

The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Madame Isbell's Beauty Lesson

LESSON II—PART II.

For the day choose as simple a style of hair dressing as is becoming, such as light coils through which the air can penetrate. If possible do without any false hair at this season of the year, for false hair both overheats and irritates the scalp. If it must be worn take care that it is perfectly clean. Artificial hair can be quickly washed in gasoline (take care that this is done away from any fire), and the best quality can be treated to soap and water without harm.

The present fashion of going without a hat does no harm as far as the scalp is concerned; in fact, it tends to keep it cool, but the hair should not be too much exposed to the direct rays of the sun. Sun is supposed to brighten hair; an occasional sun bath is stimulating and healthy, but too much sun will certainly fade the hair and destroy its life and gloss. A proof of this is the fact that European races that have worked bareheaded in the fields since childhood have invariably faded and discolored hair.

Allowing the hair to be wet while bathing is not advisable; salt water is best for the hair and used in this way lake or river water does it no good, for it is the scalp we need to keep clean and water alone will not do this. Therefore, in order to preserve the hair during the hot days we should keep the scalp clean and well ventilated, and thus overcome the bad effects of excessive perspiration and prevent dandruff.

The sweat glands about the mouth and forehead are particularly active and this part of the face will often smart and feel irritated during the very warm season. Frequent bathing and the use of a pure powder will allay this irritation. If the skin is oily an astringent lotion or diluted alcohol may be used on the face. A few drops of tincture of myrra in a basin of water will cool the face and allay excessive perspiration.

Powdering the face frequently will do no harm to any skin if the powder is pure and if it is put on with a clean cloth or bit of absorbent cotton. Danger lurks always in the dirty "powder rag."

The face must be sheltered from the direct rays of the sun if freckles and sunburn are to be prevented. Women, as well as children and young girls, now run about all day bareheaded—in fact, at many of the summer resorts a hat is never seen—and this custom fills the "beauty shops" in the autumn and pays large dividends to their owners. This is one point of beauty culture that was better understood in the olden times, when no woman who valued her complexion would venture out in the daytime without a broad-brimmed hat.

I believe in air for the skin; the skin needs air and breathes it in, but excessive exposure to the sun will first dry the skin, next redden and eventually thicken it. After this condition has been reached, it will take much time and patience to restore the complexion to its natural state. This is why I am so impatient when I see young girls playing tennis, golf, boating, with absolutely no protection to their faces. I would not wish any of my pupils to shut themselves in the house during the summer days, but I ask them to take reasonable care, such as wearing a brimmed hat or carrying a sunshade while in the sun, and to properly prepare the face before going out.

(Lesson II to Be Continued.)

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

I Am Afraid He Doesn't.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 and in love with a young man one year my senior. I love him very much, but I think he doesn't love me. I have been keeping company with him for one year. He has given me a ring and I have his picture, too. He hasn't spoken to me now for a long time. I don't know what is the matter. What I want to know is, how can I find out if he loves me? ANXIOUS.

His conduct indicates a waning affection, and any effort on your part to find out the cause will result in no increase of love, and will look like pursuit. Try to forget him.

You Need Not Have Grey Hair

You can positively restore grey or faded hair to its natural color by the use of

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His Proposals No 1—To the Woman Old Enough to Be His Mother

BY NELL BRINKLEY

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The loveliest woman he knew—the schoolmate of the mother he could hardly remember.

Her hair was gold, touched with the cold snow of coming silver—her eyes had the loveliest purple shadows around their lids and the blue of them could glimmer so understandingly, no matter what might be the tale he told her.

Her heart was warm and kind; the mother-woman looked out steadily behind her eyes; about her wherever she moved there seemed drawn a compelling circle, and whoever stepped into the zone of it was steeped in instant calm and utter content. Her temper was a thing like days in Paradise—unchanging, unruffled,

all-tolerant. Her home had always held wide-open arms for him when he had flying trips away from school. Her dogs knew him and were his side-partners. And one stunning day this boy—with the rose-leaf of babyhood scarcely rubbed off his cheek—ruffled up his sleek head, gulped and—proposed!

And his mother's schoolmate drew him over to her knees and draining all amusement, in the depths of her big heart, out of her smile, she deliberately blurred her beauty out of his heart.

She showed him her hand—before she gripped his young shoulder with it. "Did you ever look at it close, dear little boy? See the lines? It's crumpled up—because I'm getting old, you know. I've a double chin—just coming. My hair, because it's

blonde, you'd never know was threaded thick with gray.

