

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

## The Judge Bought a Ticket for a Swell Ball—Then—

## Drawn for The Bee by Tad



### Reforming a Husband

By DOROTHY DIX.

In the course of a year I get thousands of letters from unhappy wives complaining that their husbands neglect them, or that their husbands never take them to any place of amusement, that their husbands are stingy and stingy to them. These women are all miserable, and they all want to know what they can do to ameliorate their hard lots in life.



Of course, what they really desire is some magical formula that will change a neglectful husband into an attentive one, an indifferent husband into a lover, a tightwad into a general husband. Unfortunately the day of miracles is past, and a woman can no more alter a man over her taste than she could the Rock of Gibraltar.

In novels a husband sometimes is led by his wife's gentleness and angelic patience to turn over a new leaf, and from having been a concatenation of cruelties become a paragon of domestic virtue, but in real life, I can only say that I have never been privileged to behold it.

As a general working proposition, a wife may take it that what her husband is going to be to the end of the chapter, only more so as the years go by. If he is kind and tender and considerate, he will be tenderer and kinder and more considerate as they go down the hill together, because big souls grow with age. If a man is mean, and selfish, and stingy, and more selfish, and stingier, and more tyrannical as he grows old, because little souls narrow, and warp, and grow bitter with age.

If a man neglects his wife he does so because he is tired of her and she bore him. If he doesn't want to take her out with him to any place of amusement, it is because he has a better time without her. If he is penurious with her it is because he wants to save his money for himself. These are blunt and brutal facts, but they are facts. Furthermore, there is not one blessed thing that a woman can do to alter them.

The only remedy for the situation is to face it firmly and squarely, and for women to go to work to make over their own lives, which can be done, instead of trying to make over their husbands, which cannot be done.

For instance, why should a woman read the air with her hands because her husband never wants to take her out to any place of amusement with him? Why doesn't she accept the truth that he doesn't enjoy her society, and get up some amusement on her own account?

The time has gone by when a woman has to approach any place of popular amusement hooked on to a masculine arm. Nor do women in this day of grace lack for diversions. With every theater having two matinees a week, with moving picture shows on every corner, with the innumerable women's clubs, and tea rooms on every side, with men, women and children crowding on the seats of each other, surely there is more diversion ready at every woman's hand than is good for her.

All of these amusements are equally open to her, married or single, and if a woman's husband won't take her to the theater at night, all she's got to do is

to pin on her hat and go to the matinee; if he won't take her to a restaurant to dinner and she yearns for the shaded lights, the gorgeously dressed woman, the artificial pains and the music of the cafe, she can find a perfect substitute by going to tea at any of the smart hotels.

And if she's a smart woman she does go, instead of fretting herself into a fiddle string because her husband won't take her out with him. It isn't a question now of a woman being "taken." It's a question of her "going."

Exactly the same thing may be said to the woman whose husband is stingy to her. The woman who is married to a man who refuses to give her the money she needs is foolish to waste her strength and energy in whining or trying to wheedle dollars out of him. She had far better face the fact that if she is to have any money to do with as she pleases she will have to earn it herself, and go to work.

And the sooner the better, because a woman must learn her trade and get established in it while she is young, if she succeeds. Any woman of ordinary intelligence and industry can earn a comfortable living with much less wear and tear on her nervous system than is involved in getting market money and clothes out of a penurious husband.

