



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## The Bulgarians

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

The campaign of Basil the Second, which ended a few months later with the battle of Zetunium and the destruction of the Bulgarian nationality, was begun 880 years ago.

January 6, 1014. It was the last of several expeditions against the people which had given infinite trouble not only to the Byzantine empire, but to all the surrounding nations.

The Bulgarians appear to have had their original home beyond the Caspian, from which they were driven about 500 years before Christ.

Their next habitat appears to have been that part of Armenia which lies north of the Araxes. They took part in the Hunnish invasions, and soon after the death of Attila established themselves in Europe.

They were originally of Finnish stock, and from our first glimpse of them appear as men of unusual ferocity in battle. Orosius speaks of them as "the wild people who dwell or wandered in the plains of Russia, Lithuania and Poland."

They were, the historian informs us, bold and dexterous archers, who drank the milk and feasted on the flesh of their flocks and indefatigable horses, whose flocks and herds followed the wanderings of their roving camps, to whose invasions no country was remote or impervious, and who were practiced in flight though incapable of fear.

They fought on foot, almost naked, and, except for a heavy shield, without any defensive armor. They were total strangers to fear, and such was their hardihood that no amount of privation seemed to affect them.

For more than five centuries the Bulgars harassed the eastern empire, often to the point of desperation. In 681 they defeated the great Justinian, and even threatened the destruction of Constantinople itself. About the year 1009 Basil the Second, calling to his aid the entire resources of the empire, went out after his troublesome neighbors of the north and kept after them for fourteen years.

The crucial day came on July 23, 1014, when, at the battle of Zetunium, the Bulgar hosts were wiped out and their nationality practically destroyed.

Basil took 15,000 prisoners at Zetunium, and the disposition that he made of them shows the great advance that has been made in humanitarianism since the eleventh century. The victor caused the eyes of the 15,000 prisoners to be put out, leaving one eye only to every hundredth man, to enable him to conduct his countrymen home.

But the Bulgars were made of tough material, and in spite of what Basil did to them they succeeded, in 1186, in re-establishing, in part, their independence. For two centuries they succeeded in maintaining a quasi liberty, when they were overrun by the Turks. In 1396 Bajazet conquered them and annexed their country to the Ottoman empire.

