THE BEE: OMAHA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15, 1914.

The Bee's Home Magazine Page?



lrew it forth. Then I stood dumbly, the You Can Begin This thing in my hands, my mind reeling. For from the mangled clasp hung a woman's wedding ring. Great Story To-day

CHAPTER III.

An Alarm in the Might. There was nothing that I could ask. nothing that I could say, and aside from her thanks she was silent. So without

Trofesser Crosby, waiting at a subur-ban station for a frolley car to take him into Boston, where he has a sodial en-magement, chcounters Miss Tabor, whom he had met the previous winter at a so-olal parts. They compare notes, and find they are bound for the same piece, and waiting for the same car. While waiting they talk of themselves in a rasual way, and Crusby imagines he has touched on something closely personal to Miss Tabor. They start on the troiley ourney, and the car is overturned. When from he arms. The motorman and the immedif unburt, but with a fair, strange kill in his arma. The motorman and the conductor leave Crosby and Miss Tabor in charge, and they set about to restor, the girl to consciousness.

by Reading This

First



"Are you sure" I asked, for I had not seen her look af a watch. She smilled scornfully. "You have ten

minutes. The car will arrive then. Have you lost anything in your fall?" Mechanically I put my hand in my

pocket, to find it empty. For a second I was thunderstruck, then I stepped at to the place where I had fallen and poke. about in the grass. My pocketbook, I found immediately, and after a moment came upon my keys and change in a

Bashful Bob

The Amusing Adventures of a Shy Young Man

No. 6-A Situation Which Wahn't Amusing for Anyone Except Cupid

By Stella Flores Copyright, 1914. International News Service.



Orchid sat disconsolately at her window. For three evenings after her quarrel with Bob she had put on her prettiest dress and held royal court. But he did not appear. "I guess I was just conceited," she sighed, "and, of course, I don t care in the least. But wouldn't I like to get hold of that interfering little Cupid for half a second. And-and I do wish Bob and I could at least part friends. And Cupid, who was peeking warily at her, clutched the ear of a rabbit leaping past, and was whisked out of danger.

Not a stone's throw away, Bob, in a big Morris chair, remorsefully puffed shadowy smoke rings at the pale face of the moon. "Of course, I don't blame her," he defended loyally, "though I did think she liked me a little. But she said she never wanted to see me again, so, of course, I was wrong about that." Meanwhile Cupid, the curly-pated little villain, who started all the trouble, cud-

"It's no use died snugly in a bed of forget-me-nots and wriggled his pink toes. blaming me," he chuckled. "I've got my fingers crossed!"

Madame Ise'bell's

apt to be flabby neck, often discolored,

a houble chin, but they cause wrinkles on

the lower part of the face, and, as years

go on, will surely form those cruel, againg

lines that run from the lower check to-

wards the chin. The present fashion of

leaving the nonk exposed is a great help

in the preserving of beauty, and I advise

all my pupils to adopt it. If the neck is

in a very had condition, a lace scarf or

some thin, unbound neck covering can be

member that the first step towards any

improvement is to release the throat

make a double chin; tight collars break

down the muscles supporting the flenh. Discolorations are due to the same cause.

for the constant friction of a collar

The causes that make a flabby neck

from any tight covering or restriction.

condition of the neck.

What Pretty English Girl Thinks of American Cousins A Charming Talk with Cyril Maude's Talented Daughter.

ing to directions I shall give you, and follow by bathing the neck with very cold water or rubbing it the discolorations on the neck, cover over night with bleaching cream and lathe with cold water in the morning. Three or four times a day practice the following exercise for five minutes. Throw back the chin, keeping the figure very erect, and blow about an imaginary thiatle, moving the head from side to aide.

carcely scattered plle. Miss Tabor was watching me. "Nothing

'missing," I said. "How about you?" "Oh, all my things are in my bag." And she pointed to where it lay near mine, in a tangle of blackberry vines. But when I turned from rescuing them I found her standing with her hand rt her neck, searching distractedly among you up." her laces.

'What' you have lost something ?" I cried.

"Yes,' she said, and it seemed to me that her eyes were afraid, "there was a little gold chain that 1 wore. Oh, it can't he lost, it can't be!"

Hor manner surprised me. To all my knowledge she had been so unruffled. had borne herself with such a certain serenity, that to see her now, with frightened eyes staring and full of tears, pain written clear across the lovely brows. and with hands that trembled at her breast, startled me cut of my own com-DOSUTE.

