

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT—Anything Against Chickens is Against the Judge ∴ Drawn for The Bee by Tad



The Drudge Husband

By WINIFRED BLACK.

"My husband is a good man. He has never said an unkind word to me since I've been his wife. He is hard working, devoted, honest, but he is a drudge—just a plain everyday drudge, and he never will be anything else."

"My school girl companions who married when I did have gone on and on with their husbands. One of them has a beautiful home of her own and one has just gone to Europe on a pleasure trip, and here I am tied down to the drudge who took when we were married."



"My girls go to a public school and learn public school ways. I don't mind for myself, I am not mercenary, but I do hate to see my poor daughters grow up in a miserable rut."

At night surprise the drudge with a good dinner, a really good dinner. Give him a smile with it, and the same look you had when you thought he was the one great man of the earth. Why, even the office boy will notice a different set to the shoulders of the 'drudge' when he gets to work tomorrow, the set of the shoulders of the man who is loved and looked up to and believed in. Maybe he will cease to be a drudge."

"I simply can't stand it. I have a chance now to go into business for myself. It will take me away from home and I am going to put my girls in school and go, wouldn't you?"

Give him a chance: give him a chance. Forget your dreams and your ambitions, forget everything but the drudge and the children. The drudge who stood by you in your hour of agony, the drudge who would cut off his hand at the wrist to make you and the children happy."

"What does your husband have to make him 'ambitious,' dear woman? How do you help him, pray tell? By nagging him and making fun of him? That's a good way, isn't it? Why don't you try another one for a change?"

Fortunately, it is never too late to learn to breathe right. Whether you are several feet old ladies who practice their daily breathing exercises as religiously as they say their prayers, and who have only learned to do so in the last few years with great benefit to their health. The simplest breathing exercise is simply to stand erect, preferably before the open window, with arms extended in front and hands clasped; loosen the hands, separate and sweep the arms backward, while inhaling a very deep breath. Now throw the arms backward as far as possible, holding the breath; swing the arms forward and exhale. Keep this up for five minutes."

Device to Keep the Trolley on

Nothing is more provoking to passengers in a hurry than to find that the car is "off its trolley." The trolley-wire is narrow and the grove on the trolley-wheels just fits it; to try to get them together is like trying for the bullseye on a distant target. All this is to be changed, and consequent delays will be prevented, if the trolley companies see fit to adopt a device invented by Benjamin R. Beach of Fieldston, N. J., and described in the Inventive Age (Washington, June 1). According to this paper it consists of a benevolent screw-thread which obligingly picks up the wire that has gone wrong and with a few turns puts it back where it belongs. A series of spiral grooves on each side automatically feed the wire into the trolleywheel in the center. To quote the description: "It provides a finder which automatically returns the wheel when it misses the wire, and has an arrangement of spirally grooved rollers, which are longitudinally concaved to clear crossing wires. Guard rollers are arranged on opposite sides of the trolleywheel; each roller is provided with an inwardly extending spiral groove. Each roller is thickest at its inner end, where the roller contacts with the side of the wheel and the spiral groove thereof communicates with the top portion of the groove, to lead the trolleywire thereto. The outer flanges of the convolutions of the spiral groove of each roller are bent inward toward the wheel so as to partially overhang the adjacent convolution. These flanges are thus adapted to act as retaining hooks to hold the wire falling into any convolution of a spiral groove against jumping out, thus preventing the trolley as a whole from jumping out. In the revolutions of the trolley the wire is fed in by the spiral groove until restored to the groove in the trolleywheel.—Literary Digest."

It is usually safe to judge a man by his manners. Jumping at conclusions is a woman's idea of physical exercise. Taking a vacation usually means getting bored at exorbitant rates.

Daddydilly

MARRIAGE IS LIKE THE ALPHABET YOUVE GOT TO GO THROUGH SO MUCH TO LEARN SO LITTLE. JERRY THE CAMPER WHO LIVED IN A TENT ON THE BEACH WAS BUGG ON LIFE SAVING. HE HAD SEEN 'MOVIES' ABOUT HEROIC DEEDS AND LONGED TO HAVE A MEDAL AND HAVE HIS PICTURE PUT IN THE PAPER. ONE DAY WHILE PARADING UP AND DOWN THE BEACH HE LANDED A BOTTLE. HA HA HE CHASED HERE'S A MESSAGE FROM A WARRICKED SHIP HE BROKE THE BOTTLE GRABBED THE NOTE AND READ ALOUD. IF THE MEN LAID AN EGG WOULD THE SCARE CROW? EASY WITH THE WHIP PAUL ITS A HIRED HORSE. I HEARD DIFFERENT!!

