

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT—All is Fair in Love and War

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



### Friend Wife

By DOROTHY DIX.

There is one slang phrase that always makes a hit with me, and that is "friend wife."

Do you get that? Friend wife! It's what every man should be able to call the woman to whom he is married, and yet not one man in ten thousand could truthfully use the phrase. There are wives who are sweethearts, wives who are affinities, wives who are sparring partners, wives who are debating opponents, wives who are tyrants, wives who are slaves and but how seldom a domestic drudge, wife is a friend.

Yet the best thing that any woman can be to her husband is to be his friend. It is the whole of the law and the prophets as regards how to be happy though married.



other's faces between the acts of the play, and stuffing themselves on bread and butter at the restaurant while they wait for their order to be served. Not a word have they to say to each other unless they get into a scrap about what they shall have to eat, or whether they put the cat out of doors when they left home.

In any company you do not see a diagram to show you which are the married couples. You can pick them out by their bored expressions.

They did not even notice the pitiful paucity of conversation in the home! Husbands and wives seem to have literally no topic in common except the bills and the children. The average family circle might be composed of mutes for all the cheerful and interesting talk that goes about it. Yet the husband may be famed as a wit and a raconteur in society, and his wife considered as unusually bright and vivacious in company. Both of them have plenty to say to other people, but they have nothing to say to each other because they are not friends.

They may be lovers, but the lovers' litany is short, whereas the repertoire of friendship is exhaustless. You soon weary of asking the adored one "Dose dukky is oo?" and telling a woman how beautiful, and wonderful, and angelic she is, but you can talk forever to the friend whose mind is but a mirror in which you see your own thoughts glorified, and who touches no subject but to turn a brighter and more entrancing light upon it.

What is a friend? A friend is the one to whom you can go with every joy and sorrow, certain of understanding, sure of sympathy and help. How many men find such a friend in their wives? How many women have such friends in their husbands? So few, so tragically, pitifully few!

It is one of the heart-breaking facts of matrimony that one of the first things that the average husband finds out is that he can't even be frank with his wife without her going into hysterics. He has to lie to her when he wants to stay down-

### The Human Iceberg

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"I am going with a gentleman for eight months," writes a nice little girl. "He calls to see me twice a week but never shows any affection at all, nor has he ever told me he loved me, although he often speaks of marrying and what he intends to do when we get married."

"Don't you think if he loves me he would have to show it? I hear other girls talking about how their friends act and it makes me feel very blue. Do you think it would be right for me to show him some affection? He gave me a very pretty diamond bracelet for Christmas, but he is as cold as an icicle in his actions."

One of the greatest tragedies that can befall a loving and lovable woman is to marry a human iceberg. She knows she would find no comfort, no return of emotion, if she went out and hugged a snow man.

She realizes that there would be no warmth in throwing her arms around a marble tombstone and pressing her cheek against it. Yet that is the kind of companionship she is choosing for life in marrying a cold-blooded man. If the future holds any joys for them, she receives no kindred smiles from a man like this nice little girl describes.

If it brings sorrow she will find more consolation in the companionship of a stone pillar than in that of her husband. His kisses will be like the dripping of cold rain on a stone porch, and his caresses, if there are any, will chill like the north wind.

He may come wooing with a diamond bracelet, but there would be greater happiness if he came wooing with a warm and tender heart and an affection that would make some demonstration.

Men have been known to be cold and reserved as lovers who made good husbands. I am sure the majority do. They are good in this: They are loyal, considerate, always gentlemanly, always dignified, always true.

They never wander off. Neither does a snow man.

If a woman has reached an atrophied state she will find such a husband beyond reproach.

But few women reach that state, and I pity them if they do.

This nice little girl has the right since an engagement exists to show this man some mark of affection. If a demonstration from her, a little caress, a kiss perhaps is received as if she landed him his hat or a boiled egg, I insist that happiness for her doesn't lie his way.

His training, which has made him a human iceberg, must be overcome be-

fore he can be melted and remoulded. Some women can do this, and many have done it. But it is a process that requires rare tact, rare patience and time.

The majority of women who marry for love and find themselves hugging a snow man to their breasts make a hopeless effort to warm into life the man chosen for life. And when this fails they accept an unhappy fate with patient resignation.

Of warm, loving natures, and only happy when they are showing that love, they are like the plant that never thrives because an ignorant gardener keeps it too closely pruned.

