

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

## Would You Go Home After That?

## Drawn for The Bee by Tad



**Modern Woman as Much of an Improvement on Her Grandmother as Electric Light is on a Tallow Dip or a Steam Radiator on the Open Fireplace.**

By DOROTHY DIX.

"I often wonder," said the gray-haired woman with the shrewd eyes and the tender mouth, "if I have the most peculiar circle of acquaintances in the world—if I am privileged to associate with a bunch of female saints and lady angels while other people are condemned to the society of women fiends and fiols."

"When I go to church I hear the preacher tell how woman's wastefulness and extravagance and her laziness and selfishness are at the bottom of the world's high cost of living."

"When I pick up a magazine I read diatribes about the women, and especially the young women, who throw their husband's hard-earned money away as if it was so much junk; who scorn to go to market, but let the butcher and the grocer send them what they will and charge what they like; who dress beyond their means, and have no idea of the cost of anything, so that they are cheated right and left by shopkeepers and dress-makers and milliners, and who are a sad, degenerate lot compared with their domestic, frugal grandmothers."

"Now, I'm not denying that this decadent type of woman exists. I can only say that if she does, I have never met her, and I'd like to know where she lives, for I'm much of the opinion that she is like Sally Gamp's Mrs. Arris—there ain't no sizen person outside of the realms of imagination."

"In my opinion, the modern woman, and especially the woman who is so modern that she is still in her twenties, is just as much an improvement on her grandmother as a woman and a wife and an economist and a manager as steam heat is over an open grate or electricity is over candles, or a porcelain lined bathtub is over a wash-tub in the kitchen of a Saturday night."

"Of course, there are rich women who spend money with both hands, who maintain splendid establishments with dozens of servants, and have scores of dresses and yards of pearl ropes. And it's a good thing for them to do these things. Every person they hire they enable to make an



**Daffydils**

A DOGS TAIL IS SOMETHING OF A WAG

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED  
"A-RA-RARA  
BONES-MISTAH JOHNSON, CAN  
YOU TELL ME WHY A BONEHEAD  
IS LIKE THE WRITER OF THE  
LATEST POPULAR SONG?"  
INTERLOCUTOR—NO BONES, I  
DO NOT  
BONES—WELL A BONE HEAD  
IS KNOWN BY HIS STURDIDITY  
ISN'T HE?"  
INTERLOCUTOR—YES  
BONES—WELL DE WRITER  
OF DE LATEST POPULAR  
SONG IS ALSO KNOWN BY  
HIS STURDIDITY

HOW ARE YOU FIXED  
FOR THE WINTER?

THE HAPPY FAMILY WERE SEATED AROUND THE TABLE EATING THEIR CHRISTMAS DINNER. SUDDENLY THERE WAS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR THEY ALL JUMPED UP AND RAN TOWARDS THE DOOR. IT WAS THE JANITOR "HELLO MR SMITH," HE MUMBLED, "I DON'T LIKE TO DISTURB YOU BUT TELL ME, IF THE CHICKEN IS NO GOOD WILL THE EGG BEATER?"

STOP SMOKING YOUNG MAN! YOU'RE HELPING TO BACK A TRUST

CAUTIOUSLY HE FEATHERED THE SCOUT, WORKED HIS WAY OUT UPON THE BOWSPRIT GRASPING THE TILLER IN HIS RIGHT HAND HE TOOK LONG AND CAREFUL AIM WITH HIS RIFLE AT THE SAVAGE CLINGING TO THE VESSEL'S STERN POST JUST AS HE WAS ABOUT TO PULL THE TRIGGER THE WILY HURON GAVE A WAR WHOO! AND SAID IN THE OTTAWA TONGUE "IF YOU GET SHIP WRECKED JUST EAST OF PANAMA, HAIL COLOMBIA!"

JUST BURY ME WHERE I LIE!

## The Hysterics of Youth

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Those who have traveled the troubled path of youth, when one doesn't know what one wants and is mistral with emotions in trying to find out, will smile indulgently over the following letter.

There is so much in it of the human nature that the years have taught those who are older to guide and control. It is like youth!

"I am a young girl of 16 and until a few weeks ago had been going with a young man one year my senior. Some childish misunderstanding had broken our sincere friendship, and since then we just greet each other when we meet and pass on."

