



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



How to Keep Healthy

"Making" a Bed is Good Exercise

By Nell Brinkley

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First—Drag all the covers off in a bunch—it gives you a good twist and stretches all the muscles of the upper part of the body.

Second—Spreading the covers on again also stretches your muscles. If you're short, you have to stand on your toes. That's good for you.

Third—Tuck the covers in over the feet of the bed if it's low enough. It's a good back and leg stretching exercise.

Fourth—Then tumble in and loaf on it, for after you exercise you ought to rest, so the doctors recommend, and I agree with them.

I'm five feet one and a half in my stocking feet and a little over twenty-three in heels. I weigh a hundred and twenty-three pounds when I've got my this year's muff along with me. I can stop in the saddle from 6 in. the morning till 10 at night and not wobble when I land (like when you come in from an all-day toss on the old gray sea in a twenty-eight-foot cruiser with a frapped engine in it). You know how you walk at an angle then and sag at the knees, and your body lifts and falls—regular, in time with the tide! I don't ever have to count white lambs going over

a worm fence-way in the little hours like some folks do. And I can sprint that "shady lane" from the subway to a "lower level" train in two minutes. Have to have a nice, harmless temper—no dyspepsia, good lungs and pat the boards in the walk hard to do that. And you cannot go straight, you know—you have to kind of just weave in and out. Oh!—New Rochelle-ers and Mamaroneck-ers and Pelham-ers and such—you know that's a good stunt. And my appetite is just where it was when I was 11 and my mother used to keep a big stone jar full of fat, spicy

brown cookies (not little ones, big ones) on a particular shelf in the pantry for when I came home from school "like a raging lion seeking whom it may devour." My, look at all the I's from here back. Nobody thinks that artists can do very much else but just go arting along making spooky-looking things on paper and having a temperament—but they can. They can do anything in the world but add and put things back where they belong and not turn over the ink bottle. They can—when "they" happen to be a lady—

make a bed. And it's bulles good exercise. When you drag the covers off drag them all at once and just as hard as you can, and try to keep your feet on the same spot they were when you started to pull. Don't you see that you'll get a good twister then? A regular Greek dance pose. When you put them on again you stand hips back, chin up and a deep bend in your back at the waist and then swipe them on. And that swipe takes arm work. When you begin tucking, tuck from over the foot if you can, it puts you upon the tips of your little "mules" and

draws your little body all out. Anyway, tucking is good work, for you have to either squat on your heels or twist yourself to do it. If you make—ah—about a half-dozen beds and go after them good, work with your body loose and not try to save on the reaching and bending, by that time you'll need to tumble in on one of them for a little "breath." Tear it all up and glory in it. Somebody else can make it over again. But anyhow, it's good exercise to make just your little own one if you cannot go half a dozen.—Nell Brinkley.

February Astronomical Happenings

The days are steadily getting longer, being 39 hours 6 minutes long on the 1st, 39 hours 23 minutes on the 15th, and 39 hours 9 minutes on the 29th. The sun rises on these dates respectively at 7:38, 7:32, and 7:25, and sets at 5:35, 5:40, and 5:47. The sun is from 12 to 14 minutes slow the whole month, the maximum being 14 minutes 25 seconds on the 12th. According to standard time it is on the meridian on that day at 38 minutes 13 seconds after 12 o'clock, the latest of the whole year. On the 20th, the sun enters Pisces, the last sign of the zodiac. Mercury is morning star, but most unfavorably placed. Venus also is morning star and slowly approaching the sun. Its brilliancy is pretty constant during the month. Mars comes to the meridian at 7 p. m. on the 15th. Jupiter is morning star and rapidly separating from Venus. Saturn is in quadrature on the 3d, and crosses the meridian at 5:35 p. m. on the 24th. The moon is full on the 2nd, in last quarter on the 9th, new on the 17th, and in first quarter on the 25th. It is in conjunction with Jupiter on the 11th, with