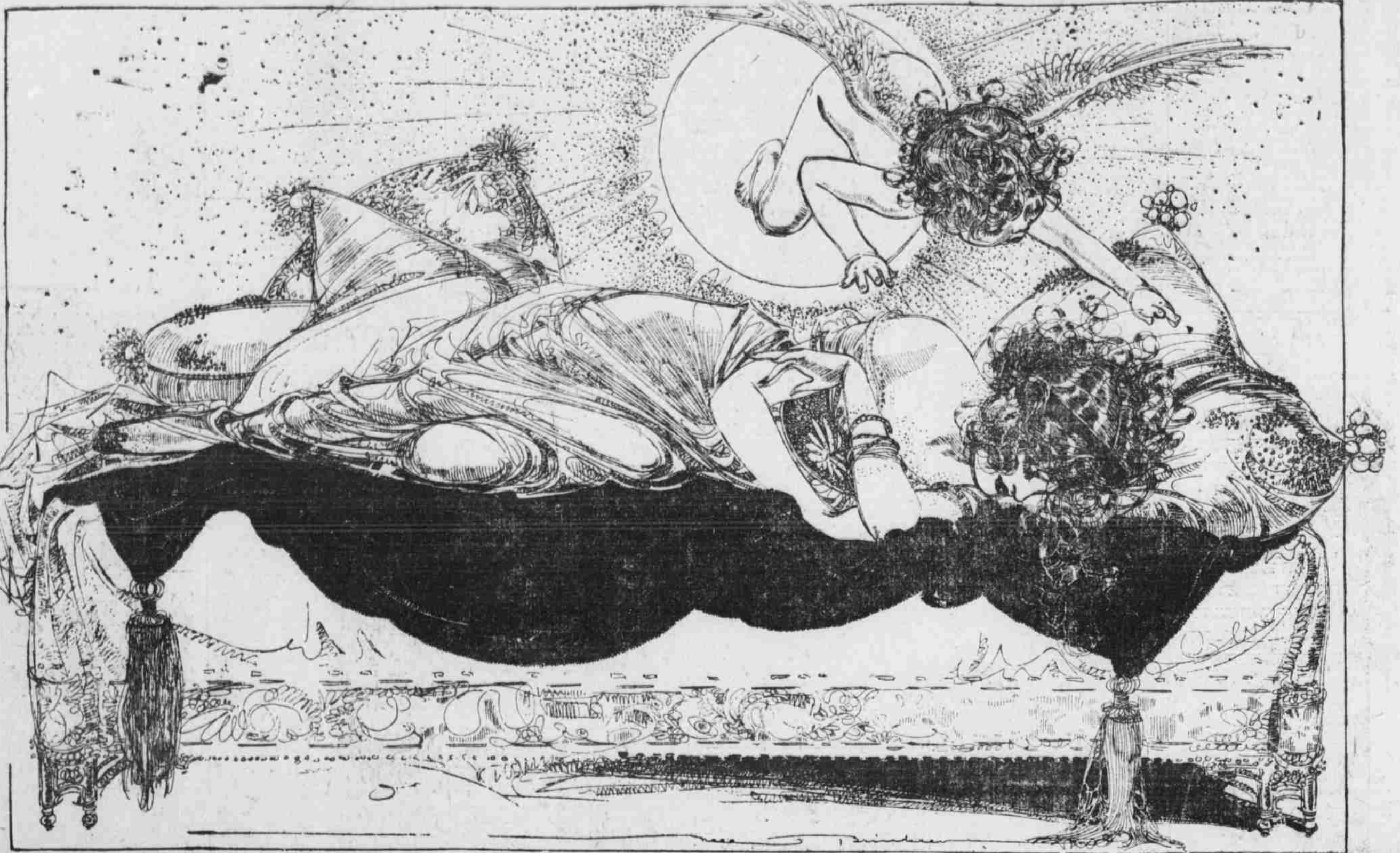
It is a long call from 1396 to 1913, when Bulgaria, as the result of innumerable

## Old Fairy Tales Made New

## The Sleeping Beauty and the Prince

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By Nell Brinkley



And when Beauty sleeps, the true Prince—Love—can awaken her heart and her soul with a kiss.

## Dorothy Dix Says: --:-

The Way His Wife Meets Him on Return from Work Settles the Question of Many a Man's Ability to Fight the Battle of Life—And How a Man Grooms His Wife Means Happiness or Misery for Her.

In London they are going to hold a "simple life exhibition" in which the simple life is to be treated in its relation to the married life. Demonstrations are to be given showing the right and wrong methods of treating a husband and a wife.

There will be a model room in which there will be a wife awaiting the return of her husband, and a man will show how other men should act upon their return to their own firesides, while a woman will give exhibition of the manner in which a wife should receive her husband when he comes home of an evening.

This exhibition of home manners ought to do good, even if it doesn't. It's a pity that a lot of husbands and wives can't get a living picture of the sort of welcome they should give to their unfortunate spouses. If they did, they wouldn't wonder that divorce is so common. They would be amazed that one other husband or wife wasn't on his or her way to Reno.

One of the reasons why so many men come home smelling of cloves and rye of an evening is because they have to brace up their courage to go home at all, and face what they've got to contend with as soon as their front doors shut.

The chief reason why there are so many haggard, looking, nervous, hypochondriacal women is because there are such a large number of wives whose hearts go into their shoes at the click of their husband's key in the lock of an evening.

"People talk a great deal about magnetism and fascination and every one wonders what it is. Little Autumn Cloud has to have both in her wicked little make-up and I hope she has."

"What are they? Well, magnetism seems to me to be the constant giving out from a great reserve fund of brains or heart without depleting oneself. Fascination is a hundred different things. The very habit of paying close attention constitutes a power to charm in some people."