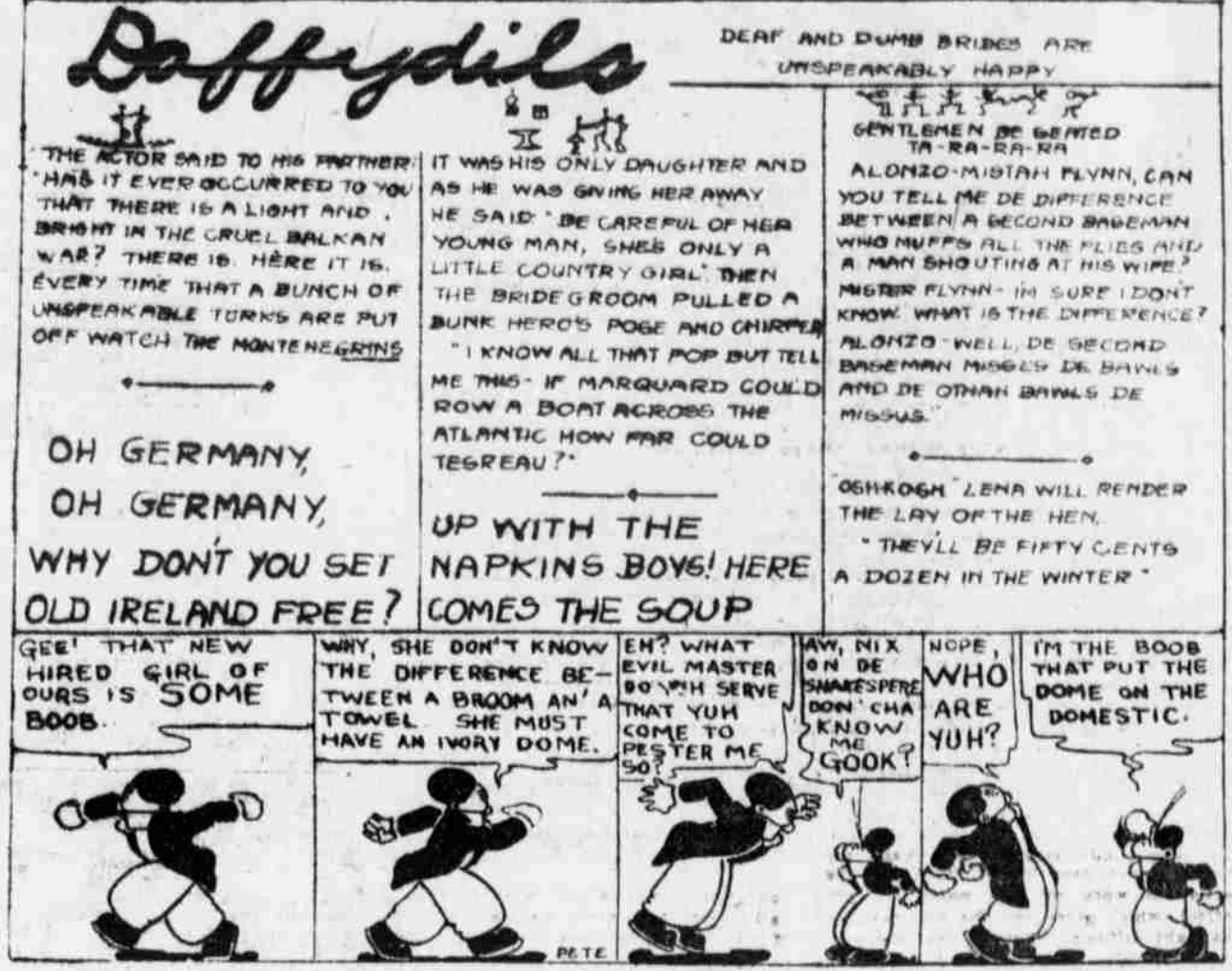
The trouble with women is that they so seldom have the courage to admit the truth to themselves about their marriages when they have made matrimonial mistakes. They keep on trying to drape the pink chiffons of romance about the skeletons in their closet, and hoping against hope that their husbands will somehow, some way, change.

So they go on clinging to their misery, like a man who hangs on to a losing business, until they go bankrupt in happiness, when all the time they might have saved themselves if they had only been brave enough to have looked their mistake in the eye and made the best of a bad bargain. And this consists not in weeping over it, but in appropriating for yourself whatever good the situation affords, and when you can't get your first choice, taking the next.

It is, of course, hard on a woman when she isn't privileged to sit down at the head of the feast of domestic bliss, but she can make a very tasty dish of the crumbs of happiness that fall from the table if she has the wit and the determination to do it.

