

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## The Manicure Lady

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

"I've been reading a continued story in one of the evening newspapers," said the Manicure Lady, "and it is a kind of queer layout, the plot of it and all. It tells about a strong, manly young gent who sits there tall who wins the love of a fair young society girl by acting like a cave man. George, what is a cave man?"

"I remember reading something about cave men in my school books," said the Head Barber. "If I remember right, they were the first human beings and lived a mighty long time ago. They were bigger than the men now, and more like big gorillas. They had hair all over their big bodies and lived in caves. That is all I know about them, except that when it came to a rough house fight they must have been regular slayers."

"Dear me," exclaimed the Manicure Lady, "I don't see how no young society lady could fall for that kind of a gent. I ain't no society queen myself, but goodness knows, George, I wouldn't marry no gent and do light housekeeping in a cave. A flat is bad enough, but a cave—never."

"This story didn't say, though, that the hero was exactly a cave man—it said he used cave-man methods. I suppose it meant that he was kind of rough and harsh to her, and maybe he beat her up a little."

"He wouldn't have to be no cave man to do that, if we can believe the papers at all," declared the Head Barber. "There are plenty of gent's moving in our best circles that have been accused of beating up their wives."

"It said in this story that all women love to be mastered by some ruder, stronger being than the women themselves. Sometimes I believe that is so because I have often had the feeling when some great big powerful man went out of here that I would be willing to be his wife if he had a good bank roll with which to maintain me proper, even if he did give me a good shaking when I wouldn't mind. Goodness knows, I would rather have a husband like that than some of the little flat-chested duds that mince in here just before the matinee to get polished up to a perfect pink. I wouldn't care a rap for a husband that I could slam across the room, and I am afraid if I should marry that kind of a husband he would be going across the room most of the time."

"But the ideal kind of a man, I think, for a husband for an emotional yet gentle child like me, is a husband who could be as rough as Sandy Fyrmason if he had to be, but who could also be as gentle as a little trained nurse—and that is the way I would want him to be most of the time, because my girlish nature does not lean none toward warfare. My father is the kind of a man I mean—big and powerful enough to always be the skipper of his own house, but as gentle as a kitten most of the time, especially when he has been out with a few of the high proof stuff of the market for ever. No matter how lit dear old dad is, he always totes that beaming smile around on his map, and he has always been so good to mother that she fairly worships him."

"There ain't many men left like that now, George, at least among the young stock. The young men now have the muscles of children, and the dispositions of cave men, instead of the muscles of cave men and the dispositions of children. Here comes one of them to get his nails did now."

## Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

### Tell Your Father.

Dear Miss Fairfax: A gentleman friend calls at the house every night in the week. If he happens to be talking to another man he pulls me away from him. He has a very jealous disposition. He claims he loves me, but I have care for him as a friend. I have told him several times to keep away, but he does not listen to me. DAISSY.

His possessive attitude toward you not only is distasteful to you, but will cause unpleasant comments from others. Stay in your room rather than to see him. If that does not cure him, tell your father or your brother.

### Who is in the Wrong?

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 17 and have been leaping company with a young man of 21. Recently we had a quarrel and quit speaking. He has suitable habits and I love him and I am sure he loves me. He speaks when we meet, but that is all. CONSTANT READER.

In every quarrel one is in the wrong to blame. If you are not an apologist but don't get down on your knees as if you had committed the greatest of crimes. If he refuses to accept, forget him. The putting man is the greatest of all afflictions.

## Sage and Sulphur Darkens Gray Hair

Brush this through faded, lifeless locks and they become dark, glossy, youthful.

Hair that loses its color and lustre, or when it fades, turns gray, dull and lifeless, is caused by a lack of sulphur in the hair. Our grandmothers made up a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur to keep her locks dark and beautiful, and thousands of women and men who value that even color, that beautiful dark shade of hair, which is so attractive, use only this old-time recipe.

Nowadays we get this famous mixture by asking at any drug store for a 50¢ phur Hair Remedy, which darkens the hair so naturally, so evenly, that nobody can possibly tell it has been applied. Besides, it takes off dandruff, stops scalp itching and falling hair. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; but what delights the ladies with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur is that, besides beautifully darkening the hair after a few applications, it also brings back the gloss and lustre and gives it an appearance of abundance.—Advertisement

## Dancing the "No-Touch"

Written and Especially Posed for the Magazine Page

How Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish's Edict Brought About the Wireless Tango

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish.

Life is just one new step after another these dancing days, and the latest dance on the calendar combining the least innocuous features is the "innovation waltz," which has risen up out of the ashes of the dead "tango," purged and pure, and by the ruling and approval of society is reigning favorite at present.

There is nothing intimate in character in this expurgated waltz, for with the introduction of proper holding without body contact, one of the features so censured in the "tango," shoulder and hip movement—that also came under the ban—eliminated. "The innovation" will register 85 per cent pure, according to the schedule of strict propriety or the pure dance test.

