

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Art of Becoming Popular

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

To be popular in the world of art is, according to the canons of the "high-brow critic," to be a dweller outside of the inner sanctuary.

Yet the eschelon on the mount is popular. Whatever possesses all the qualities of real greatness must be popular, even though things which possess no qualities of greatness may be widely popular also.

The large majority of people may like something mediocre, but only few may like something which contains many of the elements of greatness—something too fine for the masses to comprehend—but that which possesses all the elements of greatness must reach and grip the whole race.

For, among those elements, simplicity and sympathy must be counted, those opening wedges to all minds. The human being who is popular is sometimes accused of being all things to all men, and there is a cant-phrase much in vogue among the unpopular about "caring only for a few people and being cared for by only a few."

And this goes frequently as an axe for the unpopularity of the dull or the disagreeable.

To be a popular individual in any community of self-respecting and morally disposed citizens, and to grow in popularity with acquaintance and time, calls for nobility of character, purity of purpose and kindness of heart.

It calls also for tact, for discretion, for good judgment, for unselfishness, for generosity, for amiability and the power to bring out the best in others. It calls for a heart big enough to rejoice in the achievements of others. It calls for the elimination of all jealousy, all tendencies to gossip, all impulses to be indolent, or indifferent, or self-centered.

Therefore, it would seem that an ambition to be popular is at the same time an ambition to become a world-wide individual and a practical Christian.

The man who sets out to be a great discoverer in science, or a great creator in the world of art, may not have the time to become a popular man in his own social circle. But if he is decidedly unpopular, he is sure to lack some of the large elements of character which are necessary to bring him to the summit of the heights he seeks. Unless he is liked and respected by those who know him best something is amiss with the man.

There is a cheap and temporary popularity which comes from the ability to amuse others, from the propensity to be generous, to the limit of extravagance,

and to be ever ready with unmeaning flattery, but the reign of these social leaders and lions is always brief.

Sincerity and tact are two qualities which make for lasting popularity. Sincerity is thought and purpose, tact is the application of that virtue.

The tactful person knows when and how to be silent.

Many sincere individuals think a brutal expression of the most unpleasant and disagreeable opinions is an evidence of their sincerity. But the tactful man or woman knows when to speak and when to be still and how to change a topic of conversation when some one has trodden on delicate ground.

The woman who desires to be popular should first of all learn the charm which lies in listening well; and she should cultivate the art of drawing others out, of making those with whom she is thrown shine to their best advantage.

If a man talks well, induce him to converse; if he sings well, induce him to sing; and to bring forth the most attractive qualities and accomplishments of her woman friends is a sure way for any woman to take a long step forward on the road to popularity.

Such a woman, possessing no marked accomplishments herself, and without beauty or great mental gifts, stands a far better change of becoming popular than the self-conscious Venus, or the prodigy of brilliant attainments, who only enjoys herself when occupying the center of the social stage and basking in the glare of the spotlight.

Unselfishness, then, is the keynote to popularity, as it is the key to the highest moral worth. But this unselfishness must be mingled with good sense, with tact, with delicacy and refinement, in order to serve as an aid to popularity.

Without these ingredients unselfishness and generosity sometimes become obtrusive, officious, and offensive. The most perfect type of popular woman is she who can shine like the sun when sunshine is needed; yet who, like that orb, does not always shine, but retires behind the clouds and calls attention to the brilliancy of the stars and the moon. One who can be entertaining, or amusing, or instructive, on occasion demands, but who can always put herself in the background in order to exhibit the graces and charms of others, and who is ever ready to rejoice in another's success without any biting clause affixed to praise.

One who can be tolerant of the ideas and opinions of others, while holding entirely opposite ones, and who knows how to hold fast to her own ideals while understanding how others may fail to do so.

The popular woman has quick perceptions, and, however, great her vogue, she is never blinded by conceit to such an extent that she fails to perceive her own faults or neglects correcting them as she sees them.

