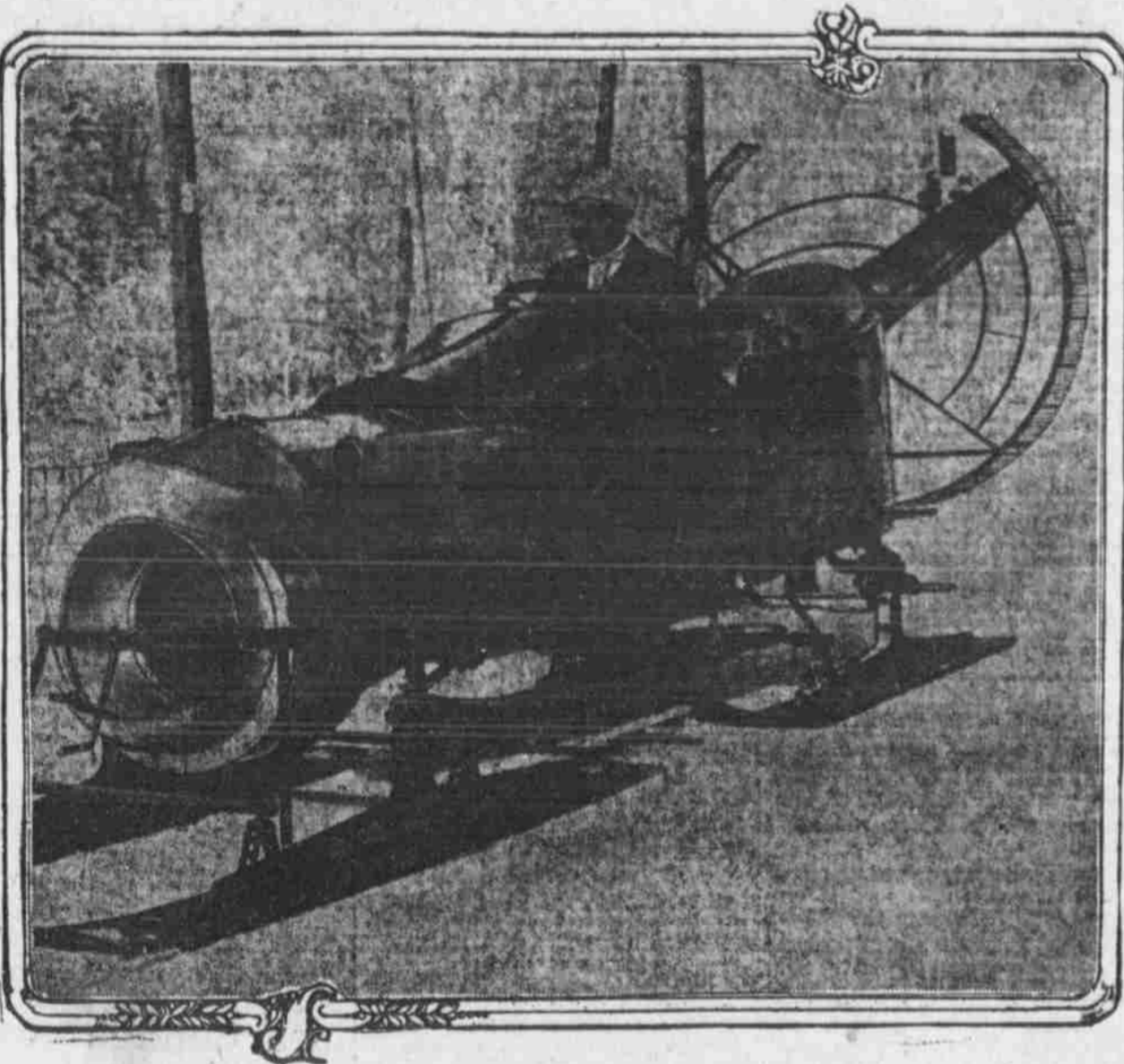


# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## An Auto-Sleigh That Travels from Sixty to One Hundred Miles an Hour



Count De Lesseps in his wonderful motor sleigh.

