

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## How the 1914 Girl Keeps in Trim

Is It a Wonder She's "Slimsey Sue"?

By Nell Brinkley



### Nell Brinkley Says:

When your grandmother and mine were young persons, with hair in bobbing curls, ankles in pantalettes, and billows of skirts like whipped cream, a canter in the saddle with plumes and sweeping skirts, weighted with bullets at the hem was a bit of fine exercise, I'm telling' you. And a swaying little stroll in the park was one other way of keeping the blood in her cheeks and health all over and about her.

But now! A stroll is bread-and-milk and a canter is a slow business. Is it any wonder the girl who steps so gaily through nineteen-to-teen with her slim hips and boy-carriage is rather coltish because of the life in her? She plays polo, along with the rest of the defenders of the cup—driving the little white "pellet" along the green hotel carpet turf—astride of her horse, as she should be—sticking to her slippery little eggshell saddle as close as the hair on her mount's satin back—bitting hard—her tongue between her teeth like a

small boy—hair tight to her head, fuss and feathers shaved down to nothing! She plays the grand old game that the boys have just finished, gracefully and generously showing off to the aliens across the many waters (over in Jersey, you know, there's a girl-team that is surely up in the game and looks!) She dances—my gracious, how she dances! And nowadays the dance is a pretty riot that fascinates and enthralls, puts every muscle a-ripple, makes feet, ankles and all the ceaselessly moving body a tireless, beautifully work-

ing thing; shamelessly washes all the powder off a girl's pretty face, sends her blood slugging under the skin and makes of her just the same hipplity-hop, limber-limbed child she was when she was 10. She boxes—oh, yes! (Over in France—behind your hand say this—she fought a fast, furious battle, 'till one of her "went out.") And to finish off her little round of exercise, she drives her father's motor car with a loose, quick hand, steady nerves and a dash of Tetzlaff! And, moreover, when it pulls up with

a kind of sinister sound like a breadcrumb in its feed pipe, and coaxes—she can get out and get under and coax it back into a steady, sweet hum again. She can adjust a distributor, take the cork out of the carburetor and examine its works—regulate the um-ha-ha as thoroughly at the next fello. Is it any wonder she's a slim, boylike creature? But don't you think—don't you really think she's a mighty sweet, feminine, dainty, womanly young person, after all? Just a bundle of girl, with it all? Me?—I do!

## THE DIAMONDS BY LOUIS TRACY

You Can Begin This Great Story To-day by Reading This First

danger is opened and read, and Grenier tells Mason to call Anson's servant. He finds Anson's check book, and with Jockey Mason sets out for the railroad, meeting and chatting with a rural policeman on the way. Grenier goes to York and opens communications with Anson's bankers, with Abingdon and Miss Athery. Grenier secures possession of Anson's belongings, and Mason gets an unexpected summons to visit police headquarters. Grenier forges orders, Anson's bank, and determines to swindle Mason out of his share of the plunder. Mason goes to police headquarters and there meets his two grown sons. The boys take their father to their room, and tell him the story of how their mother was cared for in her illness by Philip Anson, and how they were reared and trained at the Mary Anson Home. Mason suffers from remorse, and the Yorkshire policeman inspects the abandoned grange. Anson is pulled from the sea by fishermen and taken to a hospital, where he recovers consciousness.

### Now Read On

But the police must be informed at once. It was more than likely the criminals had left the Grange House soon after the attempted murder. Yet, if Philip did not object, a policeman should be summoned and the tale told to him. The man should be warned to keep the story out of the papers. The arrival of the constable at a late hour created consternation in the household. But the doctor knew his people. "Have no fear, Mrs. Verrill," he whispered to the fisherman's wife, "your husband caught a fine fish when he drew Mr. Anson into his net. He will not need to poach salmon any more." The doctor sat by Philip's bed while the policeman made clumsy notes of that

I hope you have not lost the blue atom by this mischance. He sank back exhausted. It was on the tip of the doctor's tongue to ask: "What in the world is a blue atom?" But he forbore. The sleeping patient was taking effect, and he would not retard it. He subsequently wrote a telegram on his own account: "Mr. Anson is convalescing, but a journey today is impossible. A reassuring message from you will save him from impatience and help his recovery. He has been delirious until last night. Now all he needs is rest and freedom from worry."

His man waited at Seaside postoffice until a reply came next day. Then he rode with it to the village where Philip was yet sleeping peacefully. Indeed, the clatter of hoofs without aroused him, and he opened his eyes to find the doctor sitting as though he had never quitted his side. (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

### Advice to the Lovelorn

Dear Miss Fairfax: I loved a gentleman at first sight, and have been angry with him for the last two years and don't care for him now. I met many other gentlemen, but don't care for them as much. I would like to know whether I would care for another gentleman as I did for the first, whom I don't care for now. That is something only the future will tell, but there is no doubt you will learn to care for another man even more than you cared for the first. But don't keep the first love too much in memory.

### Something Sensible

Dear Miss Fairfax: A girl friend of mine has her first-year wedding anniversary. What would be a proper gift? With marriage comes appreciation of the useful, and I am sure anything from a pretty towel to a china plate or cut glass dish would be acceptable. You know her wants and her likings, and the limitations of your own purse, and should find the buying of a gift an easy matter.