"Certainly ft's not lost," I said harshiv, for I was puzzled. After all, there was | call on a girl?" nothing so tragic in the loss of a little chain. Then I knew better, knew that if she valued it so I would find it if it took me my vacation. "Come, I said more gently, "we will look."

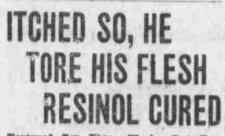
She had gained some control over herself, and now began to search the ground where we had fallen, carefully and on The point of view of the parent is enher knees. I thought that she was cry- tirely different, and should be considing softly and glanged to see if the other ered. The lover would call every night. woman noticed.

face seemed buried in her hands. As I and anxious to break the match. If delooked at her she spoke.

listlessly, "you will find it close bealde enough. Believe me, young man, love the fallen car."

And there as I walked directly to if I saw the glimmer of a strand of gold ings be the cases. Don't make them so straggling from beneath the upturned prolonged and over-lapping that they beroof.

"Hare it is." I cried wonderingly and



Tortured For Three Weeks, But Two Applications Did the Work.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 3, 1913; "All the street. My reason for this is that over my body were small pimples which my home is small and old-fashioned. Do itched me so that I could just grab my you think his feelings would be different ficsh and tear it apart. For three weeks I could not sleep at night until I was A serious question from the viewpoint

simply exhausted. I tried most every- of 18 years and a silly one in the opinion thing that was supposed to give relief. of those who are older. If a young man and I can truthfully say that not until loses his love for a girl because she lives I used. Resinol Soap and Resinol Oint- in a house that is small and old-fashioned ment did I begin to feel like the man I he never loved her in the first place and was. After only two applications there the sooner she puts him to the test the were no more symptoms of my aliment" better. She imagines her action origin-(Signed) A. Jackson, care of Water Reg- ates in pride. It doesn't. It is born of latrar's Office, District Building. anobbishness.

Reginal Ointment (50c and \$1.00), and Resinol Houp (Zic), stop fiching instantly a lover in the same classi free trial, write to Dept. 4-R. Resinol. Baltimore.

well, said said at last, "I am tired and still a little dizzy: it would be nice to be taken all the way home. I don't generally mind the dark, but I suppose that we were a good deal shaken up. There is an inn, too, but it would be very silly of you to go there, unlessunless for some reason we could not put

was pathetically weak and disturbed, and

I spoke to her as if conversation had

"That's perfectly absurd." I said.

There must be some inn or other near

ou. I can put up there for the night

and go on in the morning. In fact, I am retty tired, myself: the dearest place

fbat I can get supper and a bed is the

She considered for a long moment.

been unbroken. "Of course I am to take

I was a sullen bruite.

She shook her head.

beat place for me."

you home."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Love and Infatuation

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"Can you tell me." writes a lover. "how many nights a week a young man should

"What!" wrote Shakespeare. "Keep a week away? Seven days and nights? Eightscore eight hours? and lovers' ab-More tedious than the dial, eight score

times? O weary reck'ning!

That is the point of view of the lover. The parent, remembering how soon love Her back was turned to us and her tires, encourages frequent calling if wise slrous to have it reach a happy culmina-"If you seek a small chain," she said tion, he insists that twice a week is soon wears out if, kept up seven nights a week till near midnight. Let the meet-

> ome the desert. "What," asks the Puzzled, "Is the difference between love and infatuation?" In the latter one is being fooled and doesn't know it. Love is blind. True, but infatuation is worse than blind; It is also insane. Love lives the longer, and is seluom shamed. Infatuation is of short life, and the recollection brings humiliation. Infatuation means being tricked in love,

> Geraldine writes: "I have been keeping company for some time with a young man of whom I think a great deal. I go out with him quite often, but have never

> invited him to my home, though he has

The girl who writes the following has

humors, pimples, dandruff, sores, burns me. His parents, as well as mine, live Fret? She should rejoice that she found family, good looking, well educated, honorable man. heartfelt congratulations, instead.

By MAUDE MILLER.

"I wonder if the American girl realizes that she serves as a model for all the rest of us who come here," said Miss Maude, with her quaint English accent. Miss Maude plays "Lady Distress" to her father's "Grumpy" in the play by that name, and already is quite wrapped up in the life of the American girl as she has been introduced to it over here.

"Every moment that I have been able to spare I have spent trying to appear American. And do you know I think I could manage it if I could only talk a little differently. I think American girls are so charming.