What Would Happen if Husbands Were Always Absolutely Frank

By ADA PATTERSON.



"Wouldn't you like to know what he thinks of you?" one woman asked another. They had been talking of shinx-like, and because silent, interest-provoking man. If he had talked much the spell would probably have been broken. "No," replied the other, a note of alarm in her voice. "Not always." "Yet a little English woman, who recently married the grandson of post Longfellow, tempted the gods of discord by saying that the ideal husband is frank. Rash little woman reckoned without moods! Moods are mental weather. Some times the sun of the spirit shines gloriously, and at such times it is safe to be frank. The sunshine has irradiated and beautified the landscape of facts. But there are times when the sky is overcast. Perhaps this mood betrays a downfall of rain, a rattling of verbal thunder and lightning. Or it may only be a temporary eclipse of the sun of good humor. But heaven spare us absolute frankness at these times! Maybe the little bride confused terms. What she wished to say may be, 'The ideal husband is truthful.' Certainly no normal woman wants lying answers to those ancient, honorable questions: 'Where have you been?' and 'Why are you late?' Husbands do not like these questions. They bore them. But the just husband believes they are one of the inescapable evils of married life, and he gives answer more or less truthful, according to circumstances. The only man I know who had the hardihood to dispute his wife's right to ask these questions, disputed also his mother's, and he has been divorced, as he deserved. Truthfulness may be construed as an accurate answering of questions put; frankness as the voluntary forcing of facts upon us. If the bridegroom last week acquired by the hardy spirit bride who has been quoted as truthful he will answer reluctantly when she says: 'Do you think this gown is becoming?' 'Not quite so becoming as the one you wore yesterday, dear.' But if he is frank, he won't wait for the question. He will say at breakfast—that trying meal which temperamental persons should eat alone—"What's the matter with that dress? You are looking worse than I

ever saw you." In ten years she may say: 'I lost my fresh color when I came to America. I'm dreadfully pale. Don't you think so?' If he is merely a truthful husband he will answer: 'You are a little paler, dear. We must take a run down the coast to freshen you up.' If he is a frank spouse he will not wait for questions, but will announce: 'You're looking horribly faded. You're not nearly as pretty as you were when I married you.' If the bride is as spirited as a wife I know she will retort: 'Do you suppose you are the handsome man I married?' If he is truthful and she asks him if he thinks she has paid too much for a rug he will answer: 'Maybe they did overcharge you.' The frank man will exclaim: 'There is no limit to your extravagance.' The truthful man, when begged to tell her whether she is becoming unbearable, answers: 'Your nerves are a trifle upset, dear; you need rest.' The frank man will rush into trouble with the remark: 'If I had known what a bad temper you have I wouldn't have married you.' The truthful husband will answer the inevitable post-matrimonial question: 'Do you love me as much as you used to do?' with 'True love never changes.' The frank man will not mince delicate matters. She will have no illusions when the conversation with him is ended, and he may have no wife. It would be rather painful to know what people think of us at all times, their actual appraisal of us at the moment. Because of their mood, or ours, we might have a lower rating than we would have received yesterday, or than that we will get tomorrow. The lightning flash of anger might show us ourselves in a way that we would never forgive the speaker, and would be hard pressed to excuse in ourselves. Moods are mighty, but their reign is blessedly short. Blessed be the man who invented silence. In crisis it has saved bloodshed and spared broken friendships. Many a critical situation has been saved by enveloping it in the blessed veil of silence, for thoughts make no sound, and there is always hope that they may change. Mark Twain inscribed on a photograph I have seen: 'Truth is precious. Let us economize it.' Doubtless he had suffered at the hands of some volunteer of unpleasantness who called himself frank. The world has some ugly, jagged rocks of fact. Life will be more beautiful if we screen their ugliness by planting flowers of consideration about them. We can at least refrain from brutality in the name of frankness.

The Making of a Pretty Girl

Flat-Chestedness, Weak Lungs and the Remedy.

By MARGARITE HUBBARD AYER.

