

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Rumhausers Get a New Maid

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Overworked Husbands and Wives

By DOROTHY DIX.

In frank moments we are bound to admit that matrimony, as a general practice, is a pretty dreary affair, and that most husbands and wives, if they told the truth, would confess to wondering why they let themselves in for a thing that has so many more kicks than a hen's.



The average wife complains that she is nothing but a domestic slave. She spends her days in a dull round of monotonous duties and in practicing petty economies. She cooks and sews and cleans and walks the colic-suffering baby and binds up cut fingers and pares and skimps and saves week after week, month after month, year after year.

For reward she has the grumbling of a husband who is never quite pleased, who takes all of her labor and her sacrifices without thanks or praise, and who does all the money for the necessary family expenses with remarks about her extravagance that blister her very soul.

On his part the average married man says that he is nothing but a beast of burden. That he spends his life slaving to support a family that can never have enough and that all that he gets out of his labor are the worst clothes in the family and the bony parts of the chicken, and the privilege of being bossed by a wife who makes the czar of Russia look like a liberal ruler.

Also he is fully informed concerning all the good clothes that other men's wives have and that his wife does not have, and would like to have.

Now it is only too true that the charges of both the husband and wife are justified. Neither one has overrated the dreariness of his or her lot. It takes money to add the gingerbread of matrimony, and in a family where the pocket-book is always lean and empty married life is stripped of all the gewgaws and tinsel that dazzles its victims before they get a good close view of it.

For the poor man and his wife married life is one eternal round of self-sacrifice and privation. Doing housework and nursing babies is dull and monotonous. Doing without pretty clothes and amusement and gayeties that all women crave is a privation. It is hard and discouraging to a man to see every dollar that he earns swallowed up by family expenses and to know that he can never get ahead in the race of life because of the weight he carries. It is hard on a man-bitter, biting hard-to know that he must deny himself every diversion and that he cannot even stop and rest, because he must keep the pot boiling on the kitchen range.

Nothing can be done to alter the dread situation that tens of thousands of married couples face every day, but it is worth while calling their attention to the fact that the only thing that can lighten their burden is the spirit with which they meet it.

It is the point of view that makes things easy or hard, and if only husbands and wives could put love enough into their hearts there would be no further complaint about what their hands had to do. Every young man, when he beseeches the girl he is in love with to marry him,

does not think of it being an intolerable hardship to have to work and support her. On the contrary, there is a peculiar sweetness to him in the thought that his strong right arm will stand between her and the world, and that he is going to be able to save her from the roughness and the hardship that every woman must undergo, who has to earn her own living.

Nor does the girl in love shiver away from matrimony because of the burdens she knows that the wife of a poor man must bear. It fills her with joy to think of making him a home with her own hands, of saving for him, of helping him rise in the world.

It is because they lose this illuminating thought and purpose that marriage becomes a failure to so many people. Just as long as the man works for his wife because he loves her, just so long is his daily toil not a drudgery, but a glorious opportunity to prove his devotion in an admirable manner as ever did a knight of chivalry.

As long as a woman is in love with her husband every sacrifice is robbed of its bitterness. She rejoices, instead of complaining, that she has the privilege of doing something to make the life of her adored one softer and easier.

It is because husbands and wives put no love into what they do for each other that marriage becomes the irksome bondage that it is, in which two unwilling parties are forced to extend begrudging sacrifice and labor to each other.

This being the case, is it not possible for disgruntled couples to go back and get the old, romantic view, which was the larger and truer view, of married life? Can they not breathe the breath of life once more into the fire of love that has burned down into ashes on their hearthstone, and put into their work and sacrifices for each other that spirit which alone can make marriage worth while?

For we get back again what we give, and the bread we cast upon the waters of matrimony returns to us in angel's food. Let the wife show her husband that she joys in her ability to make his home a place of peace and rest, and that she would rather be his wife and wear homespun than be any other man's wife dressed in silks and satins, and that man will not feel that he is an object of public sympathy because he has to spend his money on his family instead of in a poker game.

Let a man show that he still takes some interest in holding his wife's rough, knotted hand and she will cheerfully work it to the bone for him, nor will she ever utter a complaint about not being able to buy a \$2.50 hat if she feels that it gives him because he can't give her a dozen \$10 ones.

It is the spirit in which we do a thing that makes it work or fun, and the difference between the happily married and the unhappily is just a question of whether they love each other enough to get their pleasure out of doing something each for the other.

High Speed in Finance.
William Loeb, collector of the port of New York, was discussing the "wondrous speed and simplicity" used in the transaction of American business.

"What's the matter with the other day," he said, "I saw a door open, a head stuck itself quickly into the opening and a voice demanded:
"Yes, the bank president replied.
"Month?"
"Four half."
"No, five."
"Right."
The head withdrew, I exclaimed in wonderment:
"What kind of a cipher is this you are talking?"
"No cipher at all," the president replied. "That was one of Chicago's leading financiers, and I have just arranged to lend him \$250,000 for a month at 5 per cent."—New York Tribune.

Daffydils

AN OFFICE COAT SHOULD LAST FOREVER AS IT IS NEVER WORN OUT!

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED
TA RA RA RA
THEY ASKED THE LITTLE GIRL IN THE DAFFYDIL PRIMER CLASS TO RECITE TO THE DEACON NOW LOTTIE, THEY SAID, "RECITE SOMETHING NICE FOR THE DEACON, THE CHE-ILD STOOD UP, BOWED AND STARTED HER POEM: "IF YOU THREW PEPPER INTO THE AIR WOULD IT MAKE YOU SNEEZE?" "S'NUFF SHOUTED THE DEACON AS HE BEAT IT

LET THE JURY PASS OUT FIRST!

POST OFFICE PITTSY COULDN'T INDUCE ANY MORE DEMITTANCES TO SLIDE FROM THE OWL FOLKS IN BENTON HARBOR SO HE GOT A JOB AS STOVE CLEANER HE STUCK FOR TWO DAYS AND QUIT HIS BOSS GRABBED HIM BY THE NUT, THREW HIM UP THE STOVE PIPE AND HISSED, "HERE, GO UP THERE - MAYBE THAT JOB WILL BOOT YOU"

BONES I HEAR THE PORK PACKERS OF CHICAGO ARE GOIN' IN FO' LITERATURE INTERLOCUTOR INDEED, ARE THEY WRITING BOOKS? BONES YEG SUM ONE HAS WRITTEN THE TAIL OF A PIG AND ANOTHER FELLAH IS READIN A STORY ABOUT PIGS TAMBO SUAH, DATS NUFFIN NEW FO' DEM BONES WHY AIN'T IT? TAMBO BECAUSE DE PORK PACKERS ALWAYS MADE THEIR LIVIN BY DE PEN

THROW HIM THE ANCHOR BOYS! HES ALL IN

GRUB TIME I HAVE TO OPEN THE CELLS NOW

WHAT ARE YUH IN FOR?

I'M IN FOR A GOOD TIME

YUH'RE UNDER ARREST, YA SHERIFF, HONEST

YUH HAVE N'T GOT ME BERTILIONED RIGHT, GOOK.

WHY, WHAES YUH'RE NUMBER?

I'M THE BOOB THAT PUT THE CUSS IN CUSTODY.

PETE

Expert in Graces a Harsh Critic

Women of New York Talk and Walk Badly

By ADA PATTERSON.

New York women are a bit spoiled by praise. Artists, statesmen, philosophers, arriving from Europe, laud the in superlatives. Persons who profess to be connoisseurs, use the same term to describe them as they do or did in describing New York policemen—"The finest." They should be pardoned if they are a little smug, are steeped in self-satisfaction. But now comes a woman half-English, half-Spanish, and wrapped round with the leisurely atmosphere of California, who has other and less flattering opinions of them.

"New York women walk badly," cries Mrs. Genevieve Ulkel Spinner, a high-toned, transparent-faced young girl who has often been said to have it graceful walk in the United States. "Western women walk far better," she said. "They walk more with their swinging from the hips that is the walking."

Walking on the avenue one sees strange rising and falling of the skirts, and an odd wriggle and hobble, WORKS, not only awkward, but positively injurious to the health. New York women walk on the heels, a practice I can do ask them to stop and tell the moving heel is like beating the brain with a hammer, every step upon the heel is a hammer stroke.

"No, you talk from the back of the mouth, and that gives their voices a dead, monotonous sound. The first night when I returned to New York it seemed to be a pandemonium of sounds. But the next day it seemed to me a place of dead silence. I had adapted myself to the mechanical sounds of trains and bells and automobiles. I was listening for voices, and it seemed to me I heard none.

"At least their conversation interests you?" Hope again sprang from its ashes.
"No. Again I was met with smiling but unyielding firmness. 'The New York woman talks about things—the latest book or play or opera. She says 'I like it' or 'I don't like it.' She gives no reason for one or the other. The women of other parts of your country talk on broader issues—the elections, the local needs and improvements, of some new personage or personality, and what they think of them. New York women talk in a detached impersonal way of one thing or another. 'Permet me and Naples'—'What do you admire in New York women?' I repeated for some indorsement of the generally indorsed, the world's 'foes.' Said Mrs. Spinner:

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Notice how quickly that stuffed up head clears; keep at it a few days and your suffering and hawking and diarrhoea of obnoxious mucus will cease entirely. Then continue until every germ is destroyed; until the soreness and dryness in the throat have disappeared. HYOMEL is guaranteed for catarrh, coughs, colds, sore throat, croup, deafness caused by catarrh or mucus block. Complete outfit which includes inhaler, can be obtained for \$1.00 at druggists everywhere.

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"Their repose is admirable, and their dignity cannot be dissipated. They are well groomed.
"But the New Yorker should dress more individually. Clothes have never been so beautiful or healthful. The slashes at the side, in front and back of gowns afford free motion. The gowns follow the lines of the figure as never before, and this is beauty. Vulgarity is in the woman who wears them. A woman of refinement can wear the clothes of today without offense, while a vulgar woman would have offended our taste while wearing our grandmother's crinolines and nebu-

Just Water

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

Three-fifths of the surface of the earth is covered with water. The world seems very much better adapted to raising fish than men, although man in his existence passes through an aqueous stage, and to a degree he never gets out of it.

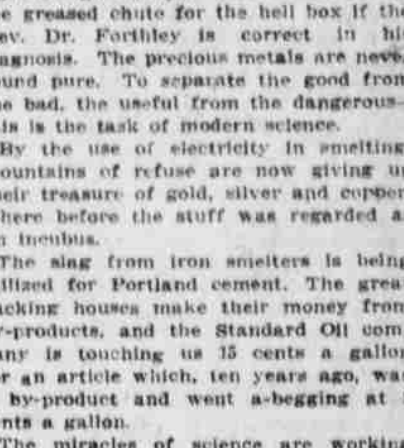
His body is made up of 70 per cent water. Water is the great source of transmission and transportation. The circulation of the fluids in the body feeds the tissues. The circulation of water means weather, climate and all vegetable and animal life. The flow of one thing into another is what constitutes all life, and the chief agent in this eternal flow is water.

Reduce the quantity of water in a man's body below 70 per cent and the man dies. Increase it over 82 per cent and the man has dropsy, elephantiasis, Bright's disease, diabetes, or some of the other cheerful things that the surgeons have recently invented and presented to us.

A gentleman from Kentucky, we remember, once said, "Water is great stuff for bathing in."
Water, we are told, is made up of one part hydrogen and two parts oxygen. But water is very seldom found pure. If we could get water exactly as it is condensed from the atmosphere in the skies, and then liberate it by nature's short-circuit scheme, otherwise known as the thunder-bolt, we would have pure water. But on the descent of water from the skies it takes up many impurities from the air. So we get the rain water, which we used to catch in a barrel at the corner of the house, with the help of a board under the eaves. When we saw a shower coming we ran for that particular board.

All vegetable matter contains a big percentage of water. This water is the disintegrating element that sends the vegetable fiber back into Nature's melting-pot.—Copyright, 1912, International News Service.

No matter how young you are, you are probably old enough to know better. Between the toothache and a dentist a man is forced to choose between two evils.



Pure water does not decompose. But in nature things are never found pure. Even virtue, we are told, is usually a bit off color. Honesty is a matter of geography. Morality takes a tumble when you get the figures high enough. And we are all on the greased chute for this hell box if the Rev. Dr. Fortthley is correct in his diagnosis. The precious metals are never found pure. To separate the good from the bad, the useful from the dangerous—this is the task of modern science.

By the use of electricity in smelting, mountains of refuse are now giving up their treasure of gold, silver and copper, where before the stuff was regarded as an incubus.
The slag from iron smelters is being utilized for Portland cement. The great packing houses make their money from by-products, and the Standard Oil company is touching us 15 cents a gallon for an article which, ten years ago, was a by-product and went a-begging at 2 cents a gallon.
The miracles of science are working great changes. Among them all, nothing is more wonderful than the elimination of water from rubber by vacuum process.
Heat and water are the great disintegrators. Oxygen is never at rest. Oxygen is at once the source of life and the cause of death.
The scientists tell us that death itself is a form of life, and that things are destroyed in order that new life may evolve. This is interesting to the theorists, but it gives a chill to the doctors in rubber and the manufacturers who prepare this very useful product for the use of the people.
Water and heat disintegrate, destroy and dissipate. Oxygen eternally eats the heart out of everything, even an iron bar. Oxygen is restless, tireless, insatiable, hungry.
It utilizes water as a means of transportation. Water is always going somewhere—or coming back. And if you think it is standing still it is because you do not see that it is being absorbed into the atmosphere.
All vegetable matter contains a big percentage of water. This water is the disintegrating element that sends the vegetable fiber back into Nature's melting-pot.—Copyright, 1912, International News Service.

The Three Tenses

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

What do we know of the wondrous scheme That sages and seifs have tried to know? Why do we look at the stars that gleam At the end of a sad day's afterglow? Why gaze we up and never below? All Logic tries for replies—and misses. But this is so, and shall ever be so: The Future applauds; the dead Past hisses!

Future and Past—what an ill-matched team! Biting and fighting to and fro. Always a mock and a menace they seem To the Present that sees them come and go. The Present is neither fast nor slow; She is just a dream, like a sunbeam's kisses. But she senses this, as we know a foe: The Future applauds; the dead Past hisses.

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