



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## Her Husband's Voice It is Raised Against Women in General and Doctors in Particular.

BY AMERIE MAN.

"Let me telephone for the doctor, dear," suggested the wife of the Post Graduate Husband.

"There you go," he exclaimed. "Don't you know the doctor has been here for one that gets well by accident? I won't be a doctor! I know more about my own constitution than any stranger could learn out of medical books!"

Here he paused to turn over in his invalid's chair and groan.

"Scatica had been in the agonizing grip, and for three days he had revealed an only strong man in the luxury of pain."

"But you know, dear, we've tried all the home remedies we know of, and you've had to sit up in a chair for three nights. It's really time something was done. Won't you let me send for Dr. Stall—you like him so much?"

"Oh, I like him well enough when I'm not ill." Her Husband answered, "but there's no use talking to me about a doctor. I won't have one! You're a woman and naturally you get scared every time your foot goes to sleep, but a man is schooled to endure certain things without flinching. Why, even if I believed in medicine, I wouldn't send for a physician for a little disturbance of this kind."

But to show how lightly he thought of his illness he uttered a swarttered groan which suggested to the neighbors that some poor creature was being subjected to all the tortures of the Inquisition at once.

The Amateur Wife sighed and laid no more. It occurred to her to cut loose and remark that she had been deprived of sleep for three nights by her lord's indisposition, and that if not for his own sake, then for hers he should see a physician.

But the patient years of matrimony had taught her reticence.

So she merely smiled resignedly and took refuge in her own thoughts.

Next day she was not feeling well. In fact, she was more indispositioned than Green as Her Husband might say, and he could not rouse her from the contemplation and enjoyment of her own personal agony.

"I wish I knew what is the matter with me," she said. "I feel so strange! I never hear of anyone who had symptoms at all like mine! Mrs. Winters told me that once there was an epidemic of mumps in the neighborhood! Do you think I could have that?"

With some reluctance the Post Graduate Husband turned his thoughts from his own painful affliction to the consideration of the doubtless imaginary and certainly exaggerated ailment of His Wife.

"Mumps woman!" he exclaimed. "You're like every other female I ever saw! You get an ache in your little finger nail and decide instantly that you're going to die."

Suddenly the Amateur Wife began to cry.

"When I am dead you'll be sorry you didn't send for a doctor—or anything!"

With a bound Her Husband rose from his couch of pain and limped to the telephone. In five minutes the family physician, Dr. Stall, was on his way to their house.



THE DOCTOR PULLED HIS LEG

But the effort he had made told on the Post Graduate Husband's nerve—particularly the sciatic nerve—and till the doctor was announced he remained in speechless but anguished gloom.

Dr. Stall did not take the nervous view of the Amateur Wife's illness that her complaints might have led her to expect.

After examining her tongue, feeling her pulse and talking to her earnestly in a low voice for several moments he approached the sofa where Her Husband reclined.

"She'll be all right in a day or so," he announced. "It's just a little attack of tonillitis—hardly worth noticing. You do tonillitis—hardly worth noticing, old fellow! Is there anything I can do for you?"

The Post Graduate Husband hesitated. "Wait, now that you're here," he announced finally, "I might as well tell you my troubles, though I don't believe there's anything you can do for me. I don't take any stock in medicines, you know."

When all his symptoms had been expounded and dwelt upon, the doctor commanded the patient to lie prone upon his couch.

"Scatica is apt to be very painful until a sharp jerk on the leg stretches the nerve a little. Lie flat on your back."

The Post Graduate Husband obeyed and Dr. Stall pulled his leg in sudden, sharp jerks—perhaps a dozen times.

At the end of the ordeal the pain was gone.

"How much is your bill?" asked Her Husband gratefully.

"Ten dollars," blandly answered the family doctor.

"He certainly did pull my leg hard," said Her Husband, contentedly.

"Did he do you good?" inquired the Amateur Wife.

"Yes, dear, he did me good," said Her Husband sadly.

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## A LITTLE SERMON FOR THE WEEK END

Blessed Be Inequality.

