

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

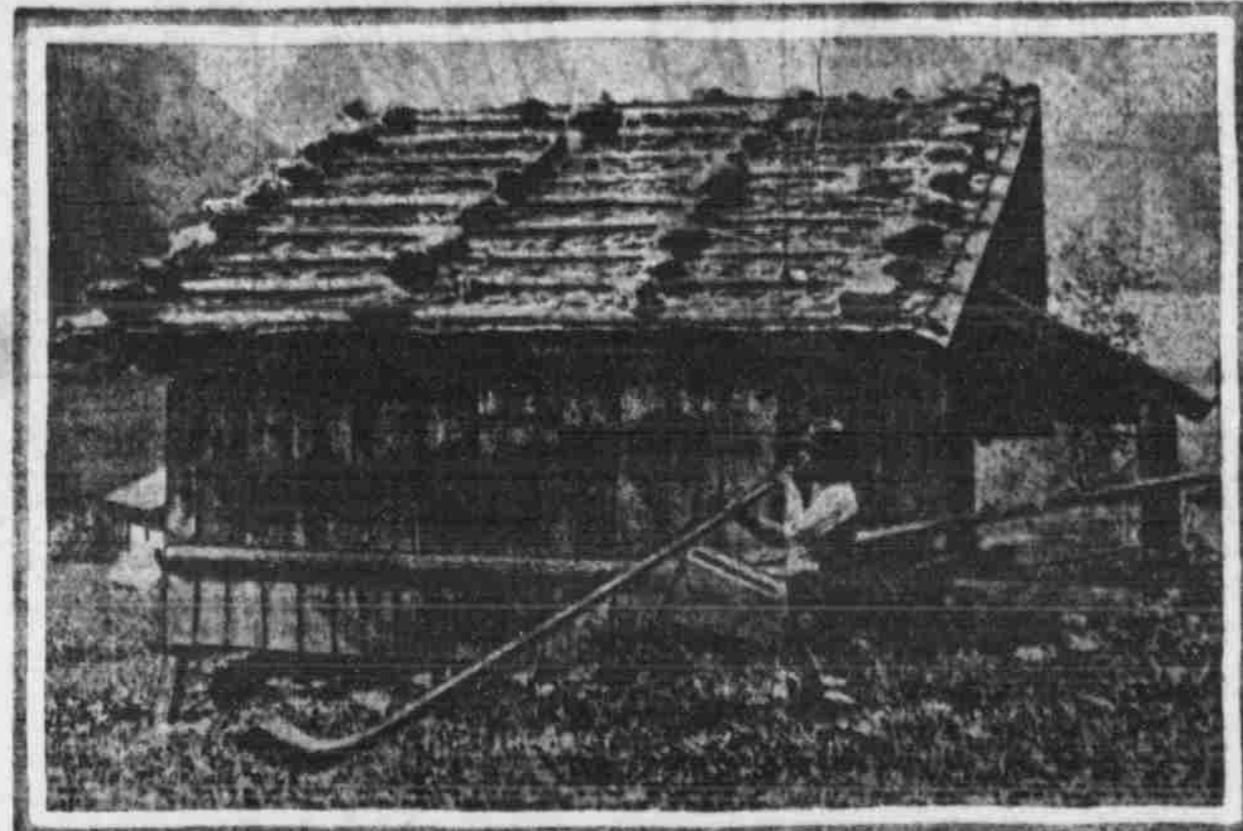
## \* Few Now Hear the Alpine Horn \*

The Swiss Herder Misses American Tourists

GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Encircled by struggling armies, and looking down upon new battlefields, the Alps this summer have been virtually forbidden ground for the throngs of visitors who normally crowd the hotels of Switzerland, and swarms, alpenstock in hand, through its rugged valleys and over the lower slopes of its snowy peaks. The land of William Tell, with its lakes and mountains, has been left to its native inhabitants, and deserted by foreigners, to a degree never known since the Alps became the playground of Europe.

In these circumstances, the few who have visited Switzerland this year, like the man who made the accompanying photograph of the Alpine horn and its blower at Grindelwald, enjoy a strange experience. The stage of the great summer theater of nature's spectacles lies open before them, but the audience is lacking, except for a handful of letter-writers scattered among the deserted stalls, who seem to have stumbled in after the last play of the season was finished to catch sight only of the bare scenery, with here and there a belated actor looking up his belongings.



Waking the Echoes with the Quaint Swiss Cow-Horn Under the Shadow of the Alps.

The blower of the great Alpine cow-horn misses the thousands of American tourists who used to crowd around him to wonder at the aerial music which he awakened among the precipices and peaks above. The waiters and waitresses of the innumerable hotels, with their customary ready palms and picturesque costumes, are, many of them, attending the cows now, carrying the milk, sweeping the chalets, bearing loads of Alpine meadow hay on their backs and on carts, and making cheese; while the guides have thrown aside their safety ropes and ice axes and found more profitable employment than leading excited rock-climbers and women over the crevasses and up the steep rocks.

