

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Queer Opinions of the Spanish

While France is Seeking Alliance With Them a French Author declares Their Indomitable Character is Based on a Ferrelessness of Bloodshed

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

One of the questions which most profoundly interests all thoughtful Frenchmen at the present moment is that of an alliance between their country and Spain. The fear of Germany hangs over the French republic as a shadow, and the Gauls, hovering in dark clouds behind the Alps, hang over ancient Rome.



Amid all the talk of peace, which is everywhere so popular today, there is no mistaking the fact that in France every heart is heavy with thoughts of war. If it were a war of aggression and conquest that hovered in the near future, the hearts of the French people would be not heavy, but jubilant. But the approach of a defensive war inevitably saddens the spirits of those who expect to be its victims.

The simple fact, which one sees repeated again and again in the French newspapers, that the population of Germany is increasing at the rate of a million a year, while that of France is stationary, if not declining, is sufficient to awaken the gloomiest forebodings.

It is a spectacle that moves the sympathy of a foreign visitor to see this great people, with their glorious past irradiating them like the splendor of a sunset, compelled to meet the menace of their mighty foe, with his constantly swelling armies, by the most pitiful device of forcing their sons to spend an additional year of their youth in camp, because there are no crowds of successors coming up from the cradle to take their places.

Can anything be more pathetic than this cry—one may call it so—from the lips of M. Ribot, former minister of foreign affairs: "All the nations must be interested in seeing France remain great and strong for France vanquished would mean Europe decapitated and insecurity for all the other peoples." That is a cry of conscious weakness, though not of cowardice or unworthy fear.

No one conceals the fact that he wishes for an alliance with Spain in order that Spanish armies may aid in the protection of France. The coming war and nothing else is the dominant thought in every Frenchman's mind as he does his best to win friends for his threatened fatherland.

But there is a broader aspect to this subject, which is revealed in a remark of the famous French author, Madame Adam. When asked recently her opinion about the proposed Spanish alliance, she replied that such an understanding appeared to her desirable in every sense of the word. And then she added some remarkable sentences:

"Heroic is Spain throughout her whole history," said Madame Adam. "Its women personify its heroism, not only in their defense of Saragossa, but in their passion, often founded on courage, for bull fights. In Spain people are not afraid of blood,

and that it is which makes the nation indomitable." Everybody knows that Madame Adam tells only the plain truth about the indomitable character of the people of Spain. Rome never mastered them as it mastered other races. The rush of the Moors upon them was merely an overwhelming wave which eventually was hurled back again. Napoleon could not trample them into subjection. The disaster that it encountered a few years ago, when it braved the power of the United States, has been nobly redeemed, because it only threw the nation back upon itself.

But is it true that not only a tolerance, but a passion, for bloodshed is, as Madame Adam seems to think, the surest indication of an unconquerable spirit of a people?

We might find historic grounds for such an opinion. When Rome at the same time ruled and defied the world its people delighted in nothing so much as scenes of bloodshed. Not only bulls and horses, but elephants, lions, tigers, and even armed men, had to surrender their lives by thousands in the arenas in order to gratify the thirst of the Roman populace for blood. In Rome, too, and still more decidedly than in Spain, "people were not afraid of blood."

Yet Rome fell when other peoples as fearless of blood as its own began to descend in hordes upon it. It was the spirit of Christianity that finally saved Rome and eternalized it.

Madame Adam is undoubtedly right in wishing to see Spain placed shoulder to shoulder with France at this critical moment, but she might have found a better foundation for her faith in the sturdy virtues of the Spanish people than such as can be based upon their alleged indifference to bloodshed!

The world is doomed to see much fighting yet. Armies are not going to be abolished tomorrow or the next day. Every new invention is instantly seized upon to add to the military power of the nations. The reign of the lawyers is not going immediately to succeed that of the warriors. The judges, with their long robes, their powdered wigs and heads filled with precedents and legal technicalities, are not on the point of crowding out the generals with their swords, their gold-laced coats and their stings of glittering medals.