Text: "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." The preacher: "Into every one that hath it shall be given and he shall have abundance, but from him that hath not it shall be taken away even that which he hath." Jesus.

The parable of the talents constitutes one of the profoundest teachings attributed to Christ. On the surface it seems strange and arbitrary, contrary to every ethical standard, yet as a matter of fact, it is corroborated by the entire history of human experience.

In the first place the parable recognizes the past of human limitations. We are finite beings, limited in our powers to tasks, in our efforts and actions, in our ideals and visions. We cannot do all that we should wish to do, cannot understand all that we should wish to understand. The facts of our human limitations are ever present facts. Some grow pathetic over them and eloquent; others kick at them and complain. The wise man accepts them and makes the best of them.

In the second place the parable recognizes an even more important fact: That these universal limitations of mankind as a whole are broken up into separate fragments and distributed to human individuals in unequal proportions. In other words, despite much unwise talk to the contrary, equal opportunities do not exist. A great many things in our life come to us over which we have little or no control. For one thing, we cannot choose our parents; whether we be born in a hut or a mansion, whether our early life be surrounded by noble and pure influences, or by ignoble and impure, are matters beyond our control. Thus at the very start, in which so much depends, our future is to a great extent mapped out. There was a large kernel of truth in the crude old doctrine of predestination.

Equality! My friends, it does not exist. This world, whether we want it or no, whether we rebel or submit, is built on inequality! Some people are fat, others are lean; some have blue eyes, others have brown; some have straight noses, others have pug noses, and maybe pug noses; some are wise, some are foolish; some are witty, some are dull—because nature made them so, because God, who seems to love variety, must have wanted them so.

Is this discouraging teaching? If so, truth itself must be discouraging and sometimes it is—to the foolish, that they may learn wisdom. It is a mere statement of fact, meant for our edification and guidance. Knowing the facts of our existence we shall the better be able to handle them. Knowing the point of departure, we shall the better know the point of our destination.

Inequality! Is it any real cause for complaint? None whatever. On the contrary, once we have caught its true significance, 'tis God's supremest gift to mankind! Without it the world would be unlivable. Suppose a world where perfect equality existed, where everyone looked alike, and talked alike, and thought alike, and acted alike, and aspired alike, and had alike—'twould be a world of everlasting fitness inhabited by moon calves.

No, inequality is nothing to complain of, but something to be grateful for. And it is only the man with the one talent, the one who has the least to do, but doesn't do that, that complains and finds fault with his lot—the others attend to their business.

Does this, then, justify the social inequalities that exist, the cruelties, the abuses, the tyrannies that have been heaped upon the poor and down-trodden since the beginning of civilization? Not in the least. But that is another phase of the subject with which I am not now concerned. In passing, I may remark, however, that our social inequalities rest fundamentally upon mental inequalities, and it is only in proportion as these are removed or modified by education in the fullest sense of that term that we may look for larger social justice and equality. This, too, is abundantly verified by human history and nowhere more strikingly so than in the history of the modern labor movement.

Meanwhile, it should be noted, and noted with care, that while we have not equal



Manfred Lilliefors, Ph.D., Minister Unity Church.

opportunities, we all have individual opportunities. Each human individual is a special edition of the universe; each one possesses something which no one else possesses. Is born into certain aptitudes and certain opportunities for work. We often hear it said, and said foolishly: "If I had this or that man's ability, his talents, his powers, I should make a success." Meanwhile, why don't you make a success of yourself as you are?

For it should also be noted, and noted with equal care, that with our opportunities in life go the opportunities for success. Each one can make a success of himself. The means, the opportunities, are always at hand. How? Where? Why, right here, amidst your daily duties and surroundings. Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might. Here, in the work which comes to you—no, I take that back—in the work which thy hand findeth, is your opportunity for success.

