

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

* The Aeroplane Waltz * Miss Sawyer's Original Steps * No. 2—The Backward Spiral Steps



Start of the Spiral.

Turning.

The Dip.

By JOAN SAWYER.

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To continue with the description of the aeroplane waltz, last time I believe you stopped with the waltz flight of the movement, which was to lead into the next series of steps. From the plain waltz, the spiral flight is resumed, although the movement appears slightly different, due to the change in position. We have now come to the part of the dance called the backward spiral—the girl stands with her back to her partner with arms outstretched and the running glide of the

ascension movement is resumed, that is, running four steps, holding two and swaying on the hold. There is a difference, however, in the fact that the couple keep revolving constantly to give the spiral appearance. Following this movement there is a lapse into the simple waltz step, and after whirling around rapidly for several measures the couple pose for four beats in the attitude shown in the second picture, and then waltz rapidly under each other's arms forming a very graceful interpretation of an aeroplane in swift, straight flight. In this step the girl passes around the man from behind, dashing rapidly around him in waltz tempo,

while he holds her hands and waltzes around more slowly. Then the couple separate, waltz alone for two measures and then return, take four more waltz steps in very slow tempo and dip slightly on the last step. The dance is finished with a bow on the part of the man and low curtsy on the part of the girl, which is accomplished so quickly that the last movement of the dance and the last count of the music are simultaneous. In practicing this curtsy the lady should gauge her position so that the left foot is placed directly behind her and the weight of the body is equally distributed over both feet. If this fact is kept in mind there should be no difficulty about maintaining

the equilibrium. The rise, flight and descent of an aeroplane is a beautiful thing. In a dance it can be no less beautiful if properly understood. There is nothing in the world like a dance for portraying beauty of any kind, and if the dancers are so inclined, that beauty may be of the highest order than any one could possibly desire. In the next article I will try to show how really beautiful a simple combination of steps can be, and how an entirely new dance can be evolved out of some well known steps so that an interesting effect is obtained. After all it isn't at all hard, knowing how to go about it systematically is what really counts.

Chic Chapeaux---New Spring Shapes

Described in Detail by Olivette



With the return of spring and spring blossoms, flowers are coming into their own again for trimmings on hats and gowns and for a touch of brightness on bodice and coat. The hat whose brim is fairly massed with blooms has not been with us for several seasons, and is swinging back to us this year as something new.

These brightly-decked chapeaux bring a touch of brightness to the end-of-the-season winter frocks.

The Watteau picture and picturesque hat we show today, in top illustration, is of white drap de soie faced in black velvet. It is shaped in a poke point over the forehead,

where it is placed with a saucy tilt. In the back it extends far beyond the head like the popular "Niche" shape of the winter. The crown is low and rounded, and the brim is massed in yellow-centered water lilies. Small, smaller, smallest are the hats of this season. But the tiny chapeaux of today have the becomingness and charm of the big picture hats of other years. Our little model of tete de negre straw in the bottom picture is set low with a tilt to the right, and very becoming it is with the new coiffure. The crown has the rounded swell of a man's derby. It is banded in tete de negre mofre ribbon, and its sole trimming is of camellias in the brightest shade of red. One is at the left front and the other is perched high at the back. This is a particularly good hat for the simple tailored suit and severely plain linen blouse.

OLIVETTE.

DIAMONDS BY LOUIS TRACY A THRILLING STORY OF A MODERN CRISTO

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

Copyright, 1914, by Edward J. Clode.

Philip Anson, a boy of 15 when the story opens, is of good family and has been well reared. His widowed mother has been disowned by her wealthy relatives and dies in extreme poverty. Following her death the boy is desperate. On his return from the funeral, in a violent rain, he is able to save the life of a little girl, who was caught in a street accident. He goes back to the house where his mother had died, and is ready to hang himself, when a huge meteor falls in the courtyard. He takes this as a sign from heaven, and abandons suicide. Investigation proves the meteor to have been an immense diamond. Philip arranges with a broker named Isaacstein to handle his diamonds. In getting away from Johnson's Mews, where the diamond fell, he saves a policeman's life from attack by a criminal named Jockey Mason. He has many friends with Police Magistrate Abingdon, and engages him to look after his affairs as guardian. This ends the first part of the story.

Now Read On

He touched his cap to Grenier, when the latter smiled affably on him from the luxury of a first-class carriage, and he pocketed a tip with a grip. A porter was also fed lavishly, and the station master was urbanely itself as he explained the junctions and the time London would be reached. Left to himself, Mason handed over the dogcart to the hostler at the inn, paid for his hire, and again surveyed every inch of the ground floor, carefully raked over the ashes in the grate, scrubbed the passage with a hard broom and water, packed some few personal belongings in a small bag, and set out again after locking the door securely, for a long tramp over the moor. Nine miles of mountain road would bring him to another line of railway. Thence he would book to London, and travel straight through, arriving at the capital late at night, and not making the slightest attempt to communicate with Grenier or anybody.

But Mason was not satisfied. Better have buried the corpse on the lonely farm—in the garden for choice. Then they would know where he was. The sea was too vague. Of pity for his victim he had not a job. Had Philip Anson killed him, or his wife, or his two children? They, too, were dead, in all probability. While in London he had made every sort of inquiry, but always encountered a blank wall of negation John and William Mason, even if they lived, did not know he was their father. They were lost to him utterly. Curse Philip Anson. Let him be forgotten, anyway. Yet he contrived to think of him during the nine weary miles over the moor, during the long wait at the railway station, and during the slow hours of the journey to London.

