

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Yes Indeed, The Turks Are Some Fierce People

Drawn for The Bee by "Bud" Fisher



## ELLA WHEELER WILCOX SAYS: Temperament is No Excuse for Excess; Character Better Than Genius

## Superstition a Matter of Thought, Says Leonora Harris

## The Heavens in February

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.  
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I hold it the duty of one who is gifted, and specially favored in an unusual way, to know no rest till his life is lifted fully up to his great gift's height.

He must mould the man into rare completeness.  
For gems are set only in gold refined.  
He must fashion his thoughts into perfect sweetness.  
And cast out folly and pride from his mind.

For he who drinks from god's gold fountain  
Of art or music or rhythmic song  
Must sift from his soul the chaff of malice  
And weed from his heart the roots of wrong.

Great gifts should be worn like a crown befitting,  
And not like gems in a beggar's hands.  
And the toll must be constant and unrelenting,  
Which lifts up the king to the crown's demands.

done these things, who were merely moral weaklings and human derelicts, and they have been hauled into court the next morning to pay a fine for disorderly conduct.

Half-witted and half-demented men and women figure in the thousands who do the same sort of thing which our temperamental geniuses wish to have regarded as evidence of special talent.

There is a much larger community of such ignorant and vicious beings with whom the "temperamental genius" puts himself on a level when he makes his own standards that can be found in higher walks of life, among the gifted and great.

The man of genius is, of course, endowed with strong appetites and emotions and passions, as a rule.

He is subjected to a greater temptation than his more prosaic brother. But just in the degree of his genius he is given the brain power to rule his emotions. If he falls by the wayside he possesses the strength to rise and go on. His fall can be understood and forgiven; but when he vacillates in the dust and mire, declaring it to be the privilege and right of a genius to dwell there, and when he bids those who are not in the mire to do him homage and to consider their own clean garments as an evidence of their lack of "temperament" it is disgusting and pitiable in one.

Talent is a very small thing; genius itself is a small thing when compared to character. For all works of art the arts pass and perish, while character lives eternally.

Only as talents adorn a great character do they assume dignity or value.

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

"I wonder why it is that I am always selected to play the villainess, when I really long to act a nice, sympathetic part?" Thus Miss Harris, who plays Mrs. PEARL in "The Whip," the pleasing character who plans to wreck a train or kill a few people as easily and naturally as you and I would order our dinner.

Of course, Miss Leonora Harris is a very handsome woman. The stage villainess always is supremely beautiful; that's what makes it interesting. Miss Harris has blue-black hair and a pale, creamy complexion, she is tall and slight and willowy, and in a pink tea gown with a little bouffant cap on her head she suggested anything but the deep-eyed villainy of her stage life.

"I am the most hated woman on the stage," Miss Harris confessed with evident pride. "The Whip" is such an exciting melodrama that people seem to hold their breath between the scenes and they don't applaud until the end of the third act. The rest is a good deal like a performance of "Paradise" at the opera. You don't hear a murmur, but at the end of the third act we all cross the stage and get our share of applause and hisses in the good old-fashioned melodramatic way.

"I should be heart-broken if I were hated and booed during my passage across the stage. Still, you know, I do long some day that my reward will be tears from the audience instead of hisses."

"Why is it that the villainess must always be tall and dark-haired?" I inquired. "I don't think I've ever seen a destroyer of homes and happiness on the stage who had blonde hair."

"Oh, they're not always brunette; red hair is supposed to be quite a sign of villainy, too. But when I was asked to wear a red wig, I flatly refused, for I have my own ideas about stage villainy, and I don't think the adventures should always be dressed in scarlet and proclaim at once that she is the wicked lady of the stage."

"After all, my villainess is supposed to be a well-bred woman in good society. And I hope I dress the part that way. My frocks are mostly by Poiret and Cheruit. You know I change eight times in every performance and on matinee days I count up twenty-four changes during the day, from the time I get up until the time I go to bed. That's about all the exercise any woman can be expected to take, don't you think so?"