"Look close—it's almost silver. The wild rose in my cheeks is just a rabbit's foot dabbed on from a little round box filled with the 'Bloom of Youth.'

"The shadows of my eyes are just blue pencil—and I'm getting fat! And the big twist of my hair at the back of my neck isn't my own—no! I am an artist, that's all, and a contented woman.

"That's why, with your blind baby eyes you did not ever see that I am old enough to be your mother. No, no, no!—some day you will love a girl—and you'll never know what real downright gladness is until that day when you remember that I wouldn't have you.

"This is just a kind of mistaken inter-

ruption in the sort of love we really have for one another, Billy boy. . . . I've mothered you and you've been my boy, and will be, most of all, the day you fall truly in love with a girl!" And then there was a sudden silence while the smile on her face faded and tears glistened in her eyes. But the boy held his bewildered eyes lowered. And then—

"Oh—and her voice was as even and kind as always. "How is little Rose—with the brown eyes—whom you brought up last week?"

And in two shakes he was telling of the pretty ways of Rose and an image was fading out of his heart.

And the woman old enough to be his mother smiled behind her white hand.

NELL BRINKLEY.

Schools In Educating the American Child It Should Never Be Forgotten That Is What He Is

By REV. C. H. PARKHURST.

When the course of study in our public schools is finally matured and brought to its best, it will be found to contain a good deal that is fitted to make of our boys and girls thoroughbred Americans. Americanism is a branch of study all by itself, and one of the most necessary in the construction of a complete curriculum.

The average of our young people know too little about America, either its past or its present, to make patriots of them, and no country can live a great while without patriots.

It is much more important that our boys and girls should be made familiar with the history of the United States than with that of Greece or Rome, or even England, and that ten weeks should be given to the events that occurred from 1776 to 1789 and from 1861 to 1865 to every one week that is devoted to the biography of Xerxes, Alexander the Great, Hannibal, William the Conqueror, Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington.

What our country sprang from, what were the struggles of its infancy, what

it cost to keep it alive, the expense in the shape of lives sacrificed and blood shed—all of this, next to the Bible, is the nourishment upon which young minds and hearts should be brought up.

Then there are also the underlying principles upon which our government was built; the ideas, administrative, executive and judicial, which lie at the basis of a century and a half of our national life. All of this, taught by a teacher alive with patriotic spirit, means more and more to the school boy the closer he comes to it and the more he enters into its meaning.

We want our boys and girls to be not simply occupants of the country, but Americanized elements of its life, and for that reason it is vastly more important for them to be familiar with great physical principles of the universe or with the geologic structure of the globe. In school there is time enough wasted over some things to make the children much more valuable than they are in other things.

In educating an American child it should never be forgotten that is what he is; that whether born here, in Japan or in Madagascar, he is here now and to be educated an American. Otherwise, when he becomes grown he will forget America and think only of the blessings enjoyed because living in America; like what America gives, but forget America that gives it; glad to stand by when it is prosperous, but quick to escape responsibility and danger when it is in adversity.

It sometimes seems as though the fewer advantages a man has the more he makes of such advantages he does have, and thus comes in at the end of the race winner over his competitors. Lincoln's meager opportunities, and the hard fight to which he was thereby compelled, doubtless contributed their part toward making him the man that he was and the national power that he became. President Chabourn, late of Williams college, worked for twenty years on one lung. Men are helped by their inconveniences as well as by their conveniences.

A man by the name of Plunket, a nephew, I believe, of a former lieutenant governor of Massachusetts, notwithstanding his total blindness, fitted for the medical college of New York City and graduated from it with high honors.

Today's papers give the story of a blind boy that has just matriculated at Columbia after graduating at the Clinton High school at the top of his class—the fourth blind student, so stated, that has been received into that university during the last six years. Such cases are a rebuke to inefficient and unambitious fellows who grow up with all their senses and with abundant opportunity to make something good and great of themselves, but with nothing to show for themselves at the end but a tombstone inscribed with date of birth and death.

It is encouraging to know that Harvard university, which used to be the college of the indolent rich, is receiving an in-

creasing proportion of boys that come up from humble beginnings and with whom getting a university education means a struggle. "It is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth." Almost all of our real help has to be self-help. Too much leaning induces paralysis. Crutches produce lameness, as well as support it.

There is a little town on the Boston & Albany road, not a great way from Pittsfield, in regard to which it is said that all the men that go from there into the world outside prove to be great men, because it is so difficult a place to grow up in that the weaklings all die and the other kind have to struggle so hard to keep from dying themselves that it produces in them brain both of body, mind and general character.