"Oh, I began comparing after I had met two or three girls, and I found my first difference in the English girl's lack of vitality. In England a girl is more composed: it takes a great deal to arouse any kind of enthusiasm in her. Here you are al! so alive and interested. And then in England we don't know how to dress. Oh, I don't mean that we haven't clothes, or that we don't spend plenty of money on them, but we lack that little finish, that knack of knowing what to wear, which only comes with interest. Why, in England the last thing in the world we plan about is dress. We accept dress as a necessary evil, never as a pleasure. And now I wish that more of us could study interest in this great wide country; there would be so many more charming girls in England if we could.

"I have found, too, that the American girl is much better informed than we are. Whether it is because her mind is more open to impression or whether it is because she, herself, is deeper I really haven't had opportunity to decide. Perhaps she is only superficial, but charming small talk seems to me a wonderful possession."

"And what about the English girl?" I inquired of Miss Maude. "Hasn't she any good points to offer? What about her splendid health and her perpetual good humor?"

"I suppose they are good points." returned Miss Maude, naively. "But, then, we take such things as a matter of course.

"That's it; we don't," I said. "It seems to me that that would be a splendid point for us to study."

"I'm learning to do the tango," she said, laughing at me frankly from under the soft wideness of a pale blue garden hat.

"Then you're really getting to be hopelessly American," I flung over my shoulder as I went out. And I'm sure she is perfectly satisfied to



since then the young man has been in- every woman who has lacked the quality always embarrassing and difficult to anand speedily heal eczema, and other skin "I care for a young man who cares for different, and she is fretting over it, that attracts lovers. She is of good swer. She is 16 years old and "broken hearted"

Sold by every druggist. Bon't in Europe. He tells me he won't marry a out what a mean, narrow, contemptible agreeable, her mother is gractous to all over her lack of charm for the opposite he fooled by "substitutes" for Resinci of- girl whose father is a workingman. My soul her lover had before she married her friends, and she is very popular with sex. From your point of view isn't that fored by a few unscrupulous dealers. For father is a tinsmith, and he is a good, him. I extend her no sympathy, but my the siris. But no boys ever call on her, too youthful an ago to be discouraged and when a party of pichle is arranged, and worry? But from her viewpoint it The girl adds that she told him so, and Rose writes a letter that will appeal to the question. "Who will take Rose?" in is very very and and serious.

A man doesn't take a girl to the theater worn until improvement begins, but re- promptly resent.

There is a growing tendency among women of culture and fashion to pay more attention to hygienic means of pre-serving their charms. The advent of mercolized wax doubtless has been largely responsible for this. This remarkable thickens the skin and causes it to turn. first yellow, then dark brown. The high, tight collar restricts the carriage of the head, and this causes wrinkles. Now but us consider what we can do to get re-of these unfortunate defects. Takes your dressing table in a strong hight and with the use of a hand mirror stamine your neck carefully, on the bides and behind. Note where the lines in a wrong position. Study the position of the head that makes the fewest lines and practice keeping the head in that sufficience. The second step is to treat the skin of the neck. Clean it with a good cleanais ream and then bathe with hot water un-til the akin is warm and pick. Nex-mansage with a good skin food, scort head, and this causes wrinkles. Now

(Lesson VI to be continued.)

mme Ssitell

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE TAIRFAX.

Sh eis Not the Girl for You.

sirlhood. Later on, when these went out If she dislikes to work, she is not the of fashion, she adopted tight, high, very girl for you, for you can readily see that much boned collars of thin materials, but the woman who marries you will have to almost as destructive to the skin of the work, and work hard. You are not only throat as were the starched ones. Today, too poor to marry, but too young. the result of this long imprisonment is

Take Yourself Elsewhere.

with an area of wrinkled skin behind the cars whure the bones of the collar pressed the hardest. The present fashion of leaving the throat exposed is comfortable and hygenic. It is lovely on young girls, but older met to do? L. M. but older women often feel that they There was no engagement, and no great cannot adopt it it on account of the bad harm has been done. It is better to gradually drop off than to prolong an

I have been preaching against high colattention that means nothing, and that lars for years. They not only ruin the may keep other lovers away. neck and increase the tendency towards

The Latter.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Recently I attended a show with my gentleman friend and quite a number of girls were holding their friends hats; also, a large number were not. Please tell me which is proper KATHERINE.

for the purpose of making a hat-rack of her, and it is rudeness to pile his hat on her lap, an action which every girl should

This Skin Peeler All the Rage in Society

have it that way.