

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Lucky Teddy Bear! :: 'Tis Cruelty, Showing a Chap Heaven and Closing the Gates :: By Nell Brinkley

A Pyramid of French Hats



"Tell the girls about this," offered a young chap with his dark hair close to his cranium in the "cait-lick" fashion. "Tell 'em about this habit they have. Every pretty girl I know does it one time or another to something or other—except me! Girls are such soft, dove-like things; they are always cooing over and cuddling something. And it's one of the sweetest things about a sweet girl. I like it—all fellows do. Your box of candy she holds tight in the curve of her arm the first thing.

Your flowers she puts her face in and murmurs little

things that you can't make words out of. Even the un-answering, reserved, cool-backed book you bring her she caresses unconsciously as a chap would a frowsy, jolly little pup. She can hold it between her two hands and like it so much that you wish to the heavens you were a book. The brotherhood of dogs, and cheap little dolls, woolly Teddy bears and real, live, kicking babies—girls have a fascinating little way of taking the whole outfit to their hearts and hugging 'em tight! That's not my kick. But—tell the girls not to deliberately light the footlights, tune the

plaintive violins, ring the curtain up—tr-r-ing!—and show us a glimpse of heaven—with the gates locked fast! If they must caress a Teddy bear with a heart of cotton, lean their cheek on his unappreciative head above his button eyes and talk to him in that language of Far Away that every lover instantly knows, though he cannot tell you it word for word, please don't do it when the fellow who happens to care is standing around! It's a case for the S. P. C. A." And he sounded like he meant it, too. Do you do that, you Betty?

NELL BRINKLEY.



What type of expression does your hat call out upon your face and suggest to the beholder?

The Parisienne, wisest of women in the lure of cloths, has learned that she may accentuate her type by the hat she wears. Here is a little study of her methods.

In the picture at the top we have the picturesque and aggressive type of beauty accented by the flaring white hat that frames the face and brings out in daring style against its wide background every feature of the face whose bold beauty challenges the passing stare.

The second shows demure simplicity. The soft rolling brim of black fur topped by a Tam o' Shanter crown of white velvet scrolled in black is girlish and sweet, and the aigrette that trims it straight up the front adds a contrasting note of abruptness to the softness brought out by the rest of the hat.

The third hat is a little black picture hat whose simple adaptation of masculine severity to feminine curves makes it a fine foil for the dreamy type of beauty. It is simply an adaptation of the "Bowler" hat done in black velvet, girdled in gros grain ribbon and trimmed with a little curling plique of paradise.

The last hat is for the coquette who can wear the daring little tricorn with a dashing air that is almost military. It is of green velvet faced in soft brown satin. The cockade at the side is a little "paint-brush" fantasy in shaded greens and browns caught under a chou of soft brown velvet. Find your type and you will know which hat to choose.

OLIVETTE.

THE DIAMONDS BY LOUIS TRACY MONTE CRISTO A THRILLING STORY OF A MODERN CRISTO

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

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

Sage Tea Puts Life and Color in Hair

Don't stay gray! Sage Tea and Sulphur darkens hair so naturally that nobody can tell.

You can turn gray, faded hair beautifully dark and lustrous almost overnight if you'll get a 50-cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy" at any drug store. Millions of bottles of this old, famous Sage Tea Recipe are sold annually, says a well-known druggist here, because it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that no one can tell it has been applied.

Those whose hair is turning gray, becoming faded, dry, scraggly and thin have a surprise awaiting them, because after one or two applications the gray hair vanishes and your locks become luxuriantly dark and beautiful—all dandruff goes, scalp itching and falling hair stops.

This is the age of youth. Gray-haired, unattractive folks aren't wanted around, so get busy with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur tonight and you'll be delighted with your dark, handsome hair and your youthful appearance within a few days.—Advertisement.

and finds that he 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 strikes a team attached to a coach standing in front of a West End mansion. Philip, who has become a newspaper boy, 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. At the police station he gives his name as Philip Morland, Isaacstein tells the judge that the diamonds are worth £50,000 (\$250,000). Philip refuses to answer questions and is remanded for a week. Lady Morland, dining in a restaurant, reads about "Philip Morland" and is puzzled.

In the police court he succeeds in convincing the magistrate, Mr. Abingdon, that he came into possession of the diamonds 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 £50,000 pounds a year for a term of years, for a commission of 10 per cent, and to place at once £500 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. While the policeman is absent delivering his prisoner, Philip succeeds in transferring his bags filled with diamonds to the junk store of his good friend, O'Brien, where all is safe. He has barely made his last trip when the policeman returns to the house with the inspector. Philip is questioned closely, and returns frank answers to all the inspector's queries. He shows letters from his father to his mother, pawn tickets, and other evidences of the occupancy of the house, and tells the inspector he has found friends since the death of his mother. The inspector leaves Philip satisfied that Jockey Mason has been dreaming about the diamonds. He promises to look up the boy in the morning.

