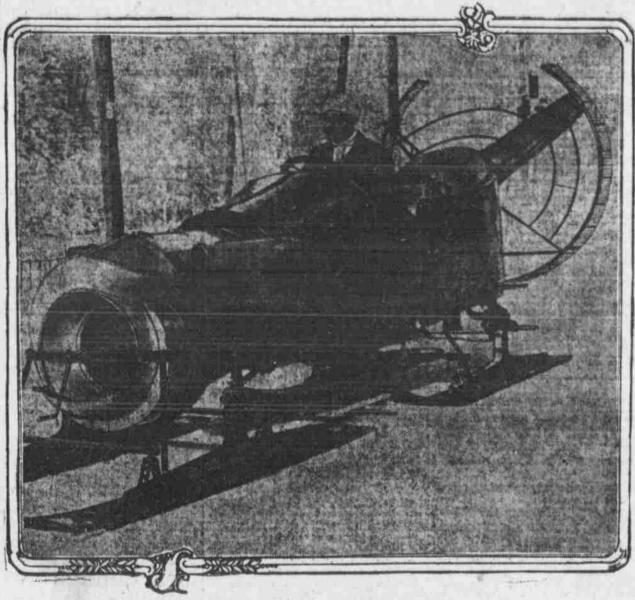
# The Beers-Home - Magazine - Page

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



Count De Lesseps in his wonderful motor sleigh.

of perfection and has several devotees, shaped chassis is attached to broad, flat 100 miles an hour.

In view of the fact that Lieutenant notably Count Bertrand de Lesseps, son metal runners, and vibration is reduced and her voice gymnastics. You wonder Shackleton is to test the practical pos- of the famous Frenchman of Suez canal to a minimum by the addition of strong why she cannot be content with her sibilities of motor traction in his forth- fame, who is here seen with his won- springs, seen at the side of the body. It coming expedition to the Antarctic we derful car in the beautiful valley of will be noticed that the propeller behind place before our readers a view of an Chamounix in Switzerland. Count de the pilot is well guarded by a metal Well, she isn't. Music is her fairy boat sero propelled motor sleigh which shows Lesseps has constructed an air-propelled screen as a protection against anyone ap- Put your hands over your ears, or prowhat can be done on snow by existing machine which is capable of attaining a proaching it closely. When snow falls tect your ear drums with cotton, or conmachines. This form of areo-ski-ing, far speed of from fifteen to sixty miles ap wheels are placed on the projecting pine. struct for yourself a soundless chamber from being a dream of the imagination. hour over the snow, according to the which lift the ski from the ground, and has already reached a remarkable degree | condition of the frozen roads. The shoe- | the car will then attain a speed of nearly

### BY LOUIS TRACY ATHRILLING STORY OF A MODERN CRISTO

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

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 to 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. 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 Abingdorn, and engages him to look after his affairs as guardian. This ends the first part of the story.

the story.

The second part opens ten years later. Philip has taken a course at the university, and is now a wealthy and athlette young man, much given to roaming. He has learned his mother was slater of Sir Philip Morland. Who is married and has a stepson. He is now looking for his nephew, Johnson's Mews has been turned into the Mary Anson Home for Indigent Boys, one of London's most notable private charities. Jockey Mason, out of prison on ticket-of-leave, seeks for vengeance, and falls in with Victor Grenier, in master crook, and James Langdon, stepson of Sir Philip Morland, a dissipated rounder. Philip Morland, a dissipated from this gang, and learns later she is the same girl whose life he had saved on that rainy night. Grenier plots to get possession of Philip's wealth. His plan is to impersonate Philip after he has been kidnaped and turned over to Jockey Mason. Just as this pair has come to an The Immates of the Grange House.

## 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-Preparing this mixture, though, at home is mussy and troublesome. For 50 cents you can buy at any drug store the readyto-use tonic called "Wyeth's Sage and

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

Now Read On

Copyright, 1904, by Edward J. Clode.

"I've had a piece of wretched luck. 1 was at Mrs. Atherley's 'at home' today, when Anson turned up, I met him without winking, but he knew me at once. He called me outside and treated me like a dog." "He did, ch?"

"Yes. It was no good trying to bluff onsent not to expose me. I'm done. My you said when you swore to have Anson's and 'willingly withal.

Grenler, who heard every word, reapeared.

"Does Philip Anson know that Mr.

The Inmates of the Grange House, Philip walked on roses during those Grandma Never Let Bis life was complete. How bright the world, and how fair the future! The only disagreeable incident marring

he utter joy of existence, and that only or an instant, was his encounter with Langdon at Mrs. Atherley's protty flat in Mount street.

Grenier, endowed by nature with an teel obscurity of Maida Crescent. He occasional retrospective gilmpse of a nobler character, read him correctly when he said that Anson would never better for her that he should woo and presence of the woman he loved.

in the entrance hall, and the girl said they were children. It was not by the the gentleman was a Mr. Langdon. No; wayward caprice of chance that he met Mrs. Atheriey did not know him well her on the night of the meteor's fall, nor

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 disgrace, is a sign of old age, and as we all desire a youthful and attractive appearance, get busy at once with Wyeth's fage and Sulphur and look years younger, eadvertisement.