"Don't ask me to say anything about the preservation of beauty, for I am afraid I'd be a very bad subject. I have never had a face massage in my life," and Miss Harris put her hand up to a cheek that showed a fine and delicate skin such as Nature alone gives.

"I haven't time for face massage and all the other things that people are supposed to do. Beyond playing golf, which I adore, I do absolutely nothing that could be considered especially beneficial to health and looks. When I'm not at the theater I'm studying or resting. I take French and Italian lessons and study music, and I'm absolutely crazy on the subject of beautiful things, particularly beautiful pictures."

"I've travelled a good deal and seen a great many wonderful paintings and been to many beautiful places. And I think, perhaps, my scrap books would interest you, for I've kept them for a good many years. There's nothing so



MISS LEONORA HARRIS, WHO PLAYS THE PART OF MRS. D'AQUILA IN "THE WHIP" AT THE MANHATTAN, AN OPERA HOUSE.

stimulating and inspiring as looking at beautiful pictures and even if you can't have the originals I think that a great deal more could be done with a scrap book than people ordinarily imagine.

"I have kept photographs and postal pictures of all the beautiful things I have ever seen, and my scrap books are quite complete. But if you really want to know how much good there is in a scrap book idea, let me tell you about an intimate friend of mine.

"This woman was complaining from a long illness, and she had to stay in a coach all day long for months. She begged her friends to send her pictures, photographs, old magazines and illustrated papers. From these she cut out all the pictures that were interesting, and at first she put them away in different envelopes.

"These envelopes were labeled according to their contents, and she soon col-

The brilliant star that shines so conspicuously in the southwest in the evening is Venus, a planet a little smaller than the earth and at about two-thirds of our distance from the sun. The time it requires to go around the sun, that is, to complete its year, is only 225 of our days. The length of time it takes to turn on its axis is still undetermined. Some astronomers say it is a trifle less than our own of twenty-four hours, others that it takes 23 of our days, so that the planet has perpetual day on one side and perpetual night on the other. The reason of this difference of opinion is that we rarely, if ever, see the surface of Venus on account of its brilliant enveloping of dense clouds. Life could scarcely be possible in either case, however; very probably a few astronomers insist on it. If the day is perpetual, the heat must be insufferable, and the cold must be equally so on the night side. If the day is only as long as ours, there is still the everlasting glare or gloom of an overcast sky on account of the clouds. The inhabitants, if any exist in spite of this, can therefore know absolutely nothing of the stars, nothing of the sun, they have only day and night, and they can have no way of noting time accurately.

Because Venus is nearer the sun than the earth is, it can never appear to us farther than about forty-eight degrees away from the sun, that is, it is always within about three or four hours before or after the sun in its movements across our skies. It can, therefore, never be

seen in the east at sunset, nor in the west at sunrise. On the 12th of this month it will appear to be farthest from the sun, and set at 9:47 p. m. Since it is also coming nearer to us, it will rapidly increase in brilliancy, so much so that if one knows where to look for the planet, it may be seen by the unaided eye at any time of the day, provided the sky be clear.

While Venus thus holds sway in the evening sky, Jupiter is trying to do the same in the morning. Its great southern declination puts it, however, at a great disadvantage. It rises on the 15th at 4:30 a. m., and is rapidly receding from the sun.

Saturn is gradually waning. It crosses the meridian on the 15th at 6:25 p. m. and sets at 1:22 a. m. Mars and Mercury are too near the sun to be seen.

The sun rises on the 1st, 15th and 29th at 7:38, 7:22, 7:03 a. m., and sets at 5:25, 5:55 and 6:10 p. m., thus making the day's length ten hours, ten minutes and thirty-three minutes and eleven hours and seven minutes, respectively, an increase of one hour and seven minutes during the month. The sun is thirteen minutes and more slow the whole month. On the 11th it is fourteen minutes twenty-six seconds late, so that local apparent noon and midnight will occur at 12:38 standard time, that is 28 minutes after our clocks announce it. This may be very serviceable in certain religious observances since the church uses the natural day and permits the use of standard time.

