

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

French Models at the Fair

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Does the clinging skirt portend a swing of the pendulum away from the very full skirt? Certainly Premet has selected a narrow model for this tete de negre satin, with tunic of cobwebby lace and corsage of embroidered beige-colored mousseline. A curtain of brown lace falls from the straw hat.

It is regal, this evening gown of cloth designed by Premet. Over the fourreau of gold cloth, and a surprisingly clinging one, is dropped a tunic of gold tulle embroidered in blue and outlined in ermine. The corsage of gold tulle is embroidered in vari-colored stones and the sleeves are of blue tulle.

To Tell of Love or Not :: Shall a Man Who Loves and is Loved —but Who Cannot Marry, Make His Love Known?

By DOROTHY DIX.

Shall a man who loves a woman, and who has reason to believe that the woman returns his affection, but who cannot marry, tell her of his love or not?

Is speech or silence best and kindest under such conditions?

This is the question that a man asks me in a letter written so simply, so sincerely and with such feeling that I reproduce it here just as it reached me. He writes:

"With a dear, sweet mother at home, and a poor, crippled, brother, too, I, as the only one to provide for them, decided long ago never to marry. While the little home had always been kept in a fairly comfortable way, still I felt sure that to bring another into it would only add hardships to a woman down and make her companion to the heavy burdens of my position, I would remain alone and apart, if need be. I never thought that some day I might be the victim between two fires.

"But about two years ago I became acquainted with a delightful, pretty little girl. A woman's companionship (other than my mother's), I thought and felt that I needed this girl's friendship. As we became further acquainted, and after I had explained my position, and made it plain that I could never marry anyone, I asked her for that friendship. We often discuss the word 'friendship' in relation to man and woman, and both fully understood that we were to be merely friends, and nothing more. I'm conspicuously I tried to lead out her, without realizing the dangers ahead.

"On numerous occasions I was invited to the girl's home, I looked forward to these meetings with great pleasure. I liked the long walks and talks we often had together. I found pleasure in our discussions. I enjoyed advising her about the little things she always wanted to know. I liked to help smooth out her tales of woe. In fact there was even pleasure and charm in just being near her.

"She met with an accident one day, and was slightly injured. I went to the

house that night to see her, and looking down on the pale, still face, suddenly realized that the feeling of friendship had faded, and a new feeling had been born. Had I only had the strength then to go away, perhaps I alone would have been the one to suffer. But instead of being a man, and going away like a man, I remained, thinking she would never know.

"After that I made my visits to her far between. I honestly meant that by no act of mine should she ever know the new feeling in which I held her. But God made her a woman and gave her a woman's ability to see.

"Not very long ago, after quite a lengthy absence, I went to see her again. Noticing that she was not looking well, I commented upon the fact. She answered my question with a question, wanting to know why I had been staying away so much lately. I tried to turn the conversation away from the personal back to the common. She looked at me. And in the one brief second that I held her eyes I saw—I understood, I knew—the whispered words she didn't need to speak. I had to struggle hard with myself to push her gently away (I don't know even now how I ever succeeded). I went over to the window to look out into the night. As I stood there she came over to me, and putting her arms around my neck, kissed me and then fled into an inner room.

"Without waiting for her to return I sneaked away from the house like a thief, feeling like a coward and a cad, knowing what I had done. I met her a few nights afterward and lied to her, telling her that I didn't love her, and that she should forget me. I'm not a Washington, but it is the thought that I lied to her that hurts. She, soft little womanly woman, would never have told me of her love had she not read mine first.

"As a mechanic in the building trades, my position is not good. I don't think it would be fair to her for us to become engaged and for me to monopolize her time, making her wait for a chance to marry that may never come, and as for deserting the ones at home, whom I love so well, and who are dependent upon me, I would rather die than do that.

"What do you think I should do in the matter? Should I tell this girl the truth about my love, depending upon her clear mind to reason and forgive me for making her love me when I cannot marry her? God knows I want to see the part of a man."