**A Bachelor's Reflections.**  
There's a lot of money to be made not handling it at all.

**Poor Girl.**  
"How long have you been married?"  
"And do you still regard your husband as the most wonderful man who ever was born?"  
Then the poor girl broke down and sobbed piteously. When she could trust herself to speak again she said:  
"No, Charles disappointed me terribly. I'm afraid I have wre-wrecked my life. Last night when I asked him to get up and see if there wasn't a burglar in our room he bumped his nose against the edge of the open door, and he said three stupid awful swear-words, just as if they came natural to him."  
—San Francisco Star.



### Widow Warns Against Jealousy

### Want to Be Happy? Let the Husband Rule the Home

By ADA PATTERSON.

"We have so many large and pickening doses of advice about how to please our husbands that I long to tell husbands how to get on with their wives."  
"Gratify the longing—and us," I suggested.

Mrs. Imogen M. Blood, a widow, plump and handsome and well-to-do, with memories of a flawlessly happy wife, began:

"A man should banish all ideas of flirting. His marriage certificate is a padlock upon any hope of future heart affairs. If he fondly thinks he is a hero of the all-conquering sort he would better at once banish the idea. It is true that jealousy is an ignoble sentiment and that a right thinking, well-tooled woman will not indulge it without cause. But it is a man's concern to give her no cause either of past or present or future. The husband whose vanity leads him to brag about former love affairs is digging the grave of his peace, and his wife is not greatly to blame. Character is the fulfillment of the past and the promise of the future, and a woman knowing this is liable to judge a man's future by his past. At least she will be pretty apprehensive about it."

"A woman who loves a man wants to be proud of him. The way to make her proud is to stand well among your fellows in the world.  
"The most feather-brained little chit in the world prizes achievement in a man. It is the world's sweetest music in her ears to hear him praised, not only by other men, not as a good fellow, but as a man who has made his way. The proudest title a woman can claim for her husband is that he is a self-made man. Women are good soldiers and if they make a bad matrimonial bargain men of them stand by it. If their husbands can't support them they support themselves and sometimes the husband, if they preserve silence on this point they do it with a mental reservation, slowly but surely contempt is growing up in their hearts for the man whom the world has beaten and who consents to remain beaten. It has not beaten them and they think he should have been strong enough to weather the storm and win the battle. It is only another form of a woman's admiration for a strong man, a universal sentiment with our sex."  
"Husbands should not tease their wives. Yes, I know the adage. I think it's from the woods. That whom we love we tease, but it's like familiarity. There's a certain amount of contempt mingled with it. Teasing is making the person you tease the butt of your jokes, and no one likes that office. Do you know any husbands who like to be the object of ridicule? I don't. They resent it very quickly in unmistakable masculine fashion. They ought to be as contented with their wives as they expect their wives to be of them."  
"Let the family sense of humor be exercised on others who are out of the family and who don't mind it, or who can defend themselves in kind. Or, better still, let the humor be impersonal."



Mrs. Imogen M. Blood.  
Be funny at the expense of things and conditions, not of persons. It's a pleasanter and safer.  
"Most of the divorces are asked for by women. That means they are dissatisfied with their husbands. Why, do you think?"  
"Usually on account of household expenses trouble arises which is mostly the husband's fault. I had a very good and wise husband, and this is the way he brought about an understanding. The first month of our marriage I went into a store to make a small purchase and the proprietor, who was an old friend, came to me and told me he had a wonderful new stock of bed and table linen. Now, my mother had given me enough linen to last for five years. I should have remembered this, but the merchant's siren voice lured me to the linen counter. The stock was beautiful and I bought and bought until I had selected \$6 worth. I went home careful, for had not the

### Just Out

An Irishman was newly employed at a lumber office. The proprietors of the company were young men and decided to have some fun with the new Irish hand. Patrick was duly left in charge of the office, with instructions to take all orders which might come in during their absence.  
Going to a nearby drug store they proceeded to call up the lumber company's office and the following conversation ensued:  
"Hello! Is this the East Side Lumber company?"  
"Yes, sir. And what would you be havin'?"  
"Take an order, will you?"  
"Sure. That's what I'm here for." "Please send us up 1,000 knotholes."  
"What's that?"  
"One thousand knotholes."  
"Well, now, an' ain't that a bloomin' shame? I'm sorry, but we are just out."  
"How's that?"  
"Just sold them all to the new brewery."  
"To the brewery? What do they want with them?"  
"By golly, an' they use them for bungholes in barrels."—The Dellinator.

