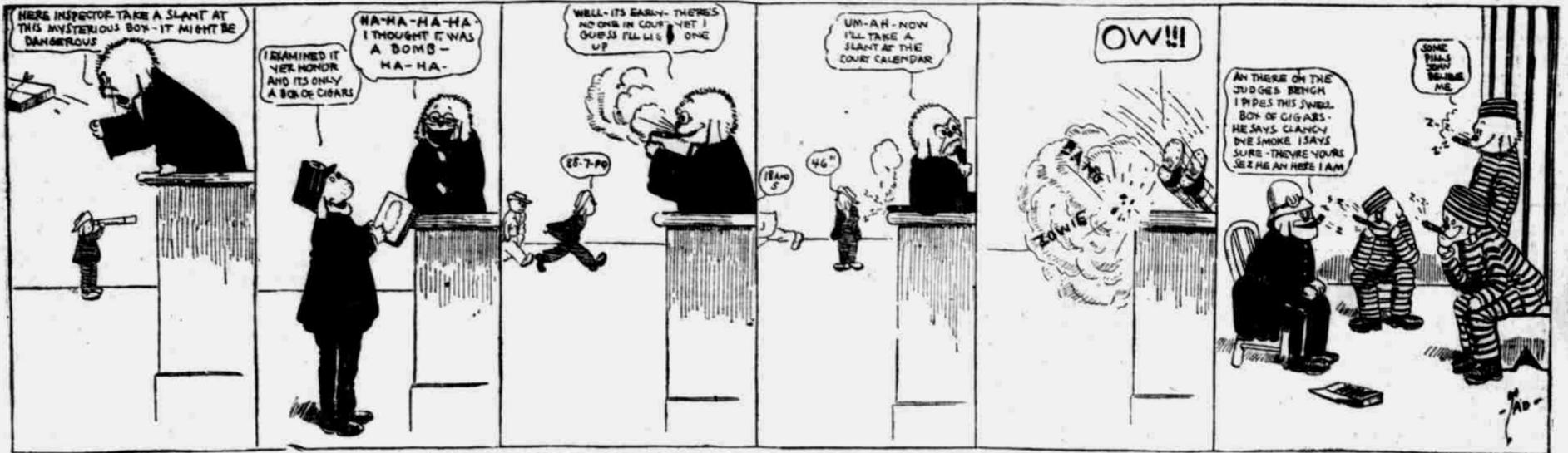


# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT — Just to Show What a Generous Guy the Judge Is — Drawn for The Bee by Tad

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### Physical Culture in the Home

By DOROTHY DIX.

A young girl who longs to be beautiful and to possess the willowy figure that we see depicted in the public prints, writes me a most discouraged letter. She says that she is not able to take lessons in physical culture at \$5 per. nor has she the wherewithal to set up an elaborate gymnasium in the small Harlem flat which she occupies with her family.



And she wants to know what can a poor girl do. Help mother, daughter. You will find a perfect substitute for weights and pulleys and chest developers and waist reducers in the homely utensils of the kitchen. Try them.

The potato masher is a good substitute for Indian clubs. The proper way to use them is to grasp one firmly in each hand and attack a nice, hot steaming bowl of potatoes with them. Throw vim and vigor and energy into pounding the potatoes, using first an up and down movement and then getting a rotary action on them. This exercise will be fine to develop the muscles of the upper arm and give flexibility to the wrist.

N. B.—It has also an extremely good effect upon the potatoes. A flatiron makes a perfect dumbbell. Take a firm hold of the handle of the iron and thrust the arm forward with a lunging movement, keeping the body meanwhile erect. There are three results to be obtained from this exercise. It is splendid for strengthening the back, as the weight at the bottom of the arm requires force to keep it moving. It also reduces flesh about the hips and adds to one's grace of movement.

N. B.—The flatiron exercise is particularly effective when performed upon the family wash. For the cultivation of grace and litheness of movement the best known medium is the broom exercise. To do this get a good, solid grip on a broom handle every morning, immediately after breakfast, and after throwing up the windows so as to let in plenty of fresh air sweep the house rapidly and thoroughly. The continual bending backward and forward of the body at each stroke of

the broom renders the muscles of the back and chest firm and smooth. It also develops the arm and the stooping down to sweep under the beds and dressing tables supplies the joints and gives great elasticity to the entire figure.

When a supplementary exercise is needed what is technically called "making the beds" is peculiarly effective. The latter movement is most effective because heating up the pillows, turning over mattresses and shaking out sheets and blankets exercises the arm muscles and guarantees the erect form so much admired today.

N. B.—These exercises likewise save the price of a housemaid. To reduce the waist measure and the abdomen try the tub exercise.

