

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Antidotes for Curiosity

The Stenographer and the Bookkeeper Discuss Nagging Wife and the Cure.

By DOROTHY DIX.

"I see," observed the Bookkeeper, "where another martyr has gone to his reward."

"Who's that?" asked the Stenographer.

"A man out west," replied the Bookkeeper, "who did his best to elevate the female sex by suppressing the vice of curiosity in it. They hanged him for it, but it has ever been the fate of the reformer to be misunderstood and persecuted, and some day I shall journey to his lonely tomb and shed a tear above it."

"What did the gentleman do to win such a round of applause from you?" inquired the Stenographer.

"The evidence at the murder trial showed that he was married to a wife who was a human terror, and that he could not go to his daily work without having her put him on the rack on his return and drag out every trivial thing that had happened during the day," replied the Bookkeeper. "He testified that the minute he put his foot on the door-mat she'd begin a regular catechism that would go like this:

"What girls have you seen today?"

"Who were they?"

"Were they pretty?"

"Do you think they are as good looking as I am?"

"Would you marry one of them if I died?"

"If you married again after I died would you love your second wife as much as you do me?"

"The poor sinner," murmured the Stenographer sympathetically.

"Well," continued the Bookkeeper, "the unfortunate fellow stood it as long as he could. He even did the best he could by trying to reply in a way that would please her, but he never could guess the answer right. No matter which way he lied it was the key for wifery to go into hysterics, and so one day he ended the domestic civil service examination by taking his gun and blowing off the lid of the question box. It was a funeral for wifery afloat when he got through answering her last kind inquiries."

"That was no way to treat a lady," said the Stenographer, "but I am willing to admit that as a discourager of curiosity he was a headliner."

"And yet they hanged him for it," sorrowed the Bookkeeper. "I wonder why the poor sinner didn't demand his constitutional rights to be tried by a jury of his peers—a jury of married men, for I'm wise that no unmarried man would have brought in that verdict."

"Do you know what drives a man to drink? It's when he gets home at night, tired and worn, and hungry, and nerve-racked to have his wife begin to put him through the third degree before he gets his hat off."

"You know how she tears it off. Where have you been? WHERE have you been? Where HAVE you been? Where have you BEEN? The wonder is to me is that this woman in the west is the first one that's gotten murdered for it."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the Stenographer, "when it comes to wanting to know where the partner of your bosom has been, women are not the only interrogators. There are others, but the trouble is that men don't have to answer unless they want to, but a woman has to be always ready to prove an alibi."

"But you are all to the good when you say that women's curiosity is forever getting them in trouble. Let's wife isn't the only fresh lady who has been turned into a pillar of salt by looking back at the wrong time and seeing what she was never intended to see. There are plenty of other women who could have been packed down in brine in the same way if she had shed over the things they had no business peering into."

"And the questions women ask their husbands look as if they had bats in their bellies, don't they? If a man meets a sweeter looking doll than his wife is, what does she want to know it for? And what makes her ask him such a fool question as whether he will marry again or not if she dies? If he is a gentleman he is bound to lie to her."

"The less we know the less we have to worry about," observed the Bookkeeper, sentimentally.

"That's the idea," agreed the Stenographer, "curiosity for the single, especially for the married. Before a woman is married, she should investigate a man with a search warrant and a spot light. After she is married she should wear blinders."

"Right-O," said the Bookkeeper.



Let Us Give Thanks

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By Nell Brinkley



What Shall We Do with Our Lives?

It is a Question Which Each One Should Ask, for the Answer Rests with Each.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"What shall I do with my life?" asks Eleanor. "For three years I have been in love with a young lawyer, who I thought was in love with me. He went up to the city to make enough money to be able to support me, and now that he has met with success I feel that he has outgrown me. He is all I care for in this world, and I think perhaps I could hold him if I tried. What shall I do?"

When a woman has to "try" to hold a man's love, her best chance of happiness lies in not trying. So my honest advice to Eleanor is to send the man firmly and one for all about his business and then set about her business—that of making the most of the brains and talent I feel sure she has from the clear and sympathetic way she expresses herself in the letter of which I have quoted only a part. But I doubt very much if this honest answer is what Eleanor wants.

Most normal girls have, a normal, human craving for love. When they find the man who gives it to them and to whom in turn it is possible for them to give affection, almost all women cling with a desperate fear that life will offer them nothing more if they resign what they have. Women are not what is known as "good sports"; they are afraid of taking chances; they hold fast to what they have, and they endure all sorts of unhappiness, uncertainty, after they take a firm step in a direction that may turn out to be the wrong one.