Dancing the "innovation waltz" the partners stand at least a foot apart facing each other, the man has his hands in his pockets or behind his back, the girl rests her hands on her hips. To the same rollicking, rhythmic one-step music the waltz is danced, the steps resemble the "hesitation," the "tango" and the one-step, variations of these three, and reminiscent, in parts, of the stately minuet. Those who have seen the "innovation waltz" danced have nothing



The Beginning of the "No Touch" Waltz.

The Old Way, as Danced by Maurice and Walton.

Another Pose of the "Innovation."

but words of admiration for it and an era of popularity, even greater than the "tango" enjoyed, is prophesied for it.

At the ball given by Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish recently the "innovation waltz" was first exploited by Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle. "No tangoing at my parties," was Mrs. Fish's ultimatum, and to her belongs the credit for the name and the dance's existence.

"The Innovation waltz" is pictorially described on this page by Miss Louise Alexander and Olive Logan, favorably known as a dancer both in Europe and New York.

Of the "Innovation" Miss Alexander had this to say today: "We are now in a state of transmission to more beautiful dancing, and this latest is a remarkably pretty dance, lacking in all the eccentricities and abandon of the 'tango,' and it is not at all difficult to do."

"The partners must practice it together, though, for without the guiding arm of your partner it is essential to the picture that the team work be uniform. Now the 'Innovation Maxixe,' which I dance with Mr. Logan, is more difficult. It is considered the hardest of the Argentine dances, with its many varied steps and postures, but if the public objects to the close proximity of the 'tango,' they doubtless do in the 'maxixe,' and so dancing in all its phases will soon be a sort of 'solo-duet' affair—a paradox—dancing together, yet apart.

"To those—and their name is legion—who have spent time, money and good gray matter in their efforts to achieve the grace and abandon characteristic of the 'tango,' and are just beginning to feel that they know something about it, this edict comes as a crushing blow, but the dance craze has not abated; it is still very much with us and so though one dance is condemned the slogan among the devotees of the Terpsichorean seems to be 'on with the dance,' let name be what it will.

"There has been extreme diversity of opinion in the short and meteoric career of the 'tango' enthusiasts claiming that it did away with nervous prostration, dyspepsia and most of the ills flesh is heir to; banished old age, hypochondria to say nothing of prudishness. Jean Richepin, a member of the French academy, wrote a comedy entitled the 'Tango.' Gowns, hats, garters, materials, colors, ad libitum, ad nauseum bore the name of 'tango.' And out of Paris the suburb of Deauville was dubbed Tangoville.

"Those that the 'tango' charmed—not, found in it the cause of much moral laxity. Physicians prophesied heart disease, tango nerve and loss of good looks to the participants in its giddy whirl, in

Europe the queen of England, the Kaiser and the pope denounced its performance. Colleges here have found this dance one of the most difficult questions that the authorities had to contend with.

"When the public, the press and the pulpit grew hysterical over the mere mention of the word 'tango,' when any measure, of any dance, no matter how badly executed, bore the name of 'tango,' when the unenlightened took their bias from the cabaret performances of the 'tango'—so-called, and could not dissociate the name and the steps a bit, and so, the innovation waltz has come to take its place and I am sure that even the most conservative will find no flaws in this dance. The change is a tribute to public opinion.

"To those who are caught in the giddy maelstrom of dancing, the question comes: How long before the standards of the 'innovation' will be found all wrong in the light of the newer—the coming dance?"

### THE DIAMONDS BY LOUIS TRACY

#### MONTE CRISTO

A THRILLING STORY OF A MODERN CRISTO

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

Philip Anson is a boy of 15 years, of fine education and good breeding, but an orphan and miserably poor.

The story opens with the death of his mother. Rich relatives have deserted the family in their hour of need, and when his mother's death comes Philip is in despair. He looks over his mother's letters and finds that she is related to Sir Philip Morland. A few days later a terrific thunderstorm brews over London.

At the height of the storm a flash of lightning sears a team attached to a coach standing in front of a West End mansion. Philip, who has become a newsboy, rescues a girl from the carriage just before it turns over. A man with the girl trips over Philip in his excitement. He cuffs the boy and calls a policeman. The girl pleads for Philip and he is allowed to go after learning that the man was Lord Vanstone. Philip then determines to commit suicide.

Just as he is about to hang himself a meteor flashes by the window and crashes into the flagstones in the yard. The boy takes this as a sign from heaven not to kill himself. He then goes to the yard to look at the meteor. Philip picks up several curious looking bits of the meteor and takes them to a diamond merchant named Isaacstein, who causes his arrest. The girl pleads for Philip and he is allowed to go after learning that the man was Lord Vanstone. Philip then determines to commit suicide.

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that he came into possession of the jewels honestly, and in winning the friendship of the magistrate, who sends him back to make an arrangement with Isaacstein. The broker agrees to dispose of diamonds to the amount of 250,000 pounds a year for a term of years, for a commission of 10 per cent, and to place at once 5,000 pounds to the boy's credit in a bank. Fifty pounds is paid in cash. With this money Philip provides himself with a better suit of clothes, and with bags to take care of the jewels, and returns to Johnson's news; on the way he meets with an adventure, which brings him in contact with a poor woman. At the old home he gathers up the diamonds, and has just succeeded in placing the last of them in a portmanteau, which he discovers that he is being watched by a man outside. He succeeds in getting rid of the fellow only to discover another pair of eyes peering at him. This time it is a policeman. Philip assists the policeman in overpowering "Jockey" Mason, a desperate criminal, and saves the policeman's life. The man curses Philip and the policeman starts with him to the station house.