Take ordinary wash tub and board. Fill the tub three-fourths full of hot water, then immerse a piece of cloth in the water and rub it up and down, taking care that the hands reach the bottom of the board each time. This motion will effectively remove the fatty deposit on the stomach, strengthen the back and promote grace and symmetry. It is particularly recommended to elderly ladies who are fond of rich eating.

N. B.—This gymnastic stunt will also save you \$1 or \$1.50 a week laundry bill on your lingerie blouses.

To soften the hands and keep them white and smooth, try dish washing. Remove the china from the table immediately after each meal and submerge it in hot water. The grease from the soiled plates will be found an excellent emollient. Repeat this process three times a day, immediately after eating.

N. B.—This exercise, if kept up regularly, will prolong mother's life, and prevent her hands from getting corns on them from overwork.

These are only a few of the many admirable exercises that the kitchen gymnasium affords, free of cost, to any girl who will try them. These exercises bring every muscle into play, and observation will show that any woman who habitually takes them has no need to go to high priced cures for robustness, or study Desarte theories for grace.

The finest figures in the world are possessed by housemaids, and many a servant girl has arms, and shoulders, and a neck that her mistress would give a fortune to possess. More than that, the home gymnasium gets the glad hand from men, and the girl who acquires her slim, strong, straight figure by exercising with the broom, and juggling the pots and pans will have no difficulty in capturing a husband with it.

The kitchen gymnasium has the expensive athletic club beaten a city block. Try it, daughter, try it.

### Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Pa & Ma & me went to a other show last nite, it was called 45 minits from Broadway. Ma wanted to go to the show becaus she liked it, & Pa wanted to go to the show becaus Ma sed Cum on, you, so we went.

I think it wud be a good idee for a gent to be closer to Broadway than 45 minits away, sed Pa.

I dont agree with you, sed Ma. I think it wud be a good idee for any man to be forty-five hundred miles away from there. I had a dream last nite, Ma sed, I dreamed that I had rote a song. It went like this:

A fair yung wife was standing on New York's greatest street, Her husband was a brilliant man, but seldom he did eat. His fair yung wife did face him at the close of that sad day, She looked upon him thoughtfully, & these words she did say:

CHORUS: A liver can't live long on Broadway, It hasn't got no chance at all; Your liver is your pard, but in time it will get hard, And 'twill creak you in the springtime or the fall.

Stomachs and livers have a lot of patience They're always loyal and they're always true. But a liver can't live long on Broadway— And that's the surest thing you ever knew.

I happen to have rote that song myself, sed Ma, & how do you like it? I dont like it at all, sed Pa. No wonder that you dreamed that you rote it. If you ever woke up & rote a thing like

that you wud think that you had been thru a nightmare. But cum on, let us see the show.

When we was waiting to let Pa buy our seats Ma told me about a girl friend that she had in the show. Sallie Fisher is her name. Ma told me that Sallie was the bristest girl in there: class at school. She was so brite, sed Ma to me, that she cud bound the ISSUES of Panama.



at a singel bound, Ma sed. She is one of the sweetest little girls that ever lived, sed Ma. When you grow up, Bobbie, it will be the dearest wish of my life to have you marry a girl like Sallie Fisher.

But after we had went into the show & Pa saw Sallie Fisher, Ma acted kind ever, sed Pa. I cud marry a girl like that in a second, Pa sed. I wud throw a rin onto her finger as fast as Theodore Roosevelt threw his hat into the ring, Pa sed. I know a thorotwed wen I see one, Pa sed. Look at her, Bobbie, sed Pa. I dont think she is so pritty, sed Ma. I think wimmen is funny, they aint vary good friends to each other wen us men inter-fere.

When Cooking Sconches. If something you are cooking happens to scorch, set the kettle in cold water immediately, and there will be absolutely no scorched taste. This is worth trying.

### Daddydils

THE MERRY FOUR WERE SEATED AROUND THE MARBLE TOPPED TABLE PLAYING BID PINOCHE. OLD DOC COOL DEALT NASTY NED HAD BID ROSEN HALL WENT HIM 10 BETTER, AND F.M. COLLISTER WAS STILL SLAMMING AT HIS MITT. THE DOC YAWNED THEN THE OTHERS OPENED THEIR OAPS. FINALLY NED PIPED WELL, WHAT DNE SAY - M'FROWNED THEN BARKED. IF MARMON KILLED THE SAKONS WHAT DID RHODERICK WHU?

2 UP AND ONE DOWN.

HI-HA, IM A STRONG-MAN IN THE CIRCUS NOW DONT GET UP TILL 8. THEN I PUT A FEW ELEPHANTS AROUND TO HELP THE HANDLER, CARRY A COUPLE OF TENTS TO THE STORE ROOM.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE ROOSTER WERE BATTING IN THE CIRCUS MENAGERIE. THERE WAS AN AWFULL RUMPUS AND ONE OF THE HANDS RUSHED UP TO DEXTER FELLOW, YELLING "THE ELEPHANTS MINUS A PIECE OF HIDE A FOOT SQUARE DEXTER RUSHED DOWN LIKE A MAD MAN BUT IT PROVED TO BE A PIECE OF PAPER PASTED ON THE BIG BOY'S BACK. WHEN BARNUM FOUND JUMBO DEAD DID THE CIRCUS?