"Have you ever noticed that the girl who knows how to listen is always sure of friends. That is her power of fascination. I remember my cousin, Walter Whiteside, telling me to learn how to listen to people."

"He gave me that advice when I was a child, and I realize more and more the power, the fascination of the attentive listener of these days, especially when it seems as if everybody were talking to gether and nobody pays the slightest heed to what the other is saying."

"People are always lamenting that the art of conversation is declining, but really it is the art of listening. Where you find the earnest sympathetic listener you will find no lack of fluent language, though the conversation may be nothing more than a one-sided monologue."

The girl who can listen well is sure

ing, and who use up every particle of nerve force they have in enduring the roughness and knocking of a man who thinks that the marriage service has given him a license to abuse the woman he married worse than he would a dog.

Perhaps not one woman in a million every really takes any thought about how she shall meet her husband, yet upon this apparently trivial matter hangs the question of whether marriage is a success or a failure to him. Think of a man coming home of an evening, tired and worn with the day's work. Suppose he comes home to a house that is dark. Suppose there is no one to welcome him because his wife is away, gadding the streets. Perhaps the house is untidy, and there is no dinner, save some messy stuff from the delicatessen store that the wife will bring in when she comes home.

Suppose when a man comes home he looks for little faces against the window pane, watching for him. Suppose as he puts the key into the door there is a scurry of little feet to meet him, and smothering arms about his neck. Suppose his first glance of home is of a cheery, bright, orderly room, and of a sweet-faced woman with eyes glorified by love-welcoming him. Suppose the savory odors of a good dinner cooking stream from the kitchen also to meet him.

Don't you think that makes a difference which way a man is met when he comes home of an evening? Don't you think that one man feels that no matter how hard he works for his family nor how much he sacrifices for them that it is worth while, and that he gets value return for his service, while the other man asks himself and nobody can blame him "Oh, what's the use?"

Suppose a man come home nerve racked of an evening. All day long he has been on the rack of terrible anxiety, all day he has had to fight for his very

existence, all day he had to hold himself with an iron hand to keep from offending those whom it would be outside in his business or profession to offend. He is at the place where he feels the weight of another feather would break his back, yet the minute he opens the door of his home his wife deluges him with every petty vexation that has happened to her during the day.

Before he can catch his breath she has begun on how bad the children have been, how the maid broke his pet pipe, how the cook is going to leave, how big the butcher bill is, how strange it is that he can't make money to buy an automobile, as Tom Jones has done.

Suppose an exhausted man come home of an evening to a wife whose wise eyes take in just how weary he is, and who drags him across the threshold into an atmosphere of perfect peace and calm, of soothing love and flattery, and who tells him only bright and joyous things that will divert his weary mind and make him forget the cares of the day.

It doesn't take any Sherlock Holmes to tell which one of these men is going over the precipice of nervous prostration, does it? The way his wife meets him settles the question of many a man's ability to fight the battle of life.

And suppose a woman has worked and toiled all day in the home. Suppose she has wrestled with teething babies and refractory sewing machines, and has burnt herself to a cinder cooking some favorite dish for her husband. Suppose when he comes home he bangs the door, and kicks the cat, and slaps the baby, and sits down and gobbles his dinner, and merely grunts when she asks him a question. Suppose his first word on entering the house is invariably a criticism. Suppose he never notices anything that she has done except to knock it.

Suppose a woman has spent her day in the dull round of domestic duties, doing

them as earnestly and conscientiously as she can, and when night comes she is worn, in body and soul. Suppose when her husband comes home he meets her with a glad, sweet smile and a kiss and tells her that she grows more beautiful every day, and that she's the most wonderful housekeeper in the world, and that he thinks his guardian angel must have been working overtime when he got her. Suppose the husband brings with him light and cheer, and brightness, all the little gossip of the outer world that he

has picked up with which to amuse her. Any difference in life between those two women? Any likelihood of one of these two women finding an affinity, and the other one not? One may be the way her husband meets her when the wife of a poor clerk, but one is miserable and the other happy, for the way her husband meets her when he comes home of an evening makes a woman envious or envious.