## "The Business of Life"

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. (Copyright, 1914, by Star Company.)

Life means action, from the cradle to the funeral pile. The situation into which we are born and our mental and physical equipments at birth are the result of past action in other lives, and all our actions while here are forming conditions for lives to come. There are limitless possibilities in this life to overcome, whatever conditions hamper or annoy us, and to bring us into realization whatever hopes or aspirations lure us. We have not begun to sound the depths of our minds. The most brilliant, the most studious, the most reverent, the most persistent, have only sailed about the shores of this great ocean; they have not even imagined what deep waters lie beyond, and what rare pearls lie under those deep waters. But we have shining examples of individuals who have achieved so much under such discouraging conditions that their lives become an inspiration to all who meditate upon them. Lincoln, born in poverty, reared in the same hard school, surrounded by the commonplace and the undesirable and deprived of all opportunities for advancement, made himself a colossal figure in the eyes of centuries to come through high thinking, clean living and the persistent cultivation of the old immortal virtues of honesty, truth, courage and unselfishness and devotion to those duties which stood nearest. All his thoughts, all his ambitions, all his actions, from childhood to maturity, were directed toward the attainment of to sit alone with thoughts of my Creator and those virtues and their practical applica-

tion to every issue which life presented. Unconsciously to himself, he was treading the path to immortal fame; he was building a character which would invite tremendous responsibilities, and creating the strength to meet them grandly. He knew what life meant. It meant action and achievement through growth. There is no such thing as inaction during this life. We are continually going forward or backward. You are either stronger or weaker this year than you were last year. You are braver or more cowardly. You are more hopeful or more pessimistic. You are more capable mentally or less so. You have better or poorer command of your forces. You have more efficiency or not as much. You are nearer your goal or farther from it. You are a better human being or not as good. Next year at this time you will be still farther onward or still farther backward. Every thought, every word and every act of each day is chiseling out the statue you are making of yourself. If you desire to be an expression of the Creator's finest handiwork you must work with care. Delicate tools are these thoughts of ours, and they must be used with caution. Every morning say to yourself (the Self): "Today I will think of whatever is beautiful, strong, noble, wholesome and worthy. I will entertain hope, courage, reverence, gratitude and love as the guests of my heart. I will make thoughts of health at ease in the quiet chamber of my mind so disease may not enter. And I will achieve something worth while in my chosen field of endeavor. I will work faithfully, but I will find time to sit alone with thoughts of my Creator for a little while, and no worldly ambi-

### BIG NAMES FOR PLAIN HABITS

Here are a few of the new names that alienists have introduced to describe certain aberrations of the mind that are not insanity but that are classified as psychoses, being indications of a condition that is not exactly normal. Most of us have some one or more of them. Most of them are merely bad habits, expressions of the nervous strain of modern life. The following, taken from an account in a scientific magazine of a recent congress of neurologists and nerve specialists, are a few of the more novel terms they used in their addresses and in their debates: Mistakoshepomania—The common habit that young men have of pulling their bedding up to their eyes. Odontiatyomania—The habit of putting the little finger into the ear and agitating it violently. Streborrhaidomania—Twirling the umbrella as one walks. Omphagomania—Biting the nails. Stomatodactylomania—The habit, so common among babies, but by no means uncommon among adults, of keeping a finger in the mouth. Harmoniomania—Beating a tattoo with the finger tip upon the window, the table or other furniture. Kratopomania—Crossing the legs one over the other and pulling up the trousers to reveal the socks.—New York World.

## Wig-Wagging the Color Scheme

## Or, How to Adopt the Season's Fad



The colored wig has come to stay. Whether or not it has come to stay is a question for Father Time and his daughters to answer. Certainly Solomon in all his glory was never attired with the braute brilliance of these brave young pioneers in the colored hair fashion. They shine with a rainbow twinkle all the while "Claudia Smiles" up at the Lyric theater. The Blanche Ring showgirls have always been justly famed for their beauty. Now they prove their title to it by actually looking sweet and pretty in hair that has all the futurist artists out-futured. One and all, they assure us that a colored wig must be chosen with such care as nearly turns your own hair white. It must blend with your complexion. It must match or be in artistic contrast with your temperament. The purple wig will not do for the debutante, nor will the bright green one suit the matron of 50, and several hundred pounds. Beginning at the left, we have a green wig, contrasting with the demure sweet-

ness of its wearer and setting off a gown of coral and silver. Next, there is a wig of vasso rose worn with a gown of old blue and a complexion of soft, creamy tints. Sweetness is suggested here. The third stately maid dares flame colored locks with her alabaster complexion and flashing gray eyes. Purple hair is worn by a brunette of warm flesh tints, whose dark eyes beam from their royal background. The blue-eyed beauty with clear pink skin has ventured a wig of cold steel gray. With this she dons a flame-colored dress. And the last smiling Rainbow maid has piled her head high with masses of dull blue hair that makes her deep blue eyes all the more pansy-like for the contrast in shades. And the crowning glory of this Never-Never Land colored hair is that its price will make it prohibitively exclusive!



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