

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

What Dame Fashion Is Offering Fully Described by Olivette



The contrast formed by the use of two such varied materials as mole and tailless ermine, in the model on the left, gives a pleasing accent to what would once have been, but is no longer an eccentricity of line.

The broad kimono sleeves make what the French call an emplacement, curved front and back; that and the rounded collar are of ermine. The collar and sleeve cuffs are banded by a narrow edge of the mole.

The lower part of the coat is entirely of the mole, which rounds off in a curve at the bottom and, so curving, continues around to a fastening of four large moleskin buttons, the last of which is just at the throat.

From season to season, evening wraps vary not at all in line and cut; but a slight modification of material, or an emphasis on detail, makes this year's evening coat a bit different from last year's opera garment.

Here is a wonderful wrap—on the right—of the tailless ermine forbidden to all but royalty and those whose purses are royally lined. But pretty Miss Cinderella will find that the same pretty lines may be followed in supple plush, or even in cloth or velvet.

Broadly kimono in its lines, it shows a large sleeve with a tiny puff. A small, round collar finishes the neck, which is fastened by a cord of white silk ending in tassels.

The right side is plain and falls sharply over the full left side that is gathered up in pannier shape.

OLIVETTE.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox —ON— Longevity

To Die Before One's Time as Most Do Is Self-Murder—Only One in 35,000 Lives as Long as He Could.

Copyright, 1912, by Star Company.
By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Several years ago the writer received a letter from a man claiming to be over 100 years old.

At the age of 60 years this man had been old and ill.

Taking himself in hand at that age, he began to live scientifically, according to his own understanding of the laws of health.

He gave up tea and coffee, tobacco and alcoholic and malt drinks; he gave up meat, fish and fowl, and lived on cereals, vegetables, fruit and olive oil.

He drank a tablespoonful of olive oil five times daily, and gave himself an olive oil rub twice a day.

As a consequence all his physical ills dropped away. Rheumatism, gout, heart and liver weaknesses, sleeplessness, shortness of breath, fatigue, all these symptoms vanished.

He gained in strength and vitality, and enjoyed life with all the zest of a normal youth.

Investigations proved that the man had written the truth, and that he had passed the century mark, and that his only physical ailment at the advanced age was dimness of vision.

Without question 99 per cent of the people who believe they have reached an age when mortal unaided must naturally cease to exist and who are middle-aged sufferers from combinations of diseases could be restored to vigor and health should they follow such rules of hygiene as this man followed.

The most illustrious example of this kind in the world's history was Louis Cornaro, the celebrated Italian nobleman, who lived to be 102 years old.

Cornaro was sickly from his birth; at 40 years of age the doctors pronounced him a complete physical wreck. Their verdict that he was doomed at an early death aroused him to a careful consideration of his condition. He saw wherein his manner of life was responsible for that condition, and resolved upon a radical change; he formulated a few rules for his method of living, which should at least insure that what was left of his life should be lived to its fullest value.

It was a simple method—easy to follow, pleasant in practice. It needed no drugs, no expense of time or money. It proved even more successful that he had expected—prolonging his life sixty years beyond the time at which he had been given up to die.

His falling vigor was restored, his enfeebled faculties renewed their vitality. He, whose condition at 40 years had been pronounced utterly hopeless lived with vigorous body and mental faculties alert to the end of a century.

Cornaro's book, containing a minute account of the method of living he worked he out at the age of 95—has been translated into all cultivated languages, and will ever be esteemed a classic and a standard by the medical profession and the discriminating public.

He is the only one who, at the end of a century, ever wrote—was ever able to write—a statement, authoritatively because based upon experience of the means by which others with but little effort on their part could enjoy the unpeakable delights of a long life of uninterrupted perfect health.

Louis Cornaro selected the diet that agreed with him, and kept to it. He did not make the claim that every other human being should eat and drink exactly as he ate and drank, believing that tastes and appetites and systems differ.

What he did demand of all sensible human beings who desire health was extreme temperance. Very little food, very little drink, he found restored him to health after he had been declared an incurable invalid.

At the age of 58 he said: "As years multiply I lessen the quantity of my food, and I may truly say that I never knew the world so beautiful until I reached old age. Eating but little, my appetite is normal, and I keenly enjoy bread, light broths, an egg and all foodstuffs that are suited to the old—but always in small quantities, and only in quantities easily digested."

Mr. William F. Estler, the able translator of Cornaro's book, says: "Today only one man in 35,000 lives as long as he could—only one in 100,000 as long as he should. Sickness, premature old age and premature death are so common that they have come to be accepted as a necessary part of the established order of things.

