

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT :. Well, the Judge Will Try Anything Once :. By Tad

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Married Life the Second Year Warren Comes Home with a Headache and Helen Does Not Send Her Letter.

By MABEL HERBERT ERNER.

Monday.
Dear Mother: You write that my last letters have been merely notes about Winfred and the apartment, and that it has been months since I have written anything about Warren or myself. And you fear things are drifting back to where they were before I came home to you last spring.

That is true. I have not told you because it could do no good. But it seems to me that every day we are growing farther and farther apart. For a few months after he brought me back he tried to be gentle and considerate. But gradually he returned to his old habits of coldness and irritation.

It has been days since he has given me a voluntary caress, and he only tolerates mine. Sometimes I wonder if he loves me at all.

But there is no one else of that I am sure! Always I hug that thought and try to comfort myself with it. If he does not love me, at least it is not because he over any one else. He is absolutely true to me and I believe he always will be.

When I think of how many husbands are affectionate to their wives and yet unfaithful to them—I wonder which is the better way. I wonder if those wives would not gladly change with me, if they would not prefer the loyalty of their husbands to any pretensions of love.

I suppose it is Warren's nature to be cold, just as it is mine to be affectionate. And I am trying to become reconciled to that. But his irritability is very hard to bear. It seems to me that I spend most of my time trying to appease him, to keep him from being annoyed at some trivial thing or from being angry with me.

It is a pitiful commentary on Married Life that a wife must be constantly straining to keep her husband in a good humor, and yet that is what it has come to.

Mother, sometimes I wonder if we have reached this stage in two years, what will it be in five or ten? Do you suppose the time will come when we will not be together? Oh, I'm afraid to think of what the future may hold. If there was only something to look forward to, something which might happen, which would bring us nearer together.

Before Winfred came I thought that would—and it did for a while. For a few months we were very, very happy. But it did not last, and now if there should be another child it would be the same way. It might bring us closer for a while, but I know he would soon drift back again.

And then when I was so desperately ill at home this spring, and father had that busy talk with Warren, I thought that would help—but you see it didn't last. That is the desperate part of it all. Even though something may happen which might bring him nearer for a time—it would not last. He would soon drift back to his coldness and irritability.

I suppose some women have to make their children fill their lives. When they give up hoping for the affection they want in their husbands, they try to satisfy themselves with their children's love. Perhaps in time I can do this, but I cannot now. I love Winfred, but she does not fill my life. I want the love of my husband, and it seems to me nothing in the world will compensate for that—

pull the shades down in there, and stuff something in that blamed telephone so it won't ring just about the time I get to sleep.

Helen darkened the room, took the uncomfortable velvet sofa cushions off the couch, and put in their place a cool linen pillow from the bed room.

Warren, who had gotten into his smoking jacket and slippers, now laid down and she covered him with a steamer rug.

"Oh, I don't want that thing," throwing it off. "It's too hot and wooly."

"Then I'll get something lighter." She brought out a silken comfort and tucked it about him.

"Oh, my dear, your face is so hot—I'm afraid you're feverish. Don't you want me to put a cool cloth on your forehead?"

"No, I don't," drawing away impatiently. "I told you I just wanted to sleep. And you see that none of those infernal bells wake me."

"All right, dear—I'll muffle the bells, and we'll be very quiet."

She went out, closing the door after her softly.

"Mr. Curtis has come home with a very bad headache," going into the kitchen where Della was ironing. He's in the front room trying to sleep. Now be very careful if you go through the hall and don't make any noise."

Taking some soft tissue paper, Helen muffled both the telephone and the door bell. Then she went back to the kitchen to tell Della not to put on the roast; that she would order a chicken and some asparagus, two things Warren was especially fond of.

"And never mind about the dessert, Della. I'll make that myself."

When Helen went back into the sitting room her unfinished letter lay on the desk before her. She took it up, reread it, then slowly tore it across. Then she tore it again and still again, until it lay in small strips before her. Then taking a fresh sheet of paper she wrote:

"Monday, Oct. 23.—Dear Mother: I was glad to get your letter this morning. You say I have written the briefest notes of late, but that is because we have been moving and I have been so very busy. If I write mostly about Winfred it is because I know you are so much interested in her. But I will try to do better after this and write you longer letters."

"I am glad to hear that Edith Stoddard is to marry George Clapp. You say his father has taken him into the store now. Well, that ought to have a steady effect. I do hope he will make Edith a good husband."

"You wrote that Uncle Tolliver has bought the old Malvin place, but you do not say whether they are to move there or not. I'm afraid Aunt Lydia would never be satisfied out there."

"I have just finished a little linen dress for Winfred and have trimmed it with the crocheted lace you sent me. I had enough for the skirt, neck and sleeves, but need just five inches more to go around the little yoke. But I'm going to crochet that myself, the pattern looks very easy and I think by raveling back a scallop I can get it. What thread did you use? It looks like forty, but I'm not sure."