In view of the fact that Lieutenant Shackleton is to test the practical possibilities of motor traction in his forthcoming expedition to the Antarctic in place before our readers a view of an auto propelled motor sleigh which shows what can be done on snow by existing machines. This form of auto-sleigh, far from being a dream of the imagination, has already reached a remarkable degree of perfection and has several devices,

notably Count Bertrand de Lesseps, son of the famous Frenchman of Suez canal fame, who is here seen with his wonderful car in the beautiful valley of Chamounix in Switzerland. Count de Lesseps has constructed an air-propelled machine which is capable of attaining a speed of from fifteen to sixty miles an hour over the snow, according to the condition of the frozen roads. The shaped chassis is attached to broad, flat

metal runners, and vibration is reduced to a minimum by the addition of strong springs, again at the side of the body. It will be noticed that the propeller behind the pilot is well guarded by a metal screen as a protection against anyone approaching it closely. When snow falls wheels are placed on the projecting pins, which lift the ski from the ground, and the car will then attain a speed of nearly 100 miles an hour.

## Fairy Boats

By ADA PATTERSON.

"You love your violin?" said one man to another.

"I do," replied the other. "It is my fairy boat."



We heard this in an opera that has come to us from Hungary, and in the large metropolitan audience that welcomed it I saw men look at each other and at their womenkind. I saw women look wistfully at each other or whimsically at their men folk and a smile while the violinist told why he loved the tones he coaxed from his violin strings.

"My violin takes me out of the ugly into the beautiful; out of my worries into peace; out of what it is into what I would like life to be. It is my fairy boat on which I float away upon a sea of dreams."

His words shined in every heart. Across each mind in the smart theater where the satins rustled and perfumes teased the senses flashed the picture of its own fairy boats.

In the audience I saw a millionaire. He had worked in downtown offices, among hard headed, granite featured men who thought in dollar signs until he was 40 years of age. On his fortieth birthday he had said: "I have earned \$1,000,000. I have shown that I can succeed further in finance if I wish, but I don't wish. I am going to be a painter."

He leased a studio on a side street and began to paint. I have seen his pictures. They are not very good pictures, so far, but neither are they very bad. There are possibilities in his work. Critics say that after a long time, if he persists, he may paint passable pictures, even good ones. At this stage no one knows. But art is his fairy boat. Let him sail in it, if he likes. Assuredly he has earned the right.

That woman who practices her vocal lessons exultingly in the apartment next yours. She is a heavy cross, she and her voice gymnastics. You wonder why she cannot be content with her housekeeping, with her children, with her church work, with her circle of friends. Well, she can't. Music is her fairy boat. Put your hands over your ears, or protect your ear drums with cotton, or construct for yourself a soundless chamber and retire to it when her voice warms and lingers. But let her sail. Sail out of the routine that dulls, the daily repetition that licks, the "grind" that wears. Leave her mind and heart and soul to their little playtime beyond the daily confines of her life. It is far better for her, if not so soothing for you, than if she burned out her eyes, and perhaps her ears by reading an average 1914 novel. I know a doctor whose offices are crowded with patients. His skill is such that he has grown rich and famous. It would seem that this scientific shoemaker would do well to stick to his last, but he doesn't. He wants to write a play. He spends hours every week, made up of those priceless minutes of his, every stroke of the clock, so to speak, representing a fee, peering away at a play. I have read the play and regret to say it is a very poor one, notwithstanding the fact that he has enjoyed writing the shapeless, ill-constructed, pointless work. But the fact has point though the play hasn't. That play took him out of the actual into the ideal. It was his fairy boat into which he scrambled and sailed away from today into the tomorrow of his dreams.

