

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Manicure Lady

"I seen a thing when I was doing some shopping this noon," said the Manicure Lady, "that reminded me of my childhood days back in the old village. There was a old fellow with chin whiskers on that came into the swell department store where I was shopping, and after he had bought a pair of gloves he asked the clerk if that was the very best she could do on the price. Of course, the girl behind the counter looked at him and laughed and said that she couldn't cut no prices so; the old fellow threw the gloves back and told her to keep them. He said he was going somewhere with his trade where people would appreciate him and the money he spent."

"I suppose that broke the girl's heart," said the Head Barber.

"She didn't care none, of course," said the Manicure Lady, "but it kind of set me thinking that there is a lot of people in this world like that old guy with the fringe on his lower jaw. He was in there to spend a lollar and get 10 cents over a dollar in value. And even then he thought that the store people ought to look for him with outstretched arms and treat him like a prince."

"I remember when we lived in a small town, George. We had that kind of stuff handed to us on every side. The old gent used to keep a hotel when I was a mere child—one of them country hotels where there is accommodation for man and beast, and you could get your pick which kind of accommodations you wanted. I remember one time an old farmer walked up to father and said: 'Ed, I always stop here for my dinner every time I come to town, five or six times every year. And I always pay my 25 cents for dinner without no equal. Don't you think you ought to throw in a good clear with the dinner once in a while?' I remember how the old gent told him to get out of the place and go somewhere else for his two-bit dinners in the future."

"He must have been pretty cheap, that farmer," observed the Head Barber.

"The cheap folks ain't all in the country, George," said the Manicure Lady. "There is a lot of them in the city that would like to beat down the clerks in the big stores if they thought that they could get away with it, but they know there ain't a chance in the world, so they let their meanness crop out other ways."

"They think cheap thoughts even if they haven't got the nerve to express them. One girl friend of mine that wouldn't think of asking for a lower price on a shirtwaist would ride down town morning after morning with me on the Subway, and I noticed after I had dug three or four mornings in a row for the carfare that she would make an awful stall in her pocketbook for 10 cents and pulling that 'Oh, let me see' stuff. Take it from me, George, after the third morning I let her look until she had dug up that hard, thin dime, and after that she didn't struggle up to me no more. I suppose she was looking for another victim."

"That's the system they play in the big town, George. They pat you on the back until you blush as long as you can help them, but the minute you start looking out of the window and not responding to their hollers for help they beat it for fresh fields and pastures new. How many friends have you got here in the city, George, that would stick to you if you were going through bankruptcy?"

"I guess the only friends I would have then would be my wife," said the Head Barber, "and the lawyer that was putting me through."

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Certainly.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 and have been keeping company with a young man six years my senior for the last seven months. For the last two months I haven't met on account of a quarrel. I would like to ask if it is proper for me to write to him first, as it was my fault that we quarreled.

It would show a very generous spirit, and I hope he will be man enough to appreciate it. Don't be too humble and don't apologize a second time.

Don't Try.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 and deeply in love with a man of 27. He does not seem to care for me. How can I win his love?

You are only 18, so that the winning of any man's love is not urgently important. Try to think less of him; acquire other interests; be your own natural self, and if he is the man intended for you he will give his love all the more ardently if it is unsought.

It Certainly Is.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Is it improper for a girl at the age of 15 to speak to any man?

It is improper for a girl to speak to "any man," by whom I think you mean a man to whom she has not been introduced, no matter what her age.

Mother's Friend in Every Home

Comfort and Safety Assured Before the Arrival of the Stork.



The old saying—what is home without a mother—should add "Mother's Friend." In thousands of American homes there is a bottle of this splendid and famous remedy that has aided many a woman through the trying ordeal, saved her from suffering and pain, kept her in health of mind and body in advance of baby's coming and had a most wonderful influence in developing a healthy, lovely disposition in the child.

There is no other remedy so truly a help to nature as Mother's Friend. It relieves the pain and discomfort caused by the strain on the ligaments, makes pliant those fibres and muscles which nature is expanding and soothes the inflammation of breast glands.

