

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Bringing Up Father

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Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



Rules for Husbands Who Complain

By DOROTHY DIX.

Says the young husband irritably to his wife: "I wish you could learn to make bread like my mother made it."

Says the young wife tartly to her husband: "I wish you could learn to make dough like my father made it."

This story is an ancient chestnut of the domestic variety, but it enjoys a well-deserved immortality because it presents to us in a nutshell, as it were, the chief reason why marriage is so often a failure.



It is because both husband and wife are more concerned with contemplating the other's deficiencies than they are their own lack of efficiency.

This is particularly true of men who are so busy watching their wives' faults that they haven't time to notice how far they fall short of making good themselves.

There is the man, for instance, who is always scolding his wife about her extravagance, and who is threatened with an epileptic attack every time the bills come in on the first of the month.

Then there's the man who complains that his wife nags, and that as a curtain lecturer, especially along about 2

o'clock in the morning, she is a world beater. He considers himself a sadly misused man, and wonders what his guardian angel was doing when he got tied up with that kind of a wife.

Wouldn't it make for reformation if he would sit down and consider his own deficiencies instead of his wife's performances? No woman marries for the pleasure of sitting up at home by herself, through a lonely evening, waiting to open the door for a man who can't find the keyhole himself, and if under such circumstances she does utter a few surging thoughts he should, at least, have the justice to admit that he inspired them by his conduct.

Then there's the man who bemoans his fate because his wife isn't domestic, and because she has the society bee or the club bee in her bonnet and never wants to stay at home.

Wouldn't it be a good thing for him to think a few thoughts about how much he's ever done to make home attractive to her? Wouldn't it be only fair for him to reflect that while he expects his wife to stay put in the house, he was spending his evenings at the club or the corner saloon or some other place where there was something doing? Also that when he did stay at home he snored over his paper from dinner till bedtime, and was just about as conventionally thrilling as a stuffed bear would have been.

Honestly, now, Mr. Man, did you ever know a single, solitary case where a woman wasn't nailed to her own fireside if she had the luck to be married to a husband who was good-natured and genial and companionable, and who took a real heart interest in Oriental rugs and curatins and casserole cooking? Whenever you see a woman going mad over clubs and society or philanthropy set it down that she is married to a man who has no more domestic instincts than a fox terrier, and that she has given up trying to make a home by herself and is attempting to fill in her life with a manufactured interest.

And there is the man who sobs over himself because he has outgrown his wife, and at 45 she is fat and dowdy and commonplace, while he's better looking and more fascinating than he ever was before in his life. If this doesn't entitle him to an affinity, he doesn't know what would.

Does he ever ask himself how his wife came to be what she is, while he is what he is? Does he ever think that the reason he is so prosperous is because her economy laid the foundation of his fortune and he climbed up to success on her shoulders? That's why they are so bent.

Her complexion went in the first few years after their marriage when she burnt it out over the kitchen stove to save the price of a cook. Those knots on her fingers represent the days she toiled over the washbowl. The luster of her eyes dimmed in the long nights when she washed sick babies, or sewed endless little clothes.

All the energy of her went to pushing him forward, and if she lags behind it's because of what she gave him and he accepted. It's his fault more than hers.

And there's the man who says bitterly that his wife no longer cares for him, and that he's nothing but a money-making machine for her.

Does he ever ask himself why his wife should love him? What does he do to keep the sacred fire alight on the altar of her heart? He supports her. He supplies her with food and clothes. Any woman who keeps house earns her board and keep. You pay a cook or housemaid more than that, so that makes no claim of gratitude upon a wife.

A man who keeps his wife's love must do more than pay her bills. If you don't, if you never show her any little delicate attention, if you never make love to her, if you rarely speak to her except to find fault, what's to keep her from falling in love with some other man? What's to prevent her from feeding her hungry heart with the affection some other man offers her? Consider that side of the question, Mr. Man.