Joseph Jefferson used to paint pictures. Not very good ones, it must be admitted. Another star in the dramatic firmament writes books, again not very good ones. Another actor, who is a handsome man, a gifted leading man and occasional star, is taking vocal lessons, bent upon becoming an opera singer. Their fairy boats.

Fairy boats are harmless, so long as they sail but a little way and tack early back into port. But occasionally a fairy boat causes shipwreck. A lawyer embarked one night in the fairy boat of opera and sailed so long and so far that he left his family shouting warnings to him from the shore.

"He's musk mad," said the neighbors. "He goes to the opera every night and is too tired next morning to get up and go to his office." He lost his practice, and with it his income. With the passing of both passed his wife and children.

Voyages in fairy boats may be tonic and health giving. It is well for you to use such now and then of the vocational grindstone, to do something not for mere profit, but for play. One of the most successful editors in New York goes home after a tense day in his office and saws furiously and more or less discordantly at a violin. Soon the dubious tones have banished the cares that infested her day. She has set in motion another train of thought. She has had a brain bath in fancies that have washed away the dust of the day. She has taken a little cruise in her fairy boat and come back with a normal point of view and a hearty appetite for dinner.

Every fad of the moment is a fairy boat. Every wish for amusement is a signal sent from the shore for a "fairy boat." A philosopher advises us to "buy hyacinths to feed the soul." Let us all have a fairy boat, by all means. It is a sound bottomed and brings us quickly and safely back to shore.

Advice to the Lovelorn  
By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

He is Not Worth It.  
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl, and I think a great deal of a boy, who has a very good reason to believe, cared for me until just lately when a girl whom I thought was my best friend came home from her vacation. This girl tried her best to get him away from me, and as she was a woman grown, with shoulders broad enough to bear a woman's burden, and an understanding that is her portion.

He never learns that much which goes wrong is due to his insane beginning. A man who signs himself "Perplexed" writes:  
"After having been in business for some time, I have commenced to keep company with a young woman five years my junior, and have developed a great affection for her which I have reason to think is returned."

"But now I find that my business is not progressing fast enough; at least, not as expected, and I do not know just when I will be in position to think seriously of marriage."  
"Now, what I wish to know is, would it be proper for me to explain my position to my friend, whose sterling qualities would quickly gain her other admirers, or shall I say nothing? I love her dearly."  
Say nothing? Certainly! If you class her among the simple and feeble-minded! Stop paying her any attention without the explanation due her if you think she is still a child, but if you have the sense of a grown man and realize that she has the brain and sympathies of a woman and

## A Charming Gown

FULLY DESCRIBED BY OLIVETTE



Is the silhouette of the spring to show a bustle?

Everyone who is interested in the giddy whirl of the changing fashions asks this question with the gravest and deepest interest.

Several of the best Parisian dressmakers are using the bustle in their best models, and we are likely to see either the bustle itself or a simulation of its lines in many of the new spring gowns.

The quaint frock reproduced here is developed in the Louis XV style in accordance with the modern theory of borrowing from history all

that is prettiest and most charming. Navy blue gabardine is the material used.

The skirt, which drops to a point on front, is pulled up to a gathered puff in the back, and it is this fullness shirred on two cords of the material that gives the suggestion of a bustle.

The bodice is a pretty chemise of white chiffon, gathered at the neck on a cord, and with loose semi-long sleeves, corded at the elbow and finished in a long point that ruffles half way down the arm.

Over this bodice there is a corselet of faille in the Roman stripes of sage blue and yellow tones.

This corselet is fashioned in front to simulate the lines of a long vest, which fastens on the shoulder with cords and four tiny buttons. In the back a silk cord laces it. A band of faille makes a small draped belt, which is bowed in the back.

A most unusual and charming model is this, and with the addition of a blue gabardine jacket it makes a most serviceable three-piece suit for spring wear.

OLIVETTE.

## THE DIAMONDS BY LOUIS TRACY

A THRILLING STORY OF A MODERN MONTE CRISTO

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

Now Read On

Copyright, 1904, 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 made friends with Police Magistrate Abington, and engages him to look after his affairs as guardian. This ends the first part of the story.

