

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Styles Direct from Paris DESCRIBED BY OLIVETTE



More and more voluminous grow the evening wraps, and more and more bulky the silhouette of the feminine figure. Yards innumerable of banana duvetyn are used for this wrap.

A broad yoke of lace trims the upper part and a ruching of the material finishes this at the lower edge. The sleeves make a long point, finished by a silk tassel, and are tightened at the wrist by cuffs of black and white fox. The wrap is draped on broad and generous lines, is outlined by a wide collar of black and white fox and fastened by a passementerie ornament.

The lining is of shimmering pink satin.

Afternoon frock of verdigris green charmeuse, trimmed in chiffon, appliqued in an embroidery of

shaded green and blue. There is a V-shaped decolletage and a very short sleeve of the applique caught up at the shoulder over shadow lace, which also fills in the V-shaped neck. The effect of this little overblouse is on jumper lines. The tunic is also of the applique, bloused into the skirt at the back to give the new bustle effect, and caught up in a flare at the front.

The lower part of the skirt is of charmeuse, draped up at the front, and follows the same curved movement as the tunic, shortening in front to show the foot.

Buckled shoes of patent leather and a smart little hat of gros-grain, with a flaring aigrette at the back, complete a charming costume.

OLIVETTE.

Celebrating New Year By REV. C. H. PARKHURST.

A recent newspaper correspondent takes sharp exception to the celebration of New Year's day. Undoubtedly any observance of it is regrettable if it is either silly, riotous or given over to any kind of license. But it is not a conclusive argument against that or any other custom that it admits of being misused.



It is one of the unfortunate features of a good thing that the better it is the worse the misuse to which it can be prostituted. But we will not on that account give up a good thing, and will not abandon the use of water on the ground that it is the element in which so many hundreds of thousands of people have been drowned.

The value of any New Year's observance depends on what sort of passions of body, mind or heart are called into play in its observance.

To spend the night blowing horns is silly, to devote it to ball-room gymnastics of questionable delicacy is ignominious; to consecrate it to a grand carouse is beastly.

But there is such a thing possible as a celebration without horns, without indecency and without drunkenness, and that it is instinctive to mark in some way the closing hours of the old year and the first hours of the new is beyond question.

There is a good deal to be said for any custom that tends to make people think with one and the same thought and to feel with one and the same feeling. There is danger of overworking our individualism and of forgetting that we are something besides separate units and are component parts of one great whole, and that there is a big social life as well as a petty individual life.

Whatever fosters that sentiment of mutual unity ought to be cherished and cultivated if it can be done without too great loss in other directions.

Therein lies much of the value of our Christmas and Easter celebrations.

On those two occasions the impulses of the whole Christian world move for a dozen hours or so in the same direction and mingle in one current. We become more solidly one by the process, and it becomes one grand whole instead of remaining a miscellaneous accumulation of separate units is one of the purposes of history.

That is what we mean when we talk about promoting the brotherhood of the race. Inasmuch as there is in us an impulse to make much of the entrance of the new year, and as people tend to draw together in the act of its observance, it is good philosophy and good morals to discourage foolish and unseemly ways of doing it by replacing them with ways that are dignified and becoming.

It was that motive that lay behind the splendid achievement of the entrance ceremony noted by Jacob Ellis, which effected the bringing together of 30,000 people on Madison Square last New Year's eve and blending them all into one grand patriotic whole by the singing of American anthems that men, women and children could join in, and by the singing of religious hymns in which the voices and hearts of every type of believer—Protestant, Catholic and Jewish—could mingle.

Immense credit is due to our Danish-American friend and to all associated with him in the enterprise at once so immense and so successful. It not only served a great purpose for the occasion but did something to educate the public toward a rational and dignified observance of similar occasions in the time to come.

There is a tendency toward betterment all along the line, if only men and women will be keen enough to realize it and wise and big-hearted enough to take advantage of it and make the most of it.

On the first of January a law went into effect in Wisconsin requiring that parties contemplating marriage shall be subjected to medical examination before the bans can be lawfully celebrated. The idea is spreading that the privilege of marriage should be made dependent upon more exacting conditions; that it is a privilege and not a right, and to be conceded only on terms governmentally imposed.

A man owes something to the woman he is marrying, and vice versa, and they both owe something to their possible offspring. That the statute requiring such examination is necessitated by existing conditions is made evident by the enormously increased number of marriages annulled every year, and the fact that the licenses that were taken out during the week prior to the date at which the law went into effect.

This rush of applicants was a tacit confession of possible matrimonial unfitness.

Such a statute is not one that is exactly agreeable to contemplate. It is suggestive of physical and even of mental disability upon the male members at least of the present generation.

Irkome as the restraint thus imposed may be, there is no just word that can be said against it.

It will certainly be a relief to the clergy, and to all thoughtful secular officials to whom it is competent to perform the marriage service.

We owe something to the future. Each generation is either the sound or the rotten foundation of the generation following.

