



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



LEAP YEAR IN LOVELAND

Copyright, 1912, National News Association

By Nell Brinkley



The strip-pics of little love babies in riotous love-making with the Dams proposing are out for this year. Things are all twisted about in Loveland. No more for this year will you see the little dames with a Psyche knot at the crown of their heads, and scolding locks at the nape of their necks, with a fat fistie planted in some insistent Dan's face while he struggles to whisper in her little red ear. If you are one of

the folks who see something where another can see nothing; if you have the eager ear and the soft step that you need to run upon things that are only imagined, but are there just the same, and the kindly eye for faery things, just perk up your head and take a little slant up at a bare winter tree-bough and see what you will see there. All in a row, like fat snow-birds, you will see the wee infants that kick up such a row in this old

world—and, being as it's Leap year—the maids it will be who are pressing a tiny heart that goes "thumpit" and rolling a dewy eye. And the Dams it will be who are squirming an embarrassed toe and screwing a pink forefinger into an also-pink mouth. And also you may find on the end of the bough, with her small curls knotted under a little tin hat and a fine scorn "setting upon her," yet with a worried glimmer in her eyes, a little spinster Cupid who hasn't any Dan!

Fable of the Wise Dame

By DOROTHY DIX.

Once upon a time there was a man who was universally regarded as being a bad Indian from the head waters of Bitter creek.



Personally he was a small and insignificant looking individual, but he always showed his teeth when he talked and gave it out that it would be all day with any one who stepped on his corns. People side-stepped him with care.

Also as he always growled when he was spoken to, it was assumed that he was very rich, because it is only the wealthy who can afford to have such punk manners.

Besides this, he drove his employes so that he got the last ounce of speed out of them and he had his clerks so bulldozed that they had heart failure every time they saw his picture in the papers.

In society he had things bluffed to a standstill, for he opined that he was the whole works, and that if others did not like his way they could get off the earth. At the club every one flew to do his bidding, because he was the champion kicker and raised the roof every time anything went wrong.

It was, however, as a tall talk artist that he took the dilapidated linen off of the shrubbery. No matter who was present he took the floor and held it, and contradicted every one who ventured an opinion, and as he had gotten every one buffaloed into thinking him dangerous the whole crowd backed pedaled every time he was in sight.

"We do not understand why, nor wherein, he is so great," said his acquaintances to one another, "but he must be a wonder, because he tells us so, and we know him to be of indomitable courage, because he bullies the head waiters in cafes, and we have seen even a peroxidized cloak model treat him politely. Therefore it is safest for us to get out of his way, for he is a fearsome creature."

For many years the man remained a bachelor, because he could not find any female whom he thought worthy of be-

ing his wife, but at last he met a beautiful young thing, who seemed to fill the bill.

She was a large, soft, blonde creature, with a gentle, timorous air about her that did the business for him.

"I perceive," said the man to himself, "that I am displaying my usual good judgment in picking out a wife who is of a mild and gentle nature, and who will be easily led. It will be no trick at all to manage her, and there will be no question about who is the head of our house."

But, alas, the man who was not hep to the fact that you cannot form any correct guess at a woman's disposition from the samples of it that she publicly exhibits before marriage, and it was not six weeks after the wedding before he was speaking of "our trousers," and playing up the heavy excuse of extra work when he wanted to use a latch key.

As his wife was a discreet creature who never discussed her husband's little ways with her dearest friends, it did not get out that she had him coming to her for car fare, and as the man continued to go about looking cheery and to spout at the club about how to manage a wife, he was still regarded with fear and awe by his acquaintances.

It chanced, however, that one night the man toyed a little too long with the Demon Rum, and in consequence two kind friends offered to assist him home, and as they also were married men they were filled with dark forebodings of coming trouble.

"Lucky creature," they cried, "you are so courageous you are not afraid of your wife?"

"Yes," replied the man, "in my house there is only one boss."

"That is true," responded his wife as she opened the door, "and I am it," and with that she grabbed the man and yanked him in, and as the friends fled down the street they heard him begging for his life.

The next day the man appeared downtown with a head so shrunken that his hat fell over his ears, but never more did he inspire fear and respect. Even his office boy whistled in his presence and called him *Lizate*.

Moral: This fable teaches us that we never get a man's real number until we know his wife's opinion of him.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

I got a swell offer yesterday from the greatest theatrical manager in the country, Pa said. He wants me to write a lot of lyrics for him. He knows that I am full of ideas, and Pa, as he knows, too, said Pa, that there isn't a man living that can write the kind of verses that I can.

You doant say so, said Ma; you doant think that you are a reel poet, do you? Let us hear some of your efforts.

Well, said Pa, here is one of the poems that I have rite. I thought it wud make a swell song. It is called WEN LOVE IS DEAD FOREVER. This is the way it goes, said Pa:

WEN LOVE IS DEAD FOREVER!
Wen Love is dead, grate tears unshed
Make brine eyes less there luster.
With puffed drum and memories cum
& round the soul that cluster.
The hart is less a haunted hut,
The sun of joy can never
Shine thru the door & warm it o'er.

