

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Horse Show--a Blaze of Girls and Dappled Satin Steeds, Says Nell Brinkley

"The Soul of the Show is There This Year--the Colors, the Dash, the Laughter, Rattling Spurs and All the Festival Taint"



"The thin little gosling girls with reed-like legs in terra cotta breeches."

"The artillery officers, the pretty women (the busy and the idle) and the feathers."

'Phoning a Man Out of a Position

By DOROTHY DIX

"Say," asked the Bookkeeper, "did you hear the going over the boss gave the new clerk who was handing out sweet talk to his girl over the telephone? The old man was red-headed, and what he said raised a blister."

"He told that soft guy that if he thought this was a matrimonial bureau he had another guess and a move on coming to him, and that if he had any lady friends he wanted to tip them off that this telephone was for business purposes only. See?"

"He's dead right," said the Stenographer, "if I were an employer I wouldn't stand for the love making over the wire in business hours, either. If Romeo wanted to jolly his Juliet, he'd have to defer the pleasure of telling her he never loved before, and could never love again, until after quitting time. I'd about as soon have an employe with the drug habit as the telephone habit."

"It isn't being afflicted with telephonic yourself that gets you in bad," agreed the Bookkeeper, "it's your fool friends, and especially your fool women friends, who've got the telephone bug



Indigestion and Stomach Misery Just Vanishes

The moment "Pape's Diapepsin" reaches the stomach all distress goes.

Instantly stops any sourness, gases, heartburn, acidity, dyspepsia.

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Pape's Diapepsin instantly neutralizes the acids in the stomach, stops food fermentation or souring, absorbs gases and starts the digestion. The relief is quick, sure, wonderful—stomach sufferers have a pleasant surprise awaiting them.—Advertisement.

"The colors and the dash, the laughter."

that gives you the double cross. That's the reason so many pretty boys are always out on a hunt for a new job.

"If a fellow wants to get queered in business, about the easiest way he can do it is to have a lot of Mamies and Ladies and Carries calling him up at all times of day over the phone."

"I'm no lady's favorite myself, and so I've escaped that particular hoodoo, but I've seen plenty of good fellows get sacked for no other reason than because a lot of silly girls seemed to think they had nothing to do but talk pink tea chatter over the telephone."

"I knew one fellow who was the whole works as an expert accountant. He was a regular bear in figures, but he could never hold down a job because he was simply telephoned out of every good thing that came his way. About the time he got busy with the 'hello' man, he would call him up to ask him who he didn't blow into the movies, or show up at the fudge party, and the boss would begin to give him the once over out of the slants of his eyes, and by the time a few other relays of his feminine admirers also demanded him at the telephone booth, the poor fellow was done for."

"It was 'your-service-is-no-longer-required' slip in his envelope on Saturday, and all of no fault of his except knowing a lot of women that were batty about the long-distance conversation, and who seemed never to get on to the fact that employers don't hire a man to wait hot air over the wires. I guess that if Mamie knew that her Archibald got cold feet every time he heard the telephone bell ring she'd cut out a few reams of some invention over Mr. Edison's cute little heart by jeopardizing his job."

"You never know how idiotic a girl can be, anyway," said the Stenographer, "until you hear the giggles and imbecility that she pours into a telephone receiver. It's enough to burn up even a copper wire. Did you ever listen to the intellectual chirp that a sweet little thing will tear off?"

"I'll go like this. Business of calling up an office or store, and having a man stopped from his work. Boss scowling. Man scared stiff. Then a voice over the phone: 'Is that you Archie? Who's this talking to you? Don't you know me? Don't you recognize my voice?' Oh, you heart! It's no way to graft a man's heart by jeopardizing his job."

"Can you beat it? And what do you think the man is thinking at the other end of the wire?"

"Something with a big, big Dam it," responded the Bookkeeper with feeling.

"And that isn't the worst of it," went on the Stenographer; "a girl with a telephone is worse than Sherlock Holmes with a clue about hunting a fellow down. There's no earthly escape for him. If he doesn't show up as often as she thinks he should, she calls him up and he has to make good with an excuse. It's bad enough for a woman to keep tab on a man when he is married to her, but the telephone tab before marriage is the limit, and explains why there are so many old maids."

"The telephone puts Cupid out of business, for no wire connects with the dungeon cell."

"I don't believe in love-making over the telephone anyway," said the Bookkeeper.

"Same here," responded the Stenographer. "I don't want any man making love to me with his mouth a thousand miles off."

"Right-o," agreed the Bookkeeper, "bending a little closer."

"Flapping silken banners, banked greenery blossoms, shifting, laughter-struck crowds, like a giant harlequin."

The soul of the Horse Show is there."

