

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

To You---Who Never Came

By ANN LISLE.

I dusted and swept my hearth,
I made my room all fair,
And I set the curtains high and wide
So the sun fell everywhere;
I put on my loveliest gown,
And a rose blew sweet o'er my hair—
For only the best I had to give
Was what I'd let you share.

And many another came
Because my home was bright,
And I was gay with ribbons and lace,
And my eyes with joy alight.
But still you tarried away—
You, with the heart you'd won—
While my curtains blew in the eastern breeze
And my flowers bloomed in the sun.

I closed my windows again,
And I set my curtains low
Lest my home breathe "Welcome" for all to share—
The welcome but you could know.
And after the dreary years
I wonder here at last
If you ever came to the shuttered place,
And, dreading its gloom—rode past!

A Poetess of the Dance

How a Young Girl Transforms Into the Beauty of Motion the Simple Facts of Life.

Miss Hamilton Interpreting "The Spirit of the Wheat."



By ANN LISLE.

"It is easy to make poetry about roses. But I like to take a neglected weed and see if I can't make it into a song."

"Isn't that a beautiful philosophy if life? And it is the idea of a girl who is just sixteen years and five months old!"

"Pretty Dorothy Hamilton is a mischievous, happy, fun-loving, affectionate child—but she has the soul of a poet and she uses her whole healthy young body to express her spirit. She dances with grace and charm to little poetical stories that she herself writes and she talks about her work with a sincerity and wholesome joy in what she is doing that makes you like hearing about her dancing almost as well as seeing it."

Miss Dorothy Hamilton.

And her work is so beautiful that next year she is to dance at Chautauque. She will be the first dancer to appear before this conference, and it is left to this mere child to win such dignified recognition for the art of dancing.

This is how the story of a New York girl in moderate circumstances and with no one to help or teach her has evolved a style of dancing all her own and has taught herself steps from the simplest to the most complicated.

Her great blue eyes sparkle almost as much as her golden curls as she leans forward and talks in a sweet voice that helps her supple body express poetry: "How did I come to dance? Mother says I danced a bit when I kicked in the cradle! And I can't remember when I was not longing to dance."

"I saw Genee when I was eight and promptly went home and wrote her a postal card. In the romances the great artist always answers and aids and encourages you. I don't suppose my impudent little postal ever got to Genee. Anyway, the answer never got to me. This is what I wrote:

"Dear Girl—I want to be like you when I get big. I am your 8-year-old friend, Dorothy Hamilton."

Dorothy laughed with delight at her reminiscence, and added, "I'm not much like that fairy, am I? I just grow and grow like the beanstalk Jack climbed."

"Well, I went on trying to dance, and I used to make the girls at my school angry by telling them that I had to go home and take my dancing lesson. When they asked who my teacher was I always replied seriously that I was studying with Dorothy Hamilton. I had faith in my teacher, too. She took such pains with me. She made me work two and three hours getting steps that didn't come right."

"I got steps, but never a whole dance until one night I dreamed the story of 'The Spirit of the Wheat.' I woke mother right up to show it to her, and when she said she liked my little story-dance of the spirit of the grain, crossing the barren fields and making them bloom with her blessing to men, I immediately wanted to make up an encore. And the light falling through the lace curtains gave me the inspiration for a 'Moonbeams and Shadows' dance. Mother sat and waited for me to work it out. And she was as proud as I was when I had two dances all dreamed out!"

Isabel's Slide.

One word of criticism that should be emphatic was the sight of a common straight-back chair in the place where a piano stool should be in front of the piano. It was quite a violation of the proprieties to have such a graceful and proficient accompanist as Miss Isabel Smallhorn slide into her seat. It is to be such person carry their own revolving piano stool under their arm, this should be publicly understood.—New Canaan (Conn.) Advertiser.

Class Distinction.

It always makes an editor feel the injustice of class distinctions when he sees that some prominent public man has been forced by his physician to quit work for three days on account of an attack of indigestion.—Ohio State Journal.

The Albany Statesman

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

Among "The Men Who Made America" must be reckoned the little company of delegates who, one hundred and sixty years ago last June, met in what is known as the "Albany Congress."

The colonies represented were seven in number, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania and Maryland. There were in all twenty-five delegates, with James Delancey, of New York, as chairman.