"I have a new shirtwaist pattern that I like very much. I have cut it off and am sending it to you. You will see it's very simple and it fits very well."

Warren has just come home with a bad headache and is lying down in the front room. I must stop now to make some wine jelly in time to have it well cooled. Even if he does not want any dinner, perhaps he will eat some of that. I dried back a scallop I can get it. Winfred sends a kiss to all of you. Lovingly, your daughter, HELEN."

There was a sudden sound in the hall. Helen look up startled. Surely it could not be Warren. It was not yet 4.

She ran to the door. Warren stood with his back to her, putting his gloves in the pocket of his overcoat, which he had just hung on the hall rack.

"Why, Warren, has anything happened?"

"Happened? Can't a man come home when he wants to without something happening?"

"Why, yes, of course, dear, but you never come home so early?"

"Well, I've got a ripping headache today, and I stood it down there at the office about as long as I could."

"Oh, dear, I'm so sorry! Can't I do something for it?"

"Now, I don't want to be fussed over. I just want to lie down and sleep if I can."

"Don't you want me to fix the bed—would you rather lie on the couch?"

"I'll lie on the couch in the front room."

Indian Paradise

The northern Ojibway Indians live by hunting and fishing, wild rice and berry gathering, and no country could be more perfectly adapted to such a life. Each season of the year has its characteristic occupation.

In the early fall they fish with nets of the outlets of the large lakes or in the narrow between their countless islands, sometimes spearing the sturgeons and other fish by torchlight. The flesh is cut into thin strips and smoked or sun dried. At this time they also shoot many ducks and cure them in the same way for winter use.

By the first of August the people begin to seek out the wild rice fields, where the precious cereal grows most abundantly about the outlets and swampy bays of these northern lakes. The harvesting of this natural crop is an interesting and important feature of their lives.

A large field having been located certain portions of it are pre-empted by different families, and men and women

Daffydill

SIC IM PRINCE HE BIT PAPA AND MAMMA.

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"I WANT TO KNOW CHIRPED THE BUG."

DOES IT NECESSARILY FOLLOW THAT A HEAD CUTTER FOR A CLOTHING HOUSE EXECUTES HIS WORK WELL?

LET HIM UP HE VOTES IN THIS WARD.

GIVE ME YOUR HAND STEVE FOR I BELIEVE YOU'RE AN HONEST MAN.

EASY ON THE WHIP ITS A WIRED HORSE

IF TWO NICKELS MAKE A DIME DOES LIMBURGER MAKE A SCENT?

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Sherlocko the Monk :. By Gus Mager

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THE CASE OF THE BATTERED PEANUT ROASTER

The Wife Who Goes to Work

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

"What do you think, and what are your views of a wife going into business, provided, of course, that she has a very good, thrifty, economical woman to take charge of the house while she goes to business, say in the line of stenographic secretary, and would rather follow that line than to keep house?"

"The case is this: Suppose two young people love each other and decide to marry, and the young woman has a good position, as also has the young man. The girl does not like housekeeping, but would rather keep on working at a line that she loves—work which is congenial and which makes her happy to do. Is it not better, in your opinion, to continue to do that work, that is, the more congenial to her—provided, of course, that she arranges matters so that her husband has a comfortable home to come to, and by so doing he is greeted on his home-coming by a smiling, happy wife, than by one who has fretted because the oven wasn't hot enough to brown the biscuits, and the potatoes burned while she was in the dining room?"

There was a time, not so very long ago, when the only answer to be made to this question would have been that a married woman's place is at the fireside.

Romantically viewed, that is the position for a wife; taking care of her home; planning to make it beautiful and herself attractive, and letting the husband take care of the expenses and the outside affairs of life.

If the husband has sufficient income to meet existing conditions, that is still the best place for the wife, who marries for love.

There can be no more ideal situation for a feminine woman than this. There are so many masculine-minded women today, women who seem born to do the work of the men in the outer world, that the very feminine woman is necessary to describe the feminine type.

There can be no other employment so delightful as the work of house-making; and there can be no other type of woman so fascinating as the home-maker, once she understands the dignity and scope of her occupation, and regards herself as the guiding spirit of the home, and feels the beautiful responsibility of growing large and lovely enough to fill the whole situation.

Here is a brief outline of what a young wife of this type could, and would, do, if she held this ideal in mind.

Her home might consist of four rooms only, or it might consist of a three-story house. If she employed help it would still be her own thinking, and her own taste, which ruled.

She would begin by planning to make each room as homely and attractive as her income and time would permit; keeping comfort always in the foreground; and developing the residence into a center for love and happiness and peace. She would have color schemes for each room; and the little articles of adornment would all possess a meaning. There would be nothing useless or irritating; and there would be nothing inconvenient in the home.

