

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

What Are Your Best Points of Beauty?

A Highly Interesting Article on How to Bring Out and Heighten Your Natural Beauty Without the Aid of "Borrowed Plumage"

Posted Especially for This Page by Members of "The Queen of the Movies" Company.



THE DRESDEN CHINA GIRL... (Alice Dovey.)



YOUTHFUL CHARM. (Teresa Hendricks.)



WISTFUL BEAUTY. (Marie Wallace.)



THE VENUS TYPE. (Ann Pennington.)

THE EXOTIC SOUTHERN TYPE. (Elise Hamilton.)

Beginning with little Miss Ann Pennington, we have the pocket edition of Venus type. Softly flowing hair, soft draperies of chiffon and a general background of filmy daintiness make this little girl attractive by her own brilliancy of features and expression instead of burdening her with a heavy weight of decoration that would overshadow her piquant face and flashing eyes.

Alice Dovey is of the blond type of loveliness of a Dresden china figure. Dainty, chic and sweetly alert is she. Her softly massed hair, quitted of wave or ornament, gives her a quaint old world charm that greets herself might have painted. While Miss Pennington is vivid like a hummingbird, Miss Dovey is as sweet as her name, and neither makes the mistake of trying to wear borrowed plumage.

Next comes Elise Hamilton, whose beauty is of the exotic southern type. Her magnolia skin and luxuriant hair and proudly poised head fit her for the richness of Oriental costumes. In the proud carriage of her head and in the half-veiled of her languorous eyes, Miss Hamilton is true to her type in both pose and poise.

Teresa Hendricks is the girl of childish sweetness and youthful charm. No "borrowed plumage" for her, either—she wears her hair in the softly parted curls of modest youth and stands gracefully on the brink where "womanhood and childhood" meet. She does not spoil the childish contours of her face and girlish figure by trying to imitate the bizarre fashions of our day, and her delightful charm offers an object lesson for the girl in her teens who wants to look like a dear little girl instead of the woman of the world she is to be for many long, weary, can't-get-back-to-childhood years.

Marie Wallace is a wistful, alluring slip of a girl, whose slim slenderness suggests the deer figures. Kate Greenaway drew. Her softly parted hair, level brows, modestly carried head and softly molded, softly folded lips suggest the modest Quaker beauty.

Each girl is very lovely indeed—and each girl is lovely in her own way. Not one of them makes the mistake of wearing the borrowed plumage of a type different from her own. Each one has learned to be herself in every detail—to so arrange her hair, to so carry her head and to so develop her expression that she shall be a distinctive, charming individual. It will be worth every girl's while to study her own type and to bring it out unafraidly in poise and pose. Don't wear "borrowed plumage"—be yourself.

EVERYBODY'S COOK BOOK



Among entrees nothing is more popular, or more frequently served, than scrambled brains, which constitute the plat de jour, not only at many family tables, but also forms the piece de resistance at banquet boards.

The assisting viand, of which a little goes a long way, is equally good whether made of the dedicated intelligence of a college boy or girl, or an old club hen, or of a male creature, commonly known as a highbrow.

The most familiar form of scrambled brains, and that which forms the basis of family diet in most households is scrambled calf's brain. To make this dish select a nice, bright son or daughter and send him or her off to college. Let him, or her, soak for four years in a tepid mixture of biology, and sociology, and dantology, until all of the hard, horse sense with which he, or she, started out has become soft and flabby, and begun to disintegrate.

Then stir in a smattering of ancient and modern languages, a pinch of mathematics, but not enough to enable him or her to tell what a peck and a half of potatoes would come to at \$2 a bushel; add a ton of undigested theories about religion and politics, and flavor with an unlimited amount of contempt for the opinion of older people, and especially parents, and a scorn for people who are so important that they merely work for money.

Serve this dish up garnished with large slices of tongue, and flowers of speech, with an outer border of frills of language.

This dish is so expensive that it makes the feast of Lucullus look like a dairy lunch, as it costs anywhere from \$5.00 to \$25.00 to scramble a single girl's or boy's brains. Undoubtedly the high cost of living is due to the insatiable appetite that most families have for this delicacy, and it is a heart-rending sight to observe an old father or mother, who have almost starved themselves in order to procure this delicacy, sitting up feasting on scrambled college calf brains.

