

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Girl of the Hour

Copyright, 1914, Intern'l News Service.

By Nell Brinkley



The end of June-Time is the end of girl-time for the girl of the hour—the June Bride. "Positively her last appearance on any stage." Her big time—her star time—the house a blaze of lights—everybody in the world there, holding their breaths—the chubby conductor, fierce-eyed, triumphant,

anxious over the success of his pet production—the velvet curtains just parting a white bride to shine through—her fat little chorus humming and whispering and practicing their steps, fluffy in ballet-skirt mist, bound in Spanish sashes, painted and curled

and ecstatic! It's a long, scared wait until the last note of the Wedding March dies on the glittering tip of the conductor's baton—and her cue comes whispering from behind the wings: "The end of June-Time—go on!" —NELL BRINKLEY.

The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"The old gent was nearly tickled to death when he came home last night," said the Manicure Lady. "He kissed his mother about ten times, the same as if they was just married, and said he had the best news in the world to tell. It seems that the boss called him in to have a little chat, and father said he felt a little gooselish, because the way times is now quite a few high-priced men is getting their heads looped off. But the boss didn't want to fire father. I should say not. He told father that if he could stick it out another year—and you bet father can do that—father could retire on full pay for the rest of his life. It is a new rule that the boss has just made, and if you think father was tickled to death you can't think at all. George's Mother was delighted, too, of course even

though she could tell with a glance and a smell that dear old dad had been celebrating his good news with a few of his old cronies. "I am glad to hear it," said the Head Barber. "Of course, any man who has worked that hard and that long for a firm kind of deserves a pension; but how many firms does it? Not many, and if they should your father's firm is one of them." "Yes, and I am glad," said the Manicure Lady. "Father has been a hard worker ever since he was a young fellow about eighteen; and it will please me and me to see him resting up his old age and getting the old envelop just the same. Will Fred said that he was delighted, and said he was going to get a job with some concern and work so hard and faithful that when he got along in years they would do the same by him as father's firm done."

"I don't know about that," remarked the Head Barber. "From what you have told me about him, I don't believe he could ever stick at anything long enough to get the pension age." "That's what I told him," said the Manicure Lady. "I reminded him that nothing in his past showed none of them steady qualities which usually endears a man to a corporation, but he said that now he has an incentive to tell, and is going to turn over a new leaf. Nothing in the world would please my brother better than to draw a salary every month without working for it. That would be the height of his ambition, and maybe, with that in view, he may settle right down to hard work, though goodness knows I have every reason to doubt it. He has just had a new ballad published and got a little check from the publisher, and he feels tickled with that, too, but he says that won't turn him away from his purpose to get a job like the one father has and work up to a pension."

"What is the ballad asked the Head Barber. "Oh, I don't think much of it," replied the Manicure Lady. "The title of it is 'Where the Bean Vines of Wisconsin Throw Their Shades,' and the chorus of it goes like this: Oh, he journeyed far away From the girl he won that day And in England he did wed a wealthy maid; And no more he ever spoke To the girl whose heart was broke Where the bean vines of Wisconsin throw their shades. "He won't make no money with that song," declared the Head Barber. "I know it," said the Manicure Lady, "but if he can get a pension some day, what is the difference?"

Thomas Hooker

Copyright, 1914, by Star Company. By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

On the fourth day of July, 1834, a company of men, women and children, numbering about 100, with 150 cattle and several wagons filled with their household effects, pulled into Hartford, Conn. The leader of the little company was the Rev. Thomas Hooker, who, tired of the New town environment, was seeking for himself and his congregation a wider and freer field.



in which he reaffirmed his belief in the principles of democracy, declaring that "the foundation of authority is laid in the free consent of the people." Never before had words like those been thrown out upon the air of this western hemisphere. A man like Hooker could not, of course, dwell in a community without wielding a marked influence. The men of Connecticut felt Hooker's power, felt the force of his reasoning, and when they

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Cultivate Friendship. Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been going out with a young gentleman friend for almost six months. He is twenty-three and I am nineteen. I like him very much, but don't really love him and I don't know if he loves me. We always go out together and he never says anything of love to me. Should I continue to go out with him? I really am not deeply in love with him? I think too much of him to give him up and yet I don't love him. He is a fine man, of good position and excellent character in every respect. He never asked me to keep steady company with him. PERPLEXED.

Enjoy this young man's friendship and don't worry about love—especially since you say that all you feel is liking. If love comes, it will probably come to both of you at the same time. In the meantime you have companionship and admiration and respect to make it valuable to you.

In a Street Car. Dear Miss Fairfax: As I was sitting in a car with my lady friend, a young lady stood right in front of me. Was it proper for me to give this young lady my seat? J.L.M.

A real gentleman never sits in a woman's presence. You should rise for a woman who is standing in a street car.

came to adopt a constitution they wisely settled upon the one that Hooker had written for them.

Of this constitution John Fiske wrote: "It is worthy of note that this document contains none of the conventional references to a 'great sovereign' or a 'gracious king,' nor the slightest allusion to the British or any other government outside of Connecticut."

