



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Some Landlords Have No Feeling at All

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



The Woman Who Wants to Marry— Some Ways to Catch a Man

By DOROTHY DIX.

A charming and attractive unmarried woman who has reached the place in life where she sees the shadow of the old maid's home falling across her path, frankly admits that she would like to marry and have a home and husband of her own. More: she has her eye on the particular man that she would like to see sitting across the table from her.



Unfortunately for her, this woman is not one of the women that attract men, and, worse still, the individual man whom she would like for a husband evinces no desire to have her for a wife, and so this bachelor maid asks for some rule for husband-catching, with specific directions about how to proceed in the case of this special man.

Alas, there is no formula for the proceedings that one may offer her with any certainty it will work out. The women who are the most successful fishers of men are a selfish lot, and never tell what sort of bait they use. Perhaps they don't know themselves. Probably they use less conscious effort to please men than the women do who never succeed in pleasing them at all.

Certainly it is not beauty alone that attracts man to a woman, as witness the homely married ladies all about us. Nor is it intelligence, which is ever a handicap instead of a help to a woman seeking a husband. Wit in a woman is anathema to a man, talent he abhors, and domesticity he praises and urges his friend to marry.

Men don't like blunt women, nor plain speaking women, nor women who tell them the truth, or who argue with them, and you will generally find that every old maid has one or the other of these characteristics. No man expects any other man to flatter him and tell him that he's the wisest, and handsomest and most wonderful thing in the world, but he is convinced that woman's mission in life is to appreciate what a superior crea-

ture he is, and burn incense before him, and the lady who can do this most discreetly, most naturally, and with the most realistic air, as if she meant it, is the boss head hunter of the husband tribe.

But there is no hard and fast rule for capturing a husband. No woman can run fast enough to overtake the man who is running from her. No woman can flatter or cajole a man into loving her if she has no attraction for him. In the end the thing that draws a man to a woman is a matter of personal magnetism, and that is a gift that the gods bestow or withhold at their pleasure.

If a woman has done what she can in a ladylike way to win a man's heart, and he is still indifferent to her, she may well console herself with the thought that it is a thousand times better to be an independent spinster than it is to be an unloved wife. Indeed, the lot of the old maid in these days is not one that calls for pity, but provokes envy.

Statisticians who have studied the marriage and the divorce problems declare that there are probably five marriages out of 100 that are really happy. That there are ten marriages out of 100 that are enduring, and that the balance are a purgatory on earth for both. One's own observation confirms this statement, and, this being the case, it is difficult to understand why any sensible woman embarks in the dangerous sports of husband-hunting.

If love comes her way, well and good. If the right man asks her to marry him, take him if she wants him, but, for her own safety, let her forbear from trying to capture some unwitting victim that she will have to hobble to keep at home, and whom she can never thoroughly domesticate, nor tame so that he will eat out of her hand.

And that's the only kind of a husband there's any real comfort in.

The Manicure Lady

"This is the most backward spring that I have ever saw," George said to the Manicure Lady. "Honest to goodness, it has rained so much lately that there ain't any umbrellas left to swipe. I had to go three blocks from the subway to this tonorial place this morning without any covering for my defenceless head except my lid and I took every foot of it on the run. I wouldn't have minded the exertion, George, only one of the fresh guys that is always standing around the corners saw me going the ten flat sprint, and he said something like 'Here comes Maud S.' or at least it sounded a lot like that."

"Don't pay no attention to fellows that is standing around on street corners," advised the Manicure Lady. "You ought to know better. If they were worth listening to they wouldn't be there to talk. Most of them is a lot of short card guys. Don't notice them—that's the best way."

"That's what Brother Wilfred is all the time telling me," said the Manicure Lady. "Wilfred says a man which will stand on a corner and pass remarks ain't got the first principles of a gent to begin with. One reason that the poor kid is sore at them loafers is because he picked a quarrel with one of them one night when he was escorting a young chicken home from the show. And although he didn't say much when he got home, I gathered from his map that he got mugged up awful. One of his ears has never been the same old ear since. But Wilfred is like an Indian; he never forgets. Now he always goes around the block to dodge that corner and I guess that is why he is all the time cautioning me to pay no attention to guys that makes fresh remarks."

"But getting back to the weather, George, I swear to goodness I have never saw anything quite like it. Sister Mayme was out shopping yesterday, and she came home looking like a old hen that fell in a pond. Mother went over to call on one of the neighbors and tell all the gossip and when she got home she looked wetter than sister Mayme. And the old gent came home soaked, too."