The purpose of the congress was two-



legislatures. The council was to have power to declare war, levy troops, raise funds, regulate trade, conclude peace, and do such other things as may be needful for the promotion of the general welfare.

Franklin's plan was finally adopted and copies of it were sent to the colonies for their consideration, but nothing came of it.

The royal governors favored it, but the people opposed it, on account probably of the fact that the royal governors were in favor of it. In addition to their dislike for the idea of the "Chief magistrate appointed by the Crown," the people were mortally afraid of the "Grand Council" idea.

The spirit of local self-government was strong among the colonists, and they were haunted by the suspicion that the grand council might prove to be the octopus for strangling their liberties.

Hence it turned out that the "Albany plan" went up in smoke. Some of the colonies rejected it without a word of debate. Not a single colonial legislature favored it. Massachusetts was inclined to adopt it, but at a monster mass meeting in Boston it was hotly denounced as being "subversive of liberty," and nothing more was heard of it.

But notwithstanding all this, the important fact remains that to the Albany congress belongs the honor of having launched the attempt which was finally to result in the "more perfect union" under which we live today—the "Indestructible Union of Indestructible States."

Twenty years after the collapse of the work that had been done by the Albany statesmen the first Continental congress met at Philadelphia, September 5, 1774—one of the most fateful dates in history. After a debate of four weeks' duration the delegates passed the resolutions which the great Chatham declared were "un-surpassed by any state papers ever composed in any age or country."

The resolutions declared that the American people had "the free and exclusive right to legislate in their own provincial legislatures," and that this right they would not suffer themselves to be deprived of. The sage of battle was thus clearly thrown down, and it was up to the king to let the patriots alone or fight.

Out of the Continental congress grew the first real union of the colonies—the first government that enabled the colonies to act with anything like unanimity—the "Articles of Confederation."

The articles were ratified by Maryland

Marital Mistakes

By DOROTHY DIX.

To marry on insufficient means, because when the bill collector begins to pound on the door Cupid jumps out of the window.

To marry a woman because she is a parlor ornament and expect her to turn into a kitchen utensil as soon as the marriage ceremony is over, or to marry a drunken rouser and expect him to be metamorphosed into a model of the domestic virtues.

For either a man or a woman to marry with the intention of making over the other one's character to suit his or her ideal.

To marry a person whose tastes are not similar to your own.

To marry out of your own class either socially, financially, intellectually or morally.

To cut out the jolly because you are married. During courtship flattery is an aid to success; after marriage it is a necessity.

To fall into the error of thinking that matrimony gives one the privilege of cutting onions, wearing frayed clothes and telling unpleasant truths in the home circle.

For a husband or wife to curtail the other's personal liberty. The man who opens his wife's letters and the woman who goes through her husband's pockets will inevitably come to hate each other.

To try to live together twelve months in the year.

To be separated too much.

To try to live with either his family or her family.

Not to settle the money question before marriage.

To appeal to outsiders to arbitrate their family spats.

To try to live in a boarding house or hotel. The lack of a home is the first aid to divorce.

For the wife not to have plenty of work to do to fill up her hands and thoughts.

To marry until the woman has had her fill of admiration from men, and the man is tired of running with the boys.

For the man not to throw responsibility on his wife's shoulders, and make her feel that she must be his real helpmeet, instead of a doll to dress up and play with.

Not to have children.

Not to play together. The man who takes his amusements always among men and the woman who goes to nothing but hen parties will soon find out that they can be happy apart.

And the greatest mistake is to marry without love. If there is plenty of that nothing else much matters.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

No. Dear Miss Fairfax: If two girls are walking along the street and see two young men who they would like to know and the young men speak to them, would it be all right for the girls to each introduce the other one, and the same with the young men? DORA FARQUHAR.

It would be most improper. An introduction must come from some one who knows both parties to the introduction. What you suggest would merely be a cheap and degrading flirtation.

Don't Be Ashamed of Your Home. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am past 17 and have a great many admirers and would very much like to have some of them call at my home, but I do not think it is fit for any outsider to see on account of its meanness and the neighborhood it is in. I, therefore, have a great many quarrels at home with my mother and brother, which troubles and worries me a great deal.

Do you think it is very wrong of me to meet them on the outside, as I know that I can take care of myself? BRIGHT EYES.

Entertain your friends in your own home. If they care so little for you that they will not come into a poor neighborhood and even a shabby home in order to be with you, their regard can never bring you happiness.

