The Bee's - Home - Magazine - Page



Miss Meredith in two charming poses.

By MACDE MILLER.

"It's hard to be original and yet tell the truth, isn't it?" said Anne Meredith. who is playing Mrs. Vincent in 'The Rule "Three" at the Harris theater. "And as for beauty, beauty lies entirely within shine right out on their countenances, only trained to concentrate. the limits of your own territory. No outdoor walks, no skin tonics, no sleep prescriptions are going to do any good un-

as you are good to yourself. Some up-to-date people call this very imple process auto-suggestion. Well, lot se tell you what this auto-suggestion

Ladies! Look Young The Roman republic, proclaimed sixty-

Use Grandma's Sage Tea and As Minerva is te-Sulphur Recipe and nobody puted to have can tell. Brush it through hair

Gray hair, however handsome, denotes Roman republic advancing age. We all know the advan- actually tages of a youthful appearance. Your from the brain of hair is your charm. It makes or mars Guiseppe Magain. the face. When it fades, turns gray and | Fired by the imooks dry, wispy and scraggly, just a passioned eloutience few applications of Suge Tea and Sulphur of Mazzini, the enhances its appearance a hundred-fold. Boman population Don't stay gray! Look young! Either demanded a demoprepare the tonic at home or get from cratic government; any drug store a 50 cent bottle of Pius IX, wearied ready-to-use preparation, because it dark- supreme. A Roman national assembly ens the hair beautifully and removes voted down the temporal power and dehair; besides, no one can possibly tall, and the people

will do for you. There is no limit to the tually they have even accomplished such things it can be used for, after you have results as compelling a thin mouth to learned how to attain it, use it and hold look full. I believe that it is pessible to think beauty right out from the in "Most girls believe in being nice to side. Thought is powerful enough to do other people that their good looks will anything, anywhere, anytime, if it is

The Romance of Italian Politics

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY, and taking the confessionals out of the

Darken Gray Hair hit of political romance such as it would Massini, the guiding spirit be difficult to duplicate in all history.

> leaped full-armed from the cleft brow of Jove, the крушан

Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Rem- out with the fearful clamor, escaped, disedy." Thousands of folks recommend this guised, to Gueta; and the populace were candruff, stops scalp itching and falling clared a republic in the name of God

as it darkens so naturally and evenly. In spite of Mazzini's heroic efforts to You moisten a sponge or soft brush with curb the people, their feelings ran riot it, drawing this through the hair, taking and many strange things took place. To one small strand at a time. By morning the pope at Gueta they sent the message: the gray hair disappears; after another "When you left Rome by one gate the application or two, its natural color is Bible and liberty came in by another, restured and it becomes thick, glossy and and there was no more room for you." instrous, and you appear years youngen In mobs the people ran wildly about the city, desegrating churches and shrines thick it's natural.

churches and piling them in the streets to be burned, from which fate they were only saved by the quick and determined

Mazzini, the guiding spirit of the movement which resulted in the proclamation of the republic, finally got the upper hand of the rioters, and brought a fairly decent order out of the chaos.

list the Bornan republic was destined to a very brief existence. Another republic, on the thither side of the Alpa, ame to the pope's assistance Napoleon III assumed the task of re-establishing the temporal power by force of arms. Caribaldi stood him off for quite a time. defeating the French and Neapolitan forces in handsome fashion. Chagrined by these defeats. Napoleon sent a fresh and more powerful force, which besteged Rome and finally compelled its surrender

The duration of the republic was four months and nineteen days-from the 9th of February to the 30th of June a brief existence, indeed; yet well calculated to and rose at the same timemake us think. Italy is today a monarchy, but it is more than likely that had Napoleon III remained inactive Italy would now be a republic. Thus may we

see the ways in which history is made. Anent the Self-Made Woman. Miss Caustic-Your friend, Smythe, brags that he is a self-made man. You never hear a self-made woman boasting

Mr. Critic-No. They like every one to

"THE KING OF DIAMONDS"

A Thrilling Story of a Modern Monte Cristo

BY LOUIS TRACY.

Mother, dear," she cried, "this is Mr

Ansen, who very kindly came to my as-

sistance when a cabman gave me some

Mrs. Atherley have him a pleasant greeting, but turned to her daughter.

"Why didn't you tell me of any dispute

when you returned home? You know

parently intoxicated, and certainly imhe covered a good deal of

When they reached the Savoy the anxious mother had relegated the incident to the limbo of unimportant

pleasant-mannered young gentleman.

white, who, but for him, would have

Eif! It was an unusual pet name. The

the age of the lively and spirituelle girl

Could it be possible! He was startled, be

remote possibility that a other figure

"Mr. Anson! What have you found in

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Pointed Paragraphs.

failen with an ovturned vehicle.

knew her London.

you?" she cried.