Coldness has been known to come after marriage. When it is apparent the outlook is tragic.

This human iceberg is not for you, my dear little girl! He should select a woman like himself, and his voyage through life with a twin iceberg floating by his side, majestic and cold, will be ideal.

### The World

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

With noiseless steps good goes its way; The earth shakes under the evil's tread. We hear the uproar and 'tis said. The world grows wicked every day.

It is not true. With quiet feet. In silence, virtue sows her seeds; While sin goes shouting out his deeds. And echoes listen and repeat.

But surely as the old world moves, And circles round the shining sun, So surely does God's purpose run, And all the human race improves.

Despite hold devil's noise and stir, Truth's golden harvests ripen fast; The present far outshines the past. Men's thoughts are higher than they were.

Who runs may read this truth, I say; Sin travels in a rumbling car. While virtue soars on like a star— The world grows better every day.

If you wish to have your table linen look nice do not put it through a wringer, as it makes creases that will not come out even if the cloth is ironed when very damp. By rinsing very thoroughly it looks ever better if not wrung very dry. Just try it and see. In fact, any clothes that you wish to look very nicely when ironed you will find come out a great deal better if wrung by hand.

### Daddydile

IF A MARRIED MAN'S A FOOL AND A SINGLE MAN'S A SIMP—WHAT'S A BACHELOR?

ONE SHOT CHARLIE THE DAREDEVIL DETECTIVE WAS SENT OUT ON A CASE IN A SUBURBAN TOWN. COMING UP TO THE HOUSE CHARLIE WAS ALL BUT KNOCKED DOWN BY A MAN WHO CAME DASHING OUT OF THE PATHWAY. OUR HERO RECOVERED HIS BALANCE AND GRABBED THE MAN. CHARLIE PULLED A GUN ON HIM AND AS THE FELLOW PUT UP HIS HANDS HE CHIRPED, "IF YOU RANG THE DOORBELL WOULD THAT BRING EIDER DOWN."

CHIC JONES THE KENTUCKY SCOUT WAS OUT HUNTING WHEN HE HEARD A LOW MOAN AND ON INVESTIGATING HE FOUND A MAN UNDER NEATH A NEAR BY TREE—RUSHING OVER HE LIFTED UP THE FELLOW'S HEAD AND HEARD HIM SAY, "IF A MAN BOTTLES MILK WHAT DOES A BEER BOTTLE GRAB THAT THAR MAN ES A BURGULAR."

JOE WEILE THE JERSEY FARMER WAS PLOWING UP HIS POTATO PATCH WHEN SUDDENLY AS HE OVER TURNED A LARGE ROCK HE CAME ACROSS AN OLD PIECE OF PARCHMENT. UNROLLING IT FEVERISHLY HE FOUND THE TWO LINES BARELY VISIBLE "IF A MAN WAS HIT BY A TROLLEY CAR WOULD YOU SAY HE GOT A MESSAGE BY CABLE."

I'VE GOT A CINCH NOW ALL I DO IS COUNT MY FATHER'S MONEY. GET UP ABOUT ONE IN THE AFTERNOON GO OVER THE STOCK OF FIVE DOLLAR BILLS.

WHICH THE OLD MAN KEEPS IN THE CELLAR THEN I SPEND AN HOUR OR TWO GOING OVER THE RECEIPTS WHICH HE RECEIVES FROM HIS MINES OUT WEST.

I'VE GOT A CINCH NOW ALL I DO IS COUNT MY FATHER'S MONEY. GET UP ABOUT ONE IN THE AFTERNOON GO OVER THE STOCK OF FIVE DOLLAR BILLS.

town of a night and play a game of cards, or go to dinner with some man. He wouldn't dare to tell her that he had happened to meet some woman he knew near the door of a restaurant and had asked her to lunch with him. He'd only tell these things to his "friend wife" and not one of them would be "friend wife."

Why, the great majority of men are not sufficiently friendly with their wives to even talk over their business with the ladies, or to open up their hearts to them and show them their hopes, and plans, and ambitions. When you want to talk about real things like that they go to some man. It's mighty seldom that a man finds his real confidante in "friend wife."

smoothly she must keep most of her real thoughts and ideas to herself, and all of her troubles, and that the best way to work her lord and master is to make him comfortable, and obtrude her soul longings on him as little as possible.