He was a stranger in the town, and srived on a late train. The cigar stand in the little hotel was locked for the night, so he went obt on the stread, where is a sign of old age, and as we all desire a youthful and attractive appearance, get busy at once with Wyeth's suspicion, instantly dispelled by his gill manner, that Langdon was the man who sought to thrust his unwelcome attentions upon her.

Raised the Limit.

He was a stranger in the town, and srived on a late train. The cigar stand in the little hotel was locked for the night. So he went obt on the stread, where one of the found an idler leaning against a pret. "Can you tell me," asked the stranger, "where I can get a cigar in this town at this time of night."

"Why, sure!" exclaimed the Limit.

He was a stranger in the town, and srived on a late train. The cigar stand in the little hotel was locked for the night. So he went obt on the stread, where one and the found an idler leaning against a pret. "Can you tell me," asked the stranger, "where I can get a cigar in this town at this time of night."

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and her daughter to return to the precincts of Mayfair? That was a little secret between Philip and Lord Vanstone. When Evelyn siyly endeavored to make her new admired understand that there could be no intimacy between a millionaire and a young lady who was embark-

ing on a profession career-she thought so, be it recorded; this is no canon of art-he semingly disregarded the hint, but interview Lord Vanstone next morn-The conservation 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 his lordship.

When the facts had been thrust down him. Only on the guarantee that I would the aristocratic gorge, Anson turned to handsome man, a gifted leading man never meet Miss Atherley again would be pleasanter topics. He informed Lord and occasional star, is taking vocal leslast chance is gone. I have wasted my son of a marquis, that his niece's future singer. Their fairy boats. money on Grenier's mad notions, and I was more important than his lordship's

sister that certain speculations in which he left his family shouting warnings to James Crichton Langdon is Sir Philip he had invested her fortune were turning him from the shore. out well. A cash payment of £2,000 would

> tales before; indeed, some such story of Voyages in fairy boats may be tonic er consols into waste paper.

relative.

So she went back to her caste, and her accept the attentions of any man, no matter how rich he might be, for she Evelyn were married to him, surely all their previous trials might be deemed fortunate.

She little dreamed that imperious Philip had ordered matters his qwn way. It was not to his thinking that his bride should come to him from the gen-

would give her a great position, worthy and safely back to shore. condescend to name the intruder in the win her from the ranks of her order. It should not be imagined that he was But he did ask a servant who it was hasty in his decision. To his mind, Evelyn with whom he had just been conversing and he were known to each other since

Fairy Boats

By ADA PATTERSON.

"You love your violin?" said one man "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 whimsleally at their men folk and smile while the violinist told why he loved the tones he

coaxed from his violin strings. "My violin takes me 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 choed in every heart. Across each mind in the smart theater where satins rustled and perfumes teased the senses flashed the piture of its own fairy

In the audienc I saw a millionaire. He had worked in downtown office, among hard headed, granite featured men was thought in dollar signs until he was 40 years of age. On his fortisth birthday he said: "I have carned \$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 carned the

That woman who practices her vocaessons excrutiatingly in the apartment next yours. She is a heavy cross, she housekeeping, with her children, with her church work, with her circle of friends. loud. But let her sail. Sail out of the routine that dulls, the daily repetition that irks, the "grind" that wearles. Leave her, mind and heart and soul to heir little playtime beyond the daily onfines 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 morals by reading an average 1914 novel. know a doctor whose offices are crowded with patients. His skill is such that he has grown rich and famous.

Mount street-how came Mrs. Atheries 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, pegging 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 Vanstone, who bore the title as the third sons, bent upon becoming an opera

Fairy boats are harmless, so long as was fool enough to think you meant what dignity. He must cat mud for her sake, they sail but a little way and tack early back into port. But occasionally a fairy Various forms of solicitors set to work, boat causes shipwreck. A lawyer em and, marvelous to relate, Lord Vanstone barked one night in the fairy boat of was able to write and inform his half- opera and sailed so long and so far that

"He's music mad," said the neighbors be made to her at once, and she pos- "He goes to the opera every night and sessed an assured income of at least £1,500 is too tired next morning to get up and per annum during the remainder of her go to his office." He lost his practice and with it his income. With the passing The poor lady had heard these fairy of both passed his wife and children.

more gorgeous proportions had converted and health giving. It is well for us to lose sight now and then of the voca-But a lawyer, not Lord Vanstone's, sent | tional grindstone, to do something not her a check for the larger amount, and, for mere profit, but for play. One of the at a subsequent interview, affirmed the most successful editors in New York statements made by her unreliable goes home after a tense day in her office and saws furiously and more or less discordantly at a violin. Boon the dubious aste welcomed her with open arms, and tones have banished the cares that in the dear woman thanked Providence for fested her day. She has set in motion the decree that her daughter might now another train of thought. She has had a brain bath in fancies that have washed away the dust of the day. She has taken saw the drift of Philip's wishes, and, if a little cruise in her fairy hoat and come hearty appetite for dinner.