When a marriage turns out badly the man invariably blames it on his wife, but the fault is his oftener than it is hers. He's guilty of at least contributory negligence.

Beauty Secrets of Beautiful Women

"Study Your Expression." Says Pretty Gertrude Barnes



Miss Barnes in a summery pose.

By LILLIAN LAUFERTY.

"Smile and curl up your mouth corners," said merry Gertrude Barnes. She had just finished doing five character songs in characteristic costumes. She had run the gamut of emotion from the naughty little "enfant terrible" through the stranded show-girl longing for the "old Kentucky home" to the mirth-mad exponent of "Row, row, row." And all this earnest and successful effort to please her audience left her cool, buoyant and ready to give the whole world of girls the kindly benefit of her study of how to have "a sane mind in a healthy body."

"Expression is important for character as well as to add the search after beauty," said pretty Miss Gertrude, with laughing earnestness. "I used to be afraid to smile all I wanted to for fear I would get those heavy lines from nostril to lip; and then suddenly I became aware of all the hard-looking faces one sees—and the chief reason for the hardness was down-drooping, disagreeable looking lips. I decided at once to take a chance on the lesser evil, and began curling my mouth up at the corners, even when I was not particularly anxious to look pleasant; now as a result there may be lines around my mouth, but they are lines of pleasantness—are't they?" she added anxiously. "And sometimes when I am ready to feel cross my mouth keeps on smiling—and I recover."

Merry good nature and kindly interest in life happen to be among the greatest charms of Miss Barnes animated, expressive face, and very pleasing is the

twinkle that reflects from big brown eyes to the merry dimpled corners of her this-is-a-fine-old-world mouth.

"You may safely go on smiling," I said with a smile of my own; "but how about all the other expressions you bring in rapid succession to your face—don't they make lines?"

"Not lines that stay," answered Miss Barnes. "You see, I have a few methods of keeping my skin in good condition. They are cold water, sunburn and tan."

"Sunburn and tan!" I exclaimed. "I thought they were fatal to the fine texture of the skin."

"Perhaps they are fatal to the old, worn-out outer layer they destroy. But they give the fresh new layer waiting underneath a chance and they help give strong, firm flesh, good healthy flesh, without which fine-textured skin is just impossible. And sunburn and tan come from plenty of sunlight and fresh air, which are the best things in the whole world for the health and beauty seeker. So there you are in a perfect circle, when you have added plenty of cold water—and served up a fine, healthy skin on a background of strong, firm flesh that can throw off the little lines you make temporarily by twisting your face around into any extreme of expression you choose."

enough to throw off the little temporary blemishes of lines and wrinkles.

"Oh, my circle is not complete yet," laughed the cherry star, "I have a little more to say about fresh air. Go out into it all you can, and hunt and ride if you can. Riding is wonderful for the muscles of the limbs; hunting develops the muscles of the waist—but if you can do neither, swim. Anyone can swim if she just chooses to learn how—and it is a most wonderful, inspiring, lung-filling, flesh hardening form of exercise."

"I manufactured a lot of my own healthfulness by going after it very earnestly. Being a water-baby and being an outdoor girl are almost equally important; they both make you healthy, and if you are wise enough to be both your chances of being a beauty increase."

"You see, fresh air and exercise have trained my figure for me, so I don't have to rely on corsets to do it. They have trained my skin for me, so I don't have to hold my face in a mask-like expression in order to avoid lines and wrinkles—so there is my basis, and then I go ahead and try to make the most of my looks, although I know perfectly well that the result is not beauty."

But on this latter bit of information Miss Gertrude Barnes has a monopoly, for good features added to the winsome charm of a bright face and the pose of a healthy body surely deserve the title of beauty.

Sisters All

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

When Eve was told, and Adam, too,
To pack their raiment and skidoo,
Poor Adam said, "It can't be helped."
But this is what his sweetheart yelped:
"If woman had a vote, you bet
We'd be within the Garden yet."