Making Friends. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 16, but very often am taken for 18. I have no girls of my own friends to go out with and therefore I'm always remaining home. I'm not a bad looking girl—I go to business I dress up-to-date, and yet I can't make acquaintances.

Could you advise me in any way how I could have a good time like all other girls? Thanking you in advance, I remain, respectfully,

You are as yet too young to go about with boys, but you really should have girl friends. Suppose you put all thoughts of yourself into the background and meet girls with a sweet manner and ready sympathy and interest in their affairs. If there is some girl in your office who attracts you, simply show your friendly feeling to her—that will win her interest, as we all like to be liked.

A Girl Worth Winning. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 19 and have been accused of being a flirt by a young man of the same age as I am for three months. He has become very fond of me, but my feelings toward him at present are simply the same as they are toward the other young men of my acquaintance. I would like to be interested in him as I do not wish to monopolize his time and attention and enjoy myself at his expense. I cannot, in time, reciprocating by learning to love him as he loves me at present. My parents and friends think very highly of him.

N. T. F. Not enough girls are fine enough to stop to consider the question of the man's feelings in a case like yours. But I think that the very fact that you are so considerate of this young man's feelings indicates that you have some fondness for him. If the opportunity presents tell him of your friendly sentiments and that they are friendly—and nothing more. But don't sacrifice a friendship to a mere chimera of fear for a situation that may never arise.

Everybody Reads Bee Want Ads.

Thomas Edison and Planet Venus

Modern Mythology Has Strangely Linked the Inventor's Name With Beautiful Evening Star.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Mr. Edison ought to feel greatly flattered. They have named the planet Venus for him. "They" means people who, whenever they see an extraordinary star in the sunset



heaven think it must be an earthly electric light instead of a celestial world.

Twenty-five years ago, when I wrote my first book on popular astronomy, I mentioned, in the preface, the fact that thousands of New Yorkers, looking at Venus when it was the evening star (as it is now), took it for an electric balloon which Mr. Edison was supposed nightly to send heavenward, for no other apparent reason than to mystify his fellow man.

It was the birth of a legend, which seems to have the tenacity of life that characterizes all mythology, and Edison's electric balloon, or ball, has become as firmly established in popular tradition as William Tell's apple, or George Washington's hatchet.

Only last evening a gentleman said to me: "What was that bright light I saw in the west an hour ago? Was it Edison's electric ball?"

"I guess it must have been, for I never saw a star so bright as that, and it is gone now, so I suppose they have drawn it down. What do they do it for, anyway? I have often heard of it, but I never heard any explanation given of Mr. Edison's idea in sending it up. Is he trying to communicate with Mars?"

My inquiring friend had some difficulty in believing me when I told him that the light he had seen, and which anybody can see an hour after sunset at the present time, was a great planet in the sky, the earth's twin sister, and not an electric lamp suspended in the air.

The circumstance that appeared to trouble him most was the exceeding brilliancy of the phenomenon. He could hardly be persuaded to believe that any star or planet could possibly shine like that.

"Why," he exclaimed, "it is as bright as an arc light, and steady as a coach lamp, and yet you tell me that it is 190,000,000 miles away and shines only reflected sunlight."

"All of which is perfectly true," I said. "and bright as it looks now Venus will be far more brilliant during the early summer, because it is constantly getting nearer the earth, and consequently looms larger to our eyes."

"But it isn't going to hit us, I hope."

"No danger. Planets cannot run off their road like automobiles and railroad trains. Venus circles around the sun about 26,000,000 miles inside the earth's orbit. Their paths are like two circular tracks, one within the other, and having the sun at their common center."

"Whenever Venus is on that side of its orbit which is farthest from the point where the earth happens to be, at that time, in its orbit, the two planets are on opposite sides of the sun, and as far apart as they can ever get."

"But Venus travels faster than the earth, in a smaller orbit, so that from time to time it comes around into that part of its orbit which is between the sun and the earth. That is what it is beginning to do at the present time. But the curve of its orbit, as it swings in between the earth and the sun, will gradually bring it nearer to us until it reaches the point where its orbit and the earth's are the closest. When it arrives there, some months hence, it will be exactly between the earth and the sun, and after it has passed that point it will go over into the morning star, and cease to be visible in the evening."

"So it becomes alternately morning and evening star, and this it has been doing in love. There isn't no class to it."

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