Every fad of the moment is a fairy Every wish for amusement is a boat. signal sent from the shore for a falry boat. A philosopher advises us to "buy hyancinths to feed the soul." Let us all have a fairy boat, by all means, if it he sound bettomed and brings us quickly

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

He is Not Worth It. to-use tonic called "Wyeth's Sage and Mark Atherity did not know him well. 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 juxuriant. You will also discover dan-lived first is gone and hair has stopped falling.

Gray, faded hair, though no disgrace.

He is Not Worth II.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl, and I think a great deal of a boy, who, I have very good reason to believe, cared for mentil just lately when a girl whome from her vacation. This girl tried her man, or she would have recognized him herself. Her agitation that night in the decomes beautifully darkened, glossy and juxuriant. You will also discover dan-lived on a late train. The clyar stand in this respect, nor was Philip then aware that at her previous meeting with Lady he found an idler leaning against a feet.

He is Not Worth II.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl, and I think a great deal of a boy, who, I have very good reason to believe, cared for mentil just lately when a girl whome from her vacation. This girl tried her than a passing acquaintance with the man, or she would have recognized him herself. Her agitation that night in the least the Limit.

He is Not Worth II.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl, and I think a great deal of a boy, who, I have very good reason to believe, cared for mentil just lately when a girl whome from her vacation. This girl tried her than a passing acquaintance with the mather the lapse of years.

(To be Continued Tomorrow)

Raised the Limit.

He is Not Worth II.

The friendship of a boy that can be won by the prettier face or attire of an- Stop paying her any attention without the help you over the rough places. Her faith other girl lan't worth the effort you would have to make to keep it. Call your pride to your rescue, show him you don't care for him.

### 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 bustle in their best models and we are likely to see either tion of its lines in many of the new spring gowns. The quaint frock repro duced here is developed in th Louis XV style in accordance borrowing from history

> charming. Navy blue gabar-The skirt, which drops to a

point on front, is pulled up to gathered puff in the back. and it is this fullness shirred on two cords of the materia that gives the suggestion of a

The bodice is a pretty chemisette of white chiffon, gathand finished in a long point that ruffles half way down the

Over this bodice there is a corselet of faille in the Roman stripes of saxe 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 OLIVETTE.

### What a Woman Deserves

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

sweetheart as if she were a child, whose you love her. That statement will always ignorance of responsibility is what at result in a woman taking a chair, eager back with a normal point of view and a tracts him. After marriage, he demands to hear the rest. that she be a woman grown, with shoulders broad enough to bear a woman's peal to a woman's understanding always burden, and an understanding that is given her a better understanding. her portion.

wrong is due to his insane beginning. A man who signs himself "Perplexed"

for, and have developed a great affection heads of society who are only saved by for her which I have reason to think is their social position from being classed returned. "But now I find that my business is They were once the fashion in feminity.

marriage. ties would quickly gain her other admir- Don't be of that number, Mr. Per

ers, or shall I say nothing? I love her plexed. Give your sweetheart credit for dearly. Say nothing? Certainly if you class hopes and your prospects as if she were her among the simple and feebleminded! an intelligent being. Her sympathy will explanation due her if you think she in in you will give you the courage to make

is neither a baby nor a doll, go to he and tell her the truth and the whole During their courtship a man treats his truth, beginning with the statement that

There can be but one result: An ap-"You have a brain in your head and

He never learns that much which goes will understand what I am trying to tell you is what makes intelligent thinking women of young girls. "You are just a nice, pretty child, and

"After having been in business for some I don't want your foolish little head bothime. I have commenced to keep company ered with business," is what makes young Advice to the Lovelorn with a young woman five years my jungirls develop into the smirking figureas idiots.

> not progressing fast enough; at least, not There was a time when the ideal woman as expected, and I do not know just when was as incapable of thinking as is the I will be in position to think seriously of miniature augar bride on top a wedding cake, but the day is past and gone, and "Now, what I wish to know is, would the man of today who treats a woman it be proper for me to explain my posi- as if she were still of that period belongs tion to my friend, whose sterling quali- away back there with the yesterdays.

> having a brain, and talk to her of your still a child, but if you have the sense today develop into a brighter tomorrow of a grown man and realize that she has And, best of all, love will have had its the brain and sympathics of a woman and way

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 1/2 pint of warm water, and stir 2 minutes. Put 21/2 ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a pint bottle, and add the Sugar Syrup. This keeps perfectly and has a pleasant taste—children tike it. Braces up the appetite and is alightly 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 Norway white pine extract, rich in guaiscol and other natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in

this combination.

The prompt results from this inexpensive remedy have made friends for it in thousands of homes in the United States and Canada, which explains why the plan has been imitated often, but never

A guaranty of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

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