Smiling as an Aid to Health and Beauty



Some Up-to-date Hints by Blanche Ring



By MAUDE MILLER.

"When I smile, I smile, and there's a reason," said Miss Blanche Ring, wrinkling up her face for me adorably. "Don't you like the name of my new play? Every time I see 'When Claudia Smiles' I realize that I have a reputation to live up to, for when Claudia smiles, Blanche smiles, and, as I said before, there's a reason."

"In these frolicsome days, when life seems to be composed of one lingo tea after another, and when the athletic girl is hailed as she never was hailed before, there is a very grave problem to be considered. Yes, I can really consider very grave problems when I want to, particularly when the problems present a very serious drawback to smiles of any kind. And to come to the point, I mean that too many people are over-exercising. Isn't that a serious problem? And yet I suppose you will call that smiles away from a smile until I have explained the connection."

"Don't over-exercise! I know we are all doing it. All beauty doctors when asked for their secrets proclaim in chorus, exercise, and we are exercising, and trying to be beautiful, but of course we are overdoing it all. Now listen, for I am going to be quite concrete. Take a kind of exercise that we have selected for our special brand. Walking is perhaps most accessible, so why not take that? We walk, perhaps not too far, but with grim determination—we have heard that any normal woman

"Then I smile, I smile, and there's a reason," says Miss Ring. "It really isn't such an easy thing to have a character like mine!"

should be able to walk five miles at a stretch—we accomplish the five miles, and then decide to establish a precedent, so we walk ten.

"We came back tired, physically and mentally, with the muscles of our body easily red, but with the muscles of our face dragged and weary from too much mental strain. But we continue to walk,

confident that we are attaining beauty. Every day we repeat the same, we gain strong, healthy bodies, but by holding our minds in check, by allowing our minds to dwell continually upon the benefit we are to derive from the hours of compulsory exercise, we forget to have a good time with our thoughts, we forget to release them from the bonds of determination,

we forget to let our minds soar away from our bodies, in short, in forgetting the ingredients of a smile we forget the smile itself.

"Tired lines deepen over night in even a youthful countenance. That means under no conditions allow yourself to get tired. Keep your body in subjection to your mind, and, if possible, exercise both

at the same time. If not, then arrange a play period for each, although that seems a dreadful waste of perfectly good time, don't you think so?" "I know that many people have discussed the smile question. It really isn't such a neasy matter to have a characteristic smile, but, after all, with a little extra consideration, it an attraction."

Wonders of the Heavens

By GARRETT P. SERVISS

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The greatest triumphs of photography are in the heavens. It is not too much to say that many of the supreme marvels of the universe would have remained unknown to us if we had been compelled to depend upon eyes and telescopes. In astronomy photography is not only a revealer of the exact truth, but it is also a discoverer of things which would be completely hidden from human knowledge.

Art and photography are often contrasted to the disadvantage of the latter. A man would rather have his portrait painted than his photograph made, and many will tell you that the portrait is a better likeness than the photograph, because the artist puts into it expression that the photographer misses.

