# 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, where we belong, in our own home, with never said an unkind word to me since our own children and the man who loves I've been his wife. He is hard working. them devoted, honest, but he is a drudge-

just a plain everyday drudge, and he never will be anything else. "My school companions who married when I did have gone on and

on with their husbands. One of them has an automobile. one has a beautiful home of her own and one has just gone to Europe on pleasure trip. and here I am tied down to the drudge in the same house we took when we

were married. learn public school ways. I don't mind for myself, I am not mercenary, but I do hate to see my poor daughters grow

'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

Nice confidential letter, isn't it? And he will cease to be a drudge. the worst of it is that it is miserably, and then some more.

I know a dozen just such cases. They pretty home, one draws a salary, one gets wages, one man has girls to support, one has boys, and one has only his wife, who despises him for being what she loves to call a "drudge." It is sad, isn't it? And yet, somehow, I always wonder

how much better the woman who prides drudge who irritates her so.

It is very easy to be ambitious for someone else. I wonder how much head the work the "drudge" does so faithfully and well.

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

I've seen a very commonplace man home. made over into a comparative success. just by the faith his wife had in him.

Have you tried believing in the drudge to see what that would do? You can't nag a man at home and expect him to bear himself like a man away from home. It takes courage and spirit and will power to fight a way up in the world, and if you take all these things out of a man before he leaves the house, what weapons has he to make the fight?

"Ambitious?" How do you know whether he's ambitious or not? What do you call ambition, anyway? The wish to get rich?

ment and a rich widow? It's all well enough to live to get rich, but why make some way, any way, only get it?

Don't be too sure that you are so much cleverer and so much finer in every way

to do but to stick to your bargain and good sense, and good religion, nothing

Your children! What do you expect to make of your children if you run away from their father because he doesn't

I'd rather give my children their start in life in a happy home, a home where there's love and trust, and faith, and courage, and patience, and nobility of heart, than to send them to the finest school on earth and pay for that schooling in the bitter coin of estrangement from all that really county.

You can get "schooling" in the books-

Here's today-fresh, hopeful, wideswake today, spiendid today, glorious today-full of promise, full of possibilities; let's make those promises come true. his manners.

Forget all this "higher ideal" twaddle: idea of physical exercise. stop thinking of the automobile we can't Taking a vacation usually means getting get and go to work-here-in the place bored at exhorbitant rates.

Get the poor drudge the best breakfast you can buy with the money you have to spend; serve it as prettily as possible, with a smile too; that counts-oh, how much does it count!

Put your heart in the coffee. Put you brain into those biscuits, send your little girls off to school with the "common" children with an "uncommon" song in their happy hearts.

It takes so little to do that-a new joke a little story, a word of extra praise. When they come home be waiting for them. You, yourself-not the woman with the corners of her mouth drawn down the one they-ve seen at the door so often not the woman who is mad because she hasn't any automobile, not the woman who is sick with envy because she can't go to Europe, but you, the mother they love and understand, the mother they idolize.

At night surprise the drudge with s 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 and looked up to and believed in. Maybe

Give him a chance; give him a chance. undeniably true, every single word of it, Forget your dreams and your ambitions, forget everything but the drudge and the children. The drudge who stood by you differ in particulars-one man has a in your hour of agony, the drudge who would cut off his hand at the wrist to make you and the children happy.

Come, come, my dear, life is with you,

good, wholesome, sensible, lusty, kindly, generous, simple life-life with its thirsts and the drink to slake them, life with its fatigue and the good rest to relieve herself on her "ambition" is than the it. Life with its tears and its laughterfor you can't spare either of these twin sisters and really live. Live every minute of it, with your heart and your way that same woman would make with brain and your soul, and win the right to glory of it every minute you breathe. And peace go with you, you and the good, kind drudge, who may not be such a drudge after all if you give him a you help him, pray tell? By nagging him chance, and the children who will rise up and call you blessed, as they would never learn to do in any school except the school of a happy and an honest

