

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Opportunity Work Offers

By CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

Our last article was addressed to young men and young women who work for a living, but who fail to realize that there is something in work beside merely the money they earn by doing it. This is a busy world, and made to be busy for the sake of the education to be acquired by being busy. It must not be forgotten that there is a divine intention being accomplished in man's interest by even the secular arrangements in the midst of which we are placed.

The whole scheme of work, whether done in an office or factory or in administering the government of a state, if done with the sincere intention of one's self in one's employment, will yield to the doer something that will be worth to him as much as the pay he gets, if not more. Work that is accomplished in a live way puts us in touch with the realities represented by whatever we expend our work upon. Reality always educates.

There is no material upon which one can lay the hand, even in common toil, that is not ready to speak to him a lesson, or at least to offer a quickening suggestion. There is in everything all that we have the eye to find in it; and the findings of the eye are the findings of the soul.

The office boy or the mill hand, who simply goes in the morning and out at night, without in the meantime entering into the meaning of what he is doing or into an interested understanding of the service he renders, or of the stuff he handles, does slave work, not the work of a freeman; and toil of that servile kind has in it no educational incident, and the longer he does it the more stupid he becomes.

It is because of this attitude of servility that hundreds of thousands of young men and young women find themselves, so far as relates to internal condition, in a sordid state at the end of each year than they were at the year's beginning. To be only ordinary is a sin.

Quantities of mind and heart and soul is criminal, and the man in the parable who hid his talent in the earth was cast into outer darkness. There are trees that can grow only in certain soils. Man can grow in any soil, and it is noteworthy that one who starts in comparatively lean soil is quite as likely to grow into largeness of life as one whose rootings are in ground that is richer, which shows that the fault is not with destiny, but with the man who makes his own destiny.

Men are put into life with a view to their becoming actualities, not apologies, wise, strong, true, well-sounded, full, complete and opportunities for its achievement are as thick as roses in June, or as water drops in a summer shower. Opportunities are God's overtures. And their misuse or non-use means disrespect shown the Master Teacher under whose tuition we are all of us placed. An unfilled human soul is a divine disappointment.

The results needing to be wrought in us by our daily employment are such as accrue to us by coming into vital touch with things, into close quarters with them, close enough to them to hear the story they tell, to experience the pressure they exert, to feel the vitality they exude, to catch the life of things that shine, and to be trained into pace with things that are on the march, and in every way to be drawn out of the society of those who, having ears, hear not, and having eyes, see not.

Do not be a slave in your work then. Work, but don't be worked. If you have to do the work of an ox, don't be an ox. Under all circumstances be true to your humanity. Even when you work with your hands, work also with your mind and you will get soul. I venture to say that full 30 per cent of our day laborers are slaves under a free government. Some times it is because they are victims of circumstances, perhaps. Our office boy was not. He was a slave because in his work he saw nothing but toil, with a pittance thrown in to keep him tied down to toil. The money was merely the chain that kept him from running away.

One word, in closing, to employers: You have not discharged your full obligation to your employee when you have paid him his wages. If you deal with him only on a wage basis, he will do his work only on a wage basis, and when he works on that basis he does slave work. Slave work is degrading, for it fosters in the worker a sense of being a tool; sense of tool becomes stronger, the sense of being a man becomes weaker.

So that an employer who goes no farther than to say, "So many chores, so many dollars," debases his men and not only uses up their bodies, but impoverishes their souls, with nothing on their part but a little money to show for the double exhaustion. That is not fair to the man and not worthy of any honorable employer.