"Sometimes I wonder if the springs now is like the springs we used to have when we was kids. I can close my eyes now, George, and think of one of them old spring days back in Colfax. Wisconsin, when the first buttercups and daisies was peeping through the green sod, and the May flowers was blooming in the shady woods, and the anemones was blooming on the sunny hills, waiting for us kids to pick them. I can hear the calls of the blackbirds in the poplar trees, and even in the swamps there was little cat birds stinging in the alders. Don't it make you think of the old days, George?"

"It sure does," agreed the head barber, pausing for a moment and letting his half honed razor fall to the shelf. "It sure does. And do you remember them cowslips that used to grow along the edge of the frog pond, with their green leaves and their yellow petals? They was the yellowest things I ever seen, kiddo. And the pussy willows—I remember how I grabbed a bunch of them and took them to my teacher. She patted me on the head and called me a dear little lad. I remember. And I remember how three of the boys in my class got after me at recess and cleaned me good and proper for being the teacher's pet. It took three of them to do it, though."

"It must have, George," said the manicure lady. "But there was the spring days, wasn't they? There ain't no spring in a big city, George. I often wish I could go back to the little town."

Daddydile

THERE WAS CERTAINLY SOMETHING THE MATTER WITH JERRY, HIS HAIR WAS ALL MUSED, HIS NECKTIE HELD ALOOF FROM HIS COLLAR AND HIS HAT HAD AS MANY STOKES IN IT AS A WHOLESALE HARDWARE STORE BUT OUTSIDE OF THAT HE LOOKED GREAT, EXCEPT THAT HIS CLOTHES WERE ALL MOODY FROM ROLLING AROUND IN THE GUTTER. HE CAME OVER TO OUR TABLE AND SAID WE CAN NEVER TELL HOW MANY PARENTS WE HAVE MOST OF US CLAIM FIVE FATHERS.

WHO SAID SO, MUM?

AFTER IT WAS ALL OVER, EVERYBODY GOT BUSY GIVING HIM ADVICE. HYRE SAID HE OUGHT TO BE SHOT, SO DID SO AND SO AND WHATS HIS NAME AND WHO IS THIS, EVEN THE BARTENDER LIP AT PROXIMA THE SMARTEST GUY ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE GREAT WHITE WAY CHIRPED IN AT THE POST-MORTEM WITH THEM SAY MATY'S COLLAR WILTSE ON A HOT DAY.

LET HIM GO, HELL GET TIED.

THE POOR BOOB HAD BEEN AROUND EVERY DAY, WITH HIS SAMPLES UNDER HIS ARM LOOKING FOR A JOB HIS SHOES WERE GOING ON THE BLINK AND ALL THE BARTENDERS IN THE FREE LUNCH SALOONS WERE SOME AT HIM ONE DAY AN OFFICE BOY SAID COME RIGHT IN THE BOSS IS WAITING FOR YOU HERE'S WHAT THE BOSS SAID TO HIM IF NIAGARA FALLS WILL IT LAY BUFFALO?

GAWAN, AND MIND YER BEWARE!

The Nest Builders

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Almost every girl who is in love with love, and all girls are, or I pity them, at some time in her life begins to store away odd pieces of lace and embroidery; a pretty cushion cover, a dolly or two, pretty and dainty personal articles. These she keeps sacredly by themselves, and occasionally gets them out, and turns them over with a happy look in her eyes, and then puts them back again.

Is she engaged to be married? Not necessarily. Has she a lover? Perhaps not; it is immaterial. But she has something which representeth both the engagement ring and the lover: Dreams. And having these dreams, she is as happy as if every day she had picked up a horseshoe! This very prosaic world of ours would be beyond endurance if it were not for the dream part.

The Right Road to Health

The Woman With "Nerves"—The Cause and the Remedy

By ANNETTE KELLERMANN.

One of the main reasons why women do not attain the full perfection of beauty which nature intended them to have is because they constantly encourage the destructive element which we call "nerves" for about "nerves" is never quite healthy or beautiful, because of the constant drain on her forces.

The nervous woman is always tense, and this tension shows itself in odd ways. The woman with a certain kind of nerves simply starves her hair right off her scalp, because she keeps those scalp and head and neck muscles so tight that not enough blood can get to them to nourish the hair. Then she goes to a scalp specialist and gets massage treatment, which helps some, but the real trouble lies in herself.

