

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Simply Couldn't Stand the Chatter Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Thoughtless Girls

By DOROTHY DIX.

Not long ago I heard a pretty and foolish young woman boasting of her flirtations with married men and laughing over what fun it was to make their wives turn pea green with jealousy. "You should just see the wives," she gurgled with delight: "fat frumps for skinny skeletons, with grizzled hair and no complexion, and so had that they would have bitten a tuppenny nail in two when I walked off with their husbands to look at the moon or sit in some palm sheltered corner, or something. My but I wouldn't be one of those men when his wife gets him home, and have to hear the things he's got to listen to for a house and a family? Girls do plenty of wrong and silly things that can be excused by their youth and inexperience, but nothing on earth condones the crime of the woman who encourages a man in being faithless even in thought to his marriage vows.



Don't you have a hand in breaking up this home, little sister. Let the woman keep her poor make-shift of a husband. Don't have another woman's tears, nor the black sin of having had any part in rendering little children fatherless, on your soul.

Don't forget that retribution never fails. Some day you, too, will grow middle aged and homely, and see younger and fairer women hovering about your husband, and then you, too, will suffer pang for pang the misery that you inflicted on another woman.

Also bear this in mind, that the girl who flirts with a married man plays with fire. Sometimes she hurts her own heart worse than she does the wife's, for the man who is married to one woman, and makes love to another deals dishonorably by all women. In a worldly sense he is "safe," as being married he does not have to marry the girl, nor can he be sued for breach of promise. Furthermore, the girl herself has broken down the wall that man's chivalry he erected about the innocent and modest young girl, and so what started as a flirtation is very apt to pass into something which spells disaster to the girl.

As for a young girl finding amusement in watching the helpless suffering of a wife who sees her husband being enticed away from her, the women of old who diverted themselves by watching wild beasts tear people to death in the arena here no crueler than she.

It does not take any imagination to faint the agony of the middle-aged wife who sees her husband being fascinated by a younger woman, who compares her dull eyes with the girl's bright ones, her heavy figure with the girl's light frame, her faded cheeks with the girl's fresh roses, her dead hair with the girl's bossy locks, her weary and jaded spirit with the girl's effervescence of youth, and who realizes, above all, that the girl has the allure of the new and the unknown while she has grown as tedious to her husband as the twice-told tale.

Very likely she has burned her beauty out over the kitchen stove cooking for her husband. Very likely her hands have grown knotted and coarse working to make him comfortable, and to help him get a start in the world. Very likely her eyes have grown dim nursing his children. Very likely she is browns dressed because she is trying to save his money; but women know with pitiless certainty that men seldom remember what a woman has done for them. They only know how she looks at the present moment, and so no wife puts any faith in her husband's gratitude to her keeping him faithful to her.

That is why it is so easy for any young girl to make a middle-aged wife jealous. But it's poor sport, girls; as poor sport is to shoot the broken winged dove that is hovering over its nest. If you want to amuse yourself by making anybody jealous, play in your own class. Pick out a rival as young and good-looking as you are, and try to get her admirers away from her. Then you will, at least, have a human worthy of your steel. You won't be taking candy away from a sick baby. Of course the husband who is waiting round for some pretty girl to make eyes at him, and who jumps and follows the first one who looks over her shoulder if he isn't really worth his wife's working over.

However, such as he is, he is all that he has got. He is the father of her

Daffydills AS OATABARSAYS - SHE CAN DO AS SHE PLEASES, SHE'S MY WIFE.

A PIERCING SCREAM ECHOED THROUGH THE BLEAK PRISON CORRIDOR, CURDLING THE BLOOD OF ALL THAT HEARD IT. THE TURNKEY RAN FRENZIEDLY TOWARD THE DIRECTION OF THE SCREAM, AND BREATHLESSLY ASKED ITS CAUSE. "I WAS JUST WONDERING," SAID ONE OF THE BOARDERS, "IF A MAN NAMED TURN WENT TO A HORSE RACE WITH ONLY IN HIS POCKET WOULD TURN PIKE?"

THE DOCTOR HAD PRONOUNCED THE MAN DEAD. GENTLY HE CLOSED THE DEAD MAN'S EYELIDS, AND CROSSED HIS HANDS UPON THE STILL CHEST. EVERYONE PRESENT TURNED FROM THE SAD SPECTACLE WITH STREAMING EYES. SUDDENLY A GHOSTLY VOICE ISSUED FROM BETWEEN THE DEAD LIPS. IT SAID - "IF A HUNTER LAYS A TRAP FOR A RABBIT AND CATCHES HIM, COULD YOU SAY THAT THE RABBIT?"

