

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Ten Commandments of Matrimony

Many Marriages Fail Because Founded on Falsehood

By DOROTHY DIX.

The first commandment of matrimony is, Thou shalt not lie.

Neither before marriage nor after marriage shalt thou do the same of thy tongue. But of most importance is strict veracity on the safe side of the altar.

The reason that so many marriages are failures is because they are founded on falsehood, and the men and women who have entered into them are as much the victims of a confidence game as any trusting soul who ever invested his whole fortune in a salted mine, or purchased a gold brick from a sick Indian.

Each has been taken in, flim-flammed, done for. The woman the man finds himself married to is no more the woman he thought he was getting for a wife than she is a being from another sphere. The man the woman finds herself married to for life no more resembles the little tin god she thought she was getting for a husband than he does a gentleman from Mars. Even the conditions of matrimony under which they must exist have nothing in common with the way they had figured married life out to be.

What wonder that both are disappointed and disgruntled, and find marriage a failure?

This does not imply that either the husband or wife was a deep, dark, designing villain who deliberately lured the other to his or her ruin. The deception was unconscious and practiced according to the conventional rule that makes it the correct thing to pave the way to the matrimonial Gehenna with white lies. This is always done in our best society, and the custom of baiting the matrimonial hook with falsehood has been practiced so long that it is doubtful if any catch would ever be made if the truth should be substituted for it.

Common sense dictates that the man and woman who are about to enter into a partnership in which their every interest and every earthly chance of happiness are bound up, should be perfectly

frank with each other, and explain the situation honestly, but such candor is never indulged in matrimony. No man, for instance, in popping the question to a girl would dare to say, "Mary Jane, you have no beauty to boast of, and I am under no illusions that you will set the world on fire with your brilliancy, or are a pinfeathered angel, but you are healthy and wholesome, and practical and domestic, and are the sort of a girl who makes a good wife and a good mother. I like you and I'd like to marry you, but if you marry me you will have to put up with a lot of crankiness and selfishness in me, and for the next few years, while I am getting a good start, you will have to do your own housework, and make your own clothes, and do without luxuries to which you have been accustomed. How does the proposition look to you?"

Oh, no, no man ever proposes to a girl in that fashion. On the contrary he tells her that she is the most beautiful creature that ever lived, and that he'll die if she says "no," and that if she married him, her little white hands shall never have to do except to smooth his fevered brow. Then, when she does marry him and finds out that matrimony is a gas range and a sewing machine instead of silk cushions, there is small wonder that she feels that she has been swindled.

Nor are women any more honest before marriage with men than men with women. Every girl who is husband-hunting pretends to be what she thinks the man she desires to charm wants her to be. She never has the courage to let even her fiancé see her with her complexion off, and her temper and her views of life in good working order. Wherefore many a man who thinks he is leading a mild, meek little creature to the altar, that he expects to mould to suit his own tastes, gets the job of his life when he finds that he has been united in the holy bonds of wedlock to a virago instead of Patient Griselda.

Undoubtedly it is more important that a man should be Truthful James, and a woman Veracious Jane before marriage than it is they should be strictly truthful with each other afterward. Indeed, if they have been candid with each