

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Proposal As It Really Was and as She Dreamed It By Nell Brinkley

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Tailor to the King

By ELBERT HUBBARD.
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The fallacies connected with the business of merchant tailoring are exactly on a par with the fables of alchemy, astrology, theology and medicine.

All minister to the vanity of the individual who thinks he is different, peculiar, unique and requires a special ministrations.

So with the theological fakir went the sartorial fakir, and we spoke feelingly and with pride of "my tailor." We made excuses for not attending this or that meeting because we had an engagement with "my tailor."

I can well remember how my heart was filled with pride when I stood on a platform—a kind of improvised throne—and a tailor took off his coat and made ready for a great and serious operation.

With a tape measure around his neck and an adviser standing by, he went at me. And way back in the dim recesses of the store at a desk sat a man with pencil in hand.

The call was given, "Allright," and then the tape measure was put over my manly anatomy. It was pleasing to my sense of approbation to be thus ministered to. The man measuring me and the man looking on consulted from time to time.

"They called off the measurements thus: 'Thirty-two and a half; twenty-one and three-quarters; sixteen and a half.'" Then the tape measure was again applied the second time, and the call was given, "Make that sixteen and seven-eighths," and the man in the dark recesses of the store echoes back the numbers. These were repeated to see that they were all down correct.

I was told to call in a week, and I did, and tried on the partially completed garments.

There were consultations, the tape measure was applied again, chalk was freely used, pins came into service, diagrams were made and further consultations held. I was padded up here, hollowed out there, bunched, bunched, smoothed out and sent away with the request that I would call the second day. It was like being treated for this, that and the other by a specialist with pointed whiskers.

It took time to get a suit of clothes. But was I not getting a suit made to measure, and was not this man "my tailor?"

"Ah, yes! I didn't know it, but I was dating back to a day when only royalty has its tailor. 'Tailor to the king!' I was being ministered to by a specialist—the man who had studied my case and understood it. I was to shine in society.

It was long years before I knew I was a part of unconscious fakery. Certainly, the tailor was not a hypocrite. Perhaps he was a little of a fanatic and figured it out that the end justifies the means.

But I am quite sure of this, that my tightly-fitting suit never quite adapted itself to my anatomy. I was so well dressed that I was conspicuous. My bumps, hollows and imperfections were obvious. Instead of having me clothed so well that I did not attract attention I was the observed of the observer. I held the center of the stage.

We work from the complex to the simple, and the obvious is the last thing we know.

It is only within recent times that the discovery was made that men, in their bodily measurements, fall into four or five classes; that clothes properly made for one man will fit any other man in the same class. Easy, smooth, well-fitting clothes that do not exaggerate any of the minor physical peculiarities that a man may possess.

The old-time custom tailor in the country town was like a man learning to ride a bicycle—he ran into the very thing that he tried to avoid, and the peculiarities that he tried to conceal he brought out.

At that time, an man who wore "hand-me-down" clothing was socially taboo. The ready-made clothing business was in the hands of the bash-bazooka. Haggle and barter were supreme and the methods of both and basaar reigned.

Behold, however, when things get bad enough they cure themselves! The retail clothing business was the first to adopt the one-piece system. This means truth in business. Quality and fit were guaranteed.

And, behold, now, clothes ready to wear represent, in a business way, the very acme of honesty, directness, simplicity and right intent.



She loved the sea and the murmur of its waters were to her as the sound of the winds in the pine trees is to the hillsman—and the sight of the breaking surf rushing onward to the shore were as the uplifting of peaks and the down-dropping of pleasant valleys to the hillborn. There was one favorite cliff of hers that the waves broke upon in creamy spume—and there had she always wanted the man of her choice to propose.

She almost shouted "NO" when Billy proposed to her in the restaurant after the theater, while the cabaret performers were singing and dancing. She would have said "NO" had she not loved Billy so very dearly, and had she not wanted him with her whole heart. The one consolation to her now is that the wedding is to be late in June and they can spend their honeymoon down near the sea.

Death—

We Give It Little Thought, Devoting Time to Worldly Pleasures.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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It is a curious thing, this mind of man. Not one of us knows and realizes from the hour he begins to understand the fact of existence that dissolution of the body waits each mortal on each mortal on earth finally.

Not one but in his heart knows each morning, when he rises from his couch and each night when he retires to sleep, that he may never see another day.

Death is possible to a child, to the youth, to the man or matron, at any hour or moment.

Acute indigestion, caused by drinking a glass of ice cold milk when the system was nervously tired, caused the death of a beautiful young actress, apparently in good health, in a few moments after she entered the restaurant.