Barren accident or some quite exceptional circumstance, there is no excuse for sickness, nor for death from any cause other than extreme old age. As a rule, he who suffers from sickness, feebleness or failing faculties is alone to blame—with him rests the remedy. Wonderful evidence of the present universal untimely end of human lives—the real race suicide—is at hand in the official records of the American table of mortality.

"Of every 100,000 persons enjoying good health at the age of 30, 8,553 are dead before 40; 18,392 are dead before 50; 22,214 are dead before 60; 24,899 are dead before 70; 26,696 are dead before 80; 27,008 are dead before 90—only three out of every 100,000 men and women in good health at 30 live to be 95."

And the unhappy close of unhealthy, shortened lives! "What time is worth? Ask death-beds; they can tell!"

There are a few—very few and hard to find—who are exempt from sickness of some kind, who have an actual and definite conception of perfect health.

To be free from sickness is to live to

Beauty A Delightful Talk With Priscilla Knowles



By MAUDE MILLER.

"The light that lies in woman's eyes," says Miss Priscilla Knowles, of the Academy of Music Stock Company, "is the light that rules the world. Beyond that, facial beauty is unnecessary, for people rarely look beyond a beautiful pair of eyes, save to let their attention wander to the mouth, which needs to be sweet in expression only, not beautiful. This is just the trouble with the present girl—she spoils her mouth by allowing it to look hard, she draws its softness into straight, unbecoming lines. Perhaps you did not know that unpleasant thoughts such as envy, hatred and the like, show immediately in the expression of the mouth and eyes.

"To return to the subject of the eyes, in the first place, whether or not God has been fit to bless you with eyes of an unusual color or shape, it will avail you nothing if your gaze is not clear and honest. Never let your eyes shift from the direct glance of another, it marks you as untrustworthy. I once knew a girl who had beautiful eyes, but who looked all around the room while you were talking to her. She would never give you glance for glance.

"Consequently the beauty of her eyes was never wholly appreciated, and besides there came a time when she proved herself unworthy the name of real, true friendship. A straight-forward glance helps you to be honest, inspires that direct confidence in your heart, and it gives other people the idea that you are a person to be trusted.

"In the second place, don't spoil the lids of the eyes by unwise use. A strain

of any kind is very bad and lids become red and swollen and finally assume a brown, wrinkled appearance, which is due entirely to the fact that they have been abused. Never read too long. Stop reading even if you happen to be in the most interesting part of the book if

your eyes happen to have that wide-open feeling which indicates that they are over-tired. Never hold your reading matter close to your eyes. Keep the page at least a foot away, and always have the light strike the page from behind. If you find that you have strained your eyes unknowingly bathe them in hot and cold water, an application of hot, then cold and then close them gently with something dark placed over them for about five minutes. This is wonderfully refreshing.

"Beautiful markings are essential for good eyes; long eye lashes mean that the eyes are well taken care of and they should have an application of coconut oil about three times a week. The brows should be shaped night and morning with a tiny eye brush and if anything is applied to make them grow it should be done very carefully, for hair is apt to come in the wrong place and the contour of the eyebrow is very important.

"And, now, never wear veils. I could never tell you just how much harm it does to the eye. A certain amount of strain is brought to bear upon the eye anyway, but undue strain should be avoided and face veils induce squinting and all sorts of eye-torture. Eyes of a beautiful color are attractive, but even

the bluest blue or the softest brown lose its charm behind the cold, unromantic glass of a pair of spectacles.

"Beautiful eyes, and to be beautiful the eyes must be healthy, are a great acquisition and can never be too carefully guarded from harm."

Miss Priscilla Knowles.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.
I have a grand idea for a new song, sed Pa to Ma last nite. I thought so much of the idea wen I calm to me that I wrote it up for you. I know that the song business isn't very prosperous now, but even the dull way things are I expect to make a good chunk of coin on it.

die before one's time, as most do, is self-murder.

How easy it is for man to live the healthy, natural life that avoids premature death is demonstrated in Luigi Cornaro's account of his own memorable experience.

Yet, of the many who will read the wonderful story of Cornaro's life, what percentage will be willing to exchange ill-health and weak old age for vigor and a youthful body by following his temperate methods? Not one in 100!

Hundreds of people who complain that the necessities of life, with the present high cost of living, keep them in debt, together with their doctor's bills, could easily do away with doctors and ill-health and tradesmen's bills and lay a tidy sum in the savings bank each year by simply self-control and changing their diet.

Instead of buying and eating conglomeration of indigestible stuffs, if they kept strictly to a few wholesome things, eliminating the unnecessary and never partaking of more than two kinds of food at any one meal, health and purse would both be benefited.

Self-control, temperance, deep breathing, fresh air—these things spell health.

But few are the individuals who care to learn the lesson in that way.

My Prayer Was Unanswered.
McCarthy got into an argument with Casey about the efficacy of prayer.

"Can't see that there's anything in it," asserted Casey. "O'never got anything out of it."