On arriving at York, Grenier secured a palatial suite at the Station hotel, entering his name in the register as "Philip Anson." He drove to the postoffice and asked if there was any message for "Grenier." Yes, it read: "Family still at Penzance. Persuaded friend that letter was only intended to create unpleasantness with uncle. He took same view and returned to town. Will say nothing." Unsatisfied, it came from a town near

Betham. Grenier was satisfied. He lit a cigarette with the message. At a branch postoffice he dispatched two telegrams. The first to Evelyn: "Will remain in the north for a few days. Too busy to write today. Full letter tomorrow. Love, PHILIP." The second to Mr. Abingdon: "Your message through Miss Atherley noted. Please suspend all inquiries. Affairs quite unforeseen. Will explain by letter. Address today, Station hotel, York. ANSON."

Then he entered a bank and asked for the manager. "My name may be known to you," he said to the official, at the same time handing his card. "Mr. Anson, Park Lane—the Mr. Anson. I suppose I can flatter myself with the definite article. I am staying here some few days, and wish to carry out certain transactions requiring large sums of money. I will be glad to act through your bank on special terms, of course, for opening a short account." "We will be delighted." "I will write a check now for £5,000, which kindly place to my credit as soon as possible. Shall we say—the day after tomorrow?" "That is quite possible. We will use all expedition." "Thank you. You understand, this is merely a preliminary. I will need a much larger sum, but I will pay in my next check—after hearing from London. I am not quite sure about the amount of my private balance at the moment."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Dear me, sed Pa last nite, the men are sitting it on every hand. I see by this evening's paper that a aldy named Howe made a speech befor a bunch of other ladies & sed that she dident think it was rite for a woman to talk a mans pain when she married him, becaus then she wud have to give up her own. Ain't that the limit?

Those cases are extreme cases, sed Pa, & can be got around by seprashun, but I think on the whole that "Mrs." is a dear title, becaus my dear old mother was always Missus & you have always been Missus to me. I dont think that becaus a few business & professional wimmen want to jump rite in & run the country we men ought to let them do it & brake all the old fashuns that have been dear to us. I guess this professional lady will find out if she does a littel canvassing, sed Pa, that there are a whole lot of wimmen left in the world that are vary glad to be called Missus John Brown or Missus Bill Smith. There are a lot of wimmen that live three husbands & are proud of them, Pa sed.

I dont see any reason why a woman cant marry and keep her own naim, sed Pa. No, sed Pa, & I cant see any reason why a woman cant keep her own naim & stay single. The lady that made this speech may be all rite, sed Pa, but I know a lot of married wimmen that is proud to have there husbands naim with Mrs. in front of it. I'll bet William Shakespears wife never made no holler to be known by her maiden naim, sed Pa. Of course not, dear, sed Ma' & I am proud to have yure naim too, & wudden change it if I could, but what I mean is that if sum brids want to keep on using there own naim, why not let them? & there are two sides to yure Shakespears argument, too, sed Ma. Of course Mrs. William Shakespears must have been proud, but how proud do you suppose Mrs. Captain Kidd was, or Mrs. Jesse James? If a man has did anything in the world to make his wife proud of him, she wud be glad to bear his naim, but it is kind of hard for a perfect lady to marry a horsefret & talk his naim with her to her grave.

Yes, sed Pa, but be careful & dont clip my wings too much. Here is the forty. Sure Test. Not long ago in a New England town a company of local amateurs produced "Hamlet." The following account of the proceedings appeared in the local paper the next morning: "Last night all the fashionable and elite of our town assembled at Haines' academy to witness a performance of 'Hamlet.' The press has frequently discussed the play, and the play has been written by Shakespeare or Bacon. We advise a sure way to settle the matter. Let both their graves be opened; the one who turned over last night is the author."—Lloyd's Magazine.

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 "Wyle'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 falls 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 Wyle's Sage and Sulphur tonight and you'll be delighted with your dark, handsome hair and your youthful appearance within a few days.—Advertisement.

The King of Rome

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

If ever a child was wanted it was the little "King of Rome," who came to the great Napoleon and his empress-wife 181 year ago, March 20, 1811.

threads hang the proudest ambition of mortal man. Almost immediately after the birth of the much wanted son, there came the invasion of Russia with its illud of woes for France and its emperor, the glorious, but ineffectual campaign of Leipzig, the first abdication, Elba, the hundred days, Waterloo and the lonely rock in the distant seas—and the birth of destiny was down and out for good and all.

And yet there is no sadder page in all history than the one dealing with that same royal babe. Hard must be the human heart that does not soften at the story of the little prince, whose cup was to be so full of disappointment and sorrow, and who was to die, soon after reaching his majority, without ever having been within a million miles of a crown that was his own.

Probably Napoleon was the happiest man in the world when the tidings were brought to him that a man-child had been born unto him. The great emperor was at the height of his power. Sixty millions of people owned him as their earthly lord and master. His name was the most illustrious to be found among men—and now, in the son that had come to him, he saw the continuation of his dynasty and the perpetuation of his glory. But ah, me! upon what slender, brittle



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