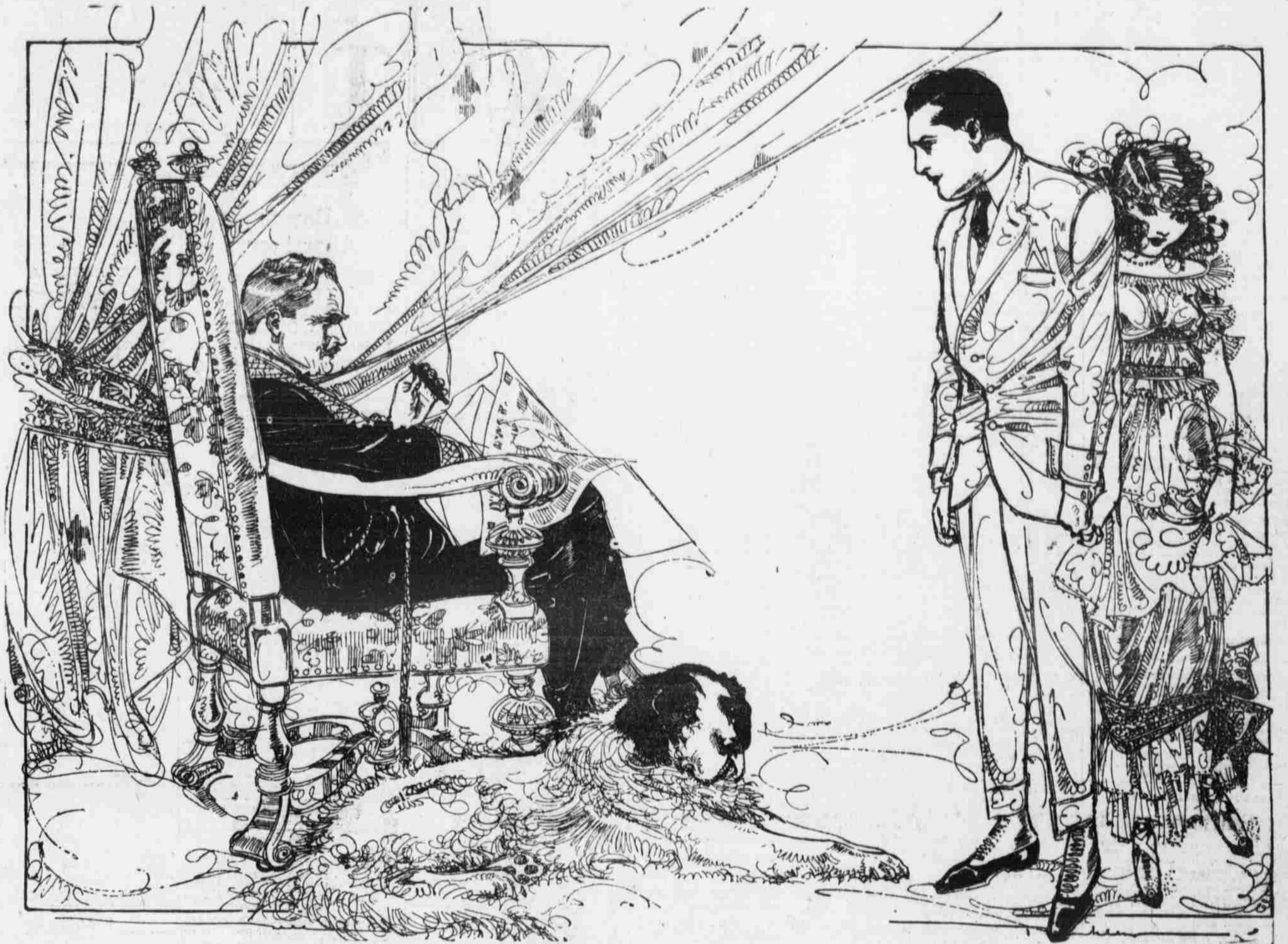
Mother's Friend is an external remedy, acts quickly and not only banishes all distress in advance, but assures a speedy and complete recovery for the mother. Thus she becomes a healthy woman with all her strength preserved to thoroughly enjoy the rearing of her child. Mother's Friend can be had at any drug store at \$1.00 a bottle, and is really one of the greatest blessings ever discovered for expectant mothers. Write to Bradford Regulator Co., 128 Samar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., for their free book. Write to day. It is most instructive.

Terrible Minutes

That One When You Ask Dad for Betty

By Nell Brinkley

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Nell Brinkley Says:

That's a terrible minute, sure! I wished, when I was little, that I was a boy. Boys could stay out on the prairie later; they could turn a better flip-flop on the minister's fence; they never had to sing "Shine On, Little Star-a-ah-ah!" at the church Christmas doings and have the organ cease and leave them to go alone. They never had to wash their necks as often, and they could settle things up in a good, soul-satisfying manner when they and the chuckle-headed boy across the aisle didn't agree! I wished that then—just as hard as a little towhead who loved a dog and the whole outdoors and boy conversation and boy books could!

But I haven't for a long time. And I don't ever when I remember that I'd have to look some grim-faced man who called the Betty whom I loved his "baby" in the eye—and propose to him! Propose to him that I—swipe her away! So it's good to be a girl—oh, just for that reason alone: kissing your fingers to all the other things that go to make "being a girl" delectable.