"Well," said McCarthy, "don't you know when there's a war it's always the people that pray that win the fight?"

"How about the Chinese?" asked Casey. "They're great people to pray, and yet they got licked and licked bad."

"Oh, well," explained Casey, "no wan could understand thin when they prayed." London Spectator.

THE SOLDIER'S LAST WORDS.
A wounded soldier soon to die was laying on the ground.

The life blood it was flowing fast that oiled the kind of songs that live tender, loving songs. The very idea of a dying man's last words being so artless wud kill the song. You mite as well tare it up, & after this keep your mind on yure own office & don't try to be a song riter. You haven't the rite talent for a dead riter. Ma sed.

Didnt you like it at all? sed Pa.

I didnt like it at all, sed Ma. It is ridiculous to think you cut step in on a name that you hardly ever tried & make a success of it.

I ain't the only one that ever tried to rite a song, sed Pa. The words is full of sense & that tried it & failed, but this particular song was one that I thought was surely going to be a hit, & I feel kind of down in the mouth at pure verdick. Bobbie, sed Pa, you liked the song, didnt you?

Yes, Pa, I sed. I think it is a fine song & I think the sentiment of it is fine. If a woman talks every cent a man makes wen

he is living I dont think she is entitled to any after he is dead.

Bobbie, sed Ma, you are yung & foolish. You dont know what you are talking about.

Maybe not, I toud Ma, but wen I grow up no wife in the world is going to talk every cent I malk. I want wimmen to have thare rites, I sed to Ma, but no woman that ever lived is smart enuff to talk all my pay wen I am married to her.

That is what yure Pa used to say, sed Ma.

CHORUS
"Don't give my wife no pension, Nether gold nor paper dough, She's saved up every penny That I earned since long ago, She gave me 50 cents a week, That had to see me through, Don't give my wife no pension, Whatever else you do."

I count like that song a bit sed Ma, it will never sell, nether, it is too artless & cold. The kind of songs that oiled & the kind of songs that live tender, loving songs. The very idea of a dying man's last words being so artless wud kill the song. You mite as well tare it up, & after this keep your mind on yure own office & don't try to be a song riter. You haven't the rite talent for a dead riter. Ma sed.

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NOT AFRAID OF CHAPS



CUTICURA SOAP

And Cuticura Ointment will keep his skin free from chapping, chafing, redness, roughness, irritation, rashes and eczemas incidental to exposure to rough wintry weather.

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Opinion who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

Drawn For The Bee
The best newspaper artists of the country contribute their best work for Bee readers.

The Last of the Monitor

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

It was fifty-one years ago Dec. 31, 1862, that Ericsson's famous vessel, the Monitor—the "cheese-box on a raft"—ended its glorious career. On its way to Beaufort, N. C., it was caught in a great storm while off Cape Hatteras, and with its flag a-flying went down to rise no more. Four officers and seventeen men perished with it, the rest being rescued by the accompanying craft.

The Monitor defied the record that served a better fate, it made during its brief existence, and the results that accrued from that record, easily make it the most distinguished vessel that ever floated.

The fight at Hampton Roads probably saved the union. The Monitor did not destroy the Merrimac. So far as the immediate honors were concerned the battle was a draw, but one thing the Monitor did, and did it most effectively—it stopped the southern ironclad from doing further damage.

Many level-headed people, north and south, have expressed the opinion that but for the timely appearance of the Monitor the Merrimac would have destroyed all the great cities along the Atlantic coast, raised a blockade at Wilmington, made it possible for the confederacy to obtain the material of war, and so disrupt the union. It is not at all fanciful to suppose that all this might have happened—but for the blocking of the game by Ericsson's cheese-box on a raft.

At any rate the appearance of the Monitor immediately and completely revolutionized all the navies of the world.



Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Don't Marry Him.
Dear Miss Fairfax: Do you think a marriage between first cousins ever proves happy? I am a young lady, 23 years old and of Jewish parentage. My cousin and I are very much in love with each other and want to be married. My parents do not oppose the match and your advice on the matter would be greatly appreciated.

It is possible to be happily married to a first cousin, but I hope you are unselfish enough regarding the welfare of the next generation to know such a marriage is not for the best.

I Am Afraid Not.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I have a dear friend who says he cares a great deal for me, but often forgets to come to see me when he is interested in his work. He says his profession comes first, and love second. Do you think I could be happy or satisfied as his wife?

ELIZABETH.
Business has a way of coming first, after marriage. It is the mark of a love not very deep when it comes first during the courtship.

I am afraid that with such a man-if you demand love like other women—you will find your rival too formidable for you.

There are a few—very few and hard to find—who are exempt from sickness of some kind, who have an actual and definite conception of perfect health.

To be free from sickness is to live to