—perhaps success shall be my need, Or it may chance that I attain but to my greatest need; I still must win the fight within the world's great mart If I am true to what I know lies deep within my heart. What's fast within my heart I shall not tell to men, But should you come and look and never question—then I'll dare to feel that you were of my life a part. If you could share the dream that's deep within my heart. Though only the Great Mind that gave me my ideal Can know what thoughts I think—can know what love I feel, Still, if I have your love, I'll strive with my love's art To make you happy, dear, with what lies in my heart.

MAULL BROS. St. Louis, Mo

Dr. Earl S. Sloan - Boston, Mass.