

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Discourses Upon Hero Worship

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Why Marriages Fail

By DOROTHY DIX.

One of the reasons that marriage is so often a failure is because people bring less intelligence to bear on solving its problems than they do to any other question on earth. A man gives a hundred times as much reason and judgment to doing the simplest daily tasks by which he makes his living as he does to trying to make a married life a success. He uses 1,000,000 times more tact and diplomacy in getting along peacefully with his boss than he does to smoothing down his wife's fur the right way. A woman uses up a thousandfold more gray matter in trying to find out what colors she can wear than she does in trying to understand her husband, and she is 1,000,000 times more concerned about how to retain her figure than she is about how to keep her husband's affections.

Practically all of the tragedies of married life that break hearts and wreck homes and cover names with the stigmata of scandal, people bring on themselves because they did not use the brains of a rabbit in conducting their matrimonial affairs, and if most people who applied to the divorce courts to annul their matrimonial bonds received the sentence they deserved, they would be committed to an asylum for the feeble minded.

They are to blame for the catastrophe and could have prevented it had they shown ordinary human intelligence.

Here's a case in point. The other day a young woman came to me with her tale of woe. She isn't 30 yet, but she married when she was a mere child, and has three beautiful babies that she loves. Her husband is a good, honest, hard-working fellow, who tells from early morning till night to support his little family in comfort. When he gets home he is dead, dog tired, and after he has had his dinner he goes to sleep.

The woman is a good wife and a good mother, so far as making a comfortable home for the family is concerned. She works hard, too, in the home, but when night comes and she has her babies in bed, she wants a change. She wants some amusement, some of the pleasures and excitements that she missed as a girl through her early marriage.

Her husband won't take her about. He is sound asleep, and the inevitable other man has put in his appearance. He takes the wife to theaters and restaurants, and she's fallen in love with him—and she looks with disdainful eyes down upon her poor, hard-working, dray-horse of a husband.

But the woman's conscience hurts her. In the midst of the gayest scenes she thinks she should be back home with her babies and she wonders what her husband will do when he finds that she is palavanning around with another man, but the tempter tells her that her husband doesn't love her, or else he would be taking her to places of amusement.

And the woman stands at the turn of the road, drawn one way by a sense of duty and the other by her love of pleasure, and asks—actually asks—why she shall take. She isn't using the common sense of a goat in deciding her fate and that of her husband and children.

She is acting like a helpless idiot, and yet she has got plenty of intelligence and sound sense judgment about other matters. If you would show her a real genuine diamond and a rhinestone, she wouldn't hesitate for an instant about which one was of the most value and which one to take, yet she hesitates be-



ween honor and shame, between keeping her children and losing them, between a man who is pure gold and another who is nothing but flashy pinhead.

No woman can live to be 30 years old without knowing something about life.

She knows that when a married woman begins to love affairs she is playing with fire; she knows that the woman who receives secret attentions from men and goes to places with them unknown to her husband is taking the first step on the road to perdition. She knows that sooner or later her husband will find her out and that the consequences will be disgrace for her, that she will be turned out of house and home and her children taken away from her and that she is putting upon them the stigma of their mother's shame.

Also, every woman knows that the very men who are most ardent in their love making to a married woman and who use every wile and art to tempt her on, are the very first to abandon her when her husband casts her aside and they fear that they may be called on to marry her or support her. More than that, every woman knows that any man who works early and late to support his family and who gives them everything and keeps nothing for himself, is giving the most magnificent proof of love it is possible to conceive. One day's toil for a woman is worth all the sentimental talk that was ever reeled off of a girl's tongue.

Such being the case, consider the folly of the woman who risks so much for the pleasure of a few restaurant dinners, a few visits, a few trips to the theater, a few compliments, a little love making that she must know in her heart to be spurious, for no man who really loved a woman would seek to drag her down by making her an unfaithful wife and mother.

In her desire for amusement the woman is acting the part of fool. In not realizing her wife's necessity for some entertainment, for some safety, for something to break the monotony of cooking and sewing and baby tending, the husband is acting the part of another fool.

It is his hand that has left the door open for the robber to come in and loot his hearthstone.

You can't dump a woman down on a hard job that has no holidays or high days to it and expect her to be satisfied. She'll play truant from it sooner or later, and when she does it's her husband's fault.

There are certain fundamental needs of every man and woman. They must have some pleasure, there must be a few kisses and bob-kisses, and when husbands and wives deny these to each other, some other man or woman steps in and supplies the necessary. It needs only a little common sense to make the wheels of matrimony go round smoothly.