Automobile and equestrian accidents are recorded continually all over the world; heart failure is an almost every day occurrence, and no man or woman takes a train or a boat on any length of journey without the subconscious mind records the possibility of sudden death.

Yet, when a great world-shaking catastrophe, like the Galveston flood, the Mount Pelee or Mount Vesuvius eruptions, the San Francisco earthquake and conflagration or the recent tornado and flood occurs, humanity seems to awaken for the first time to the fact that death may come at any moment.

In the face of the knowledge they have always possessed, men and women of brain and good sense, and seeming faith, have gone on year after year in the pursuit of purely selfish and worldly pleasures and ambitions; they have sought the accumulation of money and property; they have pushed and scrambled and fought for place and power; they have allowed envy and jealousy to disturb the beautiful hours of life given us for self development and the cultivation of the best within us; they have been made miserable by the loss of some material thing, a jewel or a garment; tears have been shed because of banquets and feasts to which they were not bidden; and the higher principles of life have been sacrificed to purchase temporary power and patry honors or to obtain the luxuries of civilization.

All the sermons preached from fashionable churches to which these people have been liberal supporters, have failed to bring them to a realization of the utter emptiness of such standards of life, but when nature thundered forth her sermon on the instability of earthly blessings, the weakness of mortal power and the fragility of material possessions, then, and then only, they awoke to see and feel and know the facts which have been told them a thousand times before, only to be considered superficially and regarded as tiresome platitudes.

They made polite excuses and pleaded immediate engagements when a friend attempted to turn the conversation to the more serious side of life, its responsibilities and its obligations to self development; and they dozed comfortably in upholstered pews while the pastor talked of these things; giving liberally to the church funds to keep him pacified, while they went forth to striving and envying and worldliness, as before.

But when, from the vast cathedral of space, nature speaks and says, "Listen! let me tell you what earthly honors and wealth and power of achievements mean in the great scale of existence," then men and women pause in their buyings and sellings, in their strivings and envyings, in their bickerings and contentions over the comparatively worthless things of existence, and cry aloud: "How uncertain is life; how certain death!"

And, sweeping through their consciousness, the great truths of all time arise, for a season at least, impressed upon them; those truths which alone make this life worth the pangs of birth, the worries of childhood, the vicissitudes of youth and the sorrows of maturity.

Those great truths which are the foundation of all lasting happiness, and lay at the base of the structure of the only thing which endures through the ages—character.

Earth life is, in the eyes of the Creator, no more than one step on a ladder reaching from earth to invisible heights; it is given man that he may climb to higher realms.

Not on great buildings, built of stone or steel, not on the construction of wonderful aqueducts and discovery of electrical wonders, does man climb, unless with all these steps in material progress his soul, too, keeps climbing by the development of self control and unselfishness and brotherly love and humanitarianism and spiritual consciousness.

The mind of every individual is creating mentally the mansion he will occupy in the next stage of existence after this. To that next stage you may at any moment be called. What sort of a house have you begun on the other side?

Shut Up Your Pocketbook, Little Sister, and Put a Yale Lock on It—The Man Who Takes Money from a Woman is a Sponge or Worse....

By DOROTHY DIX.

A working girl is engaged to be married to a young man who held a position as a salesman. The young man lost his job several months ago, and since then has not been able to get another position in a store or office that would enable him to wear good clothes and keep his hands nice and white and his nails manicured. He has been offered a place as a street car conductor, but he considers that beneath his dignity. So is any kind of manual labor, which he declines haughtily to do.

In the meantime he is living on money that is borrowed from his sweetheart. The girl is troubled by the situation. She feels that she should not be asked to support a husky young man, and yet what can she do? She cannot see him starve, she writes to me in a miserable little letter that has a sob in every line, and the man tells her that he will kill himself if she turns against him in his hour of hard luck when all the world is down on him, and she wants to know what she shall do.

My advice is emphatic: Shut up your pocketbook, little sister, and put a Yale lock on it. The man who is too proud to do any sort of honest labor, but too proud to sponge on a woman, is nothing on earth but a dead heat and a loafer, and the sooner you are rid of him, the better for you.

He would make the kind of a husband whose precious feelings would be too fine and sensitive to permit him to engage in any occupation more laborious than sitting around a club, or saloon, and discoursing on art, or politics, while his wife took in boarders to support the family.