Success is often confused with the outward show which attends some glittering failures. A large castle, a large bank account, a large watered stock, many servants, horses and carriages, and smashed up automobiles, with a bad digestion, a bad conscience, and a dwarfed soul, is not success, but a most pathetic failure. Success is in life. And

a man's life consisteth not in the things he possesseth, but rather in the things which possess him. A good digestion, a good conscience, a good nervous system, something to do, something to eat, some one to love, admire and a God to worship, that is life, that is success.

The secret of success, the power which makes for success, lies in the ability to bring out that which is in you, and the ability goes with the demand. Whether you have five talents, or two talents, or only one talent, has nothing to do with it. You are not responsible for that. But you are responsible for the manner in which you use the powers, the opportunities and the talents entrusted to you.

I have said that equality does not exist, but equality of something far more essential does exist—the equality of reward, which consists in the consciousness of having done one's duty, of having been true to one's self. This is the final test of success, and a test in which neither wealth nor poverty counts. For the standard is not worldly and material, but moral and spiritual.

Success, then, does not consist in outward surroundings, but in inward harmony; in the free, healthy and normal development of one's faculties and powers, one's instincts and tendencies, thoughts and aspirations, into a full, complete and all-rounded character, according to its own nature, according to the pattern which God has set before it.

Success is, therefore, nothing but self-realization in the truest sense of that word. This attained, the success is complete, the reward is complete, the satisfaction is complete.

I appeal especially to the young. You have the world before you. You have life before you. You have opportunity before you. You have powers to develop. You have ambitions to realize. You have talents to use. Use them well. Be true to yourself. Resist temptation. Pursue the good. Maintain a high ideal. Cultivate a steadfast faith, and a pure, abiding love. You will meet with many experiences, both bitter and sweet. Some of your youthful dreams and visions may be realized, others may not. But never lose courage; be ever at your post; be ever ready to meet the demands required of you. Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might—and you cannot fall of success—true, genuine and lasting success.

## Where Man and His Cow Came From

Under the title, "The Birthplace of Man," Prof. Williston and Merriam, in the Popular Science Monthly, throw interesting light upon the question of the origin of the higher animals. Beginning with the domestic animals, they find that the genus bo, of which our indispensable cow is the noblest representative, "the most highly developed of the even-toed ungulates," began in the lower pleistocene of India.

Asia was the origin and dispersive center of the whole family of the cow kind, and to this day it is the home of the higher types, those of lower degree having made their way to Europe, Africa and America. From North America the camels wandered to Asia. In Asia we find the true camel, the highest development of the family.

In the llama and the alpaca we see their lower development, and these possess an added interest from the fact that they have never been in touch with Asiatic environment. The horse, the elephant, the cat family, the ostrich, the jungle fowl, the peacock, the goose and the dove are all Asiatic.

The turkey is American and the guinea-fowl African in origin. The reptiles highest in organization and the majority of the domestic plants also hail from Asia. Are we to suppose that man is any exception among so many branches of vertebrate evolution? Prof. Williston tells us that we shall know for certain before long. If pithecanthropus be a true hominid, he reminds us, then we have already evidence of his Asiatic origin.

"Be it as it may, I confidently believe that within a very few years the discovery of indubitable links in man's ancestry will be made in Central Asia, in China, or in Northern India."

## Apple Epigrams

Some wise grower of apples has sent out the following "little list of apple virtues":

A little land and a living is the slogan of the hour.

The apple is the aristocrat of foods and the best medicine.

The climate and conditions that are best for apples are best for man.

Anarchy never gathered fruit from its own orchards.

Apple orchards are better nurseries of citizenship than the deck of battleships or military camps.

The man in the orchard is always a good citizen.

Horticulture is a science, not a guess.

The twentieth century is to be the age of the apple, and Colorado is to be the center of its empire.

Unmindful of the sunny hours, His white clad brother in the north Is more forehanded, Starting forth Upon his task at break of day, He has been heard at times to say, Above his bright tin coffee cup, "My business, sir, is picking up."

From sun to sun, from storm to storm, In frosty weather and in warm, He still pursues his lowly toil Amidst the city's muck and soil. 'Tis down and down, east side or west, He stoops to conquer—and to rest! And "picking up" appears to be A profitable industry.