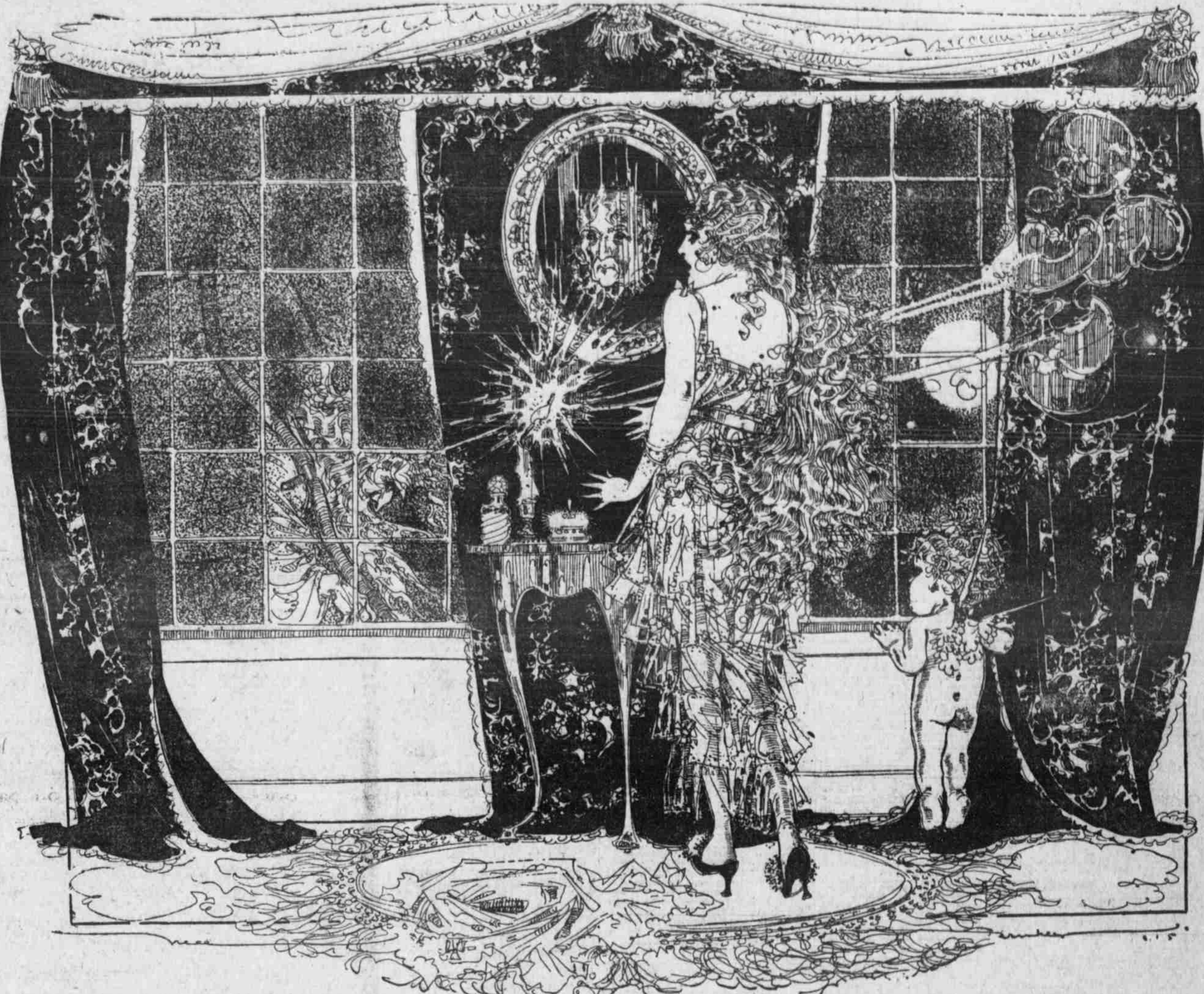
And it would be to the advantage of their cause, if dissatisfied workmen would level more of their complaint than they do against the tendency of the present economic system, which not simply wastes the tissue of the body, but also represses and discourages those finer mental, moral and religious impulses whose actualization is the only means by which a male or a female can grow into a thorough man or a thorough woman. While insisting upon their claim to fair monetary compensation, their most emphatic demand should not be for enfranchisement from labor, even from labor that is wearing, but from servile debasement, that relation between the man who hires and the man who is hired, that creates in the latter the sense of being only a "serf," toll the badge of degradation, with the consequent extinction of all those finer passions of thought, of sentiment, and devout aspiration, which really are the only things that make it worth our while to live.

Eve's Bugaboo

On the Finding of One White Hair

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By Nell Brinkley



A pretty little woman I know came swirling out of her dressing room, her petticoat whispering violently about her ankles. Her hair was tumbled, her eyes wide and between her finger and thumb she held something aloft. In the sun, when she came close, it shone silver! "Out of my head, my own hair," she stammered. "A snow-white hair! I can't believe it. What—what am I going to do? Do you think I am going to grow white right away—without waiting?"

