

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## The Complaining Wife

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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The woman who forever complains of her married lot, yet who goes on bearing it, is not entitled to sympathy or respect. To live with a man as his wife, yet to bemoan the fact constantly, and to pour into the nearest ear a perpetual tale of disappointment and dissatisfaction, is both weak and immoral.

So long as a woman wears a man's name and lives under the same roof with him her dignity and self-respect should enforce her silence in regard to his failings. It is difficult to understand the type of woman who loves to pose as martyr to the extent of humiliating the man she has married by her criticisms of his shortcomings to others.



Such a woman thinks only of herself, although she is certain to believe her life one of self-sacrifice and duty.

It is a curious fact that many women wish to be thought unhappy and misunderstood. "What would you do if your life had not something in it that you wanted?" asked a restless and beautiful woman one day of a friend.

"I would hunt about and see if I had not made a mistake," the friend replied. "And I would employ every spare hour in cultivating the very best possibilities in myself, until I became so occupied that life would grow interesting in spite of fate."

The woman who posed as a starved soul had only herself to blame for her condition. She had ability in a half-dozen directions which she had not used. She had beauty, which she was allowing to go to decay prematurely by self-indulgence, and was dependent through lack of proper exercise and lack of purpose.

She was the wife of a man who loved her and was kind to her, the man she had deliberately chosen for a life companion. Yet year after year she had allowed herself to think and talk of being misunderstood and misnamed and dissatisfied, until she really believed herself to be all three.

Such a woman needs a good rap from the knuckles of fate. She needs to learn what real unhappiness is, and to be thrown upon the world for self-support and forced to develop her abilities. The woman who devotes four or five or six hours a day to some employment has little time to muse on her own misfortunes.

Let each wife who imagines herself misunderstood and misnamed turn her attention to self-improvement. Let her develop some talent, take up some industry, enter a class for physical culture and center her faculties on making herself a woman beautiful in mind and body.

If the husband is really unworthy and he proves absolutely unappreciative she will at least be making a better future for herself than by sitting down brooding over her unhappiness and growing old before her time.

Nothing ages a woman like discontented and morbid thoughts. The woman who keeps the wrinkles from her face and the fogs from her heart and the shadows from her mind need not fear being long neglected by fate.

## "A Fence Between Makes Love More Keen"

Copyright, 1915, International News Service.

By Nell Brinkley



Little, stout, right-hearted mamas who do not truly know what a wonderful gentleman a diplomat is, or they would sit at his feet till they had stolen a bit of his knowledge, would do well to remember that! There is a funny twist in every human thing—even mamas, and they—they are angels in all else—that makes us "hanker" after the thing that everyone is gently telling us is not

for us! And that same little dweller makes us grow cold to that which everyone holds before our eyes and tells us is splendid for us! A smooth lawn between with no stones or keeper will keep a young pair's eyes from each other summer-long. But let there be a great gray wall with no gate set in; eyes will seek eyes, a maid will stand on tiptoe to see what lies beyond, and a man will climb it to reach

the flower he is forbidden!

Just so long as you frown too long and hard on the boy her heart sighs for, so long as you build your fence too high and difficult, just so much more will they dream and linger; and so will the little human thing, that urges us to climb and strive, drive them to scale your fence!—NELL BRINKLEY.

## In-Shoots

People to whom you talk may listen; they may even feign sympathy, but in the majority of cases they do this in order to learn more about what should be your own family secrets. Yes, secrets. And by "secrets" is meant nothing more than that it is nobody's business but your own.

It is poor policy to go outside for sympathy, for while you may be right in the position you take as to the impositions placed upon you, you will quite likely be censured by those who hear the story.

The more often you tell your story, and the gossip repeat it, the faster it goes and the more sensational it becomes, till after a half dozen have repeated it you would not recognize it as belonging to your life.

Before you tell anything which you do not want generally known you should stop to consider that in the majority of cases the person to whom you tell your troubles has a desire to know what he or she tells everything, and that friend has another dear friend to whom such things are confided.

## Quickest, Surest Cough Remedy is Home-Made

Easily Prepared in a Few Minutes. Cheap but Unequaled

Some people are constantly annoyed from one year's end to the other with a persistent bronchial cough, which is wretched, unnecessary. Here is a home-made remedy that gets right at the cause and will make you wonder what a cough is. Get 2 1/2 ounces Pinex (50 cents worth) from any druggist, pour into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Start taking it at once. Gradually but surely you will notice the phlegm thin out and then disappear altogether, thus ending a cough that you never thought would end. It also loosens the dry, hoarse or tight cough and heals the inflammation in a painful cough with remarkable rapidity. Ordinary coughs are conquered by it in 24 hours or less. Nothing better for bronchitis, winter coughs and bronchial asthma.

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## Why We Quarreled -- The Man's Side

By VIRGINIA TERRUNE VAN DE WATER.

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My wife and I differ upon what we consider points of honor.

Since I have been married the thought has come to me often that women are more moral than men—but are they as honorable? I am a physician and think that I know both sexes fairly well.

I would trust my wife all over the world with my good name, secure in my knowledge that nobody could shake her allegiance to me. But were I having a confidential conversation in which my wife was keenly interested I would not be sure that she would not listen to it if she had the opportunity to do so without being seen.

The first time this idea came to my mind was when I had been talking with a man who called on me one evening. He had heard that my wife was not well, and just as he was leaving said in the full, round tones he has never learned to modulate:

"I hope that your wife will soon be better. There is nothing seriously wrong with her health, is there?"

"Oh, no," I assured him. "Much of her illness is due to hysteria. There is no organic trouble, and if I can only get her out of town for awhile and turn her thoughts from herself she will soon be all right."

Later, when I went into the library, where my wife was lying on the couch reading, she greeted me coldly.

"I am sorry," she said, "that you consider me neurotic and hysterical. But if you do think this you might at least not tell your friends that all my discomfort is purely imaginary."

"You are misinterpreting what I said," I corrected. Then I repeated as accurately as I could my statement to my caller, adding that hysteria and nerves were very distressing things to have.

"But I cannot understand," I said when I had finished my explanation, "how you happened to hear what I was saying to someone down by the front door."

She colored faintly, then laughed. "The door was a little way ajar," she explained, "and when I heard my name mentioned I listened to find out what was coming next."

"Could you hear from your sofa?" I asked suspiciously.

"No," she acknowledged. "I went out into the hall and listened; so I heard every word. And other women would have done the same," she defended herself, as she saw my grave look.

"I hope not," I rejoined; and I knew that she did not like my saying this.

The habit of thinking that the end justifies the means has grown upon her with the passing years. A few months ago it reached a climax that angered me.

One of my patients is a widow who has suffered intensely with acute rheumatism, which has crippled her so badly that she walks with difficulty. She has not the money to hire an automobile or carriage, so I sometimes take her for a drive in my car. At first I told my wife of it, and she expressed herself as glad that I had given the sufferer an outing. Yet when I repeated the kindness a few times she objected.

"It will cause gossip," she said, "if you take Mrs. Dana out so much."

I paid no attention to the warning. As a physician I have a right to do that which will mean health to my patients. Then, one day, Edith told me that I was

calling too often on Mrs. Dana. Again I said nothing.

Soon after this I took my oldest daughter upon a round of calls with me—for the child loves to go out in my car. I stopped at Mrs. Dana's home, and when I returned to my auto I saw an unhappy look in the girl's eyes.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Dad," she faltered, "I hate to be underhanded—but would you mind if I told mother that you have called her today?"

I was surprised, and my face showed it, for she added quickly:

"Oh, please don't vex—don't mother said that if you ever came here when I was with you I was sure to tell her. She made me promise to."

That night I informed my wife what my opinions were of her conduct and forbade her to reproach the child for having betrayed the truth.

"You are teaching her to be dishonest," I protested. "You should be too big and honest to do such things."

"I can't see where the harm lies," she said, after I had talked to her for a long while. "But if you think that it is unfair to the child, I won't ask her to do such a thing again."

I knew she gave this promise only because of her strong sense of duty toward her little daughter.

That she did not feel she had acted dishonorably I am sure, for the very

next week I entered my office suddenly and found her reading an open letter I had left on my desk.

"Edith!" I exclaimed, shocked, "what right have you to read a thing that is addressed to me?"

"I knew it was from Mrs. Dana," she accused. "So I have a right to see it!"

"You have none!" I retorted. "Your honor ought to teach you that."

"Honor!" she sneered. "You are a nice one to talk about honor when you get

private letters from a woman—letters you are not willing to show to your wife!"

"That is merely a friendly letter," I declared truthfully. "But I do not consider it honorable to show anybody a letter written to me by one of my patients."

She sighed. "I don't believe I understand your code of honor," she said wearily.

The more I think about it the more convinced am I that she does not.

## Advice to the Lovelorn

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX

### The Engaged Girl.

Dear Miss Fairfax: My daughter has been engaged for seven months. Just after their engagement her friend left for the south. They correspond. The other day she went on a stage, riding with a young man who she says is of good character. When she got home I told her it was not right of her to go out with other men when she is engaged. Was I right or wrong?

YOU were right in principle. Your daughter should not accept attentions from other men during her fiancée's absence. But there is no harm in taking a little ride in a public conveyance if the man who accompanied your daughter knew of her engagement and merely offered her a little entertainment in a friendly spirit.

**Confidence.**

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with a young man and I know my love is returned. However, he keeps assuring me that I can go where I please and he can do likewise. Do you think it is because he never intends to have any serious thoughts with me? He has often spoken of marriage to me. **WORRIED.**

This man probably does you the honor to trust you. You ought to appreciate that and try to have the same confidence in him.

**A Great Risk.**

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been going about with a young man for two years. Now he is neglecting me and going out with another girl. He says he will never marry her. I love him very much and he loves me. He does not want me to be angry at what he does, but tells me to have patience, for he will come back and be with me always. He sees me about

twice a week or more.

**AN ANXIOUS GIRL.**

Are you willing to risk your happiness with a man who is avowedly disloyal to you before marriage, and who is pursuing a course which it seems to me must endanger another girl's happiness, too? Patience is all very well, but why be patient if you do not seem to be good enough. I advise you to take a firm stand and demand that he choose now for once and all, but I am afraid you will not take my advice, since it means the risk of temporary unhappiness.

**When a Man is Ill.**

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl and deeply in love with a man about my age. Now this man does not know of my love for him, but as he is very sick I thought I would write him a short letter expressing my sorrow. Would this be proper? **ANXIOUS.**

By all means write to your friend unless, of course, he happens to be some stranger with whom you imagine yourself in love. But when a man is ill it is always in good taste for a girl to express her sympathy.

**Keep Your Promise.**

Dear Miss Fairfax: A month ago I promised a girl I would stop smoking until I was 21. Is there any way I can recall such a foolish promise or get permission to smoke occasionally when not in her presence. Is it advisable to try? **A. C. H.**

The promise was not a foolish one and the girl who persuaded you to make it must be a sincere and worth-while friend. I advise you to keep it.



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