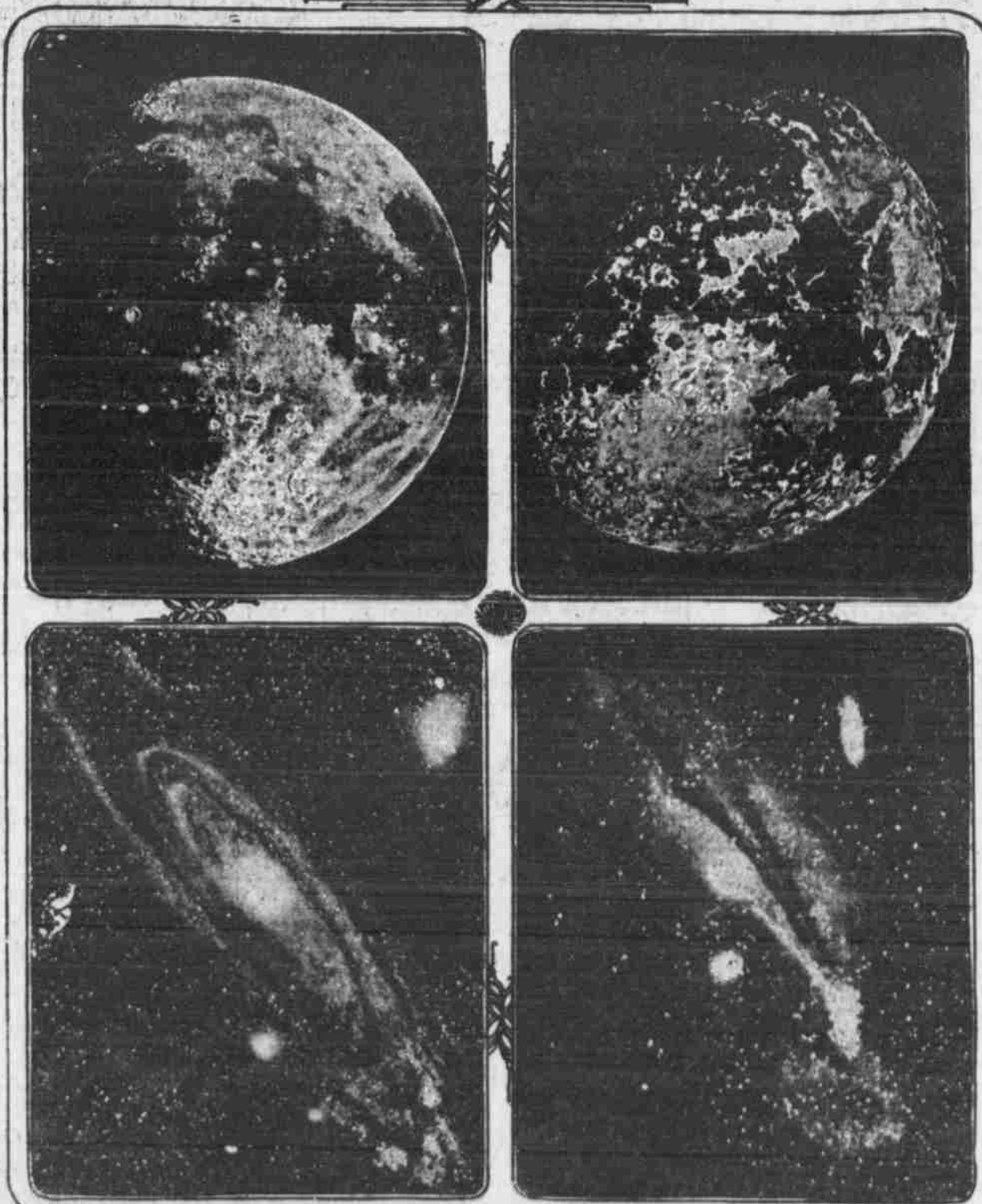
But in astronomy it is just the other way. There the photograph competes distances its rival. No art can represent the wonders of the starry heavens, and no telescope even can show them unless the photographic plate takes the place of the eye to receive their images.

The pictures herewith shown are convincing witnesses of this truth. Look first at the two representations of the Andromeda Nebula, an object so stunning in its strangeness that when the photographs of it were exhibited suspicious people thought that they were fakes. The left-hand view is a drawing made, with infinite pains, and after years of trial, by the astronomer Trouvelot at the Harvard observatory. The right-hand view is a photograph taken with an exposure of four hours by a modern photographic telescope.