And I laughed, and laughed, and told her of a girl I knew who had silvery hair scattered through her brown since she could remember. I reminded her how few her summers were. And I told her she'd make a darling grandmother, anyway!

But she didn't melt onto a smile. And I knew that behind her wide, blue eyes, when she turned away and stared into the mirror, she was looking out at her poor Eve's bugaboo! Summoned by the sight of one tiny silver hair! The vision that girls, even at the soft years of 16 and cry, "That isn't it—when I am old I will not care;

I will feel no older sometimes, see"—their own face looking at them, old and wrinkled and pallid, frost-crowned, weary and soon gone! This was Eve's nightmare.

And as she stares, fascinated by her own imagination, time shuffles softly by her windows. Poor Eve! And Love—poor love, he has imagination, too. Why do the two of them fear age? And watch for it? Youth is Narcissus; it loves itself, it suns itself in the joy of knowing that it is smooth and pink and unwearied. It joys in sleep and effort; it breathes deeply, and smiles, and smites its chest, and cries aloud for the world to look upon its newness. It glories in being itself! It envies no one. Youth is Narcissus, enamored of its own image in the water; and it hates and fears the ruffling of the mirror and the banishing of itself and its own smile from the glass! Youth cries when you lay a soft hand on its arm, and say, "Age is lovely, if you keep on smiling. There are grandmothers more lovely than you are now in your sheerser, pink frock. Silver is beautiful, as gold is beautiful"—Youth will fling off your

hand than all my friends who gather frost along with me; I will even forget how I looked when I was young—I will almost believe I always had snowy hair! I'll be tired then, too, and almost ready to sleep long. But I don't want to not care; I don't want to forget how I looked when I was young—I want to stay right here! I don't want to be glad to rest. I am so happy now."

So poor Eve and Love fight Age and Change before they are out of their teens! And each of them thinks that life will be no longer tasty and sweet when they are not just what they are now. Love fears for Eve, and Eve stalks Love with an anxious eye. Neither trusts the other—or knows the real rich core that lies beneath the surface of beauty of the other. Oh, Love—aren't you wise enough to know, in all these years, that you also grow old along with Eve, and never notice when her hair fades into silver?

And yet—"aren't I preaching?"—and yet I don't like that growing-old thing, either! Though I hope I'll be a fat grandmother, anyway.—NELL BRINKLEY.

The "Why" of Picking a Mate

By DOROTHY DIX.

"One of the things that I have never been able to dope out," said the Bookkeeper, "is the hunch that women marry on."

"Nobody knows why they, themselves, married the individuals they did," replied the Stenographer.

"How, then, could they guess the riddle of anybody else's wedding? But what specific matrimonial mystery have you got in mind?"

"I refer," replied the Bookkeeper, "to the system that women use in picking a running mate. Last night I went to a wedding where the bride was one of those little pieces of Dresden china bric-a-brac and the bridegroom was a big fellow that you would know at a glance would smash all her ideals and trample all over her feelings every time he moved.

"What did she tie up with him for instead of some long-haired Angora in her own class, who'd have been subject to the same brand of thrills and shudders that she throws? What made her see her affinity in a guy that looked like a prize fighter instead of Algeron, the poet?"

"And that isn't all. Every day you run across women who are so swell in their dress they look like a Daily Hint from

Paris, yet they have married men who have to be chloroformed before you can get them into a clean collar.

"I know college girls who have gone out of their way to pick out husbands who never read anything but the market report, and the sporting page in the newspapers, and whose pronunciation gave their wives the fantods every time they open their mouths.

"Also I have observed that when a demure, pious little saint hunts up a soulmate she espouses a rouser every time instead of the fire escape that you would think she would be just due to wed. And what I want to know is why this is thus."

"Oh, when a woman marries, she marries to satisfy her leading passion," returned the Stenographer, "that's the answer."

"And what's her leading passion?" inquired the Bookkeeper.

"The mania for reforming things," responded the Stenographer, "when a woman falls in love with a man she isn't attracted by his virtues, but by his faults."

"She doesn't say to herself, 'How noble and upright he is and what a peaceful and happy life I shall have if I marry this perfect creature.' Oh, no, she exclaims to her beating heart, 'What awful neckties he wears.' 'What horrid horrid taste he has for dress.' 'How he smells of highballs and tobacco, and what a picnic I will have in reforming him.' And shrieking with glee, she grabs her victim, and pushes to the altar."