Pointed Paragraphs.

A meek lover sometimes makes a strenuous husband.

Many an unsatisfactory employe is fired with enthusiasm.

Women would never be successful as plain clothes detectives.

Poets are horse-likewise also those who only think they are poets.

Many men of many minds—but it's usually one woman of many minds.

Many a man who plays the races doesn't go broke—but comes home that way.

At some period in his life every man expects to make a fortune raising poultry.

The girl who is so homely that she doesn't care can afford to whistle on the street.

Some men are Johnny-on-the-spot when it comes to paying a grudge, but when it comes to paying the butcher and grocer—well, that's another story.—Chicago News.

Hair Stops Falling, Dandruff Disappears—25 Cent "Danderine"

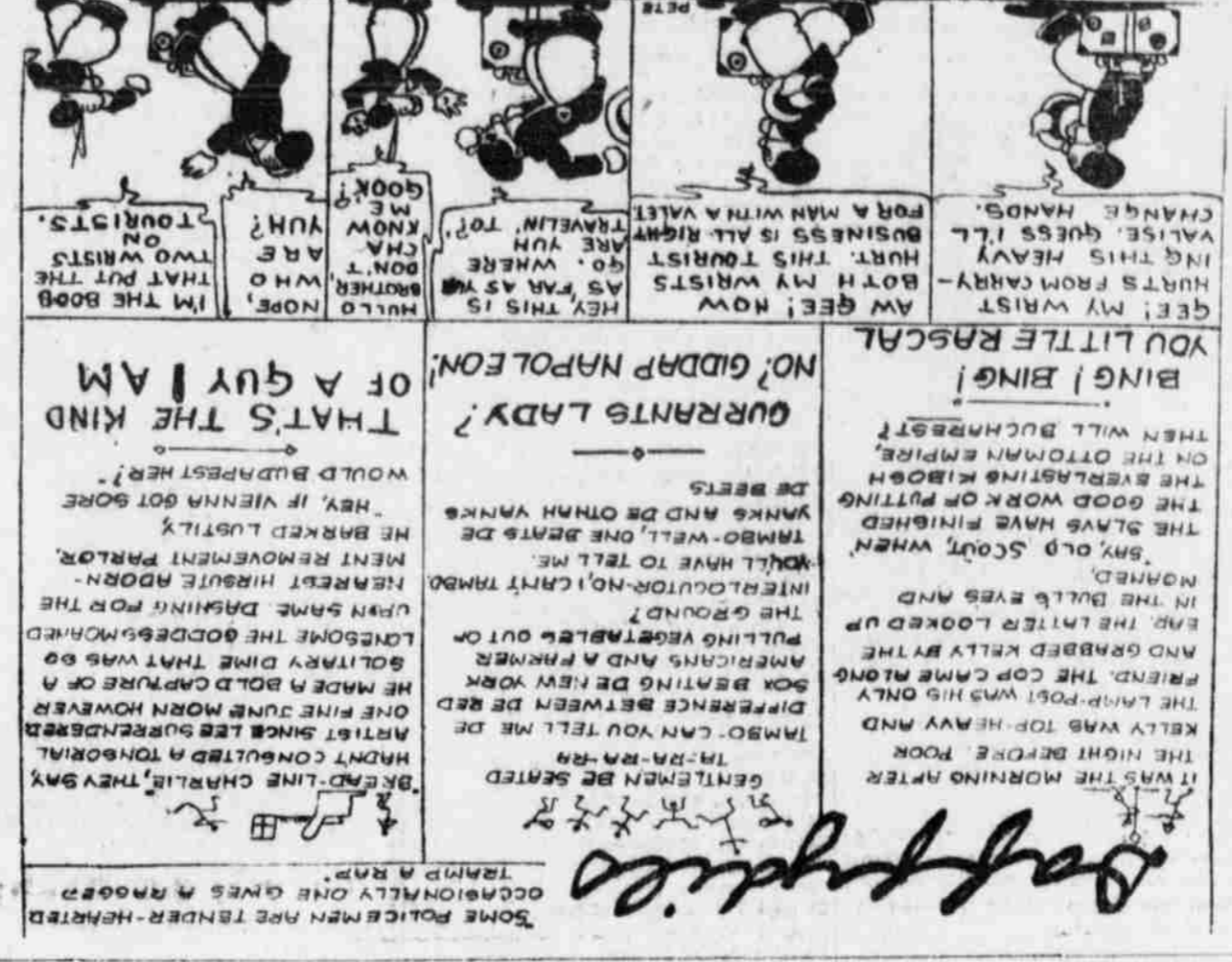
Save Your Hair! Beautify it! Invigorate your scalp. Danderine grows hair and we can prove it.

Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you cannot find a single trace of Dandruff or a loose or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you will actually see new hair, fine and downy at first, but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine will immediately double the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy; just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, tak-

ing one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable luster, softness and luxuriance, the beauty and splendor of true hair health.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter, and prove to yourself tonight—now—that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that all you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine.—Advertisement.



The Way of a Man

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"Out upon it! I have loved three whole days together. And am like to love three more. If it proves fair weather." —Sir John Suckling.

Broken-hearted wife: "I am keeping company with a young man for the last four years. I am a girl of 22 and he is 25. When I first met him he was earning only \$12 a week and said he could not marry on that salary, but would as soon as he got a better position. He succeeded in getting it and has had it a year, but now says he would like to get married, but fears it would break his mother's heart. He is not her sole support, as she has four nice children working for her."

"BROKEN-HEARTED." This girl's story is one that has been told countless times in many climes and many languages. She loved a man; he loved her. He couldn't afford to marry, and she agreed to wait for him. Long engagements prove a way of weakening a man's love. He is sure of the

girl; courtship lacks the incentive that uncertainty gives. He begins to feel as bored as a married man, with this difference: There are no legal bonds tying him. He grows forgetful of her faithfulness. His increased wages give him wider opportunity for knowing other girls who are younger, fatter and fresher. It may occur to him that the girl who has waited for him is too old for him, and if he does he is not the first man to have this opinion, as thousands of neglected sweethearts will testify.

He begins to delay the wedding day, building up one flimsy excuse on top of another. The girl, after the manner of her sex, is distressed, and shows it in a way. It seems to her that the end of the world has come.

She has spent the best part of her girlhood in planning, hoping, waiting. During all these years she has made him feel so sure of her constancy that he has grown to cherish it as lightly as he cherishes the love of a sister.

It is all wrong. Every long engagement is an injustice to the girl for the very reason that man so often proves fickle. And I claim that the girl is partly to blame. She is so much in love she makes all of love's sacrifices. She gives up the friendship of other men, and often that of other women. She is waiting for him, she knows she is waiting, but she sure she will continue to wait, and it is an unusual man who will run to a destination, knowing that the one waiting for him will continue to wait though he lags on the way.

The Manicure Lady

"George," said the Manicure Lady, "I was reading an article the other day which was wrote by a lady reporter, and the article told about her walking all over New York on a newspaper story for the Sunday paper. The story was to be about the experience of a girl friendless and alone and penniless in this great city. I wound up by telling how she got shelter at a fine place for girls, where a kind-faced matron showed her to a beautiful room."

"What about it?" asked the Head Barber, who had just lost \$2 matching quarters with a customer worth half a million dollars.

"You don't need to be grouchy, George," said the Manicure Lady. "I was just thinking how beautiful it must be to be a friendless girl and get such a nice place to go. Thank goodness we are through with all of them dark ages, where there was so much darkness."

"You are having one of your daffy streaks," said the Head Barber, bluntly.

"Let me tell you something about them beautiful homes for girls, kiddo. My wife ran into a little girl about 19 the other day. The girl was starving. She had been in New York five days without a cent. The wife had known her in the old home town, and when she brought the old home it would make a gambler cry to see the way that girl ate. After she had been all fixed up she told us a few things about this home-for-the-friendless-girls business."

"In the first place, the girl was as innocent as a baby. Some girl from the same town had come to New York and stumbled onto a good position, so the wife's friend had tried to do the same stunt. The position didn't come and her money gave out. Then came the five-days of tramping around looking for work and finally the visits to the homes kept by rich people for sheltering such cases."

"The matron, in the first place, wanted to know who her father was and whether her grandfather had ever been arrested, and a lot of other junk. The kid was too proud to make a map of her character and ancestors and walked out. She walked all that night, reared to death—the way any regular girl would be that has to move around among the rats of the city."

"The next day she was turned down at two more 'homes,' because she was clean and safe and showed that she had been out of bed long to please those respectable matrons. I guess they thought she looked too pretty, or something. It was just luck that she ran into the wife and now she is safe from the river and worse things than rivers. She's going to stick right there with the wife until she gets a good job."

"I ain't saying that there ain't a lot of fine women behind those homes, but the lady reporter had a roll of expense money with her or her 'experience' mightn't have been so rusty."