Philip.

quired.

'About the lamb?"

'Elf' just now."

ground, and the rest was easy.

trouble last night."

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

Philip Anson, a boy of 15, or good birth and breeding, finds himself an orphan and in dire poverty, his mather having just died. A terrific storm sweeps over London, just at this time, and the boy saves the life of a little girl, but is abused and cuffed by a man, who says 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 dirmonds, and has Philip taken in charge by the police. At the prison Philip gives the name of Morland, having, cotten that from some letters his mother left. Lady Morland, dining in a restaurant, reads of the boy's arrest in a paper, and sets about to discover his antecedents.

Philip succeeds in establishing his 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,

Philip succeeds me stablishing his ownership of the diamonds, and makes friends with the magistrate. On his reliesse he enters into an arrangement with not then establishes thinself at a first-class he enters into an arrangement with not then establishes thinself at a first-class hotel, from where he arranges for the purchase of the property of Johnson's Mews. He has an adventure there policeman named Bradley, a green grocer and an old junk dealer named O'Brien. Also, he makes an onemy of a desperate criminal named Bradley, a green grocer and an old junk dealer named O'Brien. Also, he makes an onemy of a desperate criminal named Bradley, a green grocer and an old junk dealer named O'Brien. Also, he makes an onemy of a desperate criminal named Jocky Mason. After he ins arranged for a stroll, and encounters Bradley and the specific of a stroll, and encounters Bradley and the responsible position of guardian. Mr. Albingdon, where he total the magistrate, the policeman left. Philip free to call on Mr. Abingdon was interested, and that night Philip received a telegram from Issantion that his mission to Amsterdam had epoch of the tale. Now opens the story of the mature Philip Anson.

A tall man, whom a policeman spotted has a ticket-of-leave man, visited the was shown ground the fine building by an aged vetera of the Crimean war. O'Brien, for it was he, explained to the atranger of the crimean war. O'Brien, for it was he, explained to the atranger of the crimean war. O'Brien, for it was he, explained to the atranger of the crimean war. O'Brien, for it was he, explained to the atranger of the crimean war. O'Brien, for it was he, explained to the atranger of the Crimean war. O'Brien, for it was he, explained to the atranger of the Crimean war. O'Brien, for it was he, explained to the atranger of the Crimean war. O'Brien, for it was he, explained to the atranger of the Crimean war. O'Brien, for it was he, explained to the atranger of the Crimean war. O'Brien, for it was he, explained to the atranger of the crimean war.

Now Read On

Copyright, 1915, Edward J. Clode.

Her first song was Goring Thomas' "A Summer Night." Instantly it was per- for home discussion. ceptible that her voice was true, the outpouring of a soul. In volume it was in no way remarkable, but its melodious cadence was fresh, innocent, virginal. The notes were those of a joyous bird. Anson, biased by other sentiments. thought he had never heard her equal, but his friend, after joining in his vigarous applause, gave him a douche of accurate judgment.

"The old story," he growled; "a fine artist retarded, perhaps spoiled, by the tables. Half a dozen people would cerneed to make too early an appearance. She wants a year in Milan, another year with Randegger or Leoni, and she might. if all went well, he a star."

His hearer chafed inwardly, but only hazarded the opinion that she was altearing open of a carriage door in time ready a singer of rare intensity, while, to save a sweet little girl all robed in as for appearance-"Ah, there you are right." was the

ready rejoinder. "The Gulety is her right place. She would be admirable in light child of ten years ago would be about opera.

The conversation languished. The sug- by his side. The child had faced her engestion that Miss Atherley was best raged uncle on that memorable night; fitted for the stage was displeasing to the woman had refused to leave him Philip, he scarce knew why.

The girl was given a hearty encore, and the park. her next song was a simple, humorous little ballad about a miller and a maid. w'ldered, uttarly dumfounded by even the It was charmingly sung and acted. The critic leaned back in his chair and smiled from the past should come before him in at Phillip with the indulgent air of the such wise. man who says:

"I told you so." Soon Philip rose to go-

danger lurk in the agneau du printempts: "Good heavens, man, you do not intend is there a secret horror in the saim!" to leave before Jowksesy plays the suite in F minor?" queried his amused acwite

Sorry. I have an engagement." He quitted the hall, his tall figure riveting a good many eyes as he made his way toward an exit. One man, watching him from the gallery, smiled cynically

Philip found the foyer to be practically but the name remains." deserted. He asked a policeman on duty to call Mr. Anson's carriage from the ranks, and a footman came, quickly running lest he had incurred a reprimand for not being on the lookout for his manter at the entrance.