But—war, while seeming to render itself more terrible by the aid of science, is slowly losing its teeth and beginning to tremble in every limb, like those superannuated giants that Bunyan saw in his vision inhabiting the cave at the termination of the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

It is stumbling under the weight it carries. By and by it will pass away, and then, since human nature cannot change at the bottom as rapidly as it can change on the surface, it will behave the world to see that it does not take upon its shoulders, in the form of a "Mr. Legality," a more insufferable burden than that bore in the person of the "Apolo" of war.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Follow Your Heart.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young business woman years of age, and intend to get married in the very near future to a gentleman one year my senior. I have after my marriage to help my husband pay on a home of our own. My fiancé objected strongly to this at first, but I being determined, he finally consented. I would secure a position in the same office as himself, he having a responsible position with the firm. We intend to go to housekeeping and employ a servant to take care of the house. My husband could support me, but I love the business world, having been used to it, and would much rather work than keep house. We both love children, and I wish to ask if you think this fact would make me discontented with work after I was married.

ANXIOUS.
Continue in your business life if you are happiest in that, trusting to the future and your mutual love to make you more contented with remaining at home. That it will come to that I have no doubt. Love, husband and babies always bring this happy result in due time.

Ask Her.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 21 and have known a girl of 17 for the last two years. In the last few weeks I have learned to love her dearly. While speaking she always tells me she wants to marry an actor, but shows by her actions that she cares for me.

How can I find out whether she really loves me or is only using me to understand the true feeling that I have for her? A. W.
I am quite sure she holds that phantom actor before you to torment you and that she really cares for you. Don't let it worry you. If she is a sensible girl she will soon outgrow such foolish notions. Tell her you love her. Don't expect such an answer from her until you have made it first.

Why Not Reciprocate?

Dear Miss Fairfax: My friend and I are members of a social club of which each fellow (except my friend and I) has a lady friend. In order to enjoy ourselves we must endeavor to do our own part of the ladies present. Of course we do not like to do this and we wish to make from the club against the wishes of the other members. Do you think we are doing right in resigning? FRANK.
If you are in debt socially to these ladies, you must resign. On the contrary, you must remain in the club until at least you have had your turn at entertaining. It would be a very pleasant return for their hospitality to you and your friend to give a theater party to all of the ladies in a bunch.

My Own Beauty Secrets

No. 6.—Care of the Eyes

By Anna Held

Eyes are the windows of the soul, and the single-handed champions of a woman's beauty.

Luxuriant eyelashes and eyebrows are the frames for your eyes and should be given daily attention.

Languorous Eyes.



The Coquettish Slant.

By ANNA HELD.

(Heading "Anna Held's All-Star Variete Jubilee," Under Management of John Cort.)

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Eyes are the greatest single-handed champions of a woman's beauty.

Eyes are the windows of the soul and the index of the spirit.

And surely we all long to have clean, shining "windows" and an "index" that will tempt the world to read the volume to which they belong.

Beautiful, haunting eyes.

Surely you have often said that you would give a fortune to possess them.

Now give me your attention—and then give your eyes the benefit of the course of treatment I will describe. And I hope your goal will be reached without loss of fortune.

First let us make sure of a suitable frame for our picture.

This means, let us see about acquiring luxuriant eyelashes and eyebrows. Every morning on arising brush the brows in a crescent and brush the lashes upward with a dry brush well moistened in water. All growing things need water.

At night brush with another little brush you keep especially for this use.

But moisten this brush in slightly warmed vaseline or olive oil or oil of cocoanut.

And pure, warm oil will stimulate the growth of hair.

Be very careful not to irritate the eyeball or to allow any of the oil to get into the eye.

Now we have a splendid dark frame for our picture. The next thing is to make our picture beautiful enough to shine out of the dark frame, which is a protector, too—and guards against dust and all harmful intruders.

The first rule to remember in studying the care of the eyes themselves is that the health of the body has much to do with the eyes.

If you are perfectly well, with glowing blood in healthy circulation, your eyes will be clear and bright. So in the care of your eyes go back to the beginning and have your health good.

Each morning before you brush up the "frame" bathe the eyes in cold water.

Make a cup of the hand and dash cold water against each eye thirty times. The shock of the cold water will stimu-



The Piquant Expression of Half-veiled Eyes.

Bathe the eyes each morning in cold water.

This will stimulate circulation.

The health of the body has much to do with the eyes.

When you are perfectly well your eyes will be clear and bright.

Interest and Animation.

late circulation. Ah, madame, do not be lazy, a pray you.

Thirty little dashes of cold water for each eye, and they will feel as well as they look—and they will look ravissant.

Whenever you come in from the dusty streets follow this little "eyedril"—thirty dashes of cold water.

If the muscles of the eyes ache daily, lay a bandage of hot water across the eyes and renew constantly for fifteen minutes.