Understanding, Langdon returns from the girl's home, where he has attended a reception.

Mount street—how came Mrs. Atherley and her daughter to return to the precincts of Mayfair? That was a little secret between Philip and Lord Vanstone. When Evelyn slyly endeavored to make her new admirer understand that there could be no intimacy between a millionaire and a young lady who was embarking on a profession career—she thought so, he is recorded; this is no canon of art—he seemingly disregarded the hint, but interview Lord Vanstone next morning.

The conversation was stormy on one side and emphatic on the other. Philip had heard sufficient of Mrs. Atherley's history by judicious inquiry to enable him to place some unpleasant facts before her lordship.

When the facts had been thrust down the aristocratic gorge, Anson turned to pleasant topics. He informed Lord Vanstone, who bore the title as the third son of a marquis, that his niece's future was more important than his lordship's dignity. He must eat mud for her sake, and willingly withal.

Various forms of sollicitors set to work, and, marvelous to relate, Lord Vanstone was able to write and inform his half-sister that certain speculations in which he had invested her fortune were turning out well. A cash payment of £2,000 would be made to her at once, and she possessed an assured income of at least £1,500 per annum during the remainder of her life.

The poor lady had heard these fairy tales before; indeed, some such story of more gorgeous proportions had converted her console into waste paper.

But a lawyer, not Lord Vanstone's, sent her a check for the larger amount, and, at a subsequent interview, affirmed the statements made by her unreliable relative.

So she went back to her caste, and her caste welcomed her with open arms, and the dear woman thanked Providence for the decree that her daughter might now accept the attentions of any man, no matter how rich he might be, for she saw the drift of Philip's wishes, and, if Evelyn were married to him, surely all their previous trials might be deemed fortunate.

She little dreamed that imperious Philip had ordered matters his own way. It was not to his thinking that his bride should come to him from the recesses of the highest in the land, and it was better for her that he should woo and win her from the ranks of her order.

It should not be imagined that he was hasty in his decision. To his mind, Evelyn and he were known to each other since they were children. It was not by the wayward caprice of chance that he met her on the night of the meteor's fall, nor again, that he came to her assistance a second time after the lapse of years.

Grandma Never Let Her Hair Get Gray

Kept her locks youthful, dark glossy and thick with compound garden Sage and Sulphur.

When you darken your hair with Sage Tea and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it's done so naturally, so evenly. Frequent use of this mixture, though, at home is messy and troublesome. For 50 cents you can buy at any drug store the ready-to-use tonic called "Weyth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy." You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning all gray hair disappears, and, after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully darkened, glossy and luxuriant. You will also discover dandruff is gone and hair has stopped falling. Gray, faded hair, though no disease, is a sign of old age, and as we all desire a youthful and attractive appearance, get busy at once with Weyth's Sage and Sulphur and look years younger. -Advertisement.

## This Home-Made Cough Syrup Will Surprise You

Costs Little, but there is Nothing Better at Any Price. Fully Guaranteed.

Here is a home-made remedy that takes hold of a cough almost instantly and will usually conquer an ordinary cough in 24 hours. This recipe makes a pint—enough for a whole family. You couldn't buy as much or as good ready-made cough syrup for \$2.50.

Mix one pint of granulated sugar with 3/4 pint of warm water, and stir 3 minutes. Put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (fifty cents worth) in a pint bottle, and add the Sugar Syrup. This keeps perfectly and has a pleasant taste—children like it. Braces up the appetite and is slightly laxative, which helps end a cough.

You probably know the medical value of pine in treating bronchial asthma, bronchitis, spasmodic croup and whooping cough. Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of the United States and Canada, which explains why the plan has been imitated often, but never successfully.

A guaranty of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you perfectly. Send to The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

The Omaha Bee and Twentieth Century Farmer should be in every home.