I DONT CARE IF THEY ARE FOSSILIZED - YOU CANT HONEY FUGLE THE PUBLIC.

I PUT A BURE AROUND MY MEK AND HOLD A ROPE IN MY HAND. THE ELEPHANT PULLS MY MEK AND HULLS A WAGON-LOAD OF BOBS IN A WAGON - AFTER I MARCH IN THE PARADE I'M DONE.

SHE HAD FINISHED PLAYING HOUSE WITH HER DOLLS AND SAT DOWN AT THE TABLE TO DRAW A FEW NELL BRINLEY GIRLS. SHE PENCILLED OUT ONE THEN WROTE ON IT LITTLE MAUDIE JEROME DRAWING PICTURES AT HOME JUST THEN THE BELL RANG AND SHE RUSHED TO THE DOOR. WHEN SHE GOT BACK SHE NOTICED THAT SOMEONE HAD ADDED A LINE OF TWO TO HER NOTES. THEY WROTE CAN YOU MEND THE BREAK OF DAY?

DROP THAT WHEEL BARROW WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT MACHINERY?

GEE!! YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY

A FLIRT FOR A WIFE-BY WINI-FRED BLACK



She's flirting with another man and her husband knows it. What is he doing about it? Nothing but brooking his heart. What's the use, poor man! A woman like that isn't worth a minute's real pain, and, besides, I wonder if it isn't a good deal the man's own fault!

"I am a devoted husband," says the man, "I take good care of my wife. I give her everything my money can buy. She says she loves me and is always sweet to me, but she won't keep away from the other man. I bought her a handsome fur coat for Christmas and she couldn't wait to get out of the house to show it to the other man. What shall I do?"

Do get a little common sense into your poor head, poor man! Get a little red blood in your veins. What shall you do? Sit still and let a little feather-head wreck your life and her own and make things miserable for the two children you say she really loves?

Come to think of it, I don't blame the woman so much for flirting with the other man. Maybe she thinks he's a man—a real man—and that is what she is looking for.

The next time your wife puts on that fur coat and starts out, you put on your fur coat and say, "Going out? I'll go with you, and, do you know, I'm in a peculiar mood today. If I should happen to meet anyone I don't like I really believe I'd knock him down." The little goose who doesn't know enough to appreciate real affection will fall in love with you on the spot.

She belongs to the type of woman who love to have someone fighting for her. She doesn't live for love, she lives for vanity.

Is the man bigger than you are, and will he do a little knocking down, too? If he gets a chance? Don't give it to him. "Take another tack. Say, "Going out, my dear? So am I." And see to it that she sees you some time that very day with the prettiest woman in town looking right into your eyes. Your poor little goose of a wife

will be too busy watching you after that to see such of the man you dread as terribly.

What nonsense all this sort of thing is—what cruel, empty-headed, barren nonsense! Stop and think a minute, little Goose, if you have any of the apparatus for thinking in that little noodle of yours.

Who is the best friend you have on earth? Who will stand by you when everyone else has left you? Who really cares whether you are well or ill, happy or miserable? Who but the plain, everyday man who pays your bills?

This other fellow! What does he amount to? Not a thing in the world. He's all right when you are in good spirits, well dressed, happy and amusing. But get a good sharp attack of neurasthenia some day and watch his interest fade.

He isn't in love with you or with any one on earth but himself. He loves to stand back and watch himself work on the vanity of a silly woman. Do you love to see yourself fooled by him? Come to, little Goose, come to! You are just a harmless goose now, very soon you will be something quite different.

It is absurd now, this silly affair of yours, that seems so romantic to you. Don't you know that the very grocery boy in the corner store is laughing at you and at your dunes of a husband? It won't be so funny when you wake up some miserable day and find yourself deserted, disgraced.

You've been to too many nightclubs, that's all. You are really just a foolish, vain little thing with skin milk for blood and scrambled eggs for brains. But you like to imagine that you are a dangerous, fascinating, temperamental alien, lurking near to destruction with your languorous glances. Fudge! You couldn't really be languorous if you tried for a week.

You have your place in the world—the best place there is, too—the position of an honest wife and a good mother. Keep it, in the name of all that's honest, and let the notorious Mrs. This and the Second Mrs. That stay where they belong—in the play.

As far you, you poor, deluded husband, you can't make a woman like the wife you have chosen love you by pleading with her. And, for that matter, no woman on earth can love a man who will let her make a fool of him. She needs quite a different style of treatment.