Follow with fifteen minutes of compresses wrung out in ice water.

And now I shall tell you two of my pet secrets.

When I find that I have unbecoming pouches under my eyes, and the water massage will not remove them, I pack cold cream very tightly under the eyes and let it remain while I lie relaxed for fifteen minutes.

Then I wipe it off quite gently and rub deftly from the inner corner to the outer with a soft bit of old linen in which I have a piece of ice. And, finally, beginning at the inner corner of the eyebrow, I pinch up the flesh under the brow firmly, but not roughly.

All this I can teach you, if you will but hearken. But, above all, I must make sure of teaching that the eye is as delicate as beautiful. Do not use any strong cosmetic or drug near this fine bit of mechanism. Do not use artificial aids to color or brighten. Do not mark with lines or paint where the brows may easily be if you will spend your time in acquiring them in reality instead of painting them on.

Except pure water, and a weak solution of boric acid, such as any pharmacist knows well how to make, no foreign substance should ever enter the eye unless it has the thickest of admission from an oculist. Carefully, will you learn this rule quite carefully, heart?

The clearness of health, the beauty of expression and the charm of sensibly care are what your eyes need. More than this will harm instead of helping.

And now, unless I give you a little chapter on my own specialty—expression—you will say, "Ah, la belle Anna is a cat! She will tell us how to obtain 'les beaux yeux', but she will not tell us how to use them."

First, be sure that you feel—that you have something to express. Then simply throw that expression into your eyes.

See how coquettish in the Japanese slant that I illustrate for you. Languor is expressed by the half-shut eye. Interest and animation show in the round, wide-open eye.

In the large picture in the center I am showing you the piquant expression of half-veiled eyes.

The long lashes, the clear whites, the bright expression and the glinting light of mischief are all things you may acquire if you will express yourself and follow me.

The Right of Forest

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

One who has loved and lost—who has tasted the joy of married life and known the desolation of bereavement—writes me:

"Do you think it wrong for a woman to wish to marry again? I loved my husband dearly and mourned his death, but now, after nearly seven years, I feel the need of a man's presence. But, unfortunately, I see few men, and cannot make advances.

"I do not long for wealth—only enough to get along comfortably. I am not unattractive, and I love home life, but the loneliness of trying to make a home for only one is appalling. Would it be wrong to my husband to marry again?"

One cannot live with the dead, and the greatest of all authority says, "Let the dead bury their dead."

One turns from a grave inconsolable, sure that the sting of bereavement will always remain—that the sun will never shine again—that one has known laughter and joy for the last time.

But the days come and go, and each one brings its little quota of forgetfulness. As interests arise, hope springs up again. Sorrow begins to look less dreary, and very, very soon those who had wished they could stay in the cemetery with the one who went before are realizing that life is dear and sweet, and there is much left to live for.

The most selfish person in the world is the one who hangs over a grave for life. It is an attitude which says, "Respect my sorrow. Others may have had sorrow, but no one has known sorrow like unto this," and it is an attitude more often taken by women than by men.

Men are more confident, saner and healthier-minded. They want to get away from grief. A woman loves to linger. Before men expend any emotion they want to be sure that the expenditure will be worth it. They will change their minds. Resignation is nothing more than the discovery that the wall against which one is beating one's head is harder than the head. A man makes this discovery sooner than a woman, and soon desists. A woman will go on beating her head with a dull, monotonous tom-tom of protest to the end of her days.

The futility of mourning is not the only argument against its encouragement. There is the further argument that every unattached person in time becomes a problem to his or her relatives. And this is in a measure true no matter what the financial condition of the one left alone.

A lover of lovers discovered in happy rhyme that this world is built for two; the little garden seats are for two; the little beds hold only two; there is room in the little boat for just two, and the little paths are just broad enough for two to walk together. Had this lover of lovers gone further into nature's plan, he would have learned that this world is built for two in more than its romantic aspects.

Every home is for two primarily. Every burden, every humiliation, every joy that comes to a home was meant to be divided by two. The sorrow is too great to bear, the humiliation too bitter to endure, and the joy loses half its flavor when experienced by only one. When the children have grown and have left the nest, one could not ask a greater boon of life than that the original two be left together to live life over again in mutual memories.

