

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

How to Keep a Husband's Love

By DOROTHY DIX.

One of the burning topics of interest to every married woman, and especially to the married woman who is getting unfair and fat, and forty, and whose husband is accumulating enough money to make him attractive to other women, is how to retain a husband's love.

Under such conditions keeping a firm, yet gentle grasp upon a slim, slipper-sock is a safe and settling diversion compared to holding a man nailed to his own fire-side. Hence most middle-aged ladies spend much time, and thought, and labor on how to keep their husbands fascinated, and thus circumvent the charmer, and prevent the head of the household from roaming.

Men do not bother to try to preserve their wives' affections. Whether this is a compliment and indicates a husband's perfect faith in his wife's love and loyalty, or whether it is an insult and implies that he perceives her so unattractive that he thinks that he can't lose her, no woman knows. And she'd give a good deal to know in her own particular individual case.

It remains a fact that the average middle-aged married man goes through none of the agonies of jealousy about his wife that she does about him. Nor does he die, or exercise, or use other means to keep himself looking to his wife like the romantic young man she married, while she goes through the tortures of the inquisition in a vain attempt to preserve for him the illusion that she is still the bride he led to the altar.

In spite of because-men do habitually leave the stable door unlocked, occasionally the gray horse does bolt and goes off with another master. Indeed, this catastrophe is happening with increasing frequency, and it begins to look as if the time might come when a husband would have to take as much trouble to keep his wife as a wife does to keep her husband.

An interesting side-light is thrown on this view of the subject by a man who is suing a wealthy tobacconist for alienation of his wife's affections, and who alleges the following ways in which her love was won:

"Spending money while out with her; fine dressing; treating her to elaborate luncheons; giving her expensive presents; taking her to places of amusement; sending her flowers; remembering her birthday; by the lavish tips he gave waiters in cafe, hiring taxis and allowing them to stand by the hour regardless of expense."

Presuming that a woman's love is a purchasable commodity, it is easy to understand how the charms of a good spender could prove irresistible if the lady had the misfortune to be married to a tight-fisted husband. Without being avaricious, it is intoxicatingly flattering to a woman to feel that a man does not think that the best is good enough for her, and that he is willing to throw his money away to give her pleasure. So one is inclined to judge leniently the lady who errant heart went after the man who used, as her husband avers, "fourteen lavish ways of spending money" to win her love.

The Goddess

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Tommy carries the rescued Celestia to safety after the fire.

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Synopsis of Previous Chapter.

After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his prostrated wife, one of America's greatest beauties, dies. At her death Prof. Stilliter, an agent of the interests kidnaps the beautiful 3-year-old baby girl and brings her up in a paradise where she sees no man, but thinks she is taught by angels who instruct her for her mission to reform the world. At the age of 18 she is suddenly thrust into the world where agents of the interests are ready to pretend to find her. The one to feel the loss of the little Amesbury girl most, after she had been spirited away by the interests, was Tommy Barclay. Fifteen years later Tommy goes to the Adirondacks. The interests are responsible for the trip. By accident he is the first to meet the little Amesbury girl, who comes forth from her paradise as Celestia, the girl from heaven. Neither Tommy nor Celestia recognizes each other. Tommy finds it an easy matter to rescue Celestia from Prof. Stilliter, and they hide in the mountains, late they are pursued by Stilliter and escape to an island where they spend the night. Stilliter, following his Indian guide, reaches the island, found Celestia and Tommy, but did not capture them. In the morning Tommy goes for a swim. During his absence Stilliter attempts to steal Celestia, who runs to Tommy for help, followed by Stilliter. The latter at once realizes Tommy's predicament. He takes advantage of it by taking not only Celestia, but Tommy's clothes. Stilliter reaches Four Corners with Celestia just as Tommy makes an express for New York, there he places Celestia in Bellevue hospital, where her wants to be found by Douglas. When Tommy reaches Bellevue just before Stilliter's departure. Tommy's first aim was to get Celestia away from Stilliter. After they leave Bellevue Tommy is unable to get any hotel to take Celestia in owing to her costume. But later he persuades his father to keep her. When he goes out to the taxi he finds her gone. She falls into the hands of white slavers, but escapes and goes to live with a poor family by the name of Douglas. When her son Freddie returns home he finds right in his own house, Celestia, the girl for which the underworld has offered a reward that he hoped to get.