### Now Read On

Copyright, 1904, by Edward J. Clode. The man glared dully at his captor. With the apathy of his class he knew when he was beaten, and became submissive in demeanor. Philip, holding his candle aloft, marveled at his own temerity in hitting this giant oxlike in size and strength. Mason wobbled his head and craned his neck awkwardly. "Go get me that crack on the nut!" he asked. "The roof dropped," was the jocular reply.

talked of. He would change his tune when he learned to whom he was indebted for his capture.

The boy walked behind them mechanically, shading the candle with his hand. He was so absorbed with his tumultuous thoughts that the first indication he received of anything bizarre in his appearance was the giggling of a girl who saw him standing in the arch of the news carefully shielding the flickering wick.

He blew it out. A clock in the small jeweler's shop opposite showed the time—ten minutes past 11. In that part of London, a busy hive of men and women of the working class, he had no chance of removing his belongings before the policeman returned.

What would happen if the friendly constable believed Jockey Mason's excited statement? True, Philip had no reason to fear the law. But with exposure might come other troubles. Would any one advance a claim to his meteor? Mr. Abingdon hinted at such a thing. He paid no rent for the house; he might be turned out instantly—refused permission to remove anything except his few unsalable household goods.

Assuredly he was in an awkward predicament. Of course, there was a chance that the policeman would continue to laugh at the convict's folly. If he did not, there would certainly be complications. Could he avoid them by any means? Where was there a safe hiding place for his diamonds until the next day? Would mother inspire him again as she had not failed to do during so many strange events? Would her spirit guide his footsteps across this new quicksand on whose verge he hesitated?

A few doors to the left was O'Brien's shop. The old man crept into sight, staggering under the weight of a shut-ter. Good gracious! Why had he not thought of this ally sooner? Some precious minutes were wasted already. "Arrah, Phil, phwat in the world!" "Wait just the least bit, Mr. O'Brien, I have some portmanteaux that I want to store for the night. Do let me put them at the back of your shop. My place is not very safe, you know."

"Sure, boy, that's a small thing to ask. Bring 'em, an' welcome."

With the speed of a deer Philip dived into the mews. He carried the two leather bags without extraordinary difficulty, and deposited them behind O'Brien's counter. The third was almost too much for him, as the weight was all in one hand. But he got it there, breathless with the exertion.

He had to open the fourth and tear out the stuffing of paper. When filled with the packages taken from the fifth it was beyond his power to lift it. So he dragged it bodily along the mews and into the shop.

A passerby offered to help him. "No, thanks," he managed to say, though the effort to speak calmly took away his remaining breath. "I am only taking it to the shop there."

The man glanced at the shop—it was a marine store dealer's—a place where lead and iron and brass found ready sale. He passed on.

"Be the forchun uv war, Phil, where did ye get the ligant leather thrunks, an' phwat's in them?" inquired the astonished pensioner.

The boy bravely called a smile to his aid. "I have a big story to tell you one of these days, Mr. O'Brien, but I have no time tonight. These things will not be in your way until the morning!"

"The devil a bit. If things go on as they are, there'll soon be room enough in the poor ould shop. To think, atther all these years, that a murderin' thief in the War office!"

Philip was safe. He rapidly helped his friend to put up the shutters, and rushed back to No. 3. Even yet he was not quite prepared for eventualities. He ran upstairs and gathered a few articles belonging to his mother, articles he never endeavored to sell even when pined by hunger.

He gave one glance at the hole in the back yard as he went to the coal house for a fresh supply of coal. That must remain. It probably would not be seen. In any case it remained inexplicable.

He was stirring the fire when a tap sounded on the door and the policeman entered, followed by an inspector.

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

### How to Make the Best Cough Remedy at Home

A Family Supply at Small Cost, and Fully Guaranteed.

Make a plain syrup by mixing one pint of granulated sugar and 1/2 pint of warm water and stir for 2 minutes. Put 2 1/2 ounces of pure Pinex (fifty cents worth) in a pint bottle, and fill it up with the Sugar Syrup. This gives you a family supply of the best cough syrup at a saving of \$2. It never spoils. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

The effectiveness of this simple remedy is surprising. It seems to take hold almost instantly, and will usually conquer an ordinary cough in 24 hours. It tones up the jaded appetite and is just laxative enough to be helpful in a cough, and has a pleasing taste. Also excellent for bronchial trouble, bronchial asthma, whooping cough and spasmodic croup.

This method of making good remedy with Pinex and Sugar Syrup (or strained honey) is now used in more homes than any other cough syrup. This explains why it is often imitated, though never successfully. If you try it, use only genuine Pinex, which is a most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, and is rich in guaiacol and other natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this combination. A guaranty of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. Your druggist has Pinex, or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.