When a woman wants to discuss a problem play, or a new novel, or her clubs, or the suffrage movement, she is rarely fortunate enough to be able to do so with her husband. For the average man isn't interested in the things that his wife is, and he doesn't even make a pretense of being. Therefore the wife's friends are of her own sex if she is a good woman, and of the opposite sex if she is foolish and a flighty one, but her best friend is not, as it should be, friend husband.

the last estate of married life, must either be friendship or ruin.

The romance of courtship is a tissue of chaff that wears to rags and tatters with a year or two of married life. Passion dies of satiety, and then the home must go to pieces like a house of cards unless it was founded on the solid rock of friendship. After the glamour and the thrills of youth and beauty and desire are gone wedlock becomes the ball and chain that bind two prisoners who are linked together to do a life sentence at hard labor unless they have a friendship for each other that makes this enforced companionship a never ending joy or both.

Therefore when a man halls the partner of his bosom as "friend wife" we know that he has given the high sign and the password to the lodge of the happily married.

### Happy Days

By HAL COFFMAN.



### Summer Sneezes

By DR. JOHN BESSNER HUBER.

Good old Ben Franklin knew a thing or two; in fact, he knew a whole lot of things nobody else in his day and generation ever suspected, and he sensed some things that had to wait until a few years ago to be proved.

More than a century ago he observed that people caught cold from each other, and now we know the reason why—that germs play their part in most colds. It is therefore easy to understand how, as germs are always with us, season in and season out, we have winter colds and spring colds (when the post sings through his nose, "Cub gedia Sprig"), and summer colds and autumnal colds (hay fever).

The temperature of the air has very little to do with "catching cold," except as it lowers the bodily resistance. Arctic explorers never catch cold while at or near the poles, but many of them do so soon as they get back to civilization, where the germs are. The cold air treatment is the ideal one for consumptives; these poor sufferers get well more surely in the winter than in the summer if they do as they are told. Monkeys are very consumptive creatures, and are very short-lived when confined in hot, stuffy managers, but perch them on snow drifts and they will live and thrive the regular span of a monkey's life.

So the common cold is generally an infection, and, being so, is catching. And here, as in all infections, there have to be two main things to consider—the run-down condition of the body and the presence of the germs.

Summer colds are the meanest of all because they are so hard to get rid of, and because people somehow resent a cold in the good old summer time, thinking of it as an affliction that should belong only to the snow months.

Many people catch cold in June, when the day is hot and the next perhaps cool, even cold, and when the weather is apt to be windy, so that the germ-harboring dust is scattered for every one to breathe in. Smith goes off for an outing on a warm Sunday, perspiring in a negligee and without a vest, and comes back for work when the temperature has gone way down. By this he gets chilled, which "predisposes" him to a cold—that is, he is now in a condition favorable to the growth and activity of germs in his body. Or women go to business on a warm morning in peabook shirtswaits, to get home chilled from open cars; the germs will do the rest.

Or way off in Lonsomehurst Mr. and Mrs. Jones will dine of an evening with a friend—all in the leafy month of June. June is one of the warm months, they think. So they take no wrap to cover the evening gown, no spring overcoat to shelter that tuxedo. Next morning the sneezing begins, the nose gets stopped up, then follow headache, chilly and feverish sensations, pains in the back, heaviness in the bones and joints, that tired feeling—all which, being interpreted, means the germs getting busy in the body. No matter which gets it first, one will catch it from the other in due time; here the male is just as deadly as the female. And both Mr. and Mrs. Jones are in for a week's snuffling, if no worse.

Whenever anybody sneezes people say, or they ought to, "God bless you," for the man with the sneeze certainly needs a blessing and the especial protection of Providence. The sneeze begins a cold, and the end of that cold is no trifling matter.

People say, "Nothing but a cold," let it go at that, and neglect it. But if you measure the neglected cold by its consequences you will find it one of the most serious ailments in existence; for certainly no other is responsible for more suffering, inconvenience, money loss and grave illness. Serious not only to the individual sufferer, but to others as well; for colds, as we have noted, are catching, and there are epidemics of them.

For example, practically the whole force in an office, or a workshop, or a factory will be suffering from one case alone. If a workman comes into the office sneezing, talking thick and making a general nuisance of himself, better send him home until he is recovered, no matter at what sacrifice; it will be found the best in the end.