"Today as I was walking along the street I chanced to meet him. He was with another girl. He tipped his hat, I looked at him and at the girl, and much to my horror I burst out laughing. I cannot comprehend whatever possessed me to do so. I am sure it was not jealousy (for I pity the girl), and every time I think of it I just laugh and laugh. Can you tell what it is that makes me laugh?"

It is the hysterics of youth. You laughed because you are young. You wanted to show by an indifferent smile

that you didn't care. And that smile became a laugh. Being very young, you laugh immoderately and cry to escape. You are like a swing that flies back and forth as far as the rope permits. When you get older, and it is "time to let the cat die" as they say when the swinging nears an end, there will be less of the extremes in all your emotions. You will never be so miserable you can't see a ray of hope.

I am sorry you laughed, but you couldn't help it. I am sure it meant no unkind feeling and that it was not the laugh of resentment. But it is sure to be misunderstood. A pleasant little smile, such as you would give to a mere acquaintance, would have won for you the admiration and respect of both your former lover and your rival.

They would not interpret that laugh to your credit. You were not jealous, you were hysterical. It showed that you lack self-control. You haven't the hold on yourself that you should have.

You say that you pity the girl. How that sounds like sixteen. My dear girl, this man was your sincere friend, and a "childish misunderstanding" disrupted that friendship. Don't let that word "childish" describe your future conduct.

If you respect him, and I do not read in your letter that he has done anything to lose your respect, you must rise above such a sentiment as you express for the other girl!

Don't pity a girl who has won what you lost. Rather, be glad that they are friends, and learn to rise above the petty jealousy that prompts the word "pity."

Acquire self-control. You need it. Your admission that you laughed leads me to believe that you lacked self-control when your "childish misunderstanding" arose. Just go off by yourself, my dear, and take a good look at the childish, emotional creature that you are.

Then make up your mind to do better. Remember that a repetition of that laugh will cause you to be laughed at.

When a couple are married they are made one, but it takes some little time to find out which one.

## Every Woman Can Have Shapely Figure With Little Care, Says Emma Francis

By HARGRETT HUBBARD AYER.

"Healthy! I'm too healthy! Anybody would be who had to do that every day," panted Miss Emma Francis, as she came bounding off the stage of Loew's American theater, followed by her small Arabes, with their shaggy black shucks of hair waving in the wind.

"But you wouldn't expect every woman to do stunts like yours for her health, would you?" I asked again at the mental picture of some of our fat friends and lethargic ladies doing handspins for daily "physical culture" as it's well called.

"Well, no, but they could do it if they practiced, and began when they were children, and there wouldn't be half as many aches and pains in the world nor half as many grouches if women would keep in good physical condition by exercising."

I nodded the pretty little dancer emphatically.

"I'm never ill," she went on, carefully



## Easy to End CATARRH

**Just Breathe Booth's HYOMEI—Kill the Germs and Soothe the Inflamed Membrane—Start To-day**

Don't be prejudiced. There is not a particle of morphine, cocaine, or any injurious or habit forming drug in HYOMEI.

It is made of Eucalyptus and other grand antiseptics. It will greatly relieve the misery of catarrh or any affliction of the nose and throat in five minutes.

No stomach dosing—Just breathe HYOMEI. It acts at the catarrh germs and quickly destroys them.

Ask for HYOMEI pronounced High-omei outfit. It only costs \$1.00, and consists of a hard rubber pocket inhaler, which can be carried in vest pocket, a bottle of HYOMEI, a medicine dropper, and simple directions for use. Extra bottles if needed, 50c.

Leading druggists everywhere sell HYOMEI, which is guaranteed to end catarrh, coughs, colds and croup, or money returned.

If you could go to the Eucalyptus forests of inland Australia you would quickly get rid of catarrh. Booth's HYOMEI brings the identical air of those forests to your home. It is a most wonderful catarrh remedy.—Advertisement.

