

The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Madame Isbell's Beauty Lesson

LESSON II—PART IV.
Prespiration on the body, especially on the feet and hands, sometimes becomes so excessive that it constitutes a disease. In the case of feet that perspire freely, change the stockings every day, bathe the feet twice a day, taking care to dry them thoroughly. Dust with talcum powder. If this is not sufficient apply night and morning a solution of alcohol and salicylic acid in the proportion of a tablespoonful of salicylic acid to a quart of alcohol. This same treatment can be used for the hands or the armpits.

While I do not believe in too much water on the face during the hot days, I am a firm advocate of its free use on the body. The skin of the face and the body are not only somewhat different in structure, but exposed to such different conditions that the same treatment does not apply. Perfect physical cleanliness is necessary, both for health and beauty.

Food during the summer should be confined to that which may be easily digested and eliminated from the system. Fruit and vegetables that grow in abundance at this season represent the food that nature points out to us, and should be freely eaten. Sweats clog the digestion even more in summer than in winter, and I want my beauty-loving girls to forego sweets or partake very moderately. Lemonade and weak tea are good summer drinks, better than the more elaborate beverages that pour from the soda fountain. Wine, beer and any drink with spirits in it are beauty destroying at any time, but doubly so in the summer. For health's sake and for beauty's sake they should be forbidden.

Madame Isbell's next lesson, which will appear in this column, will be especially for young girls, and will treat of beauty troubles peculiar to girlhood and how to rid oneself of them. Madame Isbell will be very glad to answer any personal questions of this nature from girl readers.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Still a Child to Him.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I have known a young man since I was a girl of about 10; I am at present 17. He used to live in the same house and we were very intimate. Recently, however, on account of a third party, our friendship has stopped, or, in fact, we are not as intimate. He is always very courteous to me and each day we are drifting further apart. I love this young man very much.

It is my opinion that you are still a child to him. It is hard to realize that a younger playmate has grown. You can do nothing. If a man is blind to love, one can only hope for time and circumstances to open his eyes. Unfortunately, many times a woman is powerless to take any initiative.

Don't Give Up So Much.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young lady, 19 years old, and have been keeping company with a young man two months my senior. He comes to see me twice a week, but won't take me to any dances or shows. He says they are not decent. He loves me, as he has told me so, and I love him. Please advise me what to do, as I am considered a good dancer and surely would like to go with him.

There are decent dances and shows that are both moral and entertaining. Don't give up all amusements because of his narrow minded verdicts; you will have to give up more after you have married him.

YOUNG MEN WANTED

Advertisement for a young man wanted, with details of requirements and contact information.

Hays Hair Health

Advertisement for Hays Hair Health, claiming to keep the business man young looking and restore faded hair to its natural color.

"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 in dire poverty, his mother 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 that 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, a green grocer and the name of Moriand, having gotten that from some letters his mother left. Lady Moriand, dining in a restaurant, reads of the boy's arrest in a paper, and sets out 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, 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 Jockey Mason. After he has arranged for an interview with Mr. Abington, 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. Abington, where he told the magistrate his story in full, and asked him to take the responsible position of guardian. Mr. Abington 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 tale. Now opens the story of the mature Philip Anson.

A tall man, whom a policeman spotted as a ticket-of-leave man, visited the Mary Anson Home for Destitute Boys, which occupied the site of Johnson's Mews and the old 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, how the home came to be built, but was disgusted when the man cursed violently at the mention of the boy, who had become king of diamonds, and Philip Anson in his home that night confessed to Abington that he knew himself to be nephew of Sir Philip Moriand. He told of his mother's cruel treatment by her brother, and of the rebuffs she had met from Sir Philip's wife, who sought to make her son heir to the estate, and of the part played by Sharpe & Smith, the solicitors in the case. Philip decides to drop negotiations with the lawyers, and starts for his club. A tall man, who has been watching him, questions a servant, and leaves. Philip's driver nearly collides with a passing cab. At his club Philip is induced to buy some stalls for a benefit concert to be given at a music hall. On his walk home he passes the music hall, and is attracted by two men, who watch a young woman get into a cab, and overhears the address she gives. His suspicions are aroused, and he secures a cab to follow when the two men drive off the first cab in a brougham. At an open street the first cab drives into an obstruction. The two men in the brougham endeavor to persuade the girl to leave away with them, but Philip intervenes, and sends them about their business. He then induces the young woman to take his cab home. He learns her name is Ellen Athley, and gives her his cab. His important discovery. It was the girl whose life he had saved ten years before. At the same time three conspirators were meeting at another place. The leader was Sidney Grenier. Grenier determines to rob Philip, and decides to impersonate him, making up so well he fooled Jockey Mason.