"Is that your real opinion—your sincere conviction?" "Absolutely," said I. "Very well," said she, with an odd little laugh, and at breakfast the next morning the first thing I saw in my newspaper was the headline, "Purcell on Toaca." And there I read, word for word, my remarks of the night before. The young woman, a musical critic, had recognized me. When I thought I was guilting her she was guilting me."—Detroit Free Press.

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## The Bee's Junior Birthday Book

### This is the Day We Celebrate

Saturday, February 18, 1911.

| Name and Address.                               | School.        | Year. |
|---|----------------|-------|
| Ivy Axhelm, 4524 North Fourteenth Ave.          | Saratoga       | 1905  |
| Amy L. Anderson, 3111 Franklin St.              | Franklin       | 1897  |
| Vernon Baker, 1414 North Twenty-fifth St.       | Long           | 1905  |
| Clarence Barnes, 3536 North Twenty-eighth St.   | Lothrop        | 1899  |
| Gladys Brown, 811 North Forty-fifth St.         | Saunders       | 1892  |
| Mattilda Bross, 3347 Ames Ave.                  | Monmouth Park  | 1897  |
| Agnes A. Barrett, 2203 South Fifteenth St.      | Comenius       | 1894  |
| Agnes Boechert, 218 North Twenty-fourth St.     | Central        | 1898  |
| Frances Byrne, 2406 South Tenth St.             | Bancroft       | 1897  |
| John Belts, 3524 South Thirtieth St.            | Im. Conception | 1904  |
| Shusay Carlson, 1115 South Fourteenth St.       | Pacific        | 1903  |
| John Craig, 852 South Twenty-third St.          | Mason          | 1904  |
| Edith Carlson, 4524 Franklin St.                | Walnut Hill    | 1899  |
| Edward Davis, 1219 South Twelfth St.            | Pacific        | 1901  |
| Harold Durnall, 2325 South Fourteenth St.       | Castellar      | 1905  |
| Harland Erickson, 117 South Twenty-eighth Ave.  | Farnam         | 1900  |
| Stanley Pricke, 3418 South Fourteenth St.       | Ger. Lutheran  | 1904  |
| Stanley Gould, Thirty-ninth and Himebaugh Sts.  | Central Park   | 1897  |
| Inver E. Good, Thirty-eighth and Manderson Sts. | Central Park   | 1905  |
| Joseph Gtab, 2912 Bancroft St.                  | Im. Conception | 1901  |
| George Givotinsky, 1141 North Seventeenth St.   | Kellom         | 1903  |
| Adelaide Hogan, Eighteenth and Cass Sts.        | High           | 1893  |
| Hazel Hall, 1316 Pierce St.                     | Pacific        | 1890  |
| Glendora Huleky, 2854 Manderson St.             | Lothrop        | 1897  |
| Rudolph Johnson, 2314 North Twenty-fifth St.    | High           | 1892  |
| Carl Adolph Jarl, Fifty-second and Mason Sts.   | Beals          | 1903  |
| Ralph W. Jackson, 1955 South Fifteenth St.      | Comenius       | 1905  |
| Minnie F. Johnson, 2111 Chicago St.             | Central        | 1901  |
| Glean Janotto, Third and Spring Sts.            | Bancroft       | 1897  |
| Cleas Kirslinger, 1049 Grace St.                | Lake           | 1898  |
| Josephine Kavan, 2709 South Nineteenth St.      | Castellar      | 1898  |
| Dorothy J. Kernan, 2312 North Twenty-eighth St. | Howard Kennedy | 1904  |
| Helen Theresa Lee, 2562 South Fifth St.         | Bancroft       | 1905  |
| Mildred Lindquist, 4604 Cass St.                | Saunders       | 1902  |
| Helen L. Larsen, 1304 North Forty-sixth St.     | Walnut Hill    | 1899  |
| Ida Langer, 1929 South Twenty-first St.         | Castellar      | 1896  |
| Wendy McAter, 2328 Poppleton Ave.               | Mason          | 1900  |
| Viola Moore, Forty-sixth and California Sts.    | Saunders       | 1905  |
| Herman Martin, 1421 Ames Ave.                   | Sherman        | 1904  |
| Arnold Mortensen, 2012 North Twenty-third St.   | Lake           | 1897  |
| Albert Norgren, 216 South Twenty-eighth Ave.    | Farnam         | 1904  |
| Emil Nyström, 914 South Twenty-seventh St.      | Mason          | 1897  |
| Helen V. Nelson, 1815 South Twenty-second St.   | Mason          | 1905  |
| Eleanor Novak, 1346 South Thirteenth St.        | Comenius       | 1896  |
| Edward Nausell, 4324 North Twenty-fifth Ave.    | Saratoga       | 1899  |
| Chris Poulson, 2808 1/2 Davenport St.           | Webster        | 1900  |
| Francis Peters, 1913 North Twenty-seventh St.   | Long           | 1901  |
| James W. Reynolds, 104 North Thirty-first Ave.  | Farnam         | 1899  |
| Mary Rotolo, 721 Pierce St.                     | Pacific        | 1899  |
| Byron L. Snyder, 2011 Ohio St.                  | High           | 1895  |
| Alfred Siemssen, 1129 South Thirty-second St.   | Park           | 1895  |
| Ray Scriminger, 2756 South Nineteenth St.       | Castellar      | 1904  |
| Ernest Seg, 4816 Grant St.                      | Clifton Hill   | 1896  |
| Russell Stoller, 4513 North Twenty-fifth Ave.   | Saratoga       | 1903  |
| Cyril Taylor, 6105 North Twenty-fourth St.      | Miller Park    | 1903  |
| Clemons Taphors, 4519 North Fifteenth St.       | Saratoga       | 1904  |
| Luelle Thomas, 3225 Poppleton Ave.              | High           | 1895  |
| Jean Thompson, 2011 Clark St.                   | Kellom         | 1898  |
| Charles Vorel, 4624 North Thirty-sixth St.      | Monmouth Park  | 1903  |
| Robert J. Vageler, 3722 North Thirty-first St.  | Druid Hill     | 1903  |
| Fred Wedemeyer, 4402 North Twenty-eighth St.    | Saratoga       | 1895  |
| Alice M. Weller, 1907 Spencer St.               | Lothrop        | 1899  |
| Ralph Wilson, 5225 South Twenty-fifth St.       | Castellar      | 1900  |
| Adrian Westberg, 4412 North Twenty-ninth St.    | Saratoga       | 1902  |