Believe me, the art of meeting your husband or your wife is worthy studying.

Now We Can Have Cranberries Whenever We Want Them

There is no longer a cranberry season. Any time, any day, whenever you want them, you can have the finest, ripest cranberries you ever ate. They come in a neat, clean package, no waste, don't have to be "picked over" or washed—every berry is good—even sterilized before being evaporated.

MAKEPEACE Evaporated Cranberries

Pure Healthful and Appetizing

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Will make the most delicious Cranberry Sauce, Pie, Pudding or Jelly. Soak these evaporated cranberries in water and you have juicy, tart cranberries—just as fresh and good as when they are picked.

Good cooks and pure food experts say that Makepeace Evaporated Cranberries have a very superior flavor. Of course they have—because they're vine-ripened and picked by hand when reddest and ripest—far better than the kind bought in bulk from barrels. A 10c. box of Makepeace Evaporated Cranberries have a cooking value equal to one qt. of cranberries.

Ask your grocer today for Makepeace Evaporated Cranberries. Cooking recipes inside the package—just follow directions—then if you don't say they are better than any cranberries you ever bought—simply take them back to the dealer and he will cheerfully refund your money. Competition is the real test. You be the judge.

In the unlikely event of your dealer not having Makepeace Evaporated Cranberries, tell him to get them for you from his jobber.

A. D. Makepeace Co., Wareham (on Cape Cod), Mass.

Campbell & West, Distributors, Omaha

A Bachelor's Reflections.

A girl is so serious with a man because he's such a joke to her.

What makes a woman hopeful about a situation is for it to be utterly hopeless.

Make love to a woman all the time and she'll forgive you for loving her only a little of the time.—New York Press.

## Concentration Wins Success



ANTONETTE WALKER IN "THE YELLOW JACKET," NOW PLAYING AT THE FULTON THEATRE, NEW YORK.

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

Little Autumn Cloud, otherwise Miss Antonette Walker, sat in her dressing room reading her small Chinese feet and reflecting on the delight of being "the dark, wicked little cloud in 'Yellow Jacket' and having escaped from years of early blond ingenuities."

"It's really a relief to be a siren after playing bread-and-butter roles, even if one does have to walk on shoes like these," and she held up one of those tiny slippers with the heel right in the middle of the sole.

If you have not seen this extraordinary Chinese play, no criticism or description can give you an adequate idea of the remarkable effect obtained by the sheer art of the actors and actresses in creating a perfect illusion without the aid of anything but the crudest Chinese stage properties.

In the scene where the hero and the Little Autumn Cloud float down the river of pleasure listening to the splash of the water and watching the other boats as they pass, one feels the rhythm of the dark, sleepy water, the slow movement of the boat, the languorous evening breeze, faded the picture is perfect; yet on the stage there is nothing but a few benches, a draped pole, two men with

bamboo poles for oars, and one of the musicians in the background giving the sound of the oars by means of sand-paper boards. It is the triumph of art and acting over stage props.

"This is the most difficult part I have ever had to do," said little Miss Walker. "and it's the most interesting. Sometimes I think we almost have to hypnotize the audience into seeing and feeling with us, and I believe it's a genuine feat to be able to do it."

"How do we do it? Well, in the first place there is never a single movement when each one of us is not keyed up to the highest pitch. If one dropped for a single second the entire scene would go. It's a matter of the very closest concentration, and that is the secret of success in everything, anyhow, but we demonstrated that each evening, especially, I think, in the boat scene. I see every bit of the changing landscape as I look out into space. I hear the voices of the lovers in other boats. I watch them pass. If I stopped for one instant, if my attention wavered the illusion would be lost. Of course, it's the same thing with the others. We have learned much philosophy and are in 'Yellow Jacket,' and have a daily lesson in the hardest kind of mental concentration."

The girl who can listen well is sure