

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

A Smart Dinner Gown

Described by Olivette



...this very fashionable dinner gown is made of sutured red silk cashmere. Over a foundation of silk cashmere there is draped a tunic of black tulle hung over a short flounce. Two other flounces, the first crossing the tunic and the second edging it, are trimmed with narrow bands of skunk fur. The bodice, which is small, is made of white silk muslin, trimmed with rich incrustations of embroidery and beads. A band of skunk fur makes the strap which crosses the shoulder over the kimono sleeve, which is finished at the hem with three narrow flounces of the same material. A large bow, in the style called the "mousie," trims the back. It is finished with a deep fringe of beads. The skirt ends in a short pointed train.

—OLIVETTE.

Beauty in the Kitchen

Miss Herne Wouldn't Talk About Beauty, but Told All She Knew of Cooking—Her Hobby



By MAUDE MILLER.

"Cooking is the lodestone of my existence," says dainty Miss Chrystal Herne, who is playing in the sensational melodrama, "At Bay," at the Thirtieth Street theater. "I'd sooner be a good cook than a great beauty any time, one gets so much more satisfaction out of it."

It isn't very often that a girl of today will confess to a thing like that, particularly a girl who has every claim to the beauty she affects to despise. But if you can imagine the combination of a very pretty girl and a good cook in the bargain you can be almost sure that Miss Herne gets more than her share of admiration.

"I am a temperamental cook," asserts this lady of many attractions, proudly. "I think probably that statement will surprise you, but I know absolutely nothing about the technique of cooking. I think it is a very good thing, too, because a temperamental cook performs when she feels inclined for it. Just like some one will play or sing for the fun of the thing. And cooking is so very much more exciting than either of those."

"I say that I know nothing about the technique of cooking. I'm afraid that is hardly true, because I do know enough to feel intuitively that what I cook is sure to be a success. I have never had a failure, but I never make pie or cake. They are too heavy for my temperament. And now you would like some ad-

vice for the girl of today who would like to be a good cook? Of course, there is no denying the fact that cooking by technique is by far the safer way. One can learn very quickly in a good domestic science school. But the temperamental cook has a much better time of it any day. Just go down in the kitchen or out to the kitchen, just whichever way you happen to be situated, and experiment. Don't use expensive ingredients until you are quite sure of yourself."

"After a while you will unconsciously think up dainty little concoctions that cannot possibly be found in any cook book. They will taste heavenly, and you will be lauded to the skies, right over the head of your patient, more serious-

ly minded sister who is afraid to boil a potato without a recipe. These little special dishes require just the right frame of mind, and by and by you will adopt your cooking temperament as soon as you get into your kitchen paraphernalia. Let your kitchen clothes be as attractive as possible, too."

"There is nothing like being prepared for work, but there is no reason why you shouldn't look quite as attractive in the kitchen as you do in the parlor. You will find, too, that after you have mastered the essentials of temperamental cooking everything will be plain sailing, and you will be just as cool and matter of fact about your work as if you had nothing at all on your mind."

"There will be no worry times on your

forehead, and sudden frantic rushing for the cook book to see if you haven't omitted something from the recipe."

"For the temperamental cook a lot depends upon her cooking environment. The kitchen should be made as attractive as possible, and each dish should be neatly put aside, for washing as soon as it has been used. The temperamental cook would never have any success if she tried to work in a messy kitchen."

"Oh, girls, you may not all be born cooks, but there's no reason in the world why you can't cook, and cook well. As a last injunction have plenty of fresh air in the room and sing at your work. Put your whole heart into it if you're going to be a temperamental cook. And, oh, it's really worth while that way."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

—ON—

Telling the Truth

Never Lie; There Is Always Some Way to Avoid It—But Tell the Truth With Tact and Kindness

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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"Suppose a person had been arrested and was on trial for a crime which that person had not committed. Suppose that person was in grave danger of conviction on circumstantial evidence.

"Now suppose that a friend of the person on trial was called as a witness, and suppose that questions were put to that friend which, if answered truthfully, would be evidence against his friend on trial. Would that friend be justified before God in telling lies in answer to those questions, in order to protect his friend on trial?"