Trouvelot's drawing of this wonderful nebula is perhaps the finest example of an artistic representation of a celestial object that has ever been made. It is really surprising that he succeeded in representing so much in his picture, but, as you will see on comparing it with the photograph, he entirely missed the great characteristic feature of the Andromeda Nebula, which is its spiral form. Trouvelot saw the central condensation and the vast ball-like masses of shining matter which seem to have been flung away on each side, but he failed to perceive that the two dark lanes which he drew are in reality divisions between some of the spiral rings of which the entire outer part of the nebula is made up. The discovery of this peculiar structure by photography caused a revolution in our knowledge of the universe.

Then look at the two pictures of the moon. The one on the left is a drawing made by John Russell, R.A., with the aid of powerful telescopes—a drawing on which the artist labored eighteen years! On the right is a photograph of the moon in nearly the same phase (a couple of days after first quarter), which was taken in a single second!

It needs only a glance to perceive how imperfect were the attempts of the artist to represent the lunar landscapes, which



On the top left hand picture shows the Andromeda Nebula as drawn by the astronomer, Trouvelot, while on the right is the reproduction of a photograph of the Nebula taken in four and one-half hours; the bottom picture on the left is John Russell's drawing of the moon, which took eighteen years to make, while on the right is a photograph in almost the same phase, which was taken in one second.

In the photograph the softly blended, mountain, plain, ringed valley, and empty sea bed revealing themselves as plainly as though the spectator were hanging just above the moon in a balloon.

It is the same way in the study of the Milky Way and the great star clouds and spiral clusters. The photographs not merely

show plainly what no artist can possibly represent, but they reveal millions of stars and other objects that the mightiest telescope in existence cannot show directly to the eye. It is for this reason that the mighty one hundred-inch telescope (100 inches in diameter) to be erected in California on Mount Wilson will be devoted exclusively to photography

The invention of the telescope gave man an artificial eye thousands of times more powerful than his natural one; the application of the photographic plate in astronomy gave him an artificial retina, incomparably more sensitive than his natural retina, to receive and record the images formed by the lenses of his telescope.

African Diamond Discovery

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

It was forty-seven years ago, March 30, 1867—that the first diamond was discovered in West Griqualand, South Africa.

The excitement that immediately followed the finding of the little piece of pure carbon, resulted in the craze that put the California days of 1849 completely into the shade.

From every part of the world men began to rush to the Griqualand settlement. In the meantime a lucky dog of a prospector stumbled upon the "Star of South Africa," a stone that was valued at something like a quarter of a million dollars and the rush became a stampede. The negroes thought that "every white man on earth was coming to South Africa," and that they were all possessed of the "devil of insanity."

Mad with the diamond fever, the gamblers spread themselves out all over the black man's country, and it was not long before the rich mines of the Transvaal were discovered; Kimberley revealed its untold wealth, and well nigh unthinkable treasures; and the region suddenly took on the appearance of a madhouse.

Well, to Kimberley there came a man who did not participate in the almost universal insanity—a man with a mighty brain, clean-headed and quite self-possessed, and with purposes that were almost cosmic in their sweep—a man who cared nothing for diamonds or the wealth they represented, except as they might be utilized for the furtherance of his far-reaching aims. That man, as all the world knows, was Cecil Rhodes, the son of a poor English peasant.

As Napoleon strode into the midst of the mad melee of the French revolution, commanded order and transformed the wild chaos into empire, so Cecil Rhodes laid his hand upon the mighty mob of South African diamond hunters, quelled it, took control, and turned millions upon millions into his strong box. The son of the poor English peasant became the "diamond king," the richest man in South Africa, one of the wealthiest men in all the world.

With his piled-up millions Rhodes was happy, not because he was rich, for riches simply as riches he despised; but because he knew that his millions, made out of diamonds, would enable him to carry out his great plans in the directions of empire, education and the general advancement of Anglo-Saxon civilization.