Photograph of the planet made at the Yerkes observatory, California. Venus on the 14th, with Saturn on the 20th, and with Mars on the 25th. WILLIAM F. RIGGE.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Wife, sed Pa to Ma nite befor last, let us go down to the station wen the royal train cum in & see sun royally. I do not want to be one of a vulgar crowd of sit-seers, sed Ma, & have my toes stepped on by a crowd of ruffians. You certainly rib up sun grate evenings for me, sed Ma. Why doant you ask me to go up town to that littel dinner party to wich we was invited to? I doant want to, sed Pa. I am sick of Chicking & in Maryland & that is all thare brunette cook can maik up with thare in company. Chicking & hot pone bread, sed Pa. I have went thare so offen & ce-ten that hot pone that I am full of cornmeal, Pa sed. Git them on the phone & say that I am in vary bad shape & we cannot go. Wich way shall I tell them that you are in vary bad shape, sed Ma, mentally or fizikally? Fizikally, of course, sed Pa. My head is clear as a bell.

the English & now they have to stand here & keep New Yorkers away from the main peepul. Ouch, sed Ma, you big brute! Ma was looking at a man wich had stepped on her long cloke. I beg your parding, lady, sed the big man. I didnt mean to tread on yure cloke. I am sorry. You better talk low, you big brute, sed Ma, if my husband hears this argment he will teech you to talk shorter steps. I am pritty sure that Pa heard it all, but he kep saying to Ma, Cum a littel further this way, dearest juv, & doant lose Bobbie. I guess wen Pa looked at the big man he thought it was better to buy a new cloke than to fix up the same old face wich he had always wore. Then we got to the policee line & Pa went up to a big policeeman. Hello, frien, sed Pa, this is my policee card. I am a grate frien of Mister Waldo, Pa toald the policeeman & he toald me to pick out the first good-looking policee-



Maybe it is like the Liberty Bell, sed Ma, & that was cracked, you know. But I will call up. If you are sure that you can show us this royal party. So Ma called up. Then we went down to the station wen the royal train was going to cum in. Mercy, sed Ma, the minnit we got off at the station. Did you ever see such a crowd? How in the world can we ever get near enuff to see anything? That will be all rite, sed Pa. I have my policee card & that will let us thru. I know all them honest Irish policeemen, sed Pa. Poor Irish policeemen, sed Ma, first they calm over beer to get away from

an I saw & show him this. Ma & Mister Waldo was in the Philippines together, Pa sed. You doant say so? sed the policeeman. I am glad Mister Waldo got back safely to America. As for you, keep moving. But look at this card, Pa sed. But look at this nite-stick, sed the policeeman. Now you move on. But I have my family with me, sed Pa. They will follow you, I guess, sed the policeeman, the I am sure I doant know why. Now move on. So Pa & Ma & me moved on & we didnt see the royal duke & his family. I was gladder, beekaus we went to a restaurant & had a fine dinner.

The Road to Easy Street

By HAL COFFMAN.



It's fine to be on Easy Street; it is a pleasant place; But if you're going to Easy Street, you'll find you're in a race. You can't sit back and shirk your work and look at those who've won, But bid good-by to laziness and just jump in and run. You must jump in, and fight and work, nor care for one defeat; For if you take things easy you won't reach Easy Street.

It's fine to be on Easy Street, free from misfortune's goad, But the road that leads to Easy Street is a long, hard road. Don't mind the burden that you bear; be true of hand and heart; Whether you reach the goal or not, don't play a loafer's part. Don't waste time in envy, and never say you're beat, For if you take things easy, you won't reach Easy Street.

Pithy Philosophy

If you would be a leader you must set the pace. When truth gets busy, fiction is apt to feel ashamed of itself. One way to discount a woman's argument is to agree with her. And sometimes the girl's father forbids

a young man the house, when it wasn't the house he wanted.—Chicago News. A man knows more at 21 than he may be able to forget at 30. The theory that misery loves company accounts for some marriages. Ferve a man to rat his own words and he will soon lose his appetite. Many a woman with a vaulting social ambition keeps her husband on the jump. A widow seldom credits a man with having good judgment unless he proposes to her.

See Silk Hat Harry on Sport Page

The Great Draft

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

February 1, 1864.