The lap of luxury is a beautiful place to sleep, but not a first-class place in which to acquire a taste and faculty for going things.

Restricted Childhood.

Sheffield Ingle, lieutenant governor of Kansas, believes in giving young America a full chance to enjoy all there is in wholesome boyhood play. He tells the following story to show how some youngsters are hampered:

Gordon, 7 years old, was playing bandit, and for some time had been staggering around as if badly wounded, without actually toppling over as a victim of the imaginary bullets of his playmates. A neighbor, watching the game, called to him:

"Gordon, why don't you fall down?"

"I can't," answered the boy, crossly. "I ain't allowed to. If I had my old pants on I'd have been dead long ago."

—Topka Capital

"THE KING OF DIAMONDS"

A Thrilling Story of a Modern Monte Cristo

BY LOUIS TRACY.

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

Philip Anson, a boy of 15, of good birth and breeding, finds himself an orphan and, at a terrific storm sweeps over London, just at this time, and the boy saves the life of a little girl, but is abused and suffered by many, who say he is the girl's guardian, and whose name is Lord Vanstone. Philip returns to the place where his mother had died, determined to commit suicide, but just at this time a terrific flash of lightning is followed by the fall of a meteor in the courtyard of Johnson's Mews, the home of the boy, and he takes it as a sign from heaven. He picks up several bits of the meteor and takes them to a diamond dealer, named Isaacstein. The broker recognizes the bits as meteoric diamonds, and has Philip taken in charge by the police. At the prison Philip gives the name of Morland, having gotten that from some letters his mother left. Lady Morland, dining in a restaurant, reads of the boy's arrest in the paper, and sets about to discover his antecedents.

Philip succeeds in establishing his own ownership of the diamonds, and makes friends with the magistrate. On his release he enters into an arrangement with Isaacstein to sell the diamonds for him, and then establishes himself at a first-class hotel, from where he arranges for the purchase of the property of Johnson's Mews. He has an adventure there that results in his making friend with a policeman named Bradley, a green grocer and an old junk dealer named O'Brien. Also, he makes an enemy of a desperate criminal named Jocky Mason. After he has arranged for an interview with the policeman, the police magistrate, he goes for a stroll, and encounters Bradley and his wife. A few pleasant words with the policeman left Philip free to call on Mr. Abingdon, where he told the magistrate his story in full, and asked him to take the responsible position of guardian. Mr. Abingdon was interested, and that night Philip received a telegram from Isaacstein that his mission to Amsterdam had been successful. This closes the first epoch of the story. Now opens the story of the meteoric diamonds.

A tall man, whom a policeman spotted as a ticket-of-leave man, visited the Anson Home for Destitute Boys, which occupied the site of Johnson's Mews and the old junk store. He was shown around the fine building by an aged veteran of the Crimean war, O'Brien, for it was he, explained to the stranger, who had come to be buried there, and that when the man cursed violently at the mention of the boy who had been king of diamonds, he was talking of Philip Anson. Philip, however, in his home that night confessed to Abingdon that he knew himself to be nephew of Sir Philip Morland, and that his mother's cruel treatment by her brother, and of the rebuffs she had met from Sir Philip's wife, were the cause of his being in the case. Philip decided to seek consultations with the lawyers, and starts for his club. A tall man, who has been watching Philip's movements, and who leaves Philip's driver nearly collided with a passing cab.

Now Read On

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"Beg pardon, sir; I'm sure, but I wouldn't be fuddled if I wasn't my own old keb. Didn't you spot it?"

"You don't tell me so, how odd!"

"And to think of a brewer's drayman like that gettin' 'old of it. Well—"

Wale put the lid on in case his employer might hear any more of his sentiments.

Philip, leaning back to laugh, for Wale's vocabulary was amusing, if not fit for publication, suddenly realized the queer trick of the events in the life of an individual have of repeating themselves.

In one day, after an interval of many years, he had been suddenly confronted by personages connected with the period of his sufferings, with the very garments he wore at that time, with the cab in which he drove from Clerkenwell to Hatton Garden. Abingdon had dined with him, Isaacstein had sent him a message; his driver, even, was the cabman who made him a present of 2 shillings, a most fortunate transaction for Wale, as it led to his selection to look after Philip's London stable.

