

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Tantalizing Cupid

Pretty Miss Plummer Tells Why Those Not in Love Shouldn't Interfere with Those Who Are



Miss Inez Plummer in two attractive poses.

By MAUD MILLER.

"Did you ever stop to think that perfect understandings between two people is often spoiled forever by the careless interference of an outsider?" said Miss Inez Plummer, who is playing the leading role in "Too Many Cooks."

"Outsiders don't realize how very wonderful young love really is, and the many seemingly absurd incidents that are of great interest and importance to any newly engaged couple frequently hold a tear close behind a laugh. In the first place, older people don't understand. If they have ever been young and in love, they have forgotten the accompanying incidents, and in their contemplation of a novel undertaking they become so interested in the situation itself that they forget the young people around whom the entire plot is woven."

RESINOL STOPS DANDRUFF AND LOSS OF HAIR

If you are troubled with loss of hair, or with dandruff, eczema or other scalp itching scalp affection, try shampoos with Resinol Soap and an occasional treatment with Resinol Ointment. You will be surprised how quickly the trouble disappears and the health and beauty of the hair improves. Hundreds of hair and scalp specialists use this simple Resinol treatment regularly.

Why Women Lie About Their Ages

By ADA PATTERSON.

With genuine interest I took up a book fresh from the presses and with deep disappointment placed it an obscure corner of the book case that stands in the darkest corner of my study. It is painful to be often reminded of unpleasant things and it would have been distinctly unpleasant to face often those purple covers that stood to me for an unpleasant fact.

I had taken up the book and begun turning its leaves with interest because its subject was women. I laid it down with deep disappointment because it drove home the intellectual dishonesty of many of my sex. The book is a compilation of the addresses and an outline of the careers of women of more or less prominence in the nation. They were women who for the most part might be regarded as leaders of thought among American women. Their thought habits might be safely taken as a criterion of the mental habits of other women of their country. They are in some sense pillars of light in the dark places along which women journey. Their life stories are an inspiration. Their biographies were the keys by which other women presumably might solve their personal problems. Yet pitifully many of the women stood revealed in these pages as guilty of contemptible weakness, that intellectual dishonesty which causes one to dodge a fact.

In plain, unsoftened English the women had lied about their ages. I would have refused to believe the statement had anyone made it to me. I should have thought, as you may be thinking now of me, that one who said so is mistaken. But it happened that I know well some of them and recall their own remarks about their ages. Those remarks of a few years ago tallied sadly with the records spread in the disappointing book. The picture presents in my memory of sitting at a table in a little wayside restaurant chatting with one of them. Confidence led to the subject of age. By her statement at that time she was seven years older than I. By the record in the purple covered book she is now four years younger. The instances of dishonesty in little things multiplied.

Why? Some of the women I know to possess courage. In the big crises of their lives I know they could be depended upon to stand firm and turn a brave face to the inevitable. But here were they, like any sneak thief, stealing their years and running away with them.

They were pitifully unnecessary lies. It was not necessary to tell their ages. If for reasons of business or sentiment they preferred to keep the secret it was their privilege to withhold it. Retention on that point would not be exclusively feminine. A famous judge, honored and deserving honor, on the New York bench, declines to tell his age, nor has anyone ever discovered the secret. The reason is obvious. An age limit is placed upon the service of judges, and believing himself still to be as competent as he ever was, and preferring that emolument continue he guards his secret as the Sphinx its tongue.

But these women rush foolishly into print with a silly falsehood, one easily proven. Since age brings wisdom and experience is valuable, it is unlikely that they will tell these untrue tales because they fear their glory will be discounted. There can be but one other reason. Of that the acceptance is unwelcome forced upon us. It is the last flame of romance flaring in her nature. It is reluctance to admit that no longer will she be sought in marriage. You who charge women with revolt and with sex antagonism be comforted. So long as women lie about their ages the male of the human species still holds by their rattles his exalted place.

Little Mary's Essays--(Friends)

By DOROTHY DIX.

Friends is people that you have to say "dear" to when you feel all "darn" inside. When a person says she is your friend you better watch out, because that is the way folks start out when they are going to say something that will make you hopping mad, but that you have got to forgive because it was a friend that said it.

Friends is the most truth telling nation of people that there is, and they always tell you about your faults, but a enemy says nice things to you.

When Gertrude Jones tells me that I have got red hair and a snub nose and walk pike-on-toed, she always says that the reason she tells me that is because she is my friend. I like my enemies better than I do my friends. There are a great many kinds of friends. There is your Old Friend that you used to know before your papa made money, and you got a automobile, and you pretend that you don't know her when you meet her on the street, and you say to her, "You must come to see me sometimes," but you don't set any day for her to come. And there's your Intimate Friend that you tell your secrets to, and that she tells to her Intimate Friend, and you wonder how it got out. And there's your New Friend that you brag about because she's got real diamonds and lives on Fifth avenue. Then there is your Papa's Friends that your Mamma says are nothing but snakes

and no better than they should be, and that she won't stand for, and the dinner is always meat when your Papa's Friends come to visit him.

Friends have lots of baggage and they always bring it along when they come to see you, which makes it so they can stay a long time. I guess Friends is very fond of visiting because they don't want to be asked to come. They come anyway.