#### 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 trolleywheels just fits it; to try to get them to-Fine, noble work that is, isn't it? gether is like trying for the bullseye Selling the body and the soul and the on a distant target. All this is to be heart and the mind to leave a fine monu- changed, and consequent delays will be prevented, if the trolley companies see fit to adopt a device invented by Benjayourself believe that you have "high min R. Beach of Fieldsboro, N. J., and 'dess' just because you want an auto- described in the Inventive Age (Washingmobile and want the drudge to get it, ton, June 1). According to this paper it which obligingly pieks up the wire that has gone wrong and with a few turns than the drudge. He may have his own puts it back where it belongs. A series ideas on the subject even though he does of spiral grooves on each side automatinot think it necessary to nag you about cally feed the wire into the trolleywheel in the center. To quote the description: "It provides a finder which automatiname of common sense is there for you cally returns the wheel when it misses the wire, and has an arrangement of make the best of it? It's good morals, 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 day. You can't learn patience, and love, ing into any convolution of a spiral and truth, and forbearance in any book groove against jumping out, thus prein the world but the good old book of venting the trolley as a whole from life, and home is the very best place to 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 Jumping at conclusions is a woman's

BOO THROUGH SO MUCH TO LEARN SO LITTLE ..

JERRY THE CAMPER WHO LIVED IN A TENT ON THE BEACH HE HAD SEEM "MONES" ABOUT HEROIC DEED J'AND LONGED TOPHAB A MEDAL AND HAVE HIS PICTURE PUT IN THE PAPER ONE DAY WHILE PARADING UP AND DOWN THE BEACH HE LAMBED A BOTTLE . HA HA HE CHIAPED HERE'S A MESSAGE FROM A WRECKED SHIP HE BROKE THE BOTTLE GRASBED THE NOTE AND READ ALOUD . IFTHE HEN LAID AN EGG

WOULD THE SCARE CROW? EASY WITH THE WHIP PHIL ITS A HIRED HORSE

COMMING SMITH THE MILLIONAIRE HOBO HAD JUST RETURNED FROM THE THE DOUD AND HE BROUGHT BACK NUMEROUS RELICS CARDI BOOKS ETC ONE EOYPHAN CARD WAS FOR HIS WIFE SHE WAS TICKLED SILLY SHE LAMPED ITON THE PUBER LINE THIN UP, TRANSLATED IT READ M GOOD OLD ENGUSH THE KIND THAT OLD DAT ABAR ALWAYS USES IN SELECT COMPANY.

IFSE IS SMALL AINT A PENHILESS ?

I HEARD DIFFERENT!

MWASTHE FIRST DAY OF THE BIG CIRCUS. THE BARKERS IN THE SIDE SHOW WERE VERY BUSH . HEN POSNER PAID TO GO INTO THE TENT WITH THE PIG FACED BOY THE NAIL EATING MAN AND ME TATTOGED SKIRT. HE SLANTED AROUND A BIT THEN STROLLED OVER TO SEE THE LAW WITH THE PICTURET SHE WAITED FOR THE CROWD

MARNAGE IS LIKE THE ALPHABET YOU'VE GOT TO

THEN ROLLING UP HER SLEEVE BAREDHER LEFT ARM. UPON IT WAS TATTODED . FA MINISTER TOOK BOXING LESSONS WOULD YOU CALL IT CHRISTIAN SCIENCE! DONT HIT HIM WITH THAT

THERE'S NAILS IN IT.

Flat-Chestedness, Weak

Lungs and the Remedy.

### The Making of a Pretty Girl

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 nome 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 or 70 this is your opportunity. I know several dear 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 s necessary, and it should really be conconsists of a benevolent acrew-thread tinued in moderation for the 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 overfatigued at first, and de

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 overfatigued, 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 ofter. noon will put roses into pale cheeks more successfully than the best sind 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

THE GIRL WITH THE FLAT CHEST. Wear a very warm coat if necessary, about furs and winter clothing. Learn comes you won't be in the class with the but it's too warm today to talk to you to breathe now, and by the time winter other girls whose chests are weak.