Her table would be a poem of pretty linen and flowers, and china to suit her needs. All these things are to be found today at small expense, by one who has the taste and desire for them. The food she put upon her table would be prepared understandingly and with interest and affection. She herself would be the most attractive object in the home; and if obliged to do her own work, in working garb, she would never be seen with untidy hair or soiled neckwear.

A daughter of a well-to-do professional man, who had never learned domestic work, married and faced her new life with a very limited income. The young husband was just from business college, and beginning on a small salary. The wife insisted upon having a home, and the tiny apartment which their means permitted has grown into a very jewel box under the hands of the young woman. She has studied the chemical value of foods, as well as cook

books; and she has found it an easy task (with love as a teacher) to nourish her husband's system with good, appetizing food, to make her table attractive, and to be always a pleasing sight to his eye.

Besides this, she finds time for study and for reading, and is growing mentally. "I do not find my housekeeping the least tax or strain," she says, "because I have systematized the work; and I fully enjoy seeing how much I can accomplish in the line of home-making, and each week laying aside a little of my husband's salary."

This young woman was born wholly feminine. She was born to love and be loved by a man; and to find her happiness within the four walls of a home. But there are many other bright, beautiful and charming girls today who were not born with this temperament. They have, perhaps, inherited an active father's restless desire to be doing things out in the big world; or they have been mentally marked by a dissatisfied mother, who suffered from the failure of a husband to provide properly for her before the birth of the daughter.

Or they have been thrown upon the world to support themselves early, and have learned the pleasure of independence, and cannot endure the idea of having to lean upon another, even a husband, for money.

To such young women (and such I judge is the author of the letter quoted above) it would be folly to say, "You must give up your work and turn yourself into the domestic angel. You must abandon any idea of earning money yourself."

It would be worse than folly to insist upon this; for unless the taste and the inclination accompany the work it will be a failure, just as is the attempt of many parents to make musicians of children who have no talent for, and no interest in, music.

When a young woman has won a place for herself in any position where she finds happiness and good remuneration, and when she desires to retain that position after marriage, it is a sure indication that she was intended for a wage-earner, instead of a dependent upon the bounty of love.

It is little short of crucifixion for such a woman to be compelled to accept the quiet domestic role.

Every woman has a right to make the most of herself. Love is not love when it demands that a woman give up her aspirations for growth and limit her outlook on life. But a great many women who are striving to be wage and salary earners today, with an impression that they are developing to their best possibilities, would be much further toward the goal of actual development had they chosen to remain at home and think and study and create that rare and much needed thing—an ideal home.

It, of course, takes two to make an ideal home. But many a masterful man is marred by having his wife the financial power in the home. He loses the spirit of the protector and provider and ceases to think of himself as necessary to the maintenance of his family.

In all these questions the particular temperament of the two parties interested must be studied and understood before any counsel of value can be given. There is little great, absorbing, all-bestowing love to be found today between men and women. When it is found, every question regarding the home, the habits and the occupation of both husband and wife is settled by the wonderful mentor—love.

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Twins Born Miles Apart

An Agawan (Mass.) family boasts of twins born in different cities. A Mrs. Strensurne left Agawan to visit friends in Springfield. The first manifestation of the stork was under a strange roof in Agawan. A taxicab took Mrs. Strensurne to Springfield at a forty-an-hour clip. The second twin was born in that city. The twins are pictures of health. Dr. H. C. Collins, the attending physician, says that the incident has no counterpart in his experience in 3,000 cases of childbirth. Moreover, he is sorely perplexed as to just how he is to fill out the birth certificate required by law, but, to be on the safe side, has practically decided to file certificates of birth in both Agawan and Springfield.

"At that," said Dr. Collins, "the authorities of each will telephone me to ask 'Where is little great twin?' The legislature may have to pass a special act to straighten out this tangle."

While he was procurator in Spain the elder Pliny was offered 400,000 sesterces (about \$15,000) by Lartius Leicinius for his "Electorum Commentarii."

go out by pairs in a canoe to the straw in bundles so ripen. A month later they again enter the field and beat out the grain with a club, while holding it over the canoe with a hooked stick. In this manner the light craft moves slowly in water several feet deep, while only the black heads of the harvesters are visible through the thick straw. After the field is cleared, and the canoes emptied on shore, a hole is dug or a natural water worn rock filled half full with rice and covered with rawhide. Then the young men dance barefoot upon it until hushed; it is winnowed in skins or flat baskets, thoroughly dried and finally packed in rush sacks or skins, sometimes in whole fawn skins. This nutritious food is mainly used in the form of a soup or stew with wild duck and other game.—Southern Workman.