This comick one. Then Pa sang:
The life was shing brittle in a swell & brilliant beam.
The faithful husband with a rake was raking up the loam.

Why doant you cum inside, dear? the wife then did implore,
I never seen you rake so much before.
The shadows that ever are going
Livy wife, & unto her did say—
For hevings sake, said Ma, do you think that kind of junk is going to make a impreshaun with a theatrical manager?

How do you expect to make good with that kind of stuff, said Ma, wen men like Vince Bryant & Billy Jerome & Harry Williams is on the market with their wares?

Dident you think it was funny? said Pa. Then how would you like to hear a reel song:
The shadows that ever are going
Livy wife, this ain't no stall—
I am dying, Egypt, dying.
You poor old boob, said Ma, you can't rite lyrics. Nature intended you fir to be a grocer, said Ma. Now so on to bed, & if you talk in your sleep doant call yourself Lord Byron. Stick to the good of comershal life, said Ma. You are too fat in the head to be a genius.

Then Pa store up his brics.
It's better to be able to pay your bills than to be a model citizen.

How to Keep Young and Pretty Care of the Hands

"We wash our hands too much, especially in winter."
"Never wear tight gloves."
"Women ruin their hands by squeezing them into gloves a size too small."
"Lemon juice will whiten the hands considerably."
"It is better to keep the hands perfectly still than flabby."
"Remember your fingers must look intelligent—never flabby."



THESE ARE CERTAIN RULES FOR THE CARE OF THE HANDS WHICH ARE QUITE SIMPLE.

Some one asked me the other day if all French women in real life made so many motions and gesticulated with their hands as much as they seem to do on the stage. I said, "Yes, when their hands are pretty and well cared for." And if she is at all vain, she sees to it that they are.

It is impossible to say too much on this subject, because while every face needs individual care, and it is impossible to advise people how to dress, unless one sees them, there are certain rules for the care of the hands which are quite simple, and which all people can follow.

In the first place, I think we wash our hands too much, especially in winter. It would be a great saving to the texture of the skin if every woman who had to handle dusty articles would wear gloves. A pair of large, soft suede gloves are the best. The woman who wants to keep her hands soft and white must not expect to use them to do rough work with and then think she can whiten them at a moment's notice.

During rehearsals at the theater, when everything is dusty, I do not remove my gloves unless absolutely necessary, and I make it a rule to wear large, comfortable gloves even in the summer time out of doors, and never to go without them, no matter how warm the weather. Years ago a glovemaking told me if I wanted to have pretty hands I must never wear tight gloves. He said that more women ruined the shape of their hands by squeezing them into gloves a size too

small than by doing housework, and I am convinced that he is right. Tight gloves disturb the circulation and make the hands red. Besides that, it seems to me, it is ridiculous to see a woman with her hand squeezed into little bits of gloves and the flesh puffing out at the opening of the buttonhole.

Many people wear gloves spread with cosmetic paste, putting them on over night and keeping them on during the day when they can; but, on the other hand, it makes one very nervous, and you can get almost the same effect by rubbing a good cream on your hands before going to bed. It is at night that the hands should be most thoroughly cleaned. They should be washed with a good soap and then rinsed in clear water and thoroughly dried. If they are chapped use this: Soak half a pound of oatmeal in about a quart of warm water over night; then strain off the water and add a little olive oil, a little glycerine and a teaspoonful of diluted ammonia. Rub this into the skin before washing.

Lemon juice usually will whiten the hands considerably, and, of course, if you hold the hands up and shake them you can for a few moments make them quite white; but the blood will surge back again and they will be as red as ever if you let them hang down. That's why you will notice that lots of women will increase hold their hands up quite high, keeping them about on the level of the chest of

the. It may be an affectation, but it is often an earnest desire to keep the hands white. The hands can easily be taught to move gracefully, but you must think about it a good deal. I frequently see people on the stage who move their arms about vaguely and keep their fingers close together, and have absolutely expressionless hands. Their gestures are meaningless.

You can cultivate pretty gestures of the hand by imitating those you have seen on the stage, or in pictures, and by trying hard not to do so. But it is a great deal better to keep your hands perfectly still than to flound. I notice that many women with pretty hands never keep them still a moment, and that finally becomes most irritating, at least to me, because, though it first calls attention to the hands, it finally shows the effort to do so. Women with large hands should keep them as quiet as possible; but the little, dimpled, chubby hand is always charming, even if it is constantly waving about like a butterfly.

The best of grace is the way in which you use your fan. Now, that is the thing that you must study out for yourself, as no two hands are alike, and consequently don't handle in the same way. Remember, though, that your fingers must look intelligent and animated, and never look flabby.

This is the last of the articles by Miss Gaby Deslys.

The Battle of Eylau

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

February 8, 1807.
One hundred and five years ago today—February 8, 1807—was fought the battle of Eylau, between the French under Napoleon and the allied Prussians and Russians under Bennigsen.