He was cold and stiff. The weather was chilly, and there was no ardent meteor in the back yard to keep the temperature of the house at a grateful point during the night.

But his active young frame quickly dispelled the effects of a deep sleep on a draughty floor. He washed his face and hands at the sink in the scullery, and his next thought was for breakfast, a proof

of proof were needed, that he arose refreshed in mind and body.

In the Mile End Road there are plenty of early morning restaurants. At one of them he made a substantial meal, and, on his return to the Mews, he lost not a moment in carrying out a systematic search through all parts of the house and yard for any traces of the meteor which might have escaped his ken in the darkness.

Amid the earth and broken stones of the excavation there were a few fragments of ore and some atomic specimens of the diamondiferous material—not sufficient, all told, to fill the palm of his hand. But he gathered them up for obvious reasons and then devoted five vigorous minutes with O'Brien's spade to the task of fling up the deep hole itself.

By lowering the flagstones and breaking the earth beneath he soon gave the small yard an appearance of chaos which might certainly puzzle people, but which would afford no possible clue to the nature of the disturbing element.

Now Read On

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Jockey Mason's romance was now dispipated into thin air. The contents of the portmanteau, the squalid appearance of the house, the date of the soldier's letter, the bundle of pawn tickets, offered conclusive evidence to the inspector's matter-of-fact mind that the ex-convict's story was the effect of a brain excited by the newspaper comments on a sensational yarn about some boy who had found a parcel of diamonds.

This youngster had not been favored by any such extraordinary piece of luck. Simple chance had led him to put the police on the track of a much-wanted scoundrel and he had very bravely prevented a member of the force from being badly worsted in the ensuing encounter.

A subscription would be made among the officers and men of the division and they would give him a silver watch with a suitable inscription.

Philip awoke shortly before 7. He was cold and stiff. The weather was chilly, and there was no ardent meteor in the back yard to keep the temperature of the house at a grateful point during the night.

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commented the old man. "What sort of plunder has he in the bags, at all, at all?"

In idle curiosity he lifted the last addition to the pile. It was normal, even light in weight. Then he nodded knowingly.

"A lot of cold dust belongin' to Mrs. Anson, I'll be bound. Ah, well, the Lord rest her soul, 'tis she was the fine woman. I wish I had some one as clever as her to write for me to that thafe of the world who thrived!"

As there are no signs in the art of literature similar to those which serve the needs of musicians, whereby thoughts can be expressed de capo, like a musical phrase, without risk of wearying the reader, it must be understood that Philip had returned from far-away Fenchurch street station with a four-wheeler before O'Brien exhausted the first tirade of the day against the War office.

With a cunning that amounted to genius, the boy placed the large light portmanteau and the two small heavy ones on the roof of the vehicle, where the driver did not notice the least peculiarity in their weight.

The two large, heavy bags he managed to lift into the interior, one of them needing all his resources to carry it from the shop door to the cab. Were he not fresh and untired, he could not have done it. As it was the effort was a splendid success.

The cabman knew little, and O'Brien less, of the tremendous avoirdupois of this innocent looking baggage. A long-suffering horse may have had his private views, but he did not express them.

"Arrah, Phil, me boy, where in the name of goodness are ye gatherin' the bee-utiful leather thrunks from?" asked the pensioner.

"This is the last one," laughed the boy. "I am off now to find a cab, and you won't see me again until Monday."

"Fair, he's a wonderful lad entirely,"

Make This and Try It for Coughs

This Home-Made Remedy has no Equal for Prompt Results.

Mix one pint of granulated sugar with 1/2 pint of warm water, and stir for 2 minutes. Put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a pint bottle; then add the Sugar Syrup. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

This simple remedy takes hold of a cough more quickly than anything else you ever used. Usually conquers an ordinary cough inside of 24 hours. Splendid, too, for whooping cough, spasmodic croup and bronchitis. It stimulates the appetite and is slightly laxative, which helps end a cough.

This makes more and better cough syrup than you could buy ready made for \$2.50. It keeps perfectly and tastes pleasant.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, and is rich in guaiaecol and other natural pine elements which are so healing to the membranes. Other preparations will not work in this plan.

Making cough syrup with Pinex and sugar syrup (or strained honey) has proven so popular throughout the United States and Canada that it is often imitated. But the old, successful mixture has never been equalled.

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.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)