Now Read On

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"Now, Mason, be reasonable. Can I ask anybody else if I resemble Philip Anson when made up to represent him?"
"Perhaps not, but you ought to have warned me. Besides, I am worried today."
"What has happened now?"
"I went to report myself to Southwark police station. Who should I find there but Bradley, the chap we used to call 'Sailor.' He is an inspector now, and, of course, he knew me at once."
"What of that?"
"He pretended to take an interest in me, and tried to lead me to talk about you."
"The devil he did!"
"Oh, I know their ways. They can't do anything to me as long as I show up regularly and keep a clean slate."
"But what about me?"
"I said you had been a good friend—there was no use in denying that I was here pretty often—and that we both thought of emigrating."
"Good. We will."
"Not me. I have a score to settle."
"Patience, my worthy friend. Your score shall be settled in full. I cannot prevent it, even if I would. Do you think I have been idle, or that I spend Langdon's money on a wild goose chase? Not me. Langdon has taken my advice at last. He has met his charmer with whom he is so infatuated. She almost recognized him, but he pretended such complete ignorance of her, and even of London, that her suspicions were quieted."
"What good is that to us?"
"Little, but it gave him the opportunity to try and ingratiate himself. He failed most completely, and why?"
"How do I know? He is an ass, anyway."
"Exactly. More than that, the young lady is in love with Philip Anson."
"But he is in love with her. At first, both Mrs. Athley and the girl kept her at arm's length. She was too poor, he too rich. That difficulty was smoothed over quite recently, and they meet now nearly every day. Langdon hasn't a dog's chance and if all goes well the happy pair will

His Proposals

No. 2—To a Cozy Little Blue Nurse

By Nell Brinkley

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This—as you must see already—is about a young chap whose heart was like a dish of butter. Put that in a hot oven and it will melt sweetly away. You can see that this heart of his was like that, or there wouldn't be a series of his proposals. Under the many gazes of womankind—tender, appealing, mocking or widely childlike—it softened in his breast and his talkative tongue was forever telling some feminine creature all about it. Sometimes they are mighty lovely things, these chaps with sugar-and-butter hearts who've no mothers.

This is to tell you the tale of his proposals; to amuse you when it reminds you how, when that baby, man, looks back from his gray years to his golden ones, he remembers that his first heart trouble was over a woman much older than he, and his last proposal, when the hoar-frost was beginning to touch the sable of his hair, was to a maid whose little life was only a sprig of green just putting out a timid leaf into the world. You see, men folks are just as funny in one way as we feminine things are in some other. And one of their "funnies" is this: When man is crossing the spring-time hills of life his heart melts before the glance of autumn—it's a mother he's wanting still; when his slowing feet are tramping the barren hills, with the nip of frost in his veins and its white on his hair, it's spring his heart answers to and no one else. It's youth's high laughter he's wanting and the child-like hand in his own. So.

Well, this blond boy with his heart of butter hustled from Prep school into the gates of college, and the love-image of the schoolmate of his mother was rubbed out from his soft heart and her likeness again a friend-face there. And one day, a high-hearted gala day, when the world was made of loyal pretty girls, and tumult, and gorgeous

fields of beating, whipping penants, he played the big game—the game of the pig skin—"Mix and dream awhile!" And he "dreamed" a long while—for the squad came together like meeting stars, "mixed" hard and went down as though the gridiron had bucked, and when the smitten heap had shook itself loose and lifted itself man by man apart, he lay at the bottom of the deck, awfully long and awfully still and awfully flat, with a cracked head and a snapped forearm. And he dreamed a mighty long while.