I say "yes," a thousand times "yes," tell her. In a case like this, the man owes it to the girl to at least give her the consolation of knowing that her love is returned, and that she did not give her affection unthought. It will also be better to her soul to know that she did not love unworthily, and that the man to whom she gave her heart was capable of a piece of sublime self-sacrifice in giving her up, instead of being that most contemptible of all created beings, a male flirt.

Certainly no man is ever put in a crueler position than the one who is forced to choose between love and wife and home and children of his own, and his duty to his family. More men than we realize are martyred on that cross, since economic conditions are such that few are able to earn with their hands enough to support two families. That is why we shall have to adopt the wise system of the French bourgeoisie in which the wife is the business partner as well as the life partner of her husband.

That is the only way in which such tragedies as the one that this man's letter reveals can be avoided.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

A Mother's warning.

Dear Miss Fairfax: A young man becomes engaged after two years' courtship, during which time the young lady has never visited the young man's mother or home.

Now the young man feels it is high time that she should and has extended an invitation to his bride-to-be to come to his home and meet his mother. She refuses, saying that it is the mother's place to call on her first. Now which one is correct? R. G. E.

It is customary for the fiancée's mother to call on the bride-to-be and offer the girl whom her son is going to marry a mother's welcome into the family.

Write to Him.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 19 and in love with a young man six years older than I whom I met a year ago. He said he loved me and proved a very good friend until a month ago he went away. I did not hear anything from him until today, when he sent a letter asking me to forgive him, as he had met another young lady. He also added insult to injury by offering me money for any inconvenience he might have caused me. Please let me know what to do? SORROWFUL.

You are well rid of this man. Write and tell him that you consider yourself a fortunate girl in that you have found out just how contemptible he is. Tell him that you would never lower yourself to accept anything from him, and that no one would need any recompense to make up for losing the friendship of a man who could so insult a girl for whom he had once cared.

The Elephant in History

Our Ancestors Had Strange Ideas About This Now Well Known Animal

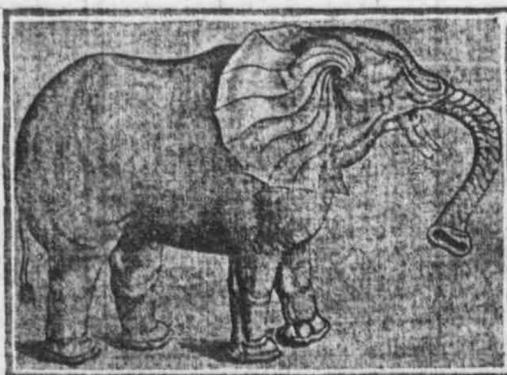
By GARRETT P. SERVIN.

To the citizen of today an elephant excites little more comment than a horse, yet the popular pachyderm was a center of fantastic legend among our ancestors. They built on a few facts as set forth in Strabo, Piny and Plutarch, a monster of rare imagination.

Quiver accepted the existence in Cochinchina of elephants sixteen feet high, and tales of such an animal were current in India to the end of the eighteenth century.

The tusks of the male were said to be larger than those of the female, and turned downward, hers turning upward; one was kept sharp to avenge injuries, while the other remained blunt to root up plants and trees for food.

Rev. Edward Fensholt, who collected practically all that had been written on the subject in his "History of Four-footed Beastes," argued that inasmuch as the horns of the elk grew out of his



Elephants presented to King Alexander, from a French manuscript of the Fourteenth century.

eyebrows and those of the rhinoceros out of his nose, there was no reason why the horns of the elephant should not grow out of his mouth.

He says, further, "horns fall out and come again in old beasts, but teeth do not so; and, therefore, they are horns." The reputed habit of the female elephant to bury her shed "horns" is interpreted thus: Because she knew that she was hunted for those horns, she dug a grave and buried them, sitting upon the earth to press it down; this, her virtues being discovered, elephants should enjoy less peace and security. Indians and Africans desiring those horns (to use as posts for house building among other purposes) were said to find them in this wise—they set pots and bottles of water in suspected places and sat down to wait, when by "an unspeakable and secret attraction they (the tusks) draw all the water out of the bottle near them, which the watchman takes for a sure sign and diggeth about his bottle till he finds the tooth."

swarms, by shrinking together again they inclose the flies, and so kill them; so that these crovies are unto them instead of mane, tail and hair."