All you pretty girls know that beauty is founded on good health, and if there's one special thing that good health depends on it is a good pair of lungs. Girls who stoop over their books soon acquire bent shoulders and the chest gets no chance to develop properly. More and more school teachers are paying attention to this question of the proper height of the child's desk, and when there is much studying to be done at home the parents ought to see to it that the desk or table at which the work is done is of the correct height so the child doesn't have to bend over. The bent little pupil develops into a girl with a weak chest, and she is the one who is constantly writing me about pale cheeks, hollows under her eyes, hollow cheeks, and other so-called complexion ills which have really nothing to do with the complexion at all, but are caused by improper lung development. Fortunately, it is never too late to learn to breathe right. Whether you are several feet old ladies who practice their daily breathing exercises as religiously as they say their prayers, and who have only learned to do so in the last few years with great benefit to their health. The simplest breathing exercise is simply to stand erect, preferably before the open window, with arms extended in front and hands clasped; loosen the hands, separate and sweep the arms backward, while inhaling a very deep breath. Now throw the arms backward as far as possible, holding the breath; swing the arms forward and exhale. Keep this up for five minutes. A pair of light dumb-bells will help the girl with the weak chest, providing she practices with them regularly. But that is the whole trouble. If you start out to develop your lungs, you cannot make a violent effort one day and then rest for a week or two. Patient, systematic work is necessary, and it should rest of one's natural life, if one wishes to keep in trim. Never do your exercises in tight clothes, and in using the dumbbells stand very straight, the chest out, shoulders back, raise the arms above the head, lower them to the shoulders, extend the arms out level with the shoulders and swing the arms and dumbbells backward, sideways and forward. All movements of the arms with the dumbbells are good for the girl with the delicate chest, and they are too well known to be described. These exercises should be practiced fifteen minutes in a room where the air is good, or better still, out of doors. Don't get over-fatigued at first, and do arm and shoulder exercise rather than take long and exhaustive walks, especially in summer time. The girl with the weak chest shouldn't let herself get over-fatigued, and she should be careful to select as nourishing a diet as possible. An egg beaten up in milk and taken during the forenoon and again in the afternoon will put roses into pale cheeks more successfully than the best kind of rouge. Another thing I should advise the girl with the weak chest to start in is strengthening and hardening her throat. She can massage it with a skin food if she likes, but bathing it in cold water after the morning bath and going without a collar right into cold weather will fortify her against winter colds. As the cooler days come use cold water to spray or sponge the throat with, and don't wear furs. Wear a very warm coat if necessary, about furs and winter clothing. Learn to breathe now, and by the time winter other girls whose chests are weak.



THE GIRL WITH THE FLAT CHEST.

The Manicure Lady

"I am glad that the convention is over," said the Manicure Lady. "Now all them candidates can settle right down on the job and go around the country telling the false reasons why they should be elected and hiding the real reasons why they should not. Goodness, know, George, I am mighty sick and tired of this here political stuff. All the old gents talk about at home is the chance that Mister Taft will have against Mister Wilson and poor brother Wilfred, who is still out of a job on account of the tight money situation that has been sprung about by them scrapping candidates, can't do nothing but babble about Thomas Jefferson. I don't know who this Jefferson man is, George, but I do know that Wilfred has him on the brain." "I don't care a rap about politics," said the Head Barber to his fair friend. "If folks is going to fight, I believe that they ought to fight in a ring. I was up to the Garden the other night to see Mike Gibbons trimming that English chap, Burns, and believe me, Liddy, that was a regular fight. Billy Gibson framed it up for me and three other fellows, and, as all of us came from St. Paul, of course we was pulled for Gibbons, who also came from the land of the brave and the home of the Swedes. Say, kiddo, you could live a thousand years and never see another left like that left jab Gibbons has got. It came out like a snake's tongue." "Don't be talking to me about fighting," said the manicure lady. "What do I care about fighters and fighting? We get enough of the fighting at home when Wilfred and father get to quarreling and as far as fighters themselves is concerned, I don't want any part of them. Let's talk about what I started to talk about politics." "You got a swell chance to talk to me about politics," said the head barber.

"I hear nothing else all the long day," the young college boys come in here and talk about Wilson when I am shaving the down off their lips, and me all the time afraid I am going to cut them. The old rascals come in and tell about what a great country there was when Thomas Jefferson was running it. He had been on the job when Tom was running the country; it would have been very hard studding for the father of democracy. I'll tell you how much I think about politics. I ain't even going to register this year. I don't want to vote." "A friend of mine has got a brother that feels the same way as you," said the manicure lady, sweetly. "He never votes. He is up the river, where all them grim gray walls are." The head barber glared at the manicure lady. "You have got some queer friends," he said. "I ain't surprised." Dead at His Post. A farmer engaged a Swedish youth new to this country, and informed him that he would be expected to be on the job each morning at 4 o'clock. The "hand" failed to show up on time, and the farmer threatened to discharge him. Then the "hand" invested in an alarm clock, and for some time everything went along nicely. Then he got into the field fifteen minutes late one morning. The farmer immediately discharged him, in spite of his protestations that it was his alarm clock that was to blame. Sadly returning to his room the discharged employe determined to ascertain the cause of his downfall. He had taken the alarm clock to pieces when he discovered a dead cockroach in the working. "Well," he soliloquized, "Ay tank it bane no wonder the clock wouldn't run—the engineer bane dead."—Philadelphia Record.