For aching, groaning, bed-lashing drags his fellow prisoner was a little blue nurse, when his long body thrashed the bed-things into a riot and the air smoked and he wouldn't lie still until he had looked four minutes into her silky-lashed gray eyes. After a while he only needed to look half a minute to lie still. And then when the waiting days came he did it. They were so long and she was so kind! And can a chap help it when his heart is made of sugar-and-butter and a little blue nurse has eyes like fireworks? And hands like he had dreamed his mother's were? A nurse might just as well have a neat little card on her shoulder and thereon printed, "Everybody's mother." For she is close kin to a mother, sure.

But she hasn't any business to be young and wavy-haired into the bargain. So, one twilight-time, the blond boy, whose hand was growing hard and strong, gripped her and held it close under his chin and proposed. And then—the cozy little blue nurse bent and smiled and said, "When you are out again in the sun and air—all well and kicking the pigskin—then ask me!"

And he didn't. And the cunning little blue nurse knew he wouldn't.

When Electricity Will Be Cheap as Air

By EDGAR LUCIEN LABKIN.

Q.—"Is the prophecy that 'went the rounds' about twenty years ago, that some way of 'tapping nature' and thus securing unlimited supplies of electricity from air or from space, coming true?"
A.—The nearest approach to the great work of tapping nature's unlimited store of electricity is the act of allowing irrigating streams from high mountains to turn turbine generators over and over again in different power plants along the sides of the mountains, and then, after securing all mechanical work of gravitation, secure growing work in the growth of food plants. This is the height at present of human skill in the work of 'tapping nature.' Windmills turning armatures is another way of tapping. And the capture of water in lakes, using the force of outflow, is still another. We still have the dynamo with us; we must turn armatures with their polar fields of magnetic lines. We must use running water or flowing winds to tap Nature; or burn carbon under boilers, which is too expensive and prosaic to be called the high art of tapping, as one would turn a faucet.
I suppose my correspondent means just tapping a free supply. This auspicious event has not arrived unless using solar engines is tapping. Heat reflected by mirrors directly from the noonday sun upon boilers has been made to generate steam and turn armatures.
Another way of tapping is to allow the sun to shine on thermo-electric piles, unions of ends of bars of unlike metals. What my friend evidently wants is elec-

tricity as cheap as air, water and sunlight. This really is the dream of electricians. Since nothing exists but electrons, and these are electricity, it does seem that we ought to get all we want for nothing by merely taking or tapping the supply. But Edison, Thomson, Rutherford, Tesla and Steinmetz have not blazed the way into this unknown problem of the ages.
I have no doubt that man will make this conquest; for have I not declared constantly during forty-six years that the mind phasing in man is illimitable?
Q.—"What is carbon? What is carbonic acid? What is carbonic oxide?"
A.—I do not know what carbon is. Carbonic acid is a compound of carbon and oxygen; one atom of carbon being chemically united with two of oxygen in each molecule.
Carbonic oxide is the name given to the molecule made up of one atom of each element, carbon and oxygen. I do not know what anything is, for everything is made of electrons; these are electricity, but I have no idea as to what that is. I may get a rubber type reading. "I do not know." This will save many quarters of seconds of golden time when writing.
Q.—"What is the process of levitation,

the lifting of heavy weights, without the application of force, or any mechanical power?"
A.—This has been done, from periods before any history. The cause is totally unknown to any one of the great standard mathematical sciences. I cannot answer this question by reference to any known law of nature.

New Way to Beautify Skin With Buttermilk

Most women know there isn't anything quite so good as buttermilk for the complexion. But the expense and trouble of daily washing the face with a sufficient quantity of fresh buttermilk deters many from using it. Over in England they have a way of using buttermilk as a toilet cream, in the shape of precolated buttermilk emulsion, which seems to overcome the objections named. In this permanent form it keeps indefinitely and being so concentrated, and of proper consistency, there's no waste or muss. A small jar of the emulsion goes as far as 50 pints of the liquid. Applied to a rough, red, cracked or scaly skin, it gradually banishes the ugly tints and makes the skin soft as a rose petal.
While the precolated buttermilk emulsion is not so well known in America, our druggist here can supply it. It is highly recommended by Sherman & McConnell Drug Co., 14th and Dodge Sts.; Owl Drug Co., 16th and Harney Sts.; Harvard Pharmacy, 20th and Farnam Sts.; Loyal Pharmacy, 207-3 N. 15th St.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)