The Horse Show—just what the word mean, so the Garden is. Can you say "Horse Show" and not hear trumpets, the rolling back of circus daises, the shuffle of slippers and booted feet, and the rattle of spurs, the glassy tinkle of woman-laughter, the vibrating, soft beat of hoofs going 'round and 'round—without seeing flapping silken banners, banked greenery and blossoms, shifting, laughter-struck crowds like a giant harlequin so varied in colors and restless it is—without smelling the sweetly stifling tannark, the odorous breath from the rustling wraps of pretty women up to the eyes in furs, and that

heady flavor of something that intoxicates you into planning how you can own a horse, and a pretty wife of your own?

The soul of the show is there this year, the colors, and the dash, the laughter, the thin little gosling girls with the reed-like legs in terra cotta breeches, the artillery officers, the pretty women (the busy and the idle) and the feathers, all the festival taint—and looming out of it all the guest of honor, Monsieur Horse, dappled satin, and yearning to kick the rail into whittling, all because of the fires and the youth in his heart and legs.

How I Discovered Myself

Lillian Wald Tells of Her Settlement Success.

By LILLIAN WALD.

Of the Henry Street Settlement.

Some people after a period of preparation announce themselves ready to take up a certain line of work which is to be their's for life. My awakening was different, a single incident startled me from the path I had been traveling, and I became a settlement worker on a campaign for better social conditions.

Just the sight of a woman in terrible straits and the keynote of my life was struck. If today my work can be said to be successful, as I hope it is, then there is one thing that I have held to be above all others, which thought has been with me always—my social conscience.

Out of that everything else has developed—my great love of democracy and my success with my people. Into my campaign I carried this one thing uppermost. I realized that social work is the expression of a social conscience, and that to accomplish what I most wanted I must bury my own personality and live a life of self-sacrifice.

This does not mean that I have not been happy, for my life is filled with interest, the interest that comes from a social conscience partially satisfied. But to establish democracy on a firm basis one must practice self-sacrifice, and through that I have come nearer to my ideal than I could have in any other way.

It is true that a great many people in this busy world never find themselves at all until it is too late to do any real good with their lives. This seems a tragedy, and a dire waste of valuable time and surplus energy that might be utilized.

But to those who have established themselves on a firm foundation and are working out the principle of life building for themselves in their own sphere, my thoughts have always gone out with a great deal of interest. Where the proper niche is discovered there is never any waste of time and material. I have found it so and know it must be so with others.

In my own case there was never any room for doubt. I knew immediately what I would do with my life. I had the cell, the irresistible impulse, to start in to make up for time lost. I knew that I had been meant to do just that from the beginning of time and that was all there was to it.

Perhaps my work brings me an undue amount of satisfaction. It is remarkable to fight for better conditions and better living for people who are as grateful as the average New York East Siders. Then, too, there seems to be a return for every effort. There is always an uphill fight and struggle, and then suddenly, just when it seems darkest, the sun comes out from behind a cloud and things are bright again.

To me as I look back my efforts seem very simple. There was nothing spectacular about my awakening, no great, blinding light after groping in the dark for long days, but, nevertheless, it has been a peculiarly satisfying life work. I have always been thankful that my time before I began my work was not spent in vain.

All my training in the hospital work stood me in good cause. The earlier desire that I had had to help with the special burden was culminated in my great opportunity to aid personally. I saw the great human side of it first, and then I was plunged in and began to work a way out to the best of my ability for the suffering humanity around me.

From the day that I moved to the East Side to take up my abode with the people I was henceforth to help and encourage I have never dreamed of anything else but my success in my work. I feel myself honored in doing my little part in the great human problem. I have tried to establish my principles of democracy to the best of my ability, and, although I am not yet satisfied, I can still keep on working, which is in itself a great privilege.

(The next article in this series of "Successful Women" will be by Mrs. Austin Norman Palmer, president of the Society of Political Study.)

In-Shoots

As a general rule, the unlicensed girl is an uninviting one.

To be an amateur hunter every man looks like a rabbit.

The best way to conquer whisky is to let it die of old age.

When we see a man with chin whiskers we always wonder how his jaw would look without 'em.

Marriage is invariably a failure in case of love that inspires gun play.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Your Self-Respect Forbids This.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a hard working youth of 20 and am deeply in love with a very pretty girl of 18. Her father (he has no mother), who is quite wealthy, seems to be very fond of me and sanctions our friendship. Recently he made a rather serious proposition to me without his daughter's knowledge. Knowing that my salary would not permit me to give his daughter the good times he desired her to have and still keep her in my company, he asked me if I would not accept money from him to spend on his daughter and myself.

Now I would like your advice as to what is the best step to take in this case, as I love the girl dearly and am sure my love is not in vain.

P. M. L.

If the girl you are fond of cares for you she will be willing to accept the in-expensive attentions it is in your power to give her. You would forfeit her respect as well as your own self-respect if you permitted her father to give you money to spend on her.

In good taste unless you are engaged. In the latter event a consultation with the young lady's parents is always in order.

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