Friends is also renowned for their borrowing. If you have a lot of friends you haven't got a nickel to your name because they have borrowed all your money and your new hat and your toothbrush and everything you have got. People who are rich never have any friends. They wouldn't be rich if they had friends.

We should all try to make friends because they keep us poor and humble. This is all that I know at present about friends.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Which Do You Love?

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 and in love with two young men, 22 and the other 24. No. 1 hasn't anything but a good situation and is very jolly and believes in a good time. I am of the same disposition. No. 2 is very settled and independent, but doesn't care for parties and such amusements as I do. He makes good money and saves it. Which do you advise me to take, as I am to choose one of the two?

Both of these men may attract you, but you cannot be in love with two at once. You must decide for yourself which one you really care for. If you find the man who has characteristics that contrast with your own absolutely congenial, a marriage with him would probably prove happy in that you would counteract each other's faults and balance each other's qualities. When two butterflies mate there is likely to be little stability in the home they found.

The Extreme in Gowns and Parasols

With a Description By Olivette



Because of the mildness of its balmy climate, Nice shows the late spring and early summer styles before Paris is sure that winter is past. The two charming summer costumes we show today come from Nice straight to our shores. Either would form a delightfully different frock for a warm day.

The first, at the left, is a ravishing affair of white charmeuse trimmed in bands of jade green embroidery and buttons of jade. There is a tiny incroyable collar at the back of the V neck, and an apron bib of the embroidery reaches up the front of the waist just to the line of décolletage, which is outlined by rows of the buttons. The embroidery cuffs the bishop sleeves and falls over the accordion-plaited tunic in two strips that end in tassels of the jade green.

With this costume appears a very charming accessory—a little parasol such as our grandmothers carried and which adjusts itself

shade the face. It is of deeper green silk with puffed ruffle at the edge. The handle is of jade banded in silver.

The second "toilette" is a most original creation in chocolate, old blue and white. The skirt of net hangs over an overkirt of white charmeuse. It is built in three tiers, three puffs held by circular bands at hips, knees and feet. A broad girdle of white faille heavily embroidered in blue, saffron and chocolate fastens with three large buttons. This material forms a waistcoat over which hangs a little coat of chocolate crepe de chine, with cuffs and square collar of deeper brown taffeta.

Here, too, we have a note in favor of the popularity of the parasol. The one carried with this has a stick of white enamel handled in blue agate. The parasol itself is of white, with a border of twelve sections of brown silk, giving it the form of an elaborated square. Heavy brown fringe edges this and casts quaint shadows over Milady's face.

John Cabot, the Explorer

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

under whose authority he had made the discovery, after which he returned to England, where he was received with high honors, dressed in silk and given the title of the "Great Admiral."

Cabot made his memorable voyage in a single vessel named the *Mathew*, with a crew of but eighteen men. It was a quick trip. Setting out from Bristol early in May, he made the great discovery and was back again in Bristol by the end of July, having made the round trip in something less than two months.

The following year (1484) Sebastian Cabot, John's son, set sail from Bristol in six ships, discovered Newfoundland, sailed along the coast for a long distance, probably as far south as the present city of Charleston, S. C., and, having taken possession of it all in the name of the king of England, returned to the old world, married a rich Spanish woman and settled down for the solid enjoyment of his fame and fortune. After his marriage we hear but little more of him. He seems to have dropped at once into "innocuous desuetude" and almost total eclipse.

It was June 24, 1497-47 years ago—that John Cabot was granted the first glimpse that a white man had ever had of the shores of Continental America. It was about 5 o'clock in the morning, and here before the great captain's gaze lay the rocky coast of Labrador, its stunted firs and moss-covered boulders, touched into gold by the sun god's smile. The commander upon landing planted a banner and took possession of the region in the name of the English sovereign.

He did not "ascend Mount McKinley" or "discover the North Pole"; he saw no "Indian kings" or other strange or wonderful human beings; he ran up against no mines of gold or gems, or groves of "precious aromatic woods." He saw "little but rocks and a few dwarf trees and shrubs."

But in spite of his rock-ribbed integrity of statement the commander came very near getting himself into the Bristol "Ananias club." He told them how his vessel had literally "ploughed its way through shoals of codfish" off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, and the story came pretty near being his finish. One of the scribbles of the day informs us that "Master John, being poor and a foreigner, would have been set down as a liar had not his crew, who were mostly Bristol men, confirmed everything he said about the codfish."

The political significance of Cabot's discovery will appear at a glance. Remember, first of all, that Cabot was

the first to discover and set foot upon the mainland of America, and bear in mind, in the second place, that, having discovered and landed upon the mainland, he took possession of it in the name of England.

From that immense vantage ground, given her by Cabot, England never for a moment receded. Against all comers—Spain, Portugal, France and every other breed of men—the English fought "tooth and nail" for the rights which came to them through the "Great Admiral." America became English—that is to say, was decreed by destiny to become the home of the civilization that rests on the principles of freedom and progress, intelligence and manhood, rather than upon the "paternalism" which ends on the one side in high-handed tyranny and on the other in intellectual dry-rot and moral turpitude.

The man whose discovery effectuated this deserves to stand first among the makers of America.

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