SIXTH EPISODE.

Tommy tried to fight his way to it. He intended to get to it and fight the girls back from it so that it could be opened. It seemed to him a matter of life and death that he should do this, and I'm afraid he wasn't very gentle, and didn't stick very closely to the rules of civility. He was very rough, and he used every ounce of his strength. But those girls, wrought upon by terror, were as if made of steel and wire, and it seemed as if they thought that their one chance of safety was to keep Tommy away from the door. One young girl, screaming at the top of her lungs, hit him again and again between the eyes with her clenched fist, another flung her arms around his neck and tried to twist his head off.

He forced his way to the middle of the crowd, and then he had to give up. It was all he could do to fight his way out again. The other end of the room was in flames. Through the soles of his shoes Tommy knew that the whole floor was burning on its under side. A glance at Celestia filled his heart with pity that was almost intolerable. She, too, it seemed, had gone mad with terror. Along the walls of the room were many fire buckets, half full of water. Celestia had caught up one of the buckets and was running toward the struggling mass of humanity around the door. But Celestia had not gone mad. She was excited, but her mind was still capable of putting two and two together. She hurled the contents of the bucket into the thick of the crowd, and raced off for another. The effect of that sudden hard shower of cold water was extraordinary. It seemed to change the

Tommy carries the rescued Celestia to safety after the fire.

psychology of the crowd from fear of fire to fear of water. Tommy, perceiving this, instantly himself caught up a bucket and began to fling water on the crowd. And between them they began to clear a way to the door. But the fact that the floor was beginning to burn through helped.

Tommy got to the door at last and dragged it open. That started another stampede that had to be controlled with more water and with more violence. But gradually Tommy got to the door and Celestia in the crowd began to bring a little order out of the chaos, and to herd the girls through the doorway like sheep, not too many at a time.

Twice there was a jam, but Tommy straightened the half-witted girls out, hurrying one and restraining another. He was too busy to see what Celestia was doing, but he called to her from time to time.

It had been a slow business, and by now the floor was burning clear through in many places, so that some of the last girls to pass through the door to safety went with burned feet.

"Hurry, Celestia, called Tommy. 'We can go now.' She did not answer. He saw her at a window struggling to open it. She was, you may say, on a little island of floor surrounded, well not yet by a sea of flames, but by a strongly rising tide thereof.

"This way, Celestia! For God's sake don't jump!" And he ran to her across the smoking and burning floor. As he reached her a portion of the floor over which he had just passed fell in with a crackling, crashing sound, and through the aperture flame and smoke roared upward as from the crater of a volcano.

Celestia had not succeeded yet in opening the window. As Tommy reached her she staggered and fell into his arms. He turned with her toward the door, and groined like a thing that had been hurt to death. Escape that way was impossible.

Supporting Celestia with one arm he succeeded in opening the window. The crowd in the street below saw them, and a kind of arcaning and lamenting arose. Celestia began to revive.

Tommy had turned his back to the window. Not until the last moment would he let her jump, and then only to escape a more shocking death. Meanwhile his heart beat strongly, and he pressed her closer and closer to his breast as if he thought as they had at best but a few minutes to live he must make her understand how much he loved her. Speech could not help much. And any great command. So he pressed her close to his breast and kissed her upon the forehead.

Advice to Lovelorn: By Beatrice Fairfax

He is Extremely Fondish. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am secretly engaged to a young man two years my senior, but since we became engaged he goes to places of amusement "out in the same building" I work is a young man who wakes my attention whom I do not love, but like very much. He asks me to go to places of amusement, which I refuse on account of my engagement. He has asked me for a kiss which I refused. Once, upon refusing, he kissed me and said he had more right than any one else to kiss me, like him. He acts as if he loves me. Tell me how I can find out if he does, as he does not know I am engaged. FIZZLED. Secret engagements are always unfair to the girl, and you must either announce yours or break it. Your fiance is unjust; he refuses you rights which he reserves for himself. I think the second man shows a more lovable disposition.