The illustration shown here gives an odd conception of this trunk. The artist may have read Piny, who says: "The elephant through his nostrils

makes a sound like the braying of a horse's trumpet."

A picture in a thirteenth century manuscript shows an elephant carrying thirty fighting men in a wooden tower on his back.

About the year 1235 the French king presented to Henry III the first elephant ever seen in England or, Mathew Paris believed, on that side of the Alps. The people, he says, "flocked to see the strange sight."

The arrival of that elephant must have caused a sensation. Here at last, for all to see, was that strange creature so nearly human that (according to Bartholomaeus) when sick it gathered good herbs, and ere eating "heaved up the head and looked toward heaven and prayed for help in a certain religion," which saluted the sun at his rising, which visited a certain river to purify himself by besprinkling his body with water ere he saluted the new moon.

An interesting point in connection with the Garter that was recently conferred upon King Albert of the Belgians is the fact that it was held for his uncle, the late King Leopold, for forty years, and previously by his grandfather for half a century. In the whole history of the order there is no instance of two occupants holding the dignity successively for so long a period.

Piny said the elephant possessed in a degree, rare even among men, notions of honesty, prudence and equity; that his intellectual powers equalled his moral principles.

Matianus, three times consul, and therefore a person of probity, declared he knew an elephant who wrote.

Do You Know That

The waltz is a national German dance, and was introduced into England by a German baron 100 years ago.

It is estimated that the number of postal packets delivered in the United Kingdom during the year reached the colossal total of 6,916,400,000.

Silent Heroes

By ADA PATTERSON.

Hard eyes moistened as they scanned the three brief lines that announced the death of a little boy in New York. He lived on the east side. He had been run over by the motor truck. Dying, he said to the nurse, "I will try not to cry, but if I do don't let mamma hear me."

He died under the operation, died without a sound, one of the world's small army of silent heroes.



I said with intent "small" army. The world has plenty of heroes and heroines. But they make a fuss about it. They noise their heroism about until it ceases to be heroic.

I know a woman who turned her back upon marriage to be the support of an invalid mother. That was very fine and heroic, but it would have been far finer and more heroic had she kept quiet about it. But no day passed without a complaint about her fate, a reminder to anyone who would listen, of what she had foregone and how hard was her lot.

I know a man who works as hard and continuously as a galley slave. That would be fine and his patients would deserve his crown of recognition on our part, but that man whines ceaselessly about his large family and corresponding expenses. It is good to turn from these to a man who tightens his lips as did the little hero of the hospital to keep back his cries. I see him often in the routine of our business lives. Always, no matter how pressing his duties, nor how absorbed in his task, he had found time to look up and smile. One day last summer he looked up, but he didn't smile. And again and again as I passed his desk I noticed that the smile was gone. Gray began to appear in his hair. Finally the gray quite displaced the brown.

And the months and the work went which is life. Passing him on the way to the elevator I said to one who knew him: "He is going home early, isn't he well?" "He no longer has a home," said the one who knew him. Didn't you know that his wife died suddenly last summer? He went home and found her dead. Heart disease. The chief of his department was in Europe at the time and the force was small. And he had to keep right on with his work. He never spoke of his loss unless he was forced to. You noticed he doesn't look well. Sometimes I think he is dying in the harness. But he never complains."

I remembered his wife. A strong, ruddy woman with a contralto voice and rich, deep laughter. I knew that.

She was more an average helpmeet and help out. She was big wife and sister and mother and comrade and friend. I knew that the axe had been laid at the root of his happiness that day she died, and that it would never grow again. But the man at the next desk had said: "He never complained." Splendid, doubly brave army, that never complains. Thin ranks of silent heroes! You who bear the pain of life with tightened lips, who endure its agony without a cry. You who sorrow are silent because patient, silent; because unselfish heroes who, though wounded, march on! I salute.

The Cost of High Living

is not in dollars and cents alone, but in the breaking down of those vital functions of the body that bring happiness and long life. Neither the high cost of living nor the cost of high living need disturb the man or woman who knows

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