The Bee's Home Magazine Page

All Members of This Club

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Drawn for The Bee by George McManus

Life's Compensations

By MARY CRANE.

To my mind sunset is of all hours the most beautiful—more beautiful even than rosy dawn, for it holds not alone the glory of the day that has been, but infinite promise for the day that shall be, with sweet rest in between.

Why should not the sunset of life be just as beautiful? Some times it is, but too often people spoil it. They fret over the past and passing time, forgetful that the time to come may be just as golden with an added glory of purple and crimson, like the cloudy pomp of the sun.

The old are fond of framing maxims for youth—to make the most of the present, to waste no opportunities, to "gather life's roses while they may," and I want all my grandfatherly and grandmotherly readers just to take these maxims to themselves for the moment, and see in what way they can apply them most profitably.

To begin with, please do not think or say that you have lived the best of life and there is no further use for you. I am going to point out some ways in which you can be of use, even if you are enjoying a well-deserved rest from hard labor.

Please do not call yourself a burden on others! You, in your time, have borne many burdens. Why should not the younger folk now have a share in the privilege and pleasure of bearing some burdens for you?

Pray do not bemoan the faded flower of your beauty, and envy those who are still fresh and fair. You have your time for blooming, and the others will come as quickly as you to the fall of the leaf.

It is a very good season, this autumn and the coming winter; when you have watched the ripening of fruit from buds which sprang from the seed you planted. Life would be futile if such a time did not come.

You can still be beautiful, my woman readers, if you let your thought dwell on promise and not on decay. You can surely take an interest in all the springing hopes and joys around you. You can be unselfish enough to rejoice in the good things that come to others, even if they have passed you by with averted face.

And you can ungrudgingly let those young ones help you, work for you, bring pleasure to you in every possible way. It is good for them, just as it was good for you once to work for those who depended on you in weak youth or feeble age.

It is helping to form their character and safeguarding them against the failure which attends selfish efforts; it is strengthening them in more ways than you know.

You may think you are a drag on the wheels of advancement. Why not rather consider yourself a shield in battle, a support along the rugged road of life?

Who knows what follies youth might commit if it had not the elder dear ones to think of? Without them there would be nothing to restrain it from all sorts of reckless adventures.

Youth needs age, even more than age needs youth.

I know a young girl who was left alone at 18 and after knocking about by herself in the business work for a year or two, "burdened" herself with an aged woman who had been left destitute by the death of a devoted granddaughter.

The granddaughter had been this girl's friend, and when dying begged her to do what she could for the old lady—cheer her life a little in the workhouse, where she feared she must go.

"My" girl interpreted the charge in the most liberal spirit. She "adopted" the grandmother, and by dint of much self-sacrifice kept her in comfort on her very small earnings.

This lasted for some years. Friends used to reproach the girl for her folly, and ask her why she should give up so much and stint herself of so many pleasures and small luxuries for the sake of an old woman who was not even a relative.

But I, who was behind the scenes, can assure you that the girl gained more than she lost by her loving kindness. The effort—the necessity of keeping the small establishment on a safe footing—kept her from many dangers that assail women who are alone in the world.

The habit of thinking for two taught her self-reliance and resourcefulness. The restraint, the tact, the thoughtfulness imposed on her in the tiny home—for the old lady was often "difficult"—developed in her noble qualities that otherwise might never have seen the light.

She is alone again now, and speaks of her aforetime "burden" with tears of gratitude in her beautiful eyes.

"It was good of her to let me do so much for her!" she cried. "I am thankful to her every day of my life, and have never regretted what was supposed to be a senselessly quixotic action!"

I know this is true. That old woman was doing a grand work in those last, sorrowful, invalid years of hers—as grand a work as she had ever done in her vigorous youth.

She never thought of it in such a light, I fear, but fretted over her helplessness and worried endlessly about the trouble and expense her presence caused her companion.

Perhaps, as the girl said, she knows better now. But I want you—my elder readers—to ask yourselves why she should not have known all the time, that she was doing good?

Do not fret if you cannot do everything for others, as was once your pleasure. Give them, in turn, the pleasure of doing things for you.

Try to be happy in the present now as always; the present lasts as long as it ever did.

Keep young at heart and you will frighten old age away. Sympathize with the young, and they will run to you with all their troubles and perplexities.