The one infallible test of a man's love for a woman is not whether he will die for her, but whether he will work for her. Nobody is called on to die for anybody else in these days, and it is easy for a man to profess that he would do a thing that he never has to make good on. But a man's willingness to get up at 5 o'clock in the morning and tackle a hard job because his doing it saves a woman from toil and weariness is a proof and a devotion strong enough to draw money at the bank.

Therefore, little sister, when a man tells you one minute how much he loves you, and the next minute asks you for a dollar, just try to have enough sense to size up to the situation as it is. Put your own feelings to one side. Crush your vanity under foot. Look the matter squarely in the face and tell him the truth.

Tell him that his protestations of affection are all lies, because love doesn't seek to hold up and rob its beloved. Tell him that you know that he is taking you for an easy mark, and that he is playing upon your affections for him to get money out of you, and that he is cajoling and flattering you, by telling you that he loves you, simply to work you.

Tell him that if he really loves you he would starve before he would take a penny from you, and that instead of hanging around and begging from a woman, and especially the woman that he says he worships, he would sweep the streets, or break rock, or drive a garbage wagon, or do any other work under the sun that left a man his self-respect and independence.

Every penny in her thin pocketbook is stained with her very life blood. It represents such anguish of aching back and weary feet and over-strained muscles as a strong man never knows. Every cent that she saves out of her scant pay envelope is at the price of her starved stomach and under-lad body.

The man who would take from her this money, so hard earned, so bitterly needed, is as soulless, as conscienceless, as heartless, as Judas, who sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver.

Don't put any faith in the vows of devotion that you have to pay for on the nail. Be suspicious of the tender speeches that a man catches in as soon as he makes them. When the man who truly loves you comes along he won't ask you to give it to him. He will shower gifts upon you. He will want to take care of you. He won't ask you to protect him.

As for the man who won't work because he can't get the kind of a job he prefers, recognize him for the no-account, spineless loafer that he is. That is the excuse that every lazy man offers. The only occupation that would really interest him would be clipping coupons, and as there is no crying need for substitutes for that pastime he prefers to sit down and fold his hands in idleness while some woman hustles out and makes him the money to feed and clothe him.

Any man that doesn't disgrace the shape he bears doesn't wait for a bank presidency or some other gilt-edged job to come his way hunting somebody to take it.

He rolls up his sleeve and sails into the work that is closest to him, and no matter how humble the labor may be, he honors it by the way he does it. He knows that all work is respectable, and that the only shameful thing is for a man to be a parasite, and especially to be one of the parasitic men who live on working women.

There are thousands of working girls who are being bled of their every cent by loafing sweethearts, thousands of wives and mothers who are toiling night and day to support alcoholized loafers who are their husbands and sons.

There is no more terrible problem than the question of what is the right thing for these women to do, because the men who are too lazy to work appeal to the pity and the tenderness of the women they depend on.

These women lack the courage to cast their no-account sweet hearts and husbands and sons and brothers away from them, and to close their doors in their faces and tell them to either work or starve. It is the only chance to make a man out of a sponge.

Mysteries of Memory

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

An English writer has just been recalling the remarkable history of the Rev. Thomas Threlkeld, a Presbyterian minister of Rochdale, who, it is averred, carried the entire Bible in his head.

So that if the number of a chapter in any of the books was given to him he could immediately recite the entire chapter from memory. He was a living encyclopedia of dates and facts of all kinds and could speak ten languages.

Similar instances of extraordinary memory frequently arise, and they possess a certain importance for the light they throw upon a faculty of immense value, which most of us entirely neglect to train and develop.

The popular belief that a powerful memory is not an accompaniment of great intellectual ability does not appear to be well founded. Napoleon could go among his guard and call by name any member of it who happened to attract his attention. Macaulay's memory was the basis of his enormous productivity as a writer. Many other men of first-rate ability have had extraordinary powers of memory.

Still, it is true that the many instances of remarkable memory relate to persons who were either eccentric or defective in mentality.

The famous dwarf, Tom Thumb, had as perfect a memory of musical sounds, although he possessed no scientific knowledge of music, that upon hearing a new piece he could sit down and play it at once.

The "Learned Blacksmith," Elihu Burritt, who continued to practice his trade nearly all his life, learned fifty languages. He learned Latin and Greek, and read the Aeneid and the Iliad, while he was still an apprentice at the forge.

Antonio Magliabechi, a poor Florentine, never forgot anything that he read. On one occasion he hastily read over a manuscript that a writer had lent him as a test, and immediately took away. Long afterward, when the writer came to him in distress, saying that his manuscript had been burned, Magliabechi repeated every word of it. The Duke Cosimo III made him his librarian, and learned men of all kinds used to come to him for facts and dates rather than take the time and trouble necessary to consult the books. He was never at a loss, whether the subject was history, theology or literature. He was allowed to travel in order to carry away in his head the treasures of other libraries. Once the grand duke asked him where he could find a certain book.