"My friend says you—says he wouldn't be a true friend unless he did lie. I say no. I say he should tell the truth and trust to God for justice. I say that the person would still be a true friend to the person on trial if he refused to answer questions, or answered them truthfully, even if his answers went against his friend on trial. My friend says that he wouldn't be a true friend unless he did all in his power by telling lies or anything else in order to help that friend."

"What do you say?"

It seems to be the delight of many people to imagine situations which make lies commendable.

Such situations as the one suggested in this letter rarely occur.

The friend could refuse absolutely to give testimony and prove his devotion to his comrade by going to jail in contempt of court.

The writer of this article has an intense admiration for truthfulness and an equally intense abhorrence of lies. Little fibs and the white lies seem on a par with petty larceny.

There are people who claim they steal to save those they love from hunger. But there is always some other way open. Were a human being to go from door to door, saying: "One I love is dying from starvation or lack of care; give me food and money for God's sake!" there is no street in any land on earth where all doors would be closed and assistance refused.

Yet men have broken into houses and robbed the inmates and killed their fellow-beings when, put at bay, claiming their actions were forced by actual need.

It is indeed a terrible thing to be forced to beg. But that is a more ignoble act than begging. There is always a way to avoid that.

There is always some way to avoid

a lie, even when speaking the truth is particularly cowardly and selfish phase of lying, but it is to be met with almost every day in some one.

It is far more courageous to say: "I know my friend is innocent; and I refuse to state facts which might seem to incriminate him. Therefore I declare myself guilty of contempt of court."

Beautiful as is the truth, silence should sometimes take the place of the spoken truth.

People who are brutally frank on every possible occasion and who tell everything they think, however unpleasant it may be, often pride themselves upon their truthfulness.

Truthfulness loses half its charm when coupled with vulgarity and lack of tact and kindness. Silence and tact are necessary to save us from giving and receiving hurts.

A very sweet woman who is popular in her own town was much troubled by fond mothers who insisted upon showing her their babies and demanding her opinion of their beauty.

Finally, when all her tact and all her principles were tried to the utmost by being asked while gazing at an especially ugly baby girl: "Did you ever see a prettier baby?" the woman replied: "She is just as pretty as she can be."

The mother was satisfied and the woman had spoken the truth, for she said it was impossible for that baby to look otherwise than she did; so she spoke the truth.

Surely this particular wording of a dubious compliment was better than to say: "She is the ugliest baby I ever saw."

Another tactful woman who was asked by the wife what she thought of a musician who was the feature of a concert replied hurriedly: "I think he has the most beautiful hair I ever saw."

This relieved her of saying what she thought of his music.

Later, to the musician himself, the woman made criticisms which were helpful to him while giving him more or less pain. But these same criticisms given to the wife would have done no good.

Absolutely truthful people are very rare.

It is one of the greatest if not the greatest of the virtues, and it is the most difficult to find in its unalloyed purity in human nature.

Imaginative people are almost always guilty of exaggeration in relating facts, and after telling a story with its embellishments a few times they believe they are telling it correctly.

People with an over-supply of the sense of humor seldom tell the truth when relating incidents and happenings.

Very vain people are prone to tell things which reflect more glory and honor on themselves than is their due. Timid children with an inordinate love of approbation are sometimes made liars by stern parents who believe in corporal punishment, or who are severe in reprimands for small offenses.

Such children, unless their natures are balanced by a great sense of justice, will lie themselves out of misdeeds and lay the blame on others. This is a

particularly cowardly and selfish phase of lying, but it is to be met with almost every day in some one.

It is rare to find a grownup culprit who, when caught in wrongdoing, will say: "It is my own fault. There is no one else to blame."

It is a great thing to teach children from the start, a large respect and reverence for truthfulness. Teach them to be exact in their statements and to take pride in having their word reliable.

And with this teaching impress upon them the necessity to be sometimes silent when the spoken word would do more harm than good.

They also serve the God of Justice, who know how to keep still.