For Launcelot Du Lake never puffed out his chest as wide or took as big a breath when he swung his whistling sword for marvelous adventure as a chap does when he buttons up his coat—swallows his sick heart—grips the hand of the little cowardly-custard behind him—and asks her father for her. Asking for your first "job" is a terrible episode. But this is a stunner beside it. For you know he doesn't love you—no matter what a safe, comfortable, hustling, clean, square chap you are—because you're a thief. He might as well be blind—he

doesn't see your smooth, clean look and straight-gazing eyes—you look just like a porch-climber to him! Anyway, you're afraid you do. And the speech—the speech! Where is it? Last night, in the dark peace of your bed, you said it off—and it was a great talk! It was short—beautifully short—and it was full of sense and persuasion—it put your case and Betty's truthfully and perfectly—and it reminded him that he had once been in your shoes and had less than you—reminded him that "up to now" he had liked you—held all the arguments that Love has preached to the world since the tiny beginning of things. It was beautiful. It was honest and serious and short! And where is it now? All you can think of is, "She loves me (say yes), and I love her—and I can make her happy!" They all say that!

You almost wish you'd fallen in love with an orphan!

Cultivating a Smile

Helpful Beauty Hints from Norma Phillips, "The Mutual Girl"



"I had to think cheerfully."

"I cultivated a smile."

By MAUDE MILLER.

"Of course, I would be untrue to my profession if I said there was such another thing in the world so beautiful as varying facial expression," says Miss Norma Phillips, who is the Mutual Girl in the new Mutual moving pictures by that name. "And the funny part of it is that I have had to make over my own face, and so I can speak from experience when I say that true beauty is facial expression."

"I have what is known as a 'tragic' face. That is, my features are inclined to droop and my eyes to look wistful. Tragic faces may do for tragic parts, but the first thing to do in the making over process is to know just when to apply the

brakes. Applying the brakes is hard work, for it means looking cheerful whether you are happy or not, but it brought such wonderful results after I had tried it a while and had thought out a method that it was really fun.

"I had to think cheerful thoughts out loud whenever it was necessary to look happy, so I cultivated a smile. Sometimes I smiled outside when I was miserable within, but after a while it was easier and I found that with very little extra trouble I could think happy thoughts all the while.

"After my smile came naturally I began to practice smiling with my mouth closed. This is the very hardest thing in the world to do, because it throws all the responsibility of the smile on the eyes, but it simply represented a new difficulty for me to overcome, and I prac-

ticed until I could smile with every feature of my face. You would be surprised to know how much the nose will do for expression. I wrinkle my nose ever so slightly when I laugh, and it positively radiates a sense of humor. Think what it is to have a nose express a sense of humor.

"After a while I discovered that I could feel emotion myself and express it more clearly if I felt it from my diaphragm. So I tried to feel every emotion there and then gradually work it out of my system till it reached my face. I discovered that bodily expression is subordinate to facial movement; and yet acts in harmony with it, and so a great deal of attention need not be given to bodily expression.

"The hands and arms may be used for expression, such as their sudden

droop indicating submission, or the shrug of the shoulder may be used for a hundred things, but of what use is either without the accompanying facial expression? The drooping or lifting of the features of the face mean absolutely everything in beauty of expression, and without expression a beautiful face conveys nothing more to the mind and heart of another individual than does a beautiful picture.

"Varying expressions chasing each other over the features of an individual awaken interest; something beyond mere comprehension of a beautiful thing. There is nothing like learning the secret of real expression for the beautifying of any features. To natural beauty expression supplies vivacity, to the plain girl it lights up the face as nothing else ever will."

Jupiter's Moons

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

It was 391 years ago, January 7, 1610, that the great Galileo discovered the satellites of Jupiter.

The true nature of the quartette of faint stars was instantly perceived. There could be no doubt that they were small bodies subordinate to Jupiter, attending upon him, and revolving about him, and bearing the identical relationship to him that the moon bears to the earth.

Galileo's vision of Jupiter's moons was the first substantial gift to man, its initial overture to the innate yearning of the human mind toward a knowledge of the mysteries of infinite space. And a wonderful overture it was, full of profound significance, and destined to shake up all the thought-systems of all the schools.

That he had been permitted to gaze upon

objects which, up to that time, the eye of man had never beheld, Galileo continued to search the heavens with his strange new instrument, and the following year the telescope showed him the phases of Venus.

Seventy-five years before, Copernicus had launched his famous Heliocentric theory, that the earth and other planets are the members of a system of which the sun is the center, and his ignorant and infuriated opponents said to him mockingly: "If your doctrine were true, Venus would show phases like the moon," to which Copernicus meekly replied: "You are right. I know not what to say to you; but God is good, and in time He will find an answer to your objection." The God-given answer came when the rude telescope of Galileo showed the phases of Venus.

The Copernican theory was no longer a theory, but a demonstrated fact. Copernicus had been dead sixty-eight years, and his memory was under the ban of the infallibilities, but along came Galileo with the facts about Jupiter and Venus which would not down, and round to those facts all the world was to come at last.

Charmed with the fascinating reflection

Girls! Lots of Beautiful Glossy Hair! No More Dandruff—25-cent Danderine

Hair coming out? If dry, thin or faded here's an inexpensive, delightful tonic—Grows hair.

Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp. A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of the hair. No difference

how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy. Just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine—Advertisement.