Do You Know That

Martial men, good fighters and of choleric temper, have red and spotted finger nails. The phrase "to lionize a man"—to stare at him as a wonderful person—arose when a show of lions was the great attraction in the Tower of London and everyone went. "Hurrah!" was originally a fighting exclamation, and is derived from the Slavonic "Huraj"—"To Paradise"—the belief that valiant fighters went straight to heaven if killed.

Romance of a Moth

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

One of man's oldest companions on this lonesome, moon-chased earth is the silent, little lover of dark corners and destroyer of wool, fur and feathers, called the clothes-moth. The soft-white wings of these fluttering creatures of the twilight have haunted human habitations from the earliest recorded times.

The patriarch Job, who was a great wool raiser, knew only too well their ravages when he compared himself to "a garment that is moth eaten." It is probable that it is insinuated them into the smoky caverns of the prehistoric cave dwellers, and luxuriated in the first fur garments. "The fondness they exhibit nowadays for tailor-made suits and other expensive products of the loom," says C. L. Marlatt of the United States bureau of entomology, "is simply an illustration of their ability to keep pace with man in his development."

Like the still more objectionable true pest and dangerous hanger-on, the house-fly, the clothes-moth dogs man's footsteps wherever he goes, embarks with him on his voyages of trade or discovery, crosses oceans with him, and officially helps him to inhabit any new lands that he may find.

Thus it appears that clothes-moths came over with the Pilgrim fathers of some of the other early white settlers on this continent, for Mr. Marlatt speaks of their early introduction into the United States, which seems to carry the implication that they were not here originally. But, if so, they multiply with astonishing rapidity as soon as they get a foothold, for by the year 1784 they had become a terror in the village of Philadelphia by their destruction of woollens and furs.

It is not by the way, the moths themselves that undermine the half of your costly fur overcoat, plough winding channels through the surface of worsted garments and eat holes off the pile of expensive carpets, but it is their offspring, the larvae, or caterpillars. These are of a dull white color and hardly three-eighths of an inch long, with a brownish head. They are odd-looking creatures, for they clothe themselves, as if they carried their unpreparedness forness for human society to the point of imitating their big, two-legged unwilling hosts, by wearing a garment.

The garment of the moth caterpillar consists of a kind of sack, or packet, woven by its own hand, and lined with soft silk, in which it announces itself up to the ears, and when it takes a walk it puts out a short length of its neck and a bunch of foreign and drags along. It never takes off its strange packet, or comes out of it unless pulled out by an inquisitive entomologist. Perhaps remembering its own dealings with laid-up garments, it keeps its clothes always in use. Mr. Marlatt has given an interesting description of this curious appendage: "With the growth of the larva it becomes necessary from time to time to enlarge the case both in length and circumference, and this is accomplished in a very interesting way. Without leaving its cast the larva makes a slit half way down one side and inserts a triangular gore of new material. A similar function is made on the opposite side, and the larva reverses itself without leaving the case and makes corresponding slits and additions in the other half. "The case is lengthened by successive additions to either end. Externally the case appears to be a matted mass of small particles of wool, interiorly it is lined with soft whitish silk. By transferring the larva from time to time to fabrics of different colors the case may be made to assume as varied a pattern as the experimenter desires."

When it feels its end drawing near the larva usually attaches its case to the garment on which it has been feeding, but sometimes carries it elsewhere to be attached. About three weeks later the transformation is finished, and the moth emerges, ready to lay eggs for the production of a new generation.

The eggs are laid in April, May or June, according to the latitude, as a certain warmth is required, and usually they are deposited directly on the garment that is to serve as the foraging field for the larva. The eggs are scarcely visible to the naked eye. Sometimes they are deposited in crevices of trunks and boxes, in which garments have been laid away, and as soon as they are hatched the larvae creep in through the minute cracks and begin their forbidden feast.

The best way to protect garments is to begin in April or May and beat and brush them thoroughly every few days before they are put away in tightly closed receptacles, with camphor, tobacco, naphthalene, cedar sprigs, or some of the other "repellants" commonly used. But if any eggs have been left in the garments they will hatch, and the larva will promptly set to work. The surest protection is cold storage, the temperature never being allowed to rise above 40 degrees Fahrenheit.

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