It is a sin against humanity to be indifferent to the physical or mental status of those whom we best and bear. To that extent the quality of the future is determined by today's parentage.

It is to be hoped that, in spite of the obstruction offered by the Milwaukee doctors, the law will be rigidly enforced, and that other states will be sufficiently appreciative of its propriety and necessity to follow suit.

It is safe to say that the action taken in Wisconsin simply shows the ripening of a sentiment that has for some time been gradually developing elsewhere.

Beauty The Value of Hands as a Mirror of Character, Told by Bessie Wynne.

By MAUDE MILLER.

Who would believe that the hand can make or mar a beautiful woman? Miss Bessie Wynne, who is appearing at B. F. Keith's Colonial theater this week, says that she looks at the hands of a woman first and judges as to her beauty afterward. "I like or dislike people by their hands," she said emphatically.

"Of course, the fundamental principles of good looking hands lie in the skin and the care that is taken of it, and the careful pruning of the finger nails. Everyone knows this, and everyone must remember these two principles. In fact, everyone does, but there is something beyond the skin and nails that makes for a beautiful hand—it is expression."

"Some hands are beautiful, absolutely perfect. They are slim and soft and carefully tended, but they mean absolutely nothing to any one, least of all to their owner. They are not beautiful hands in the strict sense of the word—they are merely physically well kept instruments that are not allowed to draw music. A good example of this can be seen in the old world portraits. All the long ago women have beautiful, helpless hands, hands that were never used, that were never allowed to develop. But the hands develop with the brain and as evolution progressed and woman gradually took her place in the world, her hands developed with her brain till today woman can reveal her whole personality through her hands."

"Large hands have more chance for beauty of expression, than small ones, because they seem more capable and show character more plainly. But the expressive hands are never the hands that are obviously larger and never in repose. They are always an embarrassing reality, they make their owner self-conscious, they voice the nervous temperament with their restless, awkward movements, they spoil the beautiful thoughts that they could so easily be taught to convey."

"Gloves are a great help if they can be worn while overcoming this difficulty, but as they conceal rather than reveal personality they should be discarded as soon as possible. In the first place, learn to express ideas while the hands are in repose. This does not mean allow them to lie helplessly in the lap, but make them appear as resting instruments, relaxed for the time being, but able to be called to the front any time."

"After proper repose is gained, expressive movements can be attained with the application of some good common sense thoughts on the subject. Never allow your hands to become jerky in their movements, however; entire repose is better than this, although rest and action are equally attractive and really not at all hard to make second nature."

"Remember, the whole woman is in the hands," said a wise woman who said that, but it is the truest thing in the world. Try to make your hands so sensitive that a single touch may mean a caress or a blow, and you will find them trusty weapons whether it be in a beauty contest or in a tackle of the laborious problems of life."



Miss Bessie Wynne.

Quaint Tales of Our Grandmothers

By REV. C. F. AKED, D. D., LL.D.

Sir Walter Scott wrote the "Tales of a Grandmother." Somebody ought to write the "Tales of a Grandmother" before it is too late. Recent excursions into "Americanisms" and "Britishisms" have brought to mind quaint phrases which are neither American nor British. They belong to the common stock from which our English speech has grown. Grandmother used them in her day and did not know that she was saying something strange.

Whose grandmother? Yours, to be sure, and mine, and the grandmother of anybody you like to name. Most of us have had a grandmother—one, if not more than one. Mine was a host in herself. Let her stand for the grandmother of all men and women everywhere who love the flavor of homely English speech and are not willing to let it pass from human memory.

She was a fine upstanding figure of a woman, my grandmother. She lived to be 98 years old, and it was the disappointment of her life that she died before she was 100 years old. She had a healthy contempt for persons who could not sit bolt upright or stand erect. "Like a cat in patsies" was her description of the shambling, shuffling walk of a person awkward upon his feet. A pattern was a wooden clog raised several inches from the ground by an iron framework underneath the wooden sole. The housewife wore a pair of "patsies" when she was "swilling" the yard or washing the kitchen floor, or after she had washed it and before she flung the sand upon it. In the first instance so as not to wet her feet, in the second so as not to leave the marks of a dirty shoe.

"As queer as Dick's husband" was common on her lips, though I am bound to say that I never heard the description of the aforesaid husband which a learned writer gives. He says that the peculiarity of it was that "it went round nine times and would not tie at last."

The reference is to the nine days' protectorate of Richard Cromwell, son of the great Oliver, uncrowned king of men. It is the fashion to regard Richard as a fittle person and his nine days' reign as a ridiculous thing, but two men of letters, a Frenchman, Scribe, and an Englishman, Bulwer Lytton, have taken very different views. I confess to a weakness for Lytton's generous appraisal of Richard Cromwell, and in a day when the doctrine of "spoils" is revived I am inclined to wish that some other poli-

icians would act in such a way as to give to the world an example as fine as that of Dick and his husband.