"As for cooking, the modern woman is making a science of it, whereas in my youth we made a drudgery of it. When I married I had never even so much as boiled an egg, and how my poor husband survived by bridal cooking only the Providence that tempers the wind to the short lamb can tell. But now you rarely meet a girl who hasn't studied cooking in a public school or taken a domestic science course, and who can't turn out a meal that would be a credit to anybody. And among the well-to-do, but not rich, nearly every girl who doesn't go into business learns how to trim her hats and make her gowns."

"My life brings me in contact largely with women, and particularly with young women, and I hardly know one who is not doing her duty wisely and conscientiously in life, and so I want to know where all these parasitic women are that we hear so much about. I've never met them. Have you?"

Called the Bluff.

"So you advertised for your lost prize, pretending that the person who found it was recognized?"

"Yes."

"How did the bluff work?"

"Didn't work at all. Next day this ad appeared in the same paper. The recognized gentleman who picked up the prize, 'So Ladies,' I cut out and slipped it under to call at his house."

knocking three times on a piece of wood, "but then besides my regular work at the theater I practice every day. I think I'm a pretty good specimen, don't you?"

And looking at Miss Francis with a critical eye, I quite agreed with her. Her figure is slight, but well rounded, and the muscles are not over-developed as in the case of so many athletic dancers. Her face, too, is round and full and shows no trace of fatigue, but glows with mischief and good humor.

"Since you really want me to give a lot of advice," Miss Francis was urged to say, "tell the women not to sit back and let fat and age creep upon them. It's not necessary, and just think how stupid it is to let the best thing you've got—a good healthy body—go to ruin just because you are too lazy to exercise it."

"I don't say that every woman must be an athlete. Heaven's no; that would drive us all out of business. Lots of women are not really fitted to do difficult exercises or gymnastics, but all of them could keep their figures shapely if they would only take the trouble."

"But about those exercises. She mustn't expect to do too much. I should begin with fifteen minutes' exercising three times a day. The first five minutes before breakfast in the morning, the second five when she is changing her clothes either for dinner or before she goes out, and unless she is too tired, another five or ten minutes' work before going to bed."

"It's perfectly useless to exercise in light clothing, that ought to be understood from the very beginning. And a woman shouldn't exercise after she is really tired, but sometimes she can rest herself by sitting on a chair and exercising the upper part of her body. If her legs and feet are weary from over-exertion, this is she is depressed, unhappy and lumpy, dancing exercises are the best things in the world for her. They will refresh and invigorate her."

"What the average woman needs is limbering up. Her muscles are either undeveloped that she can hardly use them, or they are so tight that she is muscle-bound."

"All exercises consist in contracting and relaxing the muscles of certain parts of the body. You have to use your will power just as much as force. The best exercises are those that strengthen the back and waist muscles, forward and backward bend of the body, swinging the body forward, bending at the waist, and twisting it from side to side."

"One of the most difficult steps I do is the Russian dance step, which exercises every muscle of the lower part of the body; this is very easy for me to do because I am trained to it. But while doing that step, I accomplish almost every gymnastic movement practiced to develop the legs and knees and waist."

"This step consists of bending the knees, bringing the body to a squatting position,



**Now We Can Have Cranberries Whenever We Want Them**

There is no longer a cranberry season. Any time, any day, whenever you want them, you can have the finest, ripest cranberries you ever ate. They come in a neat, clean package, no waste, don't have to be "picked over" or washed—every berry is good—even sterilized before being evaporated.

**MAKEPEACE Evaporated Cranberries**

Will make the most delicious Cranberry Sauce, Pie, Pudding or Jelly. Soak these evaporated cranberries in water and you have juicy, tart cranberries—just as fresh and good as when they are picked.

Good cooks and pure food experts say that Makepeace Evaporated Cranberries have a very superior flavor. Of course they have—because they're vine-ripened and picked by hand when reddest and ripest—far better than the kind bought in bulk from barrels. A 10c. box of Makepeace Evaporated Cranberries have a cooking value equal to one qt. of cranberries.

Ask your grocer today for Makepeace Evaporated Cranberries. Cooking receipts inside the package—just follow directions—then if you don't say they are better than any cranberries you ever bought—simply take them back to the dealer and he will cheerfully refund your money. Complain to the judge.

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

**A. D. Makepeace Co., Wareham (on Cape Cod), Mass.**  
**Campbell & West, Distributors, Omaha**