"The Expert's Opinion." Miss Mercy's doctor had called in the renowned specialist Van Tromp to diagnose her illness, and her sister Parthena was very much worried about her. "I tell you what I'll do, Mercy," she said, "I'll just stand behind the portieres, and then when the doctors go into the parlor I'll hear everything they say."

"Well, doctor," said the family physician, as the two entered the parlor after the examination, "what do you really think about the patient?"

"I think," said the specialist, as he sat down in the most comfortable chair, "that she is the homeliest old maid I've ever seen."

"Ah," said the family physician, "just wait till you've seen her sister!"

What is the Ideal Bride? "Dressmakers Make the Most Contented Wives"

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

The man who starts out looking for a wife is as helpless as a baby in a candy shop.

Every article in the show case looks good and like the baby, he points a finger at that which is most pleasing to his eye, and after it has been given to him, changes his mind and wants something else.

Miss Harriet A. Goodman, who is one of a great number of women in New York whose work is devoted to making homely women pretty, and pretty women beautiful, rapped with her thimble for order, and presented to the man looking for a wife the claims of the dressmakers.

"I have had opportunity all my life," she said, "to study the girl who makes dresses, and it is my opinion that every requisite necessary to make a good wife in any calling is found in the training the dressmaker receives."

"She must, first of all, be patient. The dressmaker who lets her irritation reach her finger ends spoils her goods in the cutting, snags her thread, prickles her fingers and makes stitches as irregular as an old-time rail fence. She must learn control of herself before she can acquire control of her needle."

"And I have heard," with a laugh, "that a woman needs an endless amount of self-control in order to get along with a husband."

"She must be of a high order of intelligence to be a good dressmaker. There is a time when a woman sewed up a few straight seams, put a hem at the bottom and sat there at the top, and lo! behold! she had made a skirt, and all there was to the fitting was the measuring of the belt."

"If there is any one who thinks a brainless creature with scissors tied to her belt, a thimble on her finger, and pins and needles in her mouth, can make a dress these days that outgrows stains that person as a derelict floating adrift in some long-forgotten sea. It takes brains to conceive a fashionable garment today. It takes brains to execute it."

"The dressmaker deals entirely with women, and must make their temperaments as much her study as their complexions. She knows what will soothe Mrs. A's spirits just as she knows what will hurt Mrs. A's figure. She becomes diplomatic, and if her powers of diplomacy were given the scope and recognition they deserve she would become one of the world's greatest diplomats."

"If she learns the value of tact in making a dress for a woman how much greater will she realize the value of tact in dealing with a husband."

"She learns to make herself adaptable, and adaptability has never received its just recognition as the power that makes a woman as good wife, a perfect hostess and an ideal friend."

"The dressmaker must be practical, thrifty and economical. Every day she is confronted with the problem of making six yards do the work of ten, and solves it."

"These are not the days when a dressmaker is given the goods and the pattern, and a faithful reproduction is all that is asked. She must put a touch of artistic



MISS HARRIET A. GOODMAN

originality in every gown, and it is the training in mastering this little touch that enables her to make a home attraction.

"And last of all, the dressmaker, tossed, bitter and thimble by the caprices of her woman patrons, grows weary of the struggle, and marriage to the man who loves becomes in her dreams the safest, the happiest and most peaceful of harbors."

"She has been storm tossed, and when she finds her little craft anchored for life, she appreciates the peace and quiet and security the harbor means to her, and becomes the happiest, most contented and most appreciative of all wives."



Good cooks agree that all the cranberry dishes in the cook book or out of it are more delicious and appetizing when made with MAKEPEACE Evaporated Cranberries

All the flavor, tartness and goodness of the juicy, red cranberry ripened on the vine. They are far better than the ordinary cranberries bought in bulk from barrels—because they are hand assorted and sterilized—no waste—economical. We simply evaporate the water and send them to you in package form. Then you can serve them any day in the year by soaking them in water according to directions inside the package. They will keep in your home indefinitely without losing flavor or goodness.

A 10c box of Makepeace Evaporated Cranberries has a cooking value equal to one quart.

Ask your grocer today for Makepeace Evaporated Cranberries. Cooking receipts inside the package—just follow directions—then you can get as many better than any cranberries you ever bought—simply take them back to the dealer and he will cheerfully refund your money.—Companion is the real test. You be the judge.

In the unlikely event of your dealer not having Makepeace Evaporated Cranberries, tell him to get them for you from his jobber.

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