"On the first of the month the bill went to my husband's office. He showed it to me and asked me about it, and I said, 'Why, mamma used to buy anything she wanted and papa settled twice a year.' My husband smiled and said, 'My dear, I will give you all the money I can afford for household expenses, and you please always pay cash.' That was a lesson I never forgot. No word ever came up again about household expenses. He was clever enough and strong enough to bring about an understanding from the start. If not I, without any training in buying for the home, would have bought wildly, and there would have been wild times. But the bridegrooms are silly creatures who have lost their common sense for the time, and when they regain it the bride has grown unmanageable, and what he calls plain talk becomes verbal abuse, which she very properly resents.  
"The man is the captain of the matrimonial ship, and if he sails it straight and wisely it will not go upon the rocks."

**A Treasure.**  
"My wife is the most economical woman in the world," said Dublins, proudly.  
"Why, do you know, she's even found a use for the smell of my motor-car!"  
"Great heavens—you don't mean it!" said Hartkaway.  
"Yes," said Dublins. "She hangs cheese-cloth over the gasoline exhaust, and packs away her furs in it to keep the moths out during the summer."—Harper's Weekly.

**The Oxford Coat.**  
Here is the very newest idea in sweaters. The lines are rather conservative, but the big sailor collar and turn-back cuffs in contrasting color stamp it "good style." This two-color feature will be one of the season's novelties. There is also a new effect in the stitch, which will please you. It is a thoroughly good, serviceable, stylish garment that you can easily make yourself at a small cost. Mail the coupon below for complete directions. The Oxford Coat is made of **Fleisher's Germantown Zephyr, 4-fold**, one of the fifteen

**FLEISHER YARNS**  
These yarns are made of the finest wools obtainable, in a way that retains all the original "life" of the wool fibers. That is what makes the Fleisher Yarns so soft and elastic—so strong and durable. Always insist on the **Fleisher Yarns**. Look for trademark on every skein.

Knitting Worsted  
Dresden Knit  
Spanish Worsted  
Shetland Flax  
Germantown Zephyr (4- and 8-fold)  
Elderdown Wool

Superior Ice Wool  
Shetland Zephyr  
Spiral Yarn  
Woolen Shetland  
Highland Wool  
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Street \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

### HIGH-O-ME

That's the Proper Way to Pronounce Booth's HYOMEI, the Famous Catarrh Remedy Made from Australian Eucalyptus and Other Antiseptics—Just Breathe it.

### It Banishes Catarrh

When you can go to any drug store in any civilized community on earth and secure for only \$1.00 a remedy that will quickly rid you of hacking, spitting and snuffing, why do you allow the devilish germs of catarrh to undermine your health and destroy your efficiency?

Quit sprays and douches. Liquid cannot penetrate into the nooks, folds and crevices of the irregular mucous membrane. Neither can it get into the bronchial tubes that lead to the lungs and where germs thrive and multiply.  
If you believe that liquids reach the air tubes, try to swallow a little water the "wrong way." Such a test will effectually demonstrate to you that life theory that sprays and douches can cure catarrh.  
HYOMEI is a pleasant antiseptic air which, when breathed, penetrates into the folds and crevices of the sore germy-infected membrane and also goes deep into the air cells of the lungs, killing all germs.  
A HYOMEI outfit costs \$1.00. Extra bottle of HYOMEI if needed, 50c.  
For catarrh, coughs, colds and croup Booth's Hyomei is guaranteed—Advertisement.