Another form of scrambled brains that is found only too often on the menu to suit most tastes is scrambled brains a la club hens.

To prepare this select a middle-aged female whose gray matter has been exclusively occupied with butchers' bills, and grocery bills, and the servant's question, and the croup, and the measles, and getting husband off to work, and the children off to school, and the spring cleaning. Come on time.

Lop off these topics of thought and plunge her into the midst of a Browning circle. Chop up her intellect into small pieces by means of courses of lectures on ancient Byzantine art, the drama of the Ptolemies, the inner meaning of Bernard Shaw, with side lines on the philosophy of Fundermann, and the humor of Ibsen, and an investigation into the whittness of the ain't.

When by this process you have reduced a normally good mind into mince meat, stir in a cupful of encyclopaedia information, and scramble over the club fire for thirty minutes.

Scrambled hen's brains should always be served with a sauce of culture. This is made of an equal part of club papers and alleged literary talk, and it is always highly flavored with a superior attitude toward a mere husband who goes nothing but work to pay the bills.

Sometimes a long-haired poet, or a musician, or a soulful author, or some other kind of an affinity, who speaks as one free soul to another, is served on the side with scrambled club hen's brains, but this is not necessary, as the dish has a flavor all its own without any additional seasoning.

Scrambled club hen's brains may be said to be almost the national dish of America. It is a particular favorite with women, though, for some unknown reason men do not seem to relish it.

Scrambled highbrow brains is a common dish at many public functions, especially at women's club banquets. The dish is very easily prepared. Take an individual, by preference one who is so impractical that he cannot make a living, but has no hesitation in telling how the universe should be run stuff up with large, resounding words that are unintelligible to the audience and let him talk. Flavor this mixture with eugenics, and sextology, and remarks decent people don't talk about in public; spice it up with gibberish about technique, and coloratura and feeling in art; add a few barrels of knocks for everything that is simple and comprehensible, and serve it all up with a garnish of dirty linen, and mussed clothes, and alfalfa whiskers, and you have a tidbit that many people relish under their tongues.

Scrambled highbrow brains are, however, highly indigestible, and disagree with most stomachs. Therefore, they should be partaken of with caution.



Are you an individual sort of girl who can be described in three or four adjectives as definite as your own clear-cut personality? Or are you a blurry creature who never stands out in the picture at the "Queen of the Movies" company that is playing at the Globe theater, New York City, there are numberless pretty girls who blend into the large picture, but who stand out clearly because each one has learned to bring out her points. Five of them are shown you today, and each one offers in her own charming "know then thyself" ability worth while suggestion for the girl who is ambitious to bring out her own good points.

"What is beauty?" said the poet, and we will let these pretty maids answer him.

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 Mason 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 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 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 cuts 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 cautions 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 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 newsstand 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's queries. He shows letters from his mother, and a note from a woman, a desperate criminal, and saves the policeman's life. The man curses Philip and the policeman returns 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 drawing diamonds from the house. He promises to look up the boy in the morning. When morning came Philip had left Johnson's newsstand and returned to the house with the policeman. Then the broker prepares to go to Amsterdam to sell the diamonds, while Philip seeks apartments at a hotel.

Now Read On

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After picking up his belongings at the outfitter's—two smart Gladstone bags

"I beg your pardon?"

"Are you alone?"

"Yes."

The clerk fumbled with the register. Precocious juveniles were not unknown to him, but a boy of Philip's type had not hitherto arisen over his horizon.

"A sitting room and a bedroom en suite?" he repeated.

"Exactly."

The clerk was disconcerted by Philip's steady gaze.

"On what floor?" he asked.

"Really," said Philip, "I don't know. Suppose you tell me what accommodations you have. Then I will decide at once."

The official, who was one of the most skilled hotel clerks in London, found it ridiculous to be put out of countenance by a mere boy, who could not be a day older than 17, and might be a good deal less. He cast a critical eye on Philip's clothing, and saw that, while it was good, it had not the gloss of Vere de Vere.

He would paralyze him at one fell blow, little dreaming that the other read his glance and knew the exact mental process of his reasoning.

"This is a good suite vacant on the first floor, but it contains a dressing room and bath room," he said, smiling the smile of a very knowing person.