The horn of war has echoed among the mighty monarchs of the realm of eternal ice, and they are left in their lonely grandeur. All the climbers have fled at the call and failed to return. Literally thousands who were accustomed every summer to brave the perils of the high Alps have gone to face more fearful dangers on the battlefield and in the trenches.

The English were the first to make mountain climbing in the Alps a renowned summer amusement, confined at first to a few bold sports, but taken up gradually by great numbers, including,

at last, women as well as men. The Italians and the French followed, and the Germans were not far behind them.

The great, threatening, impossible seeming peaks, like the Matterhorn, the Dent Blanche, the Weisshorn, the Finstergarnhorn, the Schreckhorn, the Aiguilles (Needles) of Mont Blanc, all were conquered in succession, and, in one way or other rendered easier of ascent, until every year the assemblage of would-be climbers collected earlier around their feet and waited impatiently for the spring avalanches to leave them in climbable condition, but this summer all is changed. Now dangers may be run and heroic deeds performed for a greater purpose than the mere testing of nerves and whipping up of stagnating blood.

The mountain nest in which this photo-

graph was made is one of the most remarkable in the Alps. It is in the heart of that great uplifting of the earth's crust known as the Bernese Overland. But for the war echoing around its horizon this place would be overflowing with humanity, gathered from every part of Europe and America.

It is surrounded by many of the greatest visions of the material world. In the background of the picture stands the huge Wetterhorn. Its frame includes the Jungfrau, the Monch, the Eiger, the Schreckhorn, the Aletschhorn, the Platerhorn, the Breithorn, the Ewig Schnee Feld. It is adorned with glittering glaciers and edged with heart-quaking precipices, where, nevertheless, the Edelweiss and a multitude of bright Alpine flowers find room and courage to grow and bloom.

It is doubtful if anywhere else in the world man has been so imaginative and poetical in naming the great scenes and majestic objects that nature has spread around. Sir Martin Conway, the famous climber, has said of this wonderful region:

"What beautiful names the mountains and glaciers have here! The Maiden, the Monk, the Ogre, the Dark Eagle Peak, the Bright Eagle, the Peak of Storms, the Peak of Terror, the Field of Everlasting Snow—how much better than Mount Jones or Mount Mackensie!"

To these, which are translations of the German names, he might have added: The Weather Peak, the Flowery Alp, the Angel Peaks, the Silver Peak, the Snow Horn, the Ngon Peak, the Red Spika, and the Wava. Not one of these but is a giant from 10,000 to 14,000 feet high.

## Summer Relaxation and Morals

By ANN LISLE.

There was once a girl whose pet maxim was, "It's so different in the summer time." She was quite sure that you could do things in the summer that you would never contemplate in the winter. She believed in shedding your normal personality and becoming whatever the fancy of the moment suggested.

"It's so restful," said she, "to be just an unconscious little animal living up to the whim of the moment."

And she lived up to her theory.

One summer she met a very charming youth who was not at all eligible and not at all matrimonially inclined. His meager salary sufficed to buy bonds for the new love who came into his life every few months, but it would not have purchased roast beef and apple pie for such a permanent fixture as a wife.

The girl found him particularly fascinating. With him she lolled on the beach in her vividest bathing suit. In his company she danced gaily in all the flashiest cabarets.

His vacation lasted three weeks, and during it the girl had what she called "the time of her life." And the rocking chair brigade of gossip on the hotel porch had also the time of its life. There weren't many men in the place, and the

girl and her attendant cavalier were targets at which no caustic mind could help aiming a little vitriol.

At the end of three weeks the youth who made love like the hero of a melodrama returned to the city and its interests of work and play. The first week the girl received two pounds of candy and three letters. The second week two picture postals were the souvenirs of her love affair. After that—silence.

The rocking chair brigade watched her becoming more and more pensive. It actually expected her to go into a decline. Since there were no men about to impress, the girl wore her quietest and most demure clothes and did absolutely no posing. She even began embroidering a waist for the winter's wear.

At that stage of the game a Real Man arrived. The girl looked so sweetly domestic with a positive expression on her face and sewing in her hands that the Real Man was impressed. Through his mind there flitted a vague idea that here was the very wife for him.

For a week the girl was quiet and subdued and, since she was not trying to make an impression, succeeded in making one. And then the tonic of masculine attention made her perk up.

One ill-considered morning she came down in a diaphanous waist and awning-

striped sweater of vivid red and white and a corduroy skirt which stopped in plenty of time to show a good deal of this white silk stocking and sport shoes faked in red.