Another woman finds that she sets her jaw and frowns all the time quite unconsciously. Her nerves have gone to her face. Another woman holds her shoulders rigid, the next one never takes a good long breath, the third gulps her food down. Another girl unconsciously contracts the muscles of the waist and chest. If you ask them why they do these things, why they are so tense, why they cut off the blood supply in some part of the body by contracting the muscles—the answer always is: "Oh, I'm so nervous I can't help it."

The person who is nervous and tense is almost always awkward and if for that reason alone "nerves" should be put a stop to. You notice I did not say controlled, because this physical tension, which is the result of nervousness, cannot be controlled in the ordinary way. The more you control it, the worse it gets and girls, particularly children who are forced to "control" this kind of nervousness, often become quite ill as the result of the wrong method of changing the condition.

You can overcome "nerves" and muscular tension by relaxation and by relaxation only. To find out what relaxation really is you must contract your already stiff muscles even further and then let go. The first delicious feeling of relief is just the beginning of what real relaxation is going to mean to the nervous woman.

When you watch a cat wake up, stretch itself, stiffen every muscle in its body and then relax completely, you have a perfect example how the relaxation exercises ought to be done to overcome nervousness.

I'm going to begin with the girl who has a nervous tense face, with lines of worry and anxiety and a set frown between the eyes.

I want her to take advantage of every opportunity to do this relaxing work. She can practice in street cars and whenever she has an odd moment. Sit in a comfortable chair and rest the head against the back. Close the eyes. Relax the jaws and let the mouth open naturally. Put your mind on the muscles of your own self. Try and feel yourself relaxing and let ting go up there. You can do it better by first tensing all those muscles over which you have control and then letting go of them. Contract the forehead muscles and then relax them. Do this repeatedly. Each time you will be able to relax a little more. Now take the cheeks and jaw muscles. Work over every set of muscles, contracting them vigorously and relaxing. In a little while your face will begin to tingle, a sure sign that the flow of blood is increasing in those inner set muscles. After some practice you will lose your nervous expression naturally, for tension yields to relaxation, but not to rigid control, which simply increases the nervousness.

People afflicted with this trouble should eat very slowly, masticating carefully and long. They should avoid tea, coffee and high-sped, rich or heavy dishes.

Nightfall

By FRANCES TYRRELL-GILL.

Within the heart's unrest, the strife of brain!

Out there—the fall of evening near— The veil of noiseless, close, persistent rain!

Above, unspooled by any tear, One golden space in all that waste of gray!

And, some-where, one untroubled bird, Sang on her thankful song for night or day!

Whereat the low wind, hest'ning, stirred The dusk with some heart-known refrain.

Then all things were as voices blest— The rain that knew it had to fall, The wind that answered to the rain, The bird so sure of love thro' all— To bring, in all its full intent, The meaning I had missed all day.

Something bid the turmoil cease; Things stayed, and yet had passed away. And in my soul was peace!

and get out in the open air just as much as possible. Here are two exercises which will help if done night and morning.

Stand erect, place the left hand on the left side of the body just above the waist. Inhale and stretch all the muscles of the left side upward, lifting ribs and shoulder to the highest degree possible. The abdominal muscles will contract. Hold this position for several moments, then relax completely and exhale.

Another good exercise for nervous indigestion and for nerves generally consists in a vigorous contraction of the muscles of the back while lifting up the ribs. Take a big breath and lift up the chest. Feel the contraction in the back. Hold the position as long as you comfortably can. Now relax completely. Repeat until you begin to yawn.

Where the shoulders have been held too rigidly exercises with the staff, holding body and arms very tense, makes these muscles so tired that one instinctively relaxes them after the exercise is done.

Hold the body straight and rigid, grasp a staff in both hands, inhale and raise staff above the head back of the shoulders, up again and down to the chest; exhale, relax and lower the staff.

One of the finest exercises for tensing and relaxing all the muscles of the body is spear or stick throwing. Get a one 1/2 spear, a stick with a sharp point will do. Aim at a target and take a few running steps before throwing the spear, which should be held shoulder high. While you are throwing the spear every part of the body is vitalized and tense. As soon as the spear or rod leaves the hand the muscles relax. This relaxation practiced steadily is the cure for "nerves." It is more a mental than a physical process and no one can relax physically without an effort of the will.

MISS ANNETTE KELLERMANN.

(Other poses in silhouette by Isabella Jason of the Winter Garden.)

The two small pictures show two movements in the exercises described by Miss Kellermann.