#### What Would Happen if Husbands Were Always Absolutely Frank

By ADA PATTERSON.

'Wouldn't you like to know what he ever saw you." thinks of you?" one woman asked another. They had been talking of shinx- fresh color when I came to America. like, and because silent, interest-pro- I'm dreadfully pale. Don't you think so?" voking man. If he had talked much the If he is merely a truthful husband he 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 poet 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, The sunshine has irradiated and beauti- have I wouldn't have married you.' heaven spare us absolute frankness at the conversation with him is ended, and

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 thes questions, disputed also his mother's,

and he has been divorced, as he deserved. Truthfuliness may be construed as an accurate answering of questions put; facts upon us. If the bridegroom last change. week acquired by the hardy spirited bride who has been quoted is 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 eat alone-"What's the matter with that can at least refrain from brutality in dress? You are looking worse than I the name of frankness.

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 travagance." The truthful man, when begged to tell her whether she is becoming unbearable,

In ten years she may say: "I lost my

answers: "Your nerves are a trifle upset. dear; you need rest." The frank man will rush into trouble with the remark: "If and at such times it is safe to be frank. I had known what a bad temper you

fled the landscape of facts. But there be The truthful husband will answer the times when the sky is overcast. Per- inevitable post-matrimonial question; "Do haps this mood portends a downfall of you love me as much as you used to do?" rain, a rattling of verbal thunder and with "True love never changes." The lightning. Or it may only be a temporary frank man will not mince delicate n-ateclipse of the sun of good humor. But ters. She will have no illusions when

> he may have no wife. It would be rather painful to know what people think of us at all times, their actual appraisement 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 savedby enveloping it in the blessed veil of silence, for thoughts make no sound, and frankness as the voluntary forcing of there is always hope that they may 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 frank, he won't wait for the question, of fact. Life will be more beautiful if He will say at breakfast-that trying we screen their ugliness by planting meal which temperamental persons should flowers of consideration about them. W

#### The Manicure Lady

about at home is the chance that Mister out of a job on account of the tight money situation that has been brung 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, Eddo; 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 pulling 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 nicely. Then he got into the field fifteen Gibbons has got. It came out like a minutes late one morning. The farmer snako's tongue."

ing," said the manicure lady, "What do clock that was to blame, I care about fighters and fighting? We Wilfred and father get to quarreling and cerned, I don't want any part of them. Let's talk about what I started to talk ing.

"You got a swell chance to talk to me about politics," said the head barber. Record-

"I am glad that the convention is over," , "I hear nothing else all the long day." said the Manicure Lady. "Now all them The young college boys come in here and candidates' can settle right down on the talk about Wilson when I am shaving the job and go around the country telling the down off their lips, and me all the time fake reasons why they should be elected afraid I am going to cut them. The old and hiding the real reasons why they rounders come in and tell about what a should not. Goodness, knows, George, I great country this was when Thomas am mighty sick and tired of this here Jefferson was running it, forgetting all political stuff. All the old gent talks the time that if they had been on the job when Tom was running the country Taft will have against Mister Wilson it would have been very hard sledding in and poor brother Wilfred, who is still for the father of democracy. I'll tell god' 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 2 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," hesaid. "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 sharp. The "hand" threatened to discharge him. Then the "hand" invested in an alarm clock, and for some time everything went along immediately discharged him, in spite of "Don't be talking to me about fight- his protestations that it was his alarm

Sadly returning to his room the disget enough of the fighting at home when charged employe determined to ascertain the cause of his downfall. He had taken as far as fighters themselves is cou- the alarm clock to pieces when he discovered a dead cockroach in the work-

> "Well." he sollloquized, "Ay tank it bane no wonder the clock wouldn't runthe engineer bane daid."-Philadelphia