It was one of the most sanguinary battles of which we have any record. Whole regiments were swept away at a breath. The carnage was fearful enough to make the very devils laugh for joy beginning at daylight in the midst of a furious snowstorm, which raged all through the day.

The mortal struggle held on until nearly midnight; and when the storm clouds rolled away, and the cold stars stole out into the sky, beneath them on the blood-stained snow lay 70,000 dead and wounded men.

Eylau derives its historic importance from the fact that it marks the beginning of the end of the Napoleonic glory. It was at Eylau that the great emperor, for the first time to any considerable extent, found himself up against the Slav, whose brute courage and wall-eyed imperturbability were ultimately to destroy him.

The man who does not know when he is beaten, especially if he happens to be a physical giant as well as the possessor of a bulldog's grit, is a dangerous fellow to meet. Eylau proved this, for, notwithstanding the fact that Napoleon commanded there in person, the battle was a draw. The Russians simply would not be beaten, and the long series of Napoleonic victories was broken.

After Eylau, it is true, came Friedland, followed closely by the treaty of Tilsit, with Napoleon at the highest point of his renown; but the charm that was broken at Eylau was never restored.

After Tilsit came the series of disasters in the Spanish peninsula, which were only superficially atoned for by the glory of Wagram. Then followed the awful tragedy of Moscow, the annihilation of the grand army, the great humiliation at Leipzig, and the abdication and exile at Elba.

It is perfectly correct to say that the actual deathblow was dealt Napoleon at Waterloo by the English and Prussians; but the initial blow, the stroke that made the first rip in the heroic impervious armor, was delivered by the Russians at Eylau. Had the French eagles been at all president on that day of fate they might have seen through the thick falling snow the doom that awaited them a few years later in the midst of the still more terrible snows of the great white empire of the north.

It is more than likely that the wonderful man of whose power and glory these eagles were the emblem, did see it, as plainly as he saw the cold white stars blinking at him from the midnight sky above his baffled if not beaten army. We may be sure that midst the horrors of the Russian campaign and midst the final gloom at Waterloo the great emperor thought to himself, "It all began at Eylau."



A Misnamed Mountain

By GARRETT P. SEWINS.

The board of geographic names in Washington has been asked to reverse an astonishing decision, given by it twenty years ago, when the name of a British naval officer, who had never done anything to win distinction of any kind until he fought to perpetuate British rule, and the British idea, in America during our revolutionary struggle, was officially fixed upon that crown of American mountains, the glorious, white-robed Tacoma, whose vast form, rising majestically out of the great forests about the head of Puget Sound, seems truly to be what its Indian name implies, "The Heaven Toucher."

When Vancouver, at the end of the eighteenth century, sailed along the northwest coast, he caught sight of this splendid peak, although he never went within a hundred miles of it, and promptly, in the all-grasping British fashion, affixed the name of an Englishman to it—the name of a person who never saw it, a mere friend of his in the navy, one Rainier.

Afterward, when, at the enormous cost of blood and treasure and suffering, American patriots had won that part of our country for their flag, the old Indian name, Tahkomah, or Tacoma, was recovered for the mountain. Then, unfortunately, two ambitious, thriving cities, Tacoma and Seattle, growing up on the shores of Puget Sound, became jealous of each other in the race for prosperity and population and the people of Seattle, simply because it was thought that the name Tacoma gave a certain prestige to their rival, undertook to deprive the great peak of that name, and to restore offi-



cially the British designation. Unluckily their efforts, combined with some ridiculous notions about the "right" of a wandering "discoverer" to rename according to his royal will any prominent object which happens to attract his attention, prevailed with the board of geographic names and Mount Tacoma became in official maps "Mount Rainier."
No true American, proud of the natural wonders of his country, and appreciative of the euphonious names which the aboriginal inhabitants bestowed upon them, has ever been content with this decision, and now that the question has been reopened—Seattle being satisfied with the lead in population which it has obtained—it is to be hoped that the unjustifiable action taken twenty years ago will be reversed and that this heaven-reaching peak, which astonishes the eyes and elevates the thoughts of every beholder, will be at last permitted to bear its original and beautiful name. Suppose some king-and-lord-worshipping Englishman had renamed Niagara "Georgia's Falls," how long would the American spirit have submitted to that? The case of Tacoma is equally flagrant.

Unconventionalities.
"I know well enough I'm not lending you this money, Diague; I'm giving it to you."
"If you could drop in some time when you hadn't so long to stay, Mr. Proodles, I should be glad to see you."
"My only reason for enduring your note, old chap, is that I haven't anything the law can touch."

"Keep on talking, Uncle Cyrus; I like to see you make your teeth move up and down."
"I used to know your grandfather, Howlgrus, and he was always poking his nose into other people's business, same as you are."
"I asked mamma if she wouldn't like to have you come and see us today, Mrs. Lupsome, and she said no."
"I've come to you, Mr. Sharpe, because I can't afford to employ a first-class lawyer."
—Chicago Tribuna.