In a very little time Miss Atherley appeared, and with her a handsome, elderly What the world doesn't know is some people exist-or why. lady, who was quite obviously her mother. The girl was radiant. She never when a young widow is wise and a expected a cordial reception from a high-bachelor is otherwise it's up to the parson.—Chicago News. mother. The girl was radiant. She never

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displaced by the bright-colored chapeau of spring.

We show you today a model of straw which comes with the acclaim of French recommendation. It is of old rose picot, which is always soft and rich in effect. The brim sweeps upward in front. making a high point, at the top of which is disposed a "puff" of OLIVETTE:

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

things. Only one other matter troubled her-the somewhat unconventional origin I have been reeding a lot about this bilyards. of her caughter's acquaintance with this Mexican bandit Zapata, sad Pa. & n dee She was far too tactful to hint at such has been growing in my brain.

estrich feathers in the same tone.

a point just then. It should be reserved Meanwhile, they were early arrivals. The head waiter marshaled them to a & plenty of lonely days & nites. Mn sqd. window table. Mrs. Atherley smiled: slie larger, sed Pa, it is developed now. All have had all Rome if it had not been need now is sum funds & a few brait for that butiful queen of Egypt. & now "You were sure we would accompany men, & I am going down into Mexico & my butiful queen rises up & says that I capture this Mexican bardit singel must not go ahed with my grand skeem

"Not at all sure; only hopeful?" said handed. "Ah, well. It is good occasionally to Ha, Ha, and Ma. Ha, Ha, Ha, revisit the old scenes. No. Elf, I will sit Do you laff wen yure husband is on

here: I will not be en face to the row of the brink of a graive, for all you know? sed Pa. Do you laff wen you know that tainly recognize me, and I do not wish I am going almost alone into the wilds of wildest Mexico to match my branes, & Eif! The name drove Philip's thoughts backward with a bound-back to a tor-Southwest? rential night in a London square and the

currage aggenst the worst bandit in the Ha. Ha. Ha. sed Mu aggen. Ob, husband, deer, you are too comickal.

You do not seem to reelize that I am in dedly ernest, sed Pa. Why, he sed, I have my plans so far advanced that I am now going down town to see if I can get sum rich man interested in the skeem, & then I shall call for a hundred of the braivest men in the city to go with me. I don't know jest what time I will be hoam. when she thought danger threatened in

Then I know moar than you do, sed Ma. I know that you will be boam all the sevning. There will be no trip taken tonite, my dear hero. Home is where the heart is. & yure heart will beet around here all this long, decliteful ecvoing, But I am in dedly ernest about this

plan of mine, sed Pa. the menu to perplex you so terribly? Does & I am in dedly ernest about yure staying around the apartment tonite, and min-Let these Mexicans, thrash out there Evelpn's raillery restored his scattered own trubbels. What if you shud go. down to Mexico & git shot by this ter-"May I say something personal?" he inribul man. What would become of little

Bobble & me? I do not intend to let him kill me, and 'About you? Mrs. Atheries called you Pa. The long yeers I spent on the des ert in my erly manhood taught me all "Yes. I regret that I carned the title in ages past. The habits have ceased, the cunning of the plains.

Oh. shaw, sed Ma, dount tell me anything about the long yeers of yure only manhood that you spent on the desert. A man like you, sed Ma, wud nevver spend much time in such a dry place A girl doesn't think much of a love letter if there ian't a single blot on it. When a man's lotty ideals get no higher than highballs, alan! as a desert. I think that eeven in yuro erly manhood you wud have died if you had to go all day without sumthing trickling down yure deer neck. You are no desert child, Ma sed, & doant think that

you are going down town tonite. I know

you. You jest want a excuse to spent

I the nite with the boys, playing poker or

Do you hear that, Bobby, and Pa. 15 is the history of the wurld since the bea-Well, sed Ma, give the idee plenty of ginning of all time. Wen a grate patriot time to grow. Goodness knows a idee rises up to do sumthing, he is always wud have plenty of room to grow there, hampered by a woman. The gratest atumbling block to all grate men, sed Pa I do not need to let the idee grow any has been a woman. Mark Antony wud

> to help Mexico. Do you think I am a butiful queen like Cleepathy? Ma asked him. You are moar butiful, sod Pe, & Jes

> as atubborn. You deer boy, sed Ma, if you want to go down town awhile you may go.

Pa winked at me wen he was putting on his overcoat and hat.



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