Forty-eight years ago today people north and south were opening their eyes in wonder and amazement at the announcement, conspicuously displayed upon all the bulletin boards, that President Lincoln had that day ordered a draft for 300,000 more men!

We are just beginning, after the lapse of half a century, to perceive the tremendous significance of that announcement and of the colossal character of the struggle to which it referred.

What that draft meant may be partially understood by stopping to reflect that the mighty Roman empire never at any one time had 300,000 men in the field. With all their world-wide operations, reaching from the Danube to the sandy wastes of the great Sahara, and from the Pillars of Hercules to the frontiers of India, the Caesars did not have as many soldiers as President Lincoln ordered in that one draft.

This fact will serve to give some sort of idea of the magnitude of the civil war, especially if taken in connection with the further fact that the 300,000 called for in the draft of February, 1864, represents but a small part of the total force of the Union side, which, including all enlistments from start to finish, aggregated 2,800,120.

It is quite safe to say that no other people ever presented such a warlike front as that which was presented by the north to the south in the war between the

states. Spilt in two as it was by the accession of the southern members of the union, the half of the country that remained under the old flag put into the field the military might that eclipses the battle array of any other nation that ever went to war.

On the other hand, the south, in successfully standing up against this amazingly great battle front for so long, won the fame which none are more willing to grant them than are their one-time antagonists.

In the south in 1861 there were 1,000,000 white men fit to bear arms, out of which number 650,000 went into the fight and the 650,000 held their own against the 2,800,000 for four years, winning on the battlefield far oftener than they lost, and quitting, finally, not because they were "whipped," but because they were literally worn out and exhausted by the attrition of the unequal conflict.

Of the fight that the southerners put up the north is today as proud as the south itself. In fact, it has ceased to be a sectional pride. The men who helped to make the names of Lee and Jackson immortal were Americans, blood brothers of the men whose surely tried courage stood the test without flinching, kept to their work through victory and through defeat, until they finally prevailed, saving the nation, which was ever afterward to be the proud and happy home of the conquered and the conquerors, of the Americans who fought with Lee and Jackson and the Americans who fought with Grant and Hancock.

We may be sure that in the heart of the great and good man who called for the memorable draft of 1864, there lurked no malice or ill will, and sure we are, again, that if he were here today he would be immensely happy at the sight of the grand harmony now everywhere prevailing among the American people.



More Than Memory

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

It is quite the thing these days to cultivate the memory to an extreme that would have made our forefathers gasp with astonishment.

They know certain passages of the Bible by heart, and carried in mind simple recipes for root dyes and medicines made of herbs.

Their cherished little anecdotes told by their grandmothers, and made history by faithfulness to details. But to have made a marabon of memory, as in these days, would have been regarded as a challenge to insanity.

In a sweet, simple fashion they carried one motto which we with all our memorized have not learned, and that was the charity of forgetting.

We learned to remember to forget. We learn to remember many things, but fall short of their degree of excellence because we do not learn to remember to forget.

A pretty poem is posted above the sink, or pinned to an embroidery frame, and a girl commits it to memory, a next poem a day.

Her brain becomes a storehouse. But it lacks the fragrance of the mental storehouses of centuries ago unless there is conspicuous on its shelves this motto: born of sweet charity:

"Remember to Forget." If a girl knows many poems by Tennyson and can recite from Longfellow,

Keats, Shelley, Browning, appropriate to any occasion, her mental storehouse will suggest a charnel house if there is also tucked away on its shelves a memory of the indiscretion of any man, the folly of any friend, the sin of any woman.

It is not enough, girls to learn to remember. It is worth more to learn to forget.

"If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd, A leader of men marching fearless and proud, And you know of a tale whose mere telling would cause his proud head to be in a quiver be bowed, It's a pretty good plan to forget it."

"If you know of a skeleton hidden away In a chest and guarded and kept from the day, In the dark, and whose showing, whose sudden display, Would cause grief and anguish and lifelong dismay, It's a pretty good plan to forget it."

"If you know of a thing that will darken the joy Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy, That will blot out a joy or in the least way annoy A fellow or cause any gladness to die, It's a pretty good plan to forget it."

The key to success in business is the judicious and persistent use of newspaper advertising.