All who had befriended the forlorn boy in those early days had benefited to an extraordinary degree. The coffee stall keeper who gave him coffee grounds and crusts, the old clothes man who cut down the price of his first outfit, Mrs. Wrigley, going hopefully to her toil in Shepherd's Bush laundry, Mr. Wilson of Grant & Sons, the kindly jeweler of Ludgate Hill, were each sought out, and either placed in a good business or bounteously rewarded for the services they had rendered. O'Brien, of course, was found a sinecure office at the Mary Anson Home.

As for the doctor, he owed his Harley street practice to the millionaire's help and patronage.

It is worthy of note that Philip never wore a watch other than that presented to him by the police of the Whitechapel division.

It was an ordinary English silver lever, and he carried it attached to a knitted bootee.

Did he but know how far the historical parallel had gone that day—how Jocky Mason had waited for hours outside his residence in the hope of seeing him and becoming acquainted with his appearance—he might have been surprised, but he would never have guessed the evil that this man would accomplish, and, in some measure, accomplish unconsciously.

He was not in his club five minutes when a friend tackled him for a concert subscription.

"Anson, you are fond of music. Here is a new violinist, a Hungarian, who wants a start. I heard him in Budapest last autumn. He is a good chap. Take some stalls."

Philip glanced at the program.

"Eckstein at the piano, a sea! He must be a star. Who is the soprano? I have never heard her name before."

"Miss Evelyn Atherly," read his friend over his shoulder. "I don't know her

myself. Dine with me here tomorrow night. We will go and hear the performance afterward."

"Can you distribute stalls among your acquaintances?"

"My dear fellow, I will be delighted. Sorry I can't help Jovkacey a bit myself."

"You are helping him very well. I will take a dozen; two for you and me; ten elsewhere for the claque."

"You are a good chap. Hello! There's Jones. Jones is good for a couple. Don't forget tomorrow night."

And the good-natured enthusiast, who was a terror to many of his friends, ran off to secure another victim.

Philip had sent his hansom home, shortly before he had quitted the club, intending to walk to Park Lane by a circuitous route, long enough to consume a big cigar.

He chanced to pass the hall in which the concert was to take place. A few people were hurrying from the stage door. Evidently a rehearsal had just taken place. A short man with a huge cluster of flowing locks, that offered abundant proof of his musical genius, ran out with a violin case in his hand.

He was about to enter a hansom waiting near the curb, but the driver said: "Engaged, sir."

The man did not seem to understand, so the caddy barred the way with the whip and shook his head. Then the stranger rushed to a neighboring cab rack—evidently an excitable gentleman, with the high-strung temperament of art. A lady quitted the hall a few seconds later.

"Are you engaged?" Philip heard her ask the cabman.

"No, miss."

"Take me to No. 41 Maida Crescent, Regent's Park," she said. After arranging her skirts daintily she entered the vehicle.

"That's odd," thought Philip, who had witnessed both incidents in the course of six yards' walk. He glanced at the cabman, and fancied the man gave a peculiar look of intelligence toward a couple of fashionably dressed loungers who stood in the shadow of the closed public entrance.

The two men, without exchanging a word in Philip's hearing, went to a brougham at some little distance. They entered. The coachman, who received no instructions, drove off in the same direction as the hansom, and as if to make sure he was being followed, the cab driver turned to look behind him.

Once in Naples, Philip saw a man stealthily following a woman down an unlighted alley. Without a moment's hesitation he went after the pair, and was just in time to prevent the would-be assassin from plunging an uplifted stiletto into the woman's back. The recollection of that little drama flashed into his mind now; there was a suggestion of the Neapolitan bravo's air in the manner in which these men stalked a girl who was quite unaware of their movements.

He asked himself why a cabman should refuse one fare and pick up another in the same spot. The affair was certainly odd. He would see further into it before he dismissed it from his thoughts. The distance to Maida Crescent was not great.

While thinking he was acting. He sprang into the nearest hansom.

"A brougham is following a hansom up Langham place," he said to the driver. "Keep behind them. If they separate, follow the brougham. When it stops, pull up at the best place to avoid notice."

The man nodded. Nothing surprises a London cabman. Soon the three vehicles were spinning along the Outer Circle.

It was not a very dark night, the sky being cloudless and starlit. Away in front at a point where the two lines of lamps curved sharply to the right and vanished amidst the trees, a row of little red lights showed that the road was cut up.

The leading hansom drove steadily on. There was nothing remarkable in this. When the driver reached the obstruction he would turn out of the park by the nearest gate—that was all.

But he did not turn of the kind. There was a sudden crash of wood, a straining scream and the horse was struggling wildly amidst a pile of loose wooden blocks, while one wheel of the cab dropped heavily into a shallow trench.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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