When Cleopatra, wondrous girl,
Made all of Antony's senses whirl,
Charming him through the passing hours
Within her Alexandria bowers;
Brave Antony remarked: "My sweet,
I'll lay the whole world at your feet!"
From Cleopatra's lovely throat
Came, "Give us girls a chance to vote!"

When pretty little Lucy Gray,
Out in a blizzard lost her way,
She said, "It's wrong that I should roam—
If women voted, I'd be home!"

When cute Maude Muller raked the hay,
She heard the old Judge make his play,
He stopped and asked her for a drink;
She said, "Your honor, I don't think!
I hope you'll have a parching throat
Until us ladies get a vote."

Don'ts for Girls

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Don't compare the criticisms of your parents with the compliments paid you by a young man to the detriment of your former. The criticisms are at least based on sincerity.

Don't regard every compliment paid you as a reason why you should have your photograph taken. Frequent visits to a photographer are signs of a vain mind.

Don't accept attentions from the wrong kind of a man, excusing yourself because they mean nothing and are trivial. Remember that the girl who walks only as far as the corner with the wrong kind

of man will meet every one she knows on the way.

Don't seek information from a dream book. No one expects much from the girl who seeks information from a dream book instead of from an encyclopedia.

Don't get the prevalent notion that the young man who spends a month's salary in giving you a good time thinks more of you than the man who refuses to spend a week's. The latter loves more sanely.

Don't overlook the importance of a love affair with your father. That is the best investment in the love of man that any girl can make.

Don't forget that mother is a human being, and sometimes gets tired.

Don't feel the third time a young man has called on you that it is time for you to take possession and demand that he account for the evenings he spent somewhere else.

Don't resent the desire of your parents to know something of the young man who calls on you. They fall in their duty to you if they lack this desire, or fail to act upon it.

Don't give your heart to a man who refers to his parents as "the old lady" and "the old man."

Don't ever outgrow the habit of your childhood of telling your mother when you get home all that happened at the party. It is more important that you tell her what happens now you are grown than that you told her when you were little.

Don't forget, if you have a little that you have more than your parents had in their youth, and that they have struggled every day since you came into the world with that unselfish ambition in view.

Grandma Talks About Babies

Has a Large Circle of Listeners Who Profit by Her Wisdom and Experience.

In almost any settled community there's a grandma who knows Mother's Friend. Not only is she reminiscent of her own



experience, but it was through her recommendation that so many young, expectant mothers derived the comfort and blessing of this famous remedy. It is applied externally to the abdomen, stomach and breasts, allays all pain, avoids all nausea, and prevents sickness of the breasts.

It is quickly and wonderfully penetrating, permits the muscles to expand without strain on the ligaments, and prepares the system so thoroughly that the crisis is passed almost without the slightest distress. Thus there need be no such thing as dread or fear. No better nor more cheering advice can be given the expectant mother than to suggest the use of Mother's Friend. She will take courage from the beginning. The days will be cheerful, the nights restful. Thus the health is preserved, the mind is in repose and the period is an unending one of quiet, joyful anticipation.

Are the Fly and Mosquito Dangerous?

The fly, with spongy feet, collects the invisible germs of disease, spreads them over our food and poisons us with typhoid and cholera. The mosquito with its bite injects into our veins malaria and yellow fever. The bacteria of consumption, or grip, are everywhere present for us to breathe into our lungs. The blood which flows through our veins and arteries is our protection. It should contain healthy red and white blood corpuscles—capable of warding off these disease germs. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a blood medicine and alterative made entirely without alcohol, a pure glyceric extract of bloodroot, golden seal, Oregon grape root, queen's root, mandrake and stone root, which has enjoyed a good reputation for over forty years. The refreshing influence of this extract is like Nature's influence—the blood is bathed in the tonic which gives life to the blood—the vital areas of the body burn brighter and their increased activity consumes the tissue rubbish which has accumulated during the winter.



Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are for Liver Ills.