## Some Silhouettes of the Sidewalk

BY BOBBIE BABBLE.

In many a modish summer land, At Palm Beach, on Bermuda's strand, Each fashionable beau and buck Lolls in his garb of faultless duck. While here beneath a colder sky The bold street-sweeper hastens by, And he, with energy a-fire, Wears the same summerlike attire.



Unmindful of the sunny hours, The southern idler wastes his powers. His white clad brother in the north Is more forehanded, Starting forth Upon his task at break of day, He has been heard at times to say, Above his bright tin coffee cup, "My business, sir, is picking up."

One owns a big apartment house; Its janitress is his own spouse. Another of these "White Wing" gentles Owns several model tenements. The moral of it goes in show That only from little acorns grow, And spite of thieves and men and rats, Wealth sometimes blossoms in the dust.

"Is that your real opinion—your sincere conviction?" "Absolutely," said I. "Very well," said she, with an odd little laugh, and at breakfast the next morning the first thing I saw in my newspaper was the headline, "Purcell on Toaca." And there I read, word for word, my remarks of the night before. The young woman, a musical critic, had recognized me. When I thought I was guilting her she was guilting me."—Detroit Free Press.

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"Working" a Joker Purcell, the composer of "The Girl of the Golden West," was responding to a toast on music at a dinner in New York.

"One of my musical reminiscences," he said, "relates to Milan. Visiting Milan on a rainy winter day, I dined near the cathedral, and then strolled in the direction of La Scala. Lo and behold, my own opera of 'Toaca' was billed at La Scala for that evening, so, of course, I couldn't resist a stall."