The moon is new on the 5th, in first quarter on the 10th, full on the 20th, and in last quarter on the 27th. On the 10th it is in close conjunction with Venus, it even occults the planet in certain sections of the southern hemisphere. The crescent moon and the planets, Cynthia and Hesperus, will make a fine sight in the evening sky on the 9th and 10th.

On the 26 the moon is in conjunction with Jupiter and on the 14th with Saturn.

WILLIAM F. RIGGE,  
Creighton University Observatory.



## Daily Fashions



By LA RAONTEUSE.

## CATARRH

Breathe HYOMEI—Heal the Soreness—Kill Catarrh Germs, or Money Back

No Cocaine, Opium or Harmful Drugs in HYOMEI

Australian Bismuth is a powerful germ destroying antiseptic. It is also a soothing and healing one.

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## Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

I have a new idea about making up some verses, and Pa. I have tried for a long time to get a new idea, something that is a lot out of the ordinary so that all the editors will jump at a chance to get my lines.

I am glad that a grate life is breaking over you, and Ma. I wish you would tell me what your idea is & how much money you think you can get for each poem you write. There is so many things that I need. Here is a list that I made out today before you read me any of the lines that you have rote:

Two yards of Irish lace, to fix up an old frock. Goodness knows, and Ma, that the old thing is falling to pieces, but I was thinking that I could use the Irish lace on a new frock when you get ready to buy me a new one some time the first of the month.

It's second article on my list, and it's a frock for dark evenings, when the light is so bright as that they are on life

settles. You know, dear, and Ma, that with the complexion Black Liza's I have to have two different colors of frocks, so I want this second frock so I can match it with the old Irish lace that I am going to take off of my old frock to put onto the new frock that you are going to be a good boy and buy for me.

Third on the list, and Ma, is a vanity box. My old one, which I got nearly six weeks ago, is all dented up. A fat man that got on the subway at Grand St. knocked it off when he was sitting in the next seat to me, & a old lady which was standing up in front of the fat man happened to step on it. I didn't blame the old lady, and Ma, because she should have had the seat.

The next thing on my list, and Ma, is a lovely set of furs for next season. I don't need them now, of course, and Ma, but I can get them so cheap now, & I was thinking that it would be a good idea to buy them while I have a chance. They will be fine for next winter, if I can get some nice furs to wear with them, & match them. Don't you think so? and Ma, I suppose so, and Pa.

acted a wonderful complete set of pictures of the art works, landscapes, national costumes, and interesting pictures of different lands. After she got well again, she kept up with her collection, pasting the pictures in different books. Her collection is now invaluable as a kind of reference for artists and illustrators.

Miss Harris' drawing room is filled with beautiful things attesting her love of the artistic, and a wonderful Chinese drapery embroidered in peacocks shows that she is not superstitious.

"Why should we be superstitious?" After all, it's a matter of thought. If I have in my mind that something dreadful is going to happen to me, I'm attracted that very thing. I can sponge that out of mind and draw pleasant things to be instead. I hope I draw that sympathetic part," laughed the famous lady villainess. And I hope so, too.

Well, and Ma, there is only a few other little things on the list that I can think of now, & I will wait for them until next week. The others can be used handy any time. Now, dearer love, and Ma, what kind of poetry have you got to show me?

This may sound like nonsense to you, and Pa, but it is kind of jingly, I think. Here's a to the soldier which went to the war & knew what his knife & fork was for, & here's to his fat & living wife, which stayed at home and ate with her knife.

I don't like it, and Ma, it is kind of silly, & besides it's a slur on us women.

Then I guess I will give up trying to write, and Pa, I did intend to make a lot

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