The woman who wrote this letter has mourned her husband seven years. I contend that it is six years too long, and she has shown no disrespect to his memory had she married again long before this, and, on the contrary, would have paid him the compliment of having so thoroughly enjoyed her experience as a wife she was not afraid to repeat it.

She has known love, and learned that the price of a woman must pay in greater responsibility and self-sacrifice is not too great for value received. She would pay the price again, and pay it in a happiness she has not known in seven years. It is the natural woman's instinct to want a mate, and the woman who denies it is unnatural. Either she is suppressing the cry of her heart or there is something about her that is abnormal.

I want this woman to "let the dead bury their dead" and take all the joy she can find in living, remembering always that if a woman is just kind and loving to those about her she is doing infinitely more for the world, to say nothing of her own salvation, than if she kept her face turned to the wall and sent up a perpetual chant of woe.

His Mother

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DER WATER.

"Oh, John's gone to see his mother again!" the wife said petulantly. "I wish she would be a little more considerate of his time and engagements, and not be hurt if he does not call at least once in ten days."

"Once in ten days? And the mother's home was just five blocks away. I could not help remembering that before his marriage this son had lived with his widowed mother and that they had been close and tender companions. He was her only child, and as she is not a poor woman she gave her boy all the advantages of a college education, followed by a trip abroad with her. She sent him to Columbia because she wanted to have him in the same city with her.

"He is all I have," she said by way of explanation.
"Yes," agreed the son, "and she is all I have. I declare if I were to go out to town to college mother would have to give up her college home in New York and come to the place I happened to go to, and take a house there. She and I are almost twins, you know."

The lad laughed as he said it, but the ring of true feeling was in his words. Of course he may have been considering his mother only, and not his own inclinations. It may have been that he, like some other boys, would have been glad to get away from the home surroundings,

son and daughter are near me in case I need them, and, of course—with a proud smile—"I know that Dick will come to see me every two or three days, for he would not know how to get on without seeing his mother constantly."

That was ten years ago. "Dick" still lives a quarter of a mile from his mother and he "tries to run in once every ten days" to see her, feeling that in doing this he is performing a duty. "Mother expects it," he says petulantly to his wife, "and as she is 'getting old' I do not like to disappoint her."

What about his wife? How does she take this attitude? Why, she smiles her approval of Dick's manliness. She encourages him in his selfishness and in the idea that he is a martyr to a mother's whim. Indeed I strongly suspect that it was she who established the once in every ten days habit.

For, after all, when a man marries he becomes the kind of son that his wife makes him. If she be a coarse-grained, common person, unused to refined associations and high ideals, she will do all in her power to gain the sole supremacy over her husband, and, unless she thinks there may be some substantial benefit to be reaped by his intimacy with his mother, she will discourage such intimacy. I know there is much written against the mother-in-law, but I pity her, and my sympathy is purely impersonal. Yes, I have watched her in her efforts at peace-keeping and self-immolation, and I am sorry for her. It must be a hard thing to have one's son labelled "Hands off!" when he has been one's very own, "home of one's home," flesh of one's flesh, for over twenty years. I do not think that the average mother is jealous of her son's wife. In fact, I

think she is ready to welcome her as a daughter or as a dear friend. Then why do so many sons' wives persuade or bully their husbands to forget the duty due a no-longer-young but always devoted mother?

Of course, no man who is worthy of the name would allow his wife—no matter how much he loved her—to estrange him from his mother. When one considers this fact it opens up a long vista of reflection as to the number of men who are mistaken. For that there are grown masculines who are so weak and ungrateful as to permit their love and allegiance to their mothers to wane is proved by the fact that one hears quoted with sad significance, and with a disesteemed opinion, the line—

"A son's a son till he gets him a wife. 'Tom is dear and sweet, and has such high ideals," said a young wife. "I have never known another man with such

gracious and graceful manners." A minute later she was saying: "John is so good about going to see his mother whenever he can make time to do so. I hope the old lady appreciates what a sacrifice he makes to go to her. But probably she doesn't. Old people are so queer and so exacting."

"Yet, his mother made him what he is," I exclaimed involuntarily. Courtesy prevented my saying that marriage must have married him if he felt it an inconvenience to call on the woman to whom he owed everything.

The joke about the mother-in-law is so old that it has lost its point, for the mother-in-law of today is, with few exceptions, neither a bore nor a busybody. She is just as willing to sacrifice herself for her married children as for those who are unmarried, and is just as fair in her dealings with her son as her daughter-in-law will allow her to be.

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