Grandmother used to call a thing that was confused "all sixes and sevens." When we were sent out to buy a pound of tallow candles we were told to ask for "short sixes" or "long sixes," the short ones being stout and the long ones thin, and in any case running six candles to the pound. It is possible that at an earlier day some ran seven to the pound; and so things that were mixed were all "sixes and sevens."

"Riggledy-piggledy," also said of things which had become mixed, which were "all sizes and sevens," goes back to the contents of a peddler's basket, heaped up in most admired confusion. "Higgie" is a weak form of the verb "haggle," that is, to chatter about prices. A peddler was a "higgler," because nobody would dream of giving him the price he first asked. "Higgledy" the learned trace back to the newborn family of a female pig and to the confused heap of infant grunts called a "hitter." For myself, I remain skeptical about the etymology. I am inclined to think that we owe "higgledy" to the inveterate habit of rhyming demonstrated in the folk lore of every nation. "Higgledy" quite naturally calls for "piggledy."

The "inveterate habit of rhyming is clearly responsible for 'mugger' in 'hugger-mugger,' dear to my grandmother, and dear, also, it will be remembered, to Shakespeare's self. 'We have done but greenly in hugger-mugger to inter him,' says the guilty king of the hasty, secret burial of Polonius. The first meaning is "secretly," and only afterward does it mean something done in slovenly fashion. It is older than Shakespeare, though in Sir Thomas More it appears as "hucker-mucker," and so hides its origin. It is Danish and is appropriately introduced by Shakespeare into his Danish play of "Hamlet." It is related to "smug," from which we get "smuggle"—to bring into the country secretly.

"Ludiam's dog" was another. A boy who loved play better than work was "as lazy as Ludiam's dog." Inquiry into the history of this creature brought to light the fact that he "leaned his head against the wall to bark." History can tell all about the Surrey witch named Ludiam and her dog, noted for his laziness. But the explanation seems to need a something that is missing to explain it.

And the best of all was "a saucy moment," yes, that was best of all. One of

the girls was "a saucy moment," and we youngsters screamed our delight. We clamored for an explanation; but the old lady stalked off in high dudgeon, scorning to define. It was many years before I light dawned. In "Romeo and Juliet" the fair daughter of the "laundress" is described by her father as "a whiling mammet," and "momet" is clearly the equivalent of Shakespeare's "mammet."

And Shakespeare is right, not grandmother. For a "mammet" was a doll and a "whiling mammet" was a cry-baby, a girl as childish as her doll. Curiously enough, the word is from "Mahomet." And it does a black injustice to the great prophet of Arabia. For his religion took its rise in a protest against the veneration of idols. Yet "mammetry," a corruption of "Mahomebery," appears in early English authors for "idolatry," a "mammet" was a religious image—and afterward a doll.

These tales of a grandmother might go on forever. They have led us back to Mahomet and to Mecca. And that is far enough.

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General Lee's Last Order

At the Gettysburg reunion a former officer of General Robert E. Lee's army told the story of the last order ever given on the field by the Confederate commander.

In the last desperate days of the war old Governor Henry A. Wise of Virginia, unable, despite his white hairs, to resist the call of his state, buckled on his harness and went forth to battle. General Lee, who in his youth had been a pet of the governor, made him a brigadier-general and no hot-blooded young officer ever braved the perils of front of war with more darddevil recklessness than the aged warrior, whose white locks, waving above his pale, classic features, were like the white plumes of Navarra to his devoted soldiers.

In the retreat from Richmond to ruin the doctory old general a stranger in despair and too busy breathing the rising flood of northern legions to heed the striking of the clock of fate, was leading a desperate charge at Salter's creek, the last battle of the war, when he heard a rumor of Lee's surrender. Filled with astonishment and anxiety, he turned his horse at the close of the fight and hurried in search of his commander-in-chief.

As he splashed along the muddy road, unhept, unshaven and himself a-spatler of mud after forty-eight hours in the saddle, he chanced upon General Lee with his staff, on his way to arrange the details of the surrender with General Grant.

The fiery old antocrat pushed through the circle of officers and riding up to the commander, hurried out:

"General, what's this talk I hear about your surrendering?"

"It is true, general," replied General Lee sadly, and overlooking the old warrior's gross breach of discipline. "I am just on my way now to meet General Grant."

"Surrender!" ejaculated the old governor. "I am astonished, sir. And what am I to do; tell me, what am I to do, sir?"

As General Lee gazed upon his overwrought subordinate his eye, even in that hour of bitter trial, caught the ludicrous aspect of the doctory old soldier as he sat there bespattered from crown to toe, his bare head a tangled mass of which knots, his face a dirty mottle of mud, streaked like the makeup of a masquerade, with powder smudges running crazily athwart his features, his whole appearance in grotesque contrast to the tragic sorrow that overwhelmed him. And a ghost of a smile flitted over the sad countenance of the commander as he replied gently to the old general's insistent query:

"I think, general, you had better go home and wash your face."

And with a nod he departed, leaving the astonished old soldier with a painful miscellany of feelings to carry out the last order of General Lee—New York Herald.