"La Toaca" was received warmly by a crowded house. The applause was almost frantic. In fact, a young woman seated on my left got so agitated because I didn't suspect that she resembled me, a town dweller, her pretty brow.

"Why don't you applaud the masterpiece?" she said.

"Masterpiece?" said I, and I laughed sarcastically. "Masterpiece? Oh, dear!" "Don't you like the music?" she demanded.

"No," said I. "It's the work of an artist."

"You know nothing of art," she cried, "or you wouldn't talk like that."

"Oh, dear!" said I. And then I proceeded to prove to her, according to the laws of thoroughness and counterpoint, how poor a work "La Toaca" was. I told her this in a suggested Verdi, that chorus was a reminiscence of Elton. In a word, I knocked my own music into a cocked hat.

"When I finished the young woman said:

"When I finished the young woman said:

## Undoing of Mr. Uplift

BY HAPAYETTE PARKS.

"Four famous doctors found good reasons to call a leading financier unwell. A jury of twelve business men disagreed with their decision and gave a verdict that the patient was sane," observes Mr. Uplift, desiring to point out to some Mr. Uplift some of the perils of modern commercial life.

"That sixteen to one business is just as crazy as ever," Son muses, falling to become alarmed at the dangers of a great city. "Even if they can't prove they were born foolish, most folks don't need to go to all that trouble to convince the public they are nutty."

"Men who make a specialty of such things," resumes Father, "ought to have certain fixed rules to determine whether a man is mentally sound."

"The one big sound with those owl-like experts," declares Son, "is the noise the victim's bank roll makes when he drops in to be examined. When a frenzied financier suddenly gets an idea he'd like to go crazy, all he has to do is to run up the long green flag. Believe me, if it's long enough, you can leave it to old Doc Saxbones to sign the papers showing he's as crazy as a March hare."

"It is strange to think that there are times when it seems desirable for anybody to be declared insane," marvels Father.

"Gee, ain't it great to be crazy!" hums Son in the words of that pathetic little ballad that is again coming into popularity with many of our best people. "Even here, where happy hummers are tearing off mad scenes, trying to sidestep gas bills, the post and various other little items that never drive ordinary nuts to drink. Why pay the cent when you can go crazy and 'nt moved free of charge?"

"It is a sane provision of our system of mental hygiene," Father mentions, "that all such cases must come before a judge."

"Make a noise like a purple cow and most judges will turn you out to grass in a jiffy," suggests Son. "Everybody feels so sorry for the poor guy with the dent in his brain that they forget all about the bunch of hard-working yaks who kicked in with their wads of dough to help build an air-ship line to Mars, or whatever the scheme was to double their money in sixty days. Nobody loves a sucker—after he loses his simoleon."

"This age of strenuous endeavor to accumulate wealth," Father believes, "tends to develop eccentricities in men."

"It sure does keep us turning flip-flops to catch up with the cart wheels," admits Son. "Most of us coarse creatures are tickled to death to pull off the circus stunts if but only pry loose our brains to take a real lightning actor, though, to hand out the money—maniacs drop when the mob begins the run on the bank."

"Of course," argues Father, "when reputable physicians declare a man is suffering from various delusions, it should be assumed that their diagnosis is correct."

## "Isn't it Fun to Go Crazy?"

Argued by Father vs. Son.



EVERYBODY FEELS SORRY FOR THE POOR GUY WITH A DENT IN HIS BRAIN.

those bug experts think up a fancy name that means you're just crazy enough to forget to pay your bills, but not quite bad enough to go to Mattawan." Son declines.

"Why is it," queries Father, "that we never hear of women becoming mentally unbalanced through money matters?"

"The only way to make a skirt crazy about coin," informs Son, "is to give her a five spot and then not let her spend it. If any hubby wants to see a genuine mad scene, try to sidestep gas bills, the post and various other little items that never drive ordinary nuts to drink. Why pay the cent when you can go crazy and 'nt moved free of charge?"