GENTLEMEN, BE SEATED. TA - RA - RA - RA. BONES - MISTAH INTE'LOCUTIN' AND LIKE TO AKS YO' A QUESTION

INTERLOCUTOR: "FIRE AHEAD, BONES - I'M LISTENING!" BONES: "WELL, IF A FOOT BALL PLAYER WHO HAS THE BALL AND IS RUNNING TOWARD GOAL STUMBLES ON A PILLOW THROWN FROM THE GRAND STAND, TEARS THE PILLOW, AND SCATTERS THE FEATHERS, IS IT A TOUCH DOWN?"

AW, SAY, WHAT'S THE USE?

WILLIE, TAKE YOUR HEAD OUT OF BABY'S MOUTH, I'VE FOUND THE BOTTLE.

SLOW MUSIC PLEASE PROFESSOR.

No Time for Sighing

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

A. B. writes me: "I am a young man 22 years of age. I have been going with a girl for three years, and it was understood between us that we were engaged. We had a good many quarrels, and at last we parted. We have not seen each other since, and that is six months ago. I love this girl with all my heart and soul and can't get over it and never will. I have tried hard, but in vain. I heard she was going with another fellow and that made me feel still worse. I sometimes think I must have her at any cost."

There is a very pretty gossamer-like theory that love's quarrels are delightful because of the ecstasy of making up again. I do not think a more harmful, nor a more untruthful, theory was ever evolved.

There is no quarrel in the world between friends, between kindred, or between lovers, that is ever made up so completely and joyfully that nothing remains. This is so true that those who have once suffered the pain of a misunderstanding, and who value the love that was imperiled, will make almost any concession rather than risk that love again.

"There is no sweetness in lovers' quarrels," sang Edward Bulwer Lytton, "that compensates the sting."

Fulke Greville, who writes of love so sanely the young folks should take his opinions for texts, says of this unhappy falling of lovers to agree: "Casual disarrangements have been considered as springs that give new force to love; and I believe they are so; yet as a spring too frequently or too forcibly used remains at the place to which it is drawn back instead of flying forward, so lovers who find that disagreements, if they are too frequent, will lengthen out their elasticity and impel to love no more."

A very sane statement of what really happens when lovers quarrel often.

J. A. B. says: "We had a good many quarrels." They finally had one so serious the rupture that followed has lasted for six months.

He further says: "I think I must have her at any cost."

That sounds well. In the ears of those in love it soothes, inspires and cheers.

But, my dear young man, do you love her so well that you will never quarrel again? One can't quarrel alone. I do not know who is to blame for your misunderstanding, but this is true: If she is to blame for beginning a quarrel you are not entirely blameless if that quarrel continued.

If she has been the aggressor, always, and I don't like to think it, are you willing to be taken back on the terms which only the aggressor would make? Are you willing to appear in the sackcloth and ashes of repentance every time you give offense, though you were innocent of such intention? Are you satisfied to make a lifelong diet of humble pie and kiss the hand that makes it? This is what reconciliation means to you if she has been the aggressor. If you have been the one who has always started the trouble you must learn self-control and patience, and give up all the things which every high-tempered person regards as his rights. I am sure you are willing to be, and do, all these things, for you say you must have her "at any cost."

A situation so desperate admits of no delays. Don't sit back in vain regrets while the other man steals her heart away. Go and tell her you are sorry for your unkindness and ashamed of your meanness. Now don't say you can't say that, for you have written that you must have her "at any cost."

Take all the blame on yourself. Promise to behave better.

When you have "made up" see to it there are no more misunderstandings. Then, having made peace, keep it, though you spend the rest of your life fighting for it.

And that fighting must not be with your sweetheart, but with yourself.

A Narrow Viewpoint.

Adolphus Busch, the millionaire brewer, was indicating in Pasadena the road to success.

"Do more than your employer requires of you," he said. "There's the simple signpost pointing successward."

"I speak in general terms. It is narrow to speak from your own viewpoint alone - it is the narrow way, if you're Rockefeller, the steel viewpoint if you're a Carnegie, and so on."

"To speak in that narrow way of success is futile - it is like the way the inanimate objects spoke in the old fairy tale."

"The secret of success," the stump said, "is sticking to it."

"To succeed," said the knife, "be bright and sharp."

"Keep up-to-date," said the calendar.

"Aspire to greater things," said the nutmeg.

"Don't knock - it's old-fashioned," said the electric door bell.