"That sounds all right. I will take it."

"Ah, yes. It costs 5 pounds a day!"

Each of the six words in that portentous sentence contained a note of admiration that swelled out into magnificent crescendo. It was a verbal avalanche, beneath which this queer youth should be crushed into the very dust.

"Five pounds a day!" observed Philip, calmly. "I suppose there would be a reduction if taken for a month?"

"Well—during the season it is not—usual to."

"Oh, very well. I can easily arrange for a permanent later if I think it fit. What number is the suite, please, and will you kindly have my luggage sent there at once?"

The clerk was demoralized, but he managed to say:

"Do you quite understand the terms—terms—of the month's stay?"

"Yes," said Philip. "Shall I pay you a week in advance? I can give you notes but it will oblige me if you will take a

check, as I may want the ready money in my possession."

Receiving a faint indication that, under the circumstances, a check would be esteemed a favor, Philip whipped out his check book, filled in a check to the hotel, and did not forget to cross it "ac. payee."

The clerk watched him with an amazement too acute for words. He produced the register and Philip signed his name. He was given a receipt for the payment on account, and then asked to be shown to his rooms.

A boy, smaller, but not younger, than himself—a smart page, who listened to the foregoing with deep interest—asked timidly whether the guest would go up by the stairs or use the elevator.

"I will walk," said Philip, who liked to ascertain his bearings.

The palatial nature of the apartments took him by surprise when he reached them. Although far from being the most expensive suite in the hotel, the surroundings were of a nature vastly removed from anything hitherto known to him.

Even the charming house he inhabited as a child in Dieppe contained no such luxury. His portmanteau followed quickly, and a valet entered. Philip's quick ear caught the accent of a Frenchman, and the boy spoke to the man in the language of his country, pure and undefiled by the barbarisms of John Bull.

They were chatting about the weather, which, by the way, ever since the 15th of March had been extraordinarily fine, when there was a knock at the door and the manager entered.

The clerk found the situation too much for him. He had appealed to a higher authority.

Even the suave and diplomatic Monsieur Forest could not conceal the astonishment that leaped to his eyes when he saw the occupant of Suite F.

"I think you will find these rooms very comfortable," he said, for lack of aught better. A commissionaire was already on his way to the bank to ask if the check was all right.

"Are you the manager?" said Philip, who was washing his hands.

"Yes."

"I am glad you called. One of your clerks seemed to be taken back because

a youngster like me engaged an expensive suite. I suppose the proceeding is unusual, but there is no reason why it should create excitement. It need not be commented on, for instance?"

"No, no. Of course not."

"Think you very much obliged. I have a special reason for wishing to live at this hotel. Indeed, I have given this address for certain important documents. Will you kindly arrange that I may be treated like any ordinary person?"

"I hope the clerk was not rude to you?"

"Not in the least. I am only anxious to prevent special notice being taken of me. You see, if others get to know I am living here alone I will be pointed out as a curiosity, and that will not be pleasant."

The request was eminently reasonable. The manager assured him that strict orders would be given on the point; instantly, though he was quite certain, in his own mind, that inquiry would soon be made for this remarkable youth, perhaps by the police.

"You can leave us," said Philip to the valet in French.

(To be Continued Tomorrow.)

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Off with the Old Love.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 and have been keeping company with a young man for the last year and a half. I am only finding out now that we cannot agree and I am not sure whether I love him or not.

He had a friend who asked me to go with him about two weeks ago, and then I thought I was too young and told him so. Since then he has not paid much attention to me, as he knows I am going with his friend.

Now that I am older, I feel sure I love this young man better than the one I am going with.

Remember the adage, "Off with the old love before you are on with the new." Be less of the first lover. You will do both him and yourself an injustice if you continue to accept his attentions, feeling as you do. Then trust to the god of love, who watches over girls who are honest and true to bring the second man to you.

Give Him Up.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been keeping company with a young man for two years. Recently he acts as though he is tired of me. He does not pay his debts and does not save anything up. He asked me to marry him some time ago, and I promised him, but he is now going to the bad. I do not know what to do, as I love him.

Refuse to have anything to do with him, and instead of mourning, try to be grateful that his unworthiness developed before you were married to him. Believe me, a few heart pangs now will be easier than a lifetime of want and humiliation.

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