There are several germs responsible for colds—the pneumonia germ for one; the catarrh, the influenza, the bronchitis germ, and so on. They grow in the lining of the nose and throat; and when their bodies are predisposed to their development by being first heated and then chilled, or by overwork, or by working in stuffy, germ-laden, ill-ventilated rooms, or by any cause that lowers the health and reduces the vitality—then the activity of the germs is represented by inflammation, with the symptoms stated, and with which everybody is more or less familiar.

Catarrh is a chronic cold, hard indeed to get rid of, and leading much too often to such diseases as pneumonia and consumption. Catarrh makes the com-

branes of the upper air passages unhealthy and thus a fruitful soil for the germs of diphtheria, measles, meningitis, infantile paralysis and what not else. Pretty much all deafness comes from catarrh.

So get rid of a cold in Summer as in winter and as soon as you can. How? By leading the physiological life for one thing. Go to bed early and sleep at least eight hours; get up in good time; bathe well. Eat three meals of wholesome food a day and don't rush about it.

Be in the fresh air all the time, day and night. Have the shop and dust always well ventilated; avoid dusty, damp and foul air.

Be very moderate in the use of alcohol and tobacco. Better by far have nothing at all to do with alcohol in the summer. It dilates the capillaries of the skin, and then chilling of the body is easy.

Tobacco is no preventive of catarrh; it increases catarrh by irritating the upper air passages. No doctor can ever cure your catarrh while you smoke.

Excessive tea drinking is as bad for women as alcoholism is for men. Tea, the tippie of women, should be taken always freshly made in moderation, and never without a bite of food.

Wear suitable underclothing, thin in the summer. Wear always warm foot-wear and stout, watertight shoes. Never get your feet wet, nor your extremities chilled. Put your chest protector on your feet. Cover your chest, of course; but not so much as to impede breathing, upon which good health ever depends.

Sleep avoid draughts—by means of screens, or of a clothes horse covered with a shawl or a blanket.

Both overeating and eating indigestible foods and too much sugar and starches tends to colds. Children may keep up troublesome catarrhs by eating too much sweets, although a moderate amount of pure candy is good for a child. Regulate a child's digestion, and it won't have to blow its nose so much.

If catarrhs and unhealthy throats are not cured, worse may come. Adenoids and enlarged tonsils must be removed in children.

Always breathe through the nose. Some people think the mouth is for breathing, but this is a mistaken theory. Besides, the mouth breather, looks neither handsome nor pretty. Inside the nose the air is warmed, as it should be, for its passage into the lungs.

Never eat without having first washed your hands and got rid of whatever germs may be on them. Keep your hands away from your face as much as possible—your whole face, including the mouth and nose. Don't borrow pencils or books or anything else (not even bills, no matter how much you need them) from anyone with a cold; don't touch soiled handkerchiefs, or use public drinking cups or stand near anyone who is coughing and sneezing. Dodge such a citizen as you would an approaching creditor—until he has shaken his cold.

Keep your teeth always clean; all kinds of germs lurk about unclean teeth. I once knew a citizen who had twenty-six varieties of germs in his jaws; no doubt by now he has developed some fifty-seven varieties—that is, if he is still above ground.

If you think a cold is coming on, douche your nose by means of a nose cup (to be found in any drug store), using a solution of half a teaspoonful of salt to a tumblerful of water as hot as can be borne, then gargle your mouth with this solution. Swallow five grains of quinine, and then don't think anything more about it. Worry that killed a cat, can develop a cold.

**Forced to Fight.**

Uncle Joe Cannon was asked on his seventy-sixth birthday recently if he had many good fights left in him.

"Well," said he, "it all depends. There's hardly any animal that won't fight if he's chased into a corner. I'll never forget the day I started to school. Several of the boys came around and said:

"Be sure to look out for Oliver Cartmell. He always licks every new boy and he'll probably get you."

"So I tried to keep out of Oliver's way, but at about the second recess period he came along when I was right up in a fence corner. I looked all around for a place to run, but everywhere was either fence or Oliver. I would have given anything for a chance to run, but I couldn't. And the consequence was that I lammed hell out of him."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

**To Clean Zinc Tray.**

To keep the zinc tray of a gas stove bright and clean, rub with benzine, then wash with soap and pulverized pumice. It will look like new. If spots are stubborn, use a little kerosene.