Resents Roman Sculptor's Slur 'Daintiest Feet in World Are American Women's,' Says Artist



"None So Blind As He Who Will Not See."

"An American woman, either matron or maid, who stands ankle deep in the snow and keeps her hands in a muff is as beautiful as any woman the world over, but when the snow melts and she withdraws one of her huge hands, she ruins the picture," is the way (T. F. E. Triebel, sculptor and academicien of the Royal Academy of Rome, now visiting in the United States, views the appearance of the American woman of today.

That this statement does not meet with the approval or disapproval of the artists of New York was demonstrated today when James Montgomery Flagg, the famous illustrator of girl pictures galore, was seen in his working quarters in one of the big studio buildings in West Sixty-seventh street.

He laughed heartily when his attention was called to the professor's statement. "Why the professor must be one of those 'who see not,' for if he really were the least observant he could not fail to note the American maids and matrons have the best looking hands and feet in the world. It is a fact that cannot be overlooked."

"I go about New York and see more lovely women in a day than I'd see in a month abroad," he continued. "The French women, with their pronouncedly

large feet, encased in drab colored spatula shaped shoes, and the English women, who are noted the world over for their pedal generosity, can they compare with the twinkling feet of the well shod American girl? Absurd!"

Mr. Flagg, who has so dexterously caught the eternally feminine in his drawings, dilated on the importance of unusually fine hands and feet for the purpose of illustration. "It is the exception, not the rule, to find an American girl possessing angular hands or large feet," he continued with chivalrous conviction.

"You know, the English woman always speaks of her American cousin as having 'boat feet,' but besides having small feet and hands, the American girl is better shod and gloved than the European woman."

"It is a well-known fact that Americans are recognized abroad as much by the smallness and trimness of their feet as by their wonderful 'chie' in dressing."

"Then your advice to the professor would be a visit to an eye-specialist?" was queried. "Oh, no" was the rejoinder. "Just a visit to New York and a stroll down Fifth avenue any gloomy day would change the professor's viewpoint forever."

Mysteries of Science and Nature

Whether the Pithecanthropus of Java as a Man or a Monkey, or a Being Intermediate Between Them

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The problem of the famous ape-man of Java, the "Pithecanthropus erectus," is again under discussion by the paleontologists (students of ancient life), and they still are unable to agree whether this mysterious creature was a kind of primitive human being or only an extraordinary specimen of the ape tribe who happened to be born with a big head.

A French writer has put the actual situation among the learned men in a few words: "For some the pithecanthropus is a man; for others he is a monkey; for others still he is an animal intermediary between man and monkey."



The average reader may say to himself that he doesn't care what the pithecanthropus was. Both the pithecanthropus! But that would be a very un-intelligent attitude to assume. We have arrived at a period of intellectual development when what is called pre-history has as great (if not greater) importance for us as history itself.

If the pithecanthropus really belongs in our ancestral line he is as interesting a figure as the remote past contains. We see him, with his big bushy head, his crooked legs, his bent back, his long arms, away back there close to the point where the paths divided which led in one direction to the cities of men and the wonders of the mind, and in the other direction to the tropical forests and the haunts of climbing creatures to whom nature gave, as in mockery, human masks hiding only brute brains.

He stands there the most ancient, the most distant, of the creatures which felt the impulse of awakening humanity. He is almost at the bottom of the long hill. He is striking into the narrow path which leads continually upward. Around him are other beings to whom the same opportunity came, who were led to the beginning of the same straight, mounting way, but who turned aside, leaving him to pursue alone his pilgrimage.

It is a curious and significant fact that after the discovery of the remains of the pithecanthropus in 1892 an anthropologist undertook to reconstruct, upon anatomical principles, the missing jaw (for nothing of the head was found except the top of the skull and a few scattered teeth), and several years later there was discovered at Mauer, in Germany, a human jaw precisely corresponding with that which the anthropologist had attributed to the pithecanthropus.

To which must be added the fact that the best authorities assign to "the man of Mauer" an antiquity corresponding with that which has generally been assigned to the pithecanthropus.