"Do a driving business," said the hammer. And the barrel added: "Never lose your head."

"The light of everything," the fire observed cynically.

"But always keep cool," said the ice.

1912 Philosophy of Marriage "Be Polite to Your Husband and You Will Be Happy"

By ADA PATTERSON.

"Treat your husband as though you were giving a dinner and he were your most distinguished guest," is Mrs. W. G. Smyth's rule for sailing around the rocks in the channel of matrimony.

Mrs. Smyth, you must know, is celebrated for a variety of gifts. She is a society woman of New York and Chicago. The clubs enroll her as a valued member. She is a philanthropist. Hundreds of men and women prize her as a strong, helpful friend, with the gifts of vast understanding and deep sympathy. But her light shines farthest as a wife. She has solved the problem of serene happiness in marriage.

Out of the fretting minors and crashing majors of that state she has wrought harmony. Her advice to a relative before her recent marriage and her counsel to all women who are wives or who are about to become wives is summed in one word - politeness.

"Politeness is the poetry of life," said Mrs. Smyth, trifling with a slice of Peer Woffington cake at luncheon and looking intensely earnest. "Matrimony is prose and it requires a drapery of poetry to make it beautiful. It is the wife's duty to set the husband an example in diffusing the poetry. It is a woman's duty to 'gentle life.' There is no situation in life which is not capable of what an author has called 'beautiful adjustment,' and women have this gift of making beautiful adjustments of matters in the home."

"What do you mean by politeness, the mechanics or the spirit of courtesy?"

I expected the popular matron, known to her intimates as "Madame Sunshine," to answer "the spirit," but she surprised me by the instant reply, "both."

The little forms of courtesy are gratifying, and if you practice them the spirit will follow. Politeness makes the other graces and beauties of life spring up about us. It is like the sunshine warming the ground and causing flowers to spring up. Politeness is constant application of the golden rule with others, why exclude our husbands?

"It is a good mind and soul exercise for a woman to imagine herself the husband in the message and to ask herself how she would like to be treated in such case. She would like to be thanked for any courtesy shown; if a neighbor or friend entertains her at dinner, or a friend takes her to the theater, she says 'Thank you for her entertainment.' Why not thank her husband, if he takes her out for an evening's enjoyment?"

"If she is polite to her husband, that is if she practices the golden rule in the domestic relationship, she don't tell him a lie. It is an easy and cowardly thing to tell a fib to cover some mistake she may have made in her shopping or in ordering the dinner, but it doesn't pay. It shows she is afraid and fear should have no place in a household. Respect, yes, but fear begets cowardliness, and cowardliness decays. Better say: 'Yes, I did it,' and have it over."

"If your husband likes one amusement and you like another, learn to like his. I think it was Elizabeth Stuart Phelps who said: 'Do unbecome tasks cordially.' Suppose a woman wants to go out somewhere for the evening and her husband wants to stay at home, she would better stay at home and do so cordially. Whether he shows his appreciation of her manner at the time or not, he feels it, and the probability is that the next time their wishes collide he will yield and do so in the same spirit as her own."

"The last time there was a bride in our family I said to her: 'Arrange before-



MRS. W. G. SMYTH. Politeness, declares Mrs. Smyth, is the poetry of life. It is the constant application of the golden rule.

NO ONE STRONGER THAN HIS STOMACH.

The celebrated Dr. Abernethy of London was firmly of the opinion that disorders of the stomach were the most prolific source of human ailments in general. A recent medical writer says: "every feeling, emotion and affection reports at the stomach (through the system of nerves) and the stomach is affected accordingly. It is the vital center of the body." He goes on to show that the stomach is the vital center of the body. For weak stomachs and the consequent indigestion or dyspepsia, and the multitude of various diseases which result therefrom, no medicine can be better suited as a curative agent than

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

"Several months ago I suffered from a severe pain right under the breast-bone," writes Mrs. G. M. MURPHY of Corona, Calif. "I had suffered from it, off and on, for several years. I also suffered from heart-burn, did not know what was the matter with me. I tried several medicines but they did me no good. Finally, I was told to get my liver. I did not dare to eat as it is in my work. Whenever I swallowed anything it seemed that I would faint - it hurt so. I grew very thin and weak for not eating. Was told to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I took five bottles of it, and could feel myself getting better from the first dose. I could eat a little without pain and grew strong fast. Today I am strong and well, and can do a big day's work with ease. Can eat everything and have out on feet wonderfully. I will say to all sufferers write to Dr. Pierce. He has my undying gratitude."



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