"Nor does it prescribe any condition of church membership for the right of suffrage." Furthermore, it must be said of this document written by the Connecticut preacher and adopted by the Connecticut freemen, that it was the first written constitution known to history that created a government. As has been elsewhere observed, the "Mayflower compact" was not, in the strict sense, a constitution; and while Magna Charta partook of the nature of a written constitution, it did not create a government.

Hooker was gathered to his fathers in 1847, but his spirit and work lived on. In 1862 a royal charter was obtained that embodied all that Hooker had advanced in his great sermon and laid down in the Connecticut constitution. It was this same charter, you will remember, that old Governor Andros unsuccessfully tried to steal from the people of Hartford in 1687.

It was in connection with a later attempt on the part of the king's creatures to take away this charter that Captain Wadsworth had his interesting little dialogue with Governor Fletcher.

Fletcher, standing at the head of the militia which he had called out to uphold the king's "majesty," began reading the royal commission, whereupon Wadsworth gave the order to beat the drum. "Silence!" roared the infuriated governor. "Drum, damn it, drum!" shouted the equally maddened captain, and turning to the representatives of royalty, Wadsworth, in stentorian tones, capped the climax of his patriotic audacity by adding: "If I'm interrupted again I'll make daylight through you."

It was the spirit of the Rev. Thomas Hooker at work—the spirit which, 189 years from the day on which Hooker and his congregation reached Hartford, was to ring out from the old "Liberty Bell" in Philadelphia as it proclaimed to all the world the news of the great Declaration of Independence.

Littls Mary's Essays (Clothes)

By DOROTHY DIX.

Clothes is the most important thing in the world to lady folks. Men don't have any clothes. They just has things that covers them, and they ain't got no ruffles, nor frills, nor feathers, nor ribbons, nor nothing to make life worth living.

The reason that men has to sit up and smoke when they get together is because they haven't got anything interesting to talk about, like whether they will out pants less on the bias or not this year, or whether they will wear shirts with a train, or walking length.

Ladies do not have to talk about, for they can discuss the new Paris fashions and say: "Oh, ain't they awful scandalous, but I've just bought one."

The first clothes was invented by Mrs. Adam, and wasn't nothing but fig leaves, but my papa says Mrs. Adam didn't have nothing on the present styles.

There are lots of different kinds of clothes. There are dresses, and frocks, and gowns, and just clothes.

A dress is what you make at home with the help of a dollar and a half sewing woman, and when you have that on you go to see your oldest friends, and they say, "My, but you are putting on fat, aren't you?" because you look all bunched.

A frock is something that you yet ready made in a store and you brag about its being a bargain, but when you wear it nobody don't rubber on the streets at you, and when your friends see it, they don't look like they had been eating something that disagreed with them and give 'em a pain.

A gown is what they make for you at the places where the salesladies are all seven feet high, and wear trailing black satin, and scrub you so that you are scared stiff. But when you get on a gown and go to a restaurant the head waiter shows you to the table by the window, and if you go to a store all the clerks wait on you while they make the woman who has just got clothes stand around until they get ready to notice her.

My papa says that clothes do not make the man, but clothes make a lady fat or thin, or pretty or ugly, because when a lady is all dressed up in her silk dress and her best hat she doesn't look a bit like she did when she had on a kimono and her curl papers. Also clothes make a lady peevish or amiable, for women folks always act like they look, and how can anybody have a good-fitting temper when they have got on a bad fitting skirt?

Clothes is a great blessing, for it gives the women all they can do to buy new ones, and it gives the men all they can do to pay for them, so it keeps both of them busy, so they can't get in no mischief.

Men are always knocking women's clothes and saying they haven't got any sense about 'em, but that is because men is envious, because they have to wear such ugly duds. Oh, how I pity the poor men who haven't got any hobbie skirts or French-heeled pumps.



Experienced Women Advise Mother's Friend



Because it is so perfectly safe to use and has been of such great help to a host of expectant mothers, these women, experienced in this most happy period, advise the use of "Mother's Friend."

Applied externally to the abdominal muscles its purpose is to relieve the undue tension upon the cords and ligaments resulting from muscular expansion. Beneath the surface is a network of fine nerve threads and the gentle, soothing embrocation, "Mother's Friend," is designed to so lubricate the muscular fibres as to avoid the unnecessary and continuous nagging upon this myriad of nerves. It is a reflex action.

Applied to the breasts it affords the proper massage to prevent caking.

Thousands of women have reason to believe in this splendid help under the trying ordeal of motherhood. Their letters are eloquent evidence of its great value to women. In use for many years it has come to be a standard remedy for the purpose.

There is scarcely a well-stocked drug store anywhere but what you can easily obtain a bottle of "Mother's Friend" and in nearly every town and village is a grandma who herself used it in earlier years. Expectant mothers are urged to try this splendid assistant to comfort.

"Mother's Friend" is prepared by Bradfield Regulator Co., 419 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga. Send for our little book.

The VANDERBILT Hotel
Thirty Fourth Street EAST at Park Avenue, New York
WALTON H. MARSHALL, Manager.
An Ideal Hotel with an Ideal Situation
Summer Rates