At the same time there are authorities who deny to the pithecanthropus a place in the line of human descent. Among these Prof. Boule of Paris, who thinks it probable that the pithecanthropus was a specie of giant monkey, allied to the

gibbons, and superior to its congeners not only in stature, but also in size of skull, in which it approached the lower limit for man.

There may have been a group of these overgrown gibbons developed in Java, thinks Prof. Boule, and they may have been driven into extinction by virtue of the very fact that they were not physically developed in accord with their environment.

Prof. Boule himself admits that there are resemblances to the human type in the pithecanthropus, and that its skull seems to have been intermediate in form between that of the monkey and that of man, but he denies that such resemblances and correspondences necessarily prove a real ancestral relationship.

But even if this view of the Paris anthropologist be admitted, as probably correct it hardly at all diminishes the interest of the pithecanthropus, because it only reveals in that creature a being which certainly made a start toward human evolution, though it may never have fairly entered upon the path.

It serves to show how difficult was the work of developing man out of a lower animal type. Nature had, apparently, to try again and again, with that patience and that contempt of expense which she always exhibits, and at last she succeeded.

So, whether the pithecanthropus was a primitive man, carrying locked up in him all the wonderful possibilities of evolution which that state of being would imply, or whether he was only an aspiring ape who could not make good his hold on a higher level of existence, we must read about him and the controversies he excites with equal interest.

Saladin, The Magnanimous

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

Saladin, the illustrious Mohammedan sultan, died 790 years ago, December 4, 1193. Seven centuries is a long time for a man's name to live, but there are yet no signs that Saladin's name is perishing from the memory of the race.

Saladin, though a "pagan," and, from the viewpoint of his Christian enemies, a "heathen," was one of the most magnanimous of the children of men. By the strength of his own genius and will power he made for himself a throne, upon which he sat with all becoming dignity and honor for many years, governing, as a rule, with wisdom and mercy.

Brave as a lion, he was the very soul of honor and generosity; and in toleration and charity in the fundamental elements of true manhood and the graces of a gentleman, stood head and shoulders above most of the monarchs of his time.

Where is the imagination that has not been enthused over and over again with the stories of his mighty title with the mailed crusaders; and where is the heart that has not been touched with the way he treated Richard the Lion Hearted, who lay in the royal tent burning up with fever—how he sent into his camp the camels laden with snow to assuage the fiery disease that was consuming him.

"The infidel dog" did not believe, with old Jack Falstaff, that honor was a "mere south-west wind." On the contrary, he believed that it was the greatest thing in the world, that it made the man, and that without it a man was no better than an empty shell. It was against those who had no sense of honor, and no regard for their pledged word, that Saladin unsheathed the sword of his most terrible wrath.

Such was the great Mohammedan eighteen centuries ago, and therefore it is that his name lives—and will ever live while heroism and good faith are admired among men.



ERUPTION ON ANKLE GREAT SUFFERING

Many Nights Did Not Sleep, Burned All the Time, Wore Bandage Night and Day, Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Now Well.

Kingsville, Mo.—"My trouble began eighteen years ago. Nearly half of the time there were running sores around my ankle; sometimes it would be two years at a time before they were healed. There were many nights I did not sleep because of the great suffering. The sores were deep running ones and so sore that I could not bear for anything to touch them. They would burn all the time and sting like a lot of bees were confined around my ankle. I could not bear to scratch it. It was always so sensitive to the touch. I could not put my clothes touch it. The skin was very red. I made what I called a cap out of white felt, blotting paper and soft white cloth to hold it in shape. This I wore night and day.

"I tried many remedies for most of the eighteen years with no effect. Last summer when my ankle had been sore for over a year and much worse than ever before I sent for some Cuticura Soap and Ointment. It would not touch them. I had a great burning that I think tongue could never explain. The very first time I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment I gained relief; they relieved the pain right then. It was three months from the time I commenced using Cuticura Soap and Ointment until the sores were entirely healed. I have not been troubled since." (Signed) Mrs. Charles E. Brooks, Oct. 22, 1912.

Cuticura Soap 25c, and Cuticura Ointment 50c, are sold everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card, "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

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