The mighty man—one of the greatest that has ever lived upon earth—died in his prime, but fortunately not until he had so arranged things as to assure the consummation of his noble purpose. He died—but he still lives in his blessed achievement—the globe-girdling influence of the "Rhodes scholarships," the "Cape-to-Cairo railway," which insures British empire from Capetown to the Mediterranean; and the increased solidarity of feeling between the men of Anglo-Saxon stock the world over.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

You Are Old Enough. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 22 and in love with a girl of 18, who loves me. We have been close friends three years, but I had to leave her on account of my parents' objections. They claimed I was too young to keep company with a girl, I am again anxious to become friends with her, but my parents are still objecting to it.

STEADY READER.

You are old enough to know your own mind, and your fidelity to the girl proves this is more than a passing fancy. Impress this on your parents' minds: I am quite sure your sincerity will win them over.

She is Right. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 24 years of age and have a good future. I am at present earning \$35 per month and have a legal education. A few months ago I met a widow of 43 years and I have since learned to love her. She has three children, two boys and one girl. I expressed my love, but she advised me to give the matter due consideration on account of the difference in our ages.

S. R. K. Nothing but regret for both of you would result from such a union. I hope she will continue in her present attitude of good sense and refuse to marry you, no matter how much you urge her.

They Are Right. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man of 19, deeply in love with a girl one year my junior. She reciprocates. My occupation is a salesman, but I expect to open my own business. When dressed in her favorite color (red) she is attractive and she is a regular flirt, which I really do not admire. She tells me not to worry, as it is her nature. My parents object to my going with this girl, as I am 19 years old.

You are only 19; at least two years too young to think of marrying.

The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"There was some play in town here about a old Persian guy that made tents and was a wine booster, wasn't there, George?" asked the Manicure Lady.

"I think I heard my wife saying something about it," said the Head Barber, "but I didn't pay no particular attention to it, Why?"

"Oh, brother Wilfred has gone kind of looney over it," said the Manicure Lady. "I think he seen it, or read a lot about it, or something. Anyhow, all we hear about the house now is Omar, Omar, or Wine, Wine. After he talked the old mad deaf and blind about it, he started in on the rest of us, and I don't know where all of it is going to stop. He was telling us more done about the old guy last night. He said that Omar not only made some perfectly grand tents to go camping out in, but that he wrote swell poetry too. He recited some of it to us, but me and Mayo couldn't make any head or tail to it. Here is one of the verses he wrote down. Listen and see if you can make any sense out of it:

"Up from earth's center to the Seventh Gate,
I passed, and on the throne of Saturn sat,
And many a knot did I unravel there,
But not the master knot of Human Fate."

"Don't bother me with it," said the Head Barber impatiently. "If you can't talk about something in this country, don't talk at all."

"I knew you wouldn't be able to make no head or tail to it," said the Manicure Lady, "but I wasn't going to bother you with no more of the Persian fellow's poetry. I only wanted to read you some verses of the same meter, or whatever Wilfred calls it. He wrote them himself, and I know you will listen to them to please me, won't you, George? There ain't any customers coming alone, and you got all the time in the world."

"I suppose I will have to listen," said the Head Barber, with desperate courage. "Go ahead."

"This is them," said the Manicure Lady. "Why should the people of the present day want to read poetry written far away Long years ago, by some Persian gent. When I am writing poetry that will stay? I sometimes think that I will write no more. Although I hate to make my readers sore, For every poem of mine, my readers read I know that they would like to read a score."

And that is why I write and still shall write Until the coming of the Eternal Night. But oh, I wish that I could sell my stuff Because I have an awful appetite."

"I'm glad you got through reading that. I was just going to stop you," said the Head Barber.

"I think it sounds just as good as that Persian fellow's poetry," declared the Manicure Lady. "And it is a lot easier to understand."

"The only hard thing to understand about it," said the Head Barber, "is why he wrote it at all. Ah, here comes a live one!"

WATCH FOR

THE PROFESSOR'S MYSTERY

WELLS HASTINGS and BRIAN HOOKER

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