"It's the same spirit that makes a woman rip up her Paris dress, or an imported hat that she's paid \$50 for as soon as she sets it home, just for the pleasure

of altering it even if she ruins it."

"Maybe you're on," says the Bookkeeper, "but why doesn't a woman marry the kind of a husband she wants in the first place, instead of trying to cut him over by her own pattern?"

"Because," answered the Stenographer, "if she did, she would miss all the fun of making him do the things he doesn't want to do, and never expected to do, and give up doing all the things he does want to do, and has been in the habit of doing."

"I'm not explaining the why of this, but it's a fact that the very first symptom of tenderness a woman feels toward a man is when she begins to think how she would have his hair cut if she was married to him, and make him wear another style of collar."

"If there was a perfect man, he would live and die a bachelor, for no woman would have him. He wouldn't interest her at all."

"It must be pretty lonesome for the women who don't marry, and have nobody to reform," suggested the Bookkeeper.

"I used to be before women elected themselves to the office of public guardian to the universe," responded the Stenographer.

"Now the spinsters who have no legitimate prey take out their propensity for reforming things in the world instead of an individual husband. It's a great graft, and they get lots of fun out of it without really interfering with men's habits."

"If women are so keen on reform, why don't they reform some of their own vices?" asked the Bookkeeper.

"Reform," replied the Stenographer, "consists in preventing other people from doing the things you don't enjoy doing yourself. That's why we women have organized anti-drinking, anti-smoking and anti-smoking leagues—but no anti-gadding or anti-bridge playing societies, or Christian Women's Temperance Talking unions."

"Right-o!" exclaimed the Bookkeeper.

Science for the Workers

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q.—"What are we to understand by infinitude, and can there be more than one infinitude?"

2. "Has there ever been created an absolute reality; if so, from what?"

3. "If the answers are in the affirmative, how are we to interpret omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent?"—B. R. M. D., San Jose, Cal.

A.—It is not known whether there is or can be an infinitude of matter and of mind. The theory advocated on almost every page is that mind created electrons, since nothing else exists. And this fact, not a theory: Electrons are directed where to go, and when, and exactly what to do, to form into atoms of matter, by a mighty mind, or know all of these things themselves. I have presented a great number of facts from recent science, notably the new higher chemistry, spectro-chemistry, electro-chemistry, ultra-

ultra-violet energy wave, microscopy and recent researches in biology, as in nuclei and cell formation. A line is drawn between directivity and activity, and the sum total of facts recently discovered, and here presented, lead on toward directivity. The contest rages around and about the formation of atoms by electrons. The words infinitude, omniscience, omnipresence and omnipotence are included.

Q.—"What is the difference of velocity between actinic rays and purple light rays?"

2. "Why are infra-red rays almost one-half less in speed?"

3. "Why does the greenish color of coronium (the substance extending between the earth's atmosphere and the sun) change color instantly on entering the earth's enveloping atmosphere to bluish white?"

4. "Is there any coloring matter in the purple rays of electricity?"—John T. Bold, Springfield, O.

A.—1. None. 2. Infra-red rays are at same speed as all of the others, not half nor any other rate; velocities are equal. 3. Greenish color does not change to bluish white. 4. No.

The Goddess

Owing to the failure of copy for "The Goddess" to reach The Bee in time, publication of the serial will be temporarily interrupted. The copy is apparently lost in the mails. A duplicate has been telegraphed for, and on its arrival publication of this intensely interesting serial will be immediately resumed.

Advice to Lovelorn

By HEATHMAN FAIRFAX

The Girl Who Lends a Man Money.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 29 and went out with a young man of the same age for over a year. One day he told me he was short of money and asked me if I

could do him a favor and lend him \$1, which I did. It is now past two months and I have not heard from him since. I called him up on the phone and he told me he is busy just now and will call me up later, which he never did. Wrote to him twice and he does not answer my letters. Please advise what to do.

AN ANXIOUS READER.

When a girl lends a man money she makes a bad bargain, for she seems to buy his self-respect and to mortgage his liking for her. Dorothy Dix wrote of this in The Evening Bee wisely and well just a few weeks ago. I am afraid you will not recover either your friend or your dollar—but it is well spent if it teaches you how weak and contemptible he is. Just forget the dollar and the debtor.

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