The rocking chair brigade gasped and then recovered its breath with sufficient force and vehemence to explain to the man that this was exactly what might have been expected.

The man didn't exactly believe, but the vivid young person in crimson and white bore no resemblance to the domestic goddess he had been setting on a pedestal. She looked altogether relaxed and—no match her change of atmosphere the man's high ideals relaxed, too.

That morning on the sands he held her hand. That evening in the dark corner of the piazza he kissed her. And for two weeks that followed the Real Man and the girl acted similarly in accordance with the "easy-going conventions of summer time."

The first week after the Real Man left the girl got a dozen American Beauties and no mail.

Moral: "Easy come, easy go" applies to love affairs as well as to money, and the girl who "relaxes" in summer would do well to remember that the average man insists on dignity in his sister and his wife.

Eternal vigilance is the price of satisfying you with a cup of

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## Eternal Conflict Between Sexes

By DOROTHY DIX.

In a recent divorce case a letter was introduced in the evidence in which the man wrote these words to the woman:

"You once told me that the reason that you hated me was just because I was your husband. I now think that the only reason that I hated you was just because you were a woman, and that the things that I objected to in you were merely the faults of your sex."

I wonder if this man hadn't diagnosed not only his own case, but that of most of the unhappily married, and if the source of the discord between practically all warring husbands and wives is not due to the eternal conflict between the sexes?



In this case the woman's grievance against the man was not so much what he had done, or left undone, but that he was her husband. She chafed at his bondage to him. She rebelled at being dependent upon him, and subject to his whims and caprices. His society got upon her nerves because she had it in over-doses.

If he hadn't been her husband, if he had been a neighbor or a guest she would have liked him well enough.

"Wife" and "husband" are either the sweetest words or the bitterest that we ever take upon our tongues, and their flavor depends not upon what the woman or man that we are united to may be, or not, but upon our state of mind.

Many a woman hates a perfectly good man for no reason on earth except that he is her husband. Many a man hates a woman who is little short of angelic just because she is his wife, and that is the reason that so many married couples go about with chips upon their shoulders and pick quarrels with each other on the slightest pretense.

In reality these people's grudge is not against the individual to whom they are united in the holy bonds of wedlock. It is against matrimony as an institution. It is the sense of bondage that they cannot endure with patience, not the faults of a particular individual.

Also what many men and women object to in their wives and husbands is not some personally disagreeable quality, but the peculiarities of the opposite sex.

For instance, there are women whose ideal of a perfect husband is a man who neither drinks nor smokes nor uses any expulsive stronger than "Oh, Judge!" and who comes straight home from the office at 6 o'clock and spends the balance of the evening in wiping the dishes and mending the wall paper and straightening the pictures.

Such a woman would be perfectly happy if united to a man who would fill in his leisure time by crocheting pink baby socks, and whose idea of enjoyment would be to go to a Browning society or a mothers' meeting with her.

But when a woman of this type marries a rough, rude, male person, with strictly masculine tastes, who comes home smelling of tobacco and beer, and who can't be brought to see how much more pleasure he would really get out of spending his money for lace curtains for the parlor than for cigars, why, trouble begins.

Personally the man may be good and kind and generous and tender and true, as an individual she can find no fault

## Mother-in-Law Terrible Not Extinct

By ADA PATTERSON.

She is not yet extinct. She has not followed the "old maid," the buffaloes and the practice of applying the leech for medical purposes into the land of memories.

I saw one of her yesterday. She came aboard a little steamer that cruised for a few hours along the coast. While fifty passengers said good-bye to summer. Lovers were there sitting close to the rail, a man and a woman, heads close together, alone in their little love world, indifferent to any curious persons who might be peering over their rim. Middle-aged couples sat at more dignified angles, gazing placidly out at the joyous waves and the green shores and stretches of shining white beaches. Some men with the marks of late vacation about them came aboard with book or golf stick or fishing line, according to inclination and destination. Some brown-cheeked women, looking as though they had spent the summer happily in the open, climbed to the upper deck and bestowed themselves on deck chairs for what one of them called a "last fresh air spree before going to town."



She followed.

She was tall and sombre-eyed and straight-lipped. She moved with slow, cold precision. Her gray eyes were cold and hard as stones. She pushed her chair close to mine and spoiled my return trip by this monologue:

"Looks like it's going to rain, doesn't it? Yes, I think it will rain before we land. It's sure to. Things like that always happen to me."

"What pleasure can anyone have, I'd like to know, in such weather? Yes, I'm dressed for it, I know, but it isn't pleasant, all the same, to be rained on."

"I could have motored up to the lake, but why should I go? My daughter went. She was up early this morning and started at 8. She won't be back before 11 tonight. And she calls that getting

health, just because she's outdoors. All nonsense, I tell her. Young women used to stay at home and do fancy work. Now they're out chasing a little ball across the grass or driving in automobiles like idiots. They don't look as well, either. Not so refined. Their faces are brown and their hands are awful. My daughter won't wear gloves in summer in spite of all I can say."