"There is but one copy in the world," said Magliabechi, "and that is in the grand signior's library at Constantinople. It is the seventh book, on the second shelf, on the right hand as you enter."

This calls attention to a peculiarity of memory which many persons possess. They can recall places as if they saw them before their eyes. I have often been aided in searching for a particular passage by an instinctive recollection that it is on the right or left hand, and near the top, the middle or the bottom, even though I may not have seen the book for years.

Some psychologists divide memory into two classes—memory of form, or visual memory, and memory of sound or audible memory. Many persons never forget what they hear, but quickly lose what they read. In general, we remember better what we have seen. How often do we meet a face that we recall perfectly, without the slightest recollection of the name of the person that it belongs to? This is another proof of the educational value of pictures, whether "moving" or "still."

On account of the almost universal existence of visual memory, systems of memory training are frequently based upon the association of the things to be recalled with a series of visible or tangible objects. A speaker will sometimes utilize his fingers, his rings, his watch chain, or objects in his pockets to assist him in recalling the divisions of his subject, or the statements that he intends to make. Sometimes he will, as it were, plant the divisions of his discourse in the various corners of a room, or upon some striking object that it contains, confident that a glance will find them when he wants them.

Memory is a faculty that must not, according to my experience, be too much burdened or worried. It likes to be trusted. Run lightly over the facts and statements that you wish to put into speech, and do not strain the mind overmuch in trying to memorize them by frequent repetition. Let them rest in the background, and give rein to the imagination. Then they will flock to you as if they were glad to come, and often they will bring associated things that you had not thought of in advance. Memory is a chain whose links may be broken by too much pulling, but when it is allowed to run lightly upon visible wheels it often amazes its possessor.

Woman's Suffrage

By DR. C. H. PARKHURST.

The female suffrage movement is, step by step, disclosing its inner spirit and motive. Suffragists are not only making the impulse by which they are actuated more clear to the public, but are also becoming more conscious of the bond of marriage. In that respect woman suffrage is revealing itself to be a mutiny against our Christian civilization in that it weakens the marriage tie and debars the conjugal relation, and thus cuts the ground from under the sanctity of the family and the home.

The advanced guard of female revolutionists, no longer satisfied with puerile outbreaks against property and decency, and with threats of personal violence and massacre, have committed upon the interests of society a species of violence still more far-reaching in its peril, by its insistence that the effect of marriage shall be simply to make of the man a husband, and of the woman a wife, without the inclusion of any such idea as that they are "joined together."

FRECKLES

Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With the New Prescription.

An eminent skin specialist recently discovered a new prescription, ointment-double strength—which is usually so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold by the Beaton Drug Co. under an absolute guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil; get an ounce of ointment and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength ointment; it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee—Advertisement.

Today's Beauty Recipes

By Mrs. D'Almeida.

"Many good faces are spoiled and look characterless because the eyebrows and lashes are not well defined. Thin and straggly eyebrows will improve in color and grow longer and more evenly if gently massaged with pyroxin. Pyroxin has the same good effect if massaged into the eyelash roots.

"Women desire superfluous hair on the face and forehead because it gives them a masculine appearance and detracts from true feminine charm. To remove superfluous hair on the face use a paste made by mixing a little powdered salicylic acid with water; leave on two minutes, wipe off, wash the skin and the hair will be gone.

"Aches and pains cause the face to contract and form wrinkles. Mother's Salve, which can be bought in prepared form in any neighborhood, gives almost instant relief from pains and aches in back, or joints, sore muscles, rheumatism and neuralgia.

"The Vaucaire home treatment is designed to round out angular lines of women with scrawny shoulders and flat bosoms. It is made by dissolving one cupful sugar in a pint of hot water to which is added an ounce of salicylic acid. Take two spoonfuls before each meal.

"The springtime is the season of the year when every girl desires to look her very best. For a complexion of lilies and roses, apply each morning a solution made by dissolving an original package of maystane in a half pint of witch hazel. It corrects blotched, pimply and sallow complexion and leaves the skin smooth, white, soft and lovely.

"A shampoo that merely washes the head is not sufficient. The parasites that cause falling, dull, faded and brittle hair must be removed. Mother's Shampoo does and leaves the scalp in a condition to encourage the growth of hair. It prevents baldness and makes the hair glossy, fluffy and fine.—Advertisement.