### The House on the Rock

By DR. FRANK CRANE.

The history of mankind is the record of huge experiment in getting together.

Without organization we get none of the finer elements of life, such as orchestras and steam heat, cities, street cars, dictionaries and police.

Pure individualism means barbarism. Each man dwells in his own cave with the woman he has taken.

The struggle upward on the part of the race is merely a struggle to crush out those elements that prevent co-operation.

Price, lust, money-love, power-love and all forms of primal egoism disintegrate society, prevent unity, split all pacts of mutual help and are thus agent of savagery.

They minister to primitive egoism, but they destroy the higher, finer and more permanent egoism; that is to say while they seem to increase a man, yet in reality they eat him up. They make him small, they narrow his nature, provincialize his ideas and push him back toward the brute. They are not forces of evolution, but of dissolution.

Now, therefore, almost all attempts at getting together, all efforts at organizing into states, churches, armies, clubs, unions and the like, have appealed to those primeval passions, which in their nature can never give solidity to bodies of men. The cementing passions are curious. For they seem at first glance to be anti-individualistic: to make for loss to me and gain to others. Really, when he comes to try them out they increase and strengthen me. They are, as a matter of fact, powerfully egoistic, only that quality is concealed in them; it takes time, faith, vision and spiritual regeneration to see it.

For instance, take love-of-man, of men souls themselves, instead of the love of power over them. That seems to mean for me to annihilate self for devotion-to-ideal, and delight-in-service. All of these seem to strike at self.

We rebel against them with the instinct of self-defense. It is only when we reach a certain point of ripeness in experience, of maturity in wisdom and of power in spirit-

ual insight, that we see through the shall to the kernel.

It is then we perceive the actual truth of the saying that "he that saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life shall find it."

For we learn by and by that only as we put away the cruder egotisms of lust, money-love, pride, the desire to be master, the hate of service and so on, do we come to a sweeter, wider, nobler egoism; we come indeed to some sort of true appreciation of our own souls and of their worth to us and the world.

Only through altruism, only by the path of altruism, do we reach a sound individualism.

In the highest realm of character altruism and egoism mean the same thing. They blend. They make the full harmony, the white light of souls.

All these institutions, therefore, that are founded upon the sand of crude egoisms must perish. The state that means mere defense, the church that stands for rescuing the elect "as brands from the burning," the schools, whose aim is to make scholars and gentlemen apart from the vulgar crowd, the business world which has for a motive to make rich and independent and separate from my fellows, are on rotting pliers and will go down in time.

Jesus was right. Human society must be built on the abiding altruistic motives; only so shall "the gates of hell not prevail against it." Nietzsche was shortsighted and superficial. Tolstoy was right. Disarmament is right.

Only as we dare to trust, the altruistic laws, only as we fearlessly build our institutions on them, only as we have a practical, bold faith in the eternal energy of love and truth, and an unshakable belief that men will respond to it, in spite of what they say, only so can we permanently get together and build our houses upon the rock.

What Women Are Doing. The oldest women's college in the United States is that at Oxford, O., which was organized in 1838. Dr. J. W. Scott, father-in-law of President Harrison, was the first president.

### The Latest Dances and How to Dance Them

By Maurice, the Cabaret Artist—The Bunny Hug



A good pose in the bunny hug is illustrated here, but it may be too acrobatic for many people. In such cases the woman dancer need not lean back very far. Americans are the best dancers in the world. They dance with more grace and abandon than the Spanish people, even, but sometimes they are inclined to be careless in the way they hold themselves.

Hold yourself perfectly straight. Don't be stiff, however. And now for the bunny hug. Some one said this dance was especially adapted to engaged couples. I think it is, too. It certainly is not a wild or hilarious dance. It is a sort of "snuggly" dance where the girl puts her hand on her partner's shoulder and the two, in close embrace, do a very slow two-step describing a circle about the center of the stage or floor.

On the stage the dance has not found favor except when more acrobatic steps are joined to the "hug." It is too much like the lovers in the park on summer evenings; so to make the dance more successful and give it variety all kinds of different postures and poses are added. The original step is the "hug" as described. This should go with the slow part of the music in two-step kind. If a livelier tempo is struck the two dance a turkey trot "rock," assuming the regular dance position, but with hands on each other's shoulders. At the end of each musical phrase, when the natural pause comes in the music, the dancers assume a pose which is held until the music starts again. One good pose is illustrated here, but it may be too acrobatic for many people. In such cases the lady need not bend backward.

Don't give yourself an attitude of extreme fatigue. At all times be perfectly relaxed, but keep the back straight, the chest up and the hips back. Many women dance badly just because they hold themselves awkwardly. They, however, dance well enough when it comes to agility, steps, etc. Even on the stage the dancers must be both graceful and elegant in their motions.