"Yes, she's married. Her husband humors her in being out of doors all the time. But what does that matter? That's another reason why I wouldn't approve of it."

"When he came courting her I knew he was from Boston, and I gave my consent. I didn't think he'd up and move to New York. Yes, they live in Brooklyn, but it's just the same. I told him two or three years ago when we had a flareup that if I hadn't thought he had Boston tastes I wouldn't have let him marry her. No, I'm not from Boston; I'm from Philadelphia."

"The first thing they did was to move to a family hotel. He said she wasn't strong enough to keep house, and he wanted to spare her his care, for a while anyhow. That's all nonsense. She's strong enough if she'd just stay at home and never go out! Many a time I haven't set foot outside the house for three months at a time."

"Yes, my husband died while I was still a young woman. I brought that girl up to be a stay-at-home and what does she do? Always on the golf links or the car. Yes, she looks better, but what of that? Looks are deceiving. I told a lady in the hotel yesterday that I would give my daughter just five years to live at this rate. I know people believe more in exercise than they used to, but there's nothing to it. I never had any. Look at me."

"Yes, I talk of family affairs to people in the house? I don't suppose my daughter would like it, but I don't care. Look at her today. Gone off for the whole day and left me behind. They offered to take me along, but I wouldn't go."

"Such a way to live. The other day I went from morning until 6 o'clock with nothing to eat but a roll and a cup of coffee. Yes, she wouldn't go down to the dining room alone. My daughter was motoring again. I told them I just wouldn't go. Yes, I could have prepared something in my room, but I didn't propose to. It was my daughter's place to stay at home and see that I was waited on properly."

"Yes, I'm well, but I'm lonesome. I won't live their way and they won't live mine."

"Get an apartment of my own and keep house? Yes, I could do that, but I would be lonesome. Have someone live with me? That's easier said than done. Who would want to live with me? I mean, with whom would I want to live?"

"Yes, I have relatives beside my daughter, but it seems that all they want of me is what they can get out of me. I shut down on them."

"Take up an occupation? I thought of that. I wanted to open a high class boarding house, but my daughter was so set against it I gave it up. She said I didn't need the money. Well, I don't! I overheard my daughter's husband say that nobody would stay in the house the second week and I haven't spoke to him since."

"Charitable work? I could do that if I wasn't living at home."

The boat landed amid a burst of sunshine, but I didn't remind her of it. She did not deign to notice the failure of her prophecy of the rain that "always happened to her." She walked stiffly away, and following her at a discreet distance I heard her quarreling with a street car conductor. And I sympathized with the son-in-law who are rebellious with cause.

## Advice to Lovelorn : By Beatrice Fairfax

Let Him Do the Woong.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 18 and in love with a young man three years my senior. He used to come to my house twice a week to take me out, but is acting very cool lately, doesn't take me out unless I ask him to and then he always excuses himself by saying he is tired. He changed his boarding house about a month ago and where he now lives are several young girls. Do you think that he cares for these girls more than he does for me? Please advise me what to do. I got a ring from him. Would you give it back?

DOWNHEARTED.

Never ask a man to take you out. Men prefer to escort girls who do not seem so unpopular that they have to beg for invitations. You should not accept presents of jewelry from any but the man to whom you are engaged. Ask him if he would like you to return the ring—saying that if it means nothing to him to have you wearing the ring, it certainly means nothing to you. Unless he is very much interested in a new girl this may re-awaken his interest. Be sure that you do not show jealousy, which would only make him want to be free of a girl who nag.

Isn't It Your Own Fault?

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl 15 years old, and have a stepfather who is very kind. He grows all the time at me and my brother. I want to be married, thinking that he would be better when returned, but he is just the same. He swears all the time and it is a shame. Shall I go away or not? Answer me what to do.

ORIN JUNCTION, Wyo.

Are you sure you don't irritate your stepfather? If you love your mother as you should, you will surely want to live at home and be near her. By being sweet and amiable you can probably shame the man out of his disagreeable ways. "More flies are caught with sugar than with vinegar."

The Engagement is No Bar.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Is it proper for a young man engaged to be married to court another lady home? Or is it proper for him to see her to the car only?

PEARL M.

A man should be a gentleman at all times, and particularly observant of all the little courtesies when he is on trial as a lover.

He should take her home if the distance permits; otherwise only to the car.

## To Street Car Patrons

Commencing Sunday September 26th, the near side stop will be discontinued, and cars will again stop at the far side of street intersections to take on and discharge passengers.

Respectfully,

OMAHA & COUNCIL BLUFFS STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.