Go on growing and helping others to grow—for this is the great secret of happiness at all ages.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

On the Outside.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Kindly advise which is the proper way for a gentleman to walk when accompanying two young women. L. M. A.

A gentleman, when with ladies, whether with one or more, should always take the outside of the walk.

You Owe an Apology.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18, and in love with a young man my senior. He has told me several times he loved me, but here of late his affections have grown cold. Friends told me he talked about me, so I stopped speaking without inquiring into the matter. Should I go to him and have an understanding or continue to be mad at him? C. S. B.

You owe him an apology for crediting the stories told you without giving him a chance to explain.

Make the apology. It will prove you want to be fair. Let the matter end there. If he cares for you, he will need no second opportunity for making up.

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Beauty Secrets of Beautiful Women

Chrystal Herne's Idea of True Loveliness and How to Attain It

MISS HERNE'S BEAUTIFUL PROFILE.

By LILIAN LAUFERTY.

"Once upon a time," began Chrystal Herne, in the most approved fashion of our beloved fairy tales, "I saw real beauty—so I know what it is. It is a spirit, the spirit that flares up within and lights the face. Spirit makes a plain face lovely, and without it perfect features are not beautiful."

It was between the acts of the star revival of our good old friend, "Arizona," at the Lyric theater, and I had been admitted to that fascinating realm behind "the stage door." "Won't you tell me about that 'once upon a time' when you saw real beauty?" I asked.

Miss Herne has wonderful gray eyes—deep, tender, and set in the wide oval of a face so delicately lovely that not half of its beauty can be guessed across the barrier of the footlights. A brooding mist came over those eyes and into her soft voice.

"It was my father's face," she said gently, "I was a very young girl, and we were cruising about Peconic bay in our little yawl, when a storm capsized us. I thought that cold gray water was going to hold me forever—but suddenly my father's face came between me and horror. He had righted the boat somehow, and he got me into it. And the wonderful light shining in his face as he saved me was beauty. Yet, except for his rarely fine expression, my father was not a handsome man.

"That was absolute beauty. It gave me an ideal: Live on a high, fine plane; be so splendid that spirit will illuminate your face."

The spirit of her own fineness—her high ambitions—always shines back of Chrystal Herne's flower-like loveliness. But as she spoke her love and veneration made her beauty one of the most exquisite things I have ever seen.

"Now, you want the work-a-day, practical ideals of beauty, don't you?" she asked.

"My first one is fat! I can't see any beauty in bones and angles. I have struggled and struggled to get fat!"

Think of that, you who bant and swallow unpleasant doses, and immerse yourselves in baths of salts, so that the curves and grace may disappear and the cubist angles and squares betray your bony structure.

"Well, I can't get fat. I have found out the hopelessness of that ambition," went on Miss Herne in a practical tone, "so I do the next best thing: I make the best of what I am. I find the styles I can wear. I find a dressmaker who understands me and will help me develop my own type, instead of a few pet theories of her own.

"I arrange my hair to frame my face, instead of straining it into the latest cry in unbecomingness."

"Of course you learn by acting how to accent beauty—to bring out points," I remarked.

"Yes, indeed, you learn to emphasize natural beauty, to bring out hidden loveliness, and, best of all, not to overemphasize, not to be conspicuous—just to be part of the picture.

"Now, I truly admire the chic New York type—the girl who is trim and smart, whose clothes fit smoothly and whose hats are set at the sharp, fashionable angle. But I cannot be that type at all; I cannot imitate her to advantage, so I am not silly enough to try. If drapery and drooping lines suit you, wear them, I say—only adopt them to the styles of the times, so you won't be different enough to be noticeable."

"You disapprove of conspicuous clothes?" I asked.

"Of conspicuous clothes—and faces," replied Miss Herne. "I do so long to see more pretty girls—not pretty arrangements and blendings of paint and powder, but girls who are naturally sweet and pretty. To challenge attention in face or clothes is not my ideal of attractiveness, but to be so fine and dainty that you hold attention; to have such a spirit illuminating the text of your face that the eye returns lovingly to your restful charm—that is to be beautiful.

"And I do love beauty. I can sympathize with the woman who longs for it, because to be absolutely beautiful is a supreme gift. There is only one thing I long for more, and that is to be a great actress—to express beauty by the art of the drama."

Watching Does Not Harm Honest Man

By DR. C. H. PARKHURST.

It is reported that the students of Columbia are not to be put upon their honor in passing their final examinations.

This decision of the faculty appears to one who has been a college student to be an admirable one, and the young gentlemen of Columbia ought to be grateful.

There is no man so honest as not to be safer if watched.

Virtue is not harmed by being scrutinized, and the man whose virtue is of the weakly and unstable kind may be, and is, very much assisted by being watched.

No man will bear more than a determined amount of temptation, and neither the faculty nor the student can tell in advance just where the breaking point lies.

It was not so very long ago that treasurers resented the idea of having their account annually examined by a professional expert.

To put them upon their honor would not now be considered to meet the requirements of good business methods, and for a treasurer to demur at this gentle kind of espionage would in these days excite suspicion as to the integrity of the officer whose work was to be investigated.

A certain bank president appropriated $3,000,000 of the bank's money.

The public divided the blame between the president for stealing and the directors for not watching him carefully enough to prevent his being able to steal.

It is because of the more or less unconscious surveillance exercised over us by those that we live among that we are kept from being worse than we are and from behaving worse than we do.

When a man or woman goes abroad, leaving family and acquaintances behind, no one is able confidently to predict what may occur prior to their return.

When Mr. Beecher was being examined by a ministerial council with a view to settlement and was asked whether he believed in the Calvinistic doctrine of "the perserverance of the saints," he said he had believed it until he went west and discovered how some of the "saints" behaved after they had gotten away from New England and from the people who knew them.

All this falls in with the general proposition that we should, under all circumstances, in the university or out of it, accept with gratitude, rather than with disdain, that re-enforcement to our virtue that comes to us by being held under others' watch and observation.

GETTING LINE ON NEWCOMER

"Recently," says a Washington man, who had been spending a holiday at home in a suburb of the national capital, "I was afforded an amusing instance of the artlessness of childhood.

"Louise, one little girl, on the next porch, was evidently engaged in cultivating the acquaintance of another little girl, a newcomer in the neighborhood. The second little girl was romping on the porch of the third house from me.

"What's your name?" shouted Louise.

"Elizabeth," was the answer shouted back. "What's yours?"

"Louise. The name of the people that lived in that house before you was Berry."

"Our name is Parker."

"Our is Taylor. You didn't know the Berrys, did you?"

"No."

"They were something awful for borrowing. They used to be sending over to our house all the time for everything you could imagine. Your folks don't do that, do they?"

"No."

Whereupon Louise turned and shouted up to her mother, at the second-story window.

"She says they don't, mamma."—Judge.

Battle of Alamance

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

At the battle of Alamance, N. C., fought 142 years ago—May 16, 1771—was shed the first blood of the great struggle which was to result in the establishment of American independence.

All honor to Lexington, where the "embattled farmers" fired the shots that were "heard around the world," but let it not be forgotten that other farmers, almost four years before the day of Lexington, opened the fight of which Lexington was only the continuation.

The principles for which the North Carolina farmers fought at Alamance were identical with those for which Massachusetts farmers fought at Lexington. Of the Massachusetts patriots nineteen were killed and wounded, while of the Carolina patriots over 200 lay killed or crippled upon the field and six, later on, died upon the scaffold, yet, while all the world has heard of Lexington, not one person in a thousand knows anything to speak of about Alamance.

William Tryon, the royal governor of North Carolina, was so mean that they called him the "Wolf." In the name of his royal master and for the furtherance of his own greedy instincts Tryon oppressed the people of his province to the point where they were obliged to do one of two things—resist him or become slaves. They resolved to resist and formed themselves into an organization known as "Regulators," a body of as pure patriots as ever shouldered a gun.

Having protested time and again against the unlawful taxation under which they groaned, they finally quit groaning, raised the cry of freedom and rose in arms against Tryon and King George.

To the number of 2,000 or 3,000 the Regulars, only partly armed and without organization, met the forces of the royal governor at Alamance.

"Lay down your arms or I will fire," shouted the British commander. "Fire and be damned," shouted back the leader of the Regulators. At once the battle opened, and, of course, the Regulators were defeated and dispersed. But old Tryon received a lesson he had so long needed—that, while Americans could be shot down on the battlefield, they could not be made tamely to submit to the high-handed oppression of King George and his creatures.

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