Almost every individual comes fairly soon to the cross-roads of life and imagines that there is only one path of the four it would be safe to take, and desperately fears taking any one of the three that are wrong. Now, as a matter of fact, life does not offer any such minimum of opportunity as that. There are probably three paths that would be right and safe to take.

If Eleanor and all other Eleanors were bravely to resign the love in the very clinging to which they find suffering, there are undoubtedly at least two and possibly three paths to happiness open to them.

First of all there is honest, earnest work. That is sure to lead to a gain in self-respect and power, and is even likely to lead to position and place in the world. Then there is service in others.

On this second path Eleanor would find that in ignoring her own desires ar-

longings and in creating happiness for others, she made an atmosphere of joy which reacted on her and let her share in it. And the third cross-road leads to another love—a bigger, braver, finer thing.

Every woman who is an idealist longs to marry her first love. It would, indeed, be beautiful and splendid if when first one gave one's heart one were sure home and family and the permanent joys of life were to be builded on that gift of love. But this is not so.

Too often Eleanor stays in the country and is forgotten by the young lover who has gone to the city, or she and he develop into totally different directions and have no great basis of congeniality to insure them permanent happiness in life together. This is no one's fault—it is just an inevitable principle of growth.

If Eleanor wants to hold to her dream of love and marry the man to whom she gave her first affections, a blessing on her, and may she be happy. If Eleanor wants to do the safe, sane and sensible thing she will go frankly to her fiancé and tell him of her feeling that they have grown apart and all that holds them is a delicate bond of youthful dreams.

If he agrees, she will give and take freedom proudly and life will still be before her—a splendid, wonderful thing if she but choose to make it so.

There is no heartbreak in this world. There is only pain and longing, which, when encountered and endured, permits one to evolve into greater strength and power. Suffering has a value and makes

rather than breaks strong souls. There is no such thing as the oft-repeated sentiment that comes to me in letters: "I cannot live without him. What shall I do with my life if I give him up?"

Deprived of the love one wants, any human being still has before her a choice of the roads ahead—service, work or other love. Why grope idly up and down the path over which you have come and over which you may not go again? Why cling to illusion?

Eleanor and all the Eleanors in the world, I beg of you go bravely to the man whose love you feel is no longer a free gift. Offer it back to him freely. If he takes it your uncertainty is over, you know the worst and can face it. If your fears are wrong, how happy you

will be when your suspicions are ended. "What shall I do with my life?" Why, face it bravely, work it out yourself without waiting for chance or charity to give you what you want. For the brave soul who dares there is no defeat.

Do you know what would be the very worst thing you have to face? It will be temporary loneliness, a longing for some one you may not see or touch or hear. But that will pass and it will be as nothing to the spiritual loneliness you would have to face through long years of a marriage that was based on the illusion of a one-time love, rather than on the great glow of present understanding and devotion.

Choose wisely and well, Eleanor. Your happiness lies in your own hands.

Thanksgiving

By PERCY SHAW.

Thanksgiving, hold your beacon high!

Strike off our fetters, ball and chain;

Rescue our memories 'ere they die

And with them make us young again.

So shall the years like wreaths roll back

The while we find our childhood place

Where once with heedless thoughts and slack

We listened to the mealtime grace.

Thanksgiving, then your beacon glowed;

Then was the future writ in flame;

Then hopes came true in dreams that flowed

Through vales of gold to hills of fame.

These pass and from the far away

Our mother's voice sounds subtly near

"We thank Thee for Thanksgiving day,

And oh, we thank Thee to be here."

Thanksgiving, hold your beacon high

For us who need the childhood heart,

In crowded streets where passerby

Know but the call of trade and mart.

Give us the wish to kneel and pray,

Like that stilled voice, how sweet, how clear—

"We thank Thee for Thanksgiving day,

And, oh, we thank Thee to be here."

In-Shoots

It is seldom that lost faith has ever been restored.

A deep-voiced man occasionally harbors shallow theories.

Political defeat often points to the road of victory elsewhere.

There is no place like home when mother is out at the movies.

There is no fool like the fool who spends time answering the questions of a fool.

DIAMONDS ON WATCHES

CREDIT CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

In recounting the many and varied favors for which to give thanks on this Thanksgiving Day, remember the opportunity that is offered to you to open a charge account with us for your Christmas presents. If you have been in the habit of paying cash, you need not draw on your reserve funds this year. Our

Easy Charge Account System is for YOU. What gift so beautiful as a genuine Diamond or a handsome Watch?

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If you have Catarrh or Catarrhal deafness or head-noises, go to your drug-gist and get one course of Farnitt's (Double strength). Take this home and add to it 1/4 pint of hot water and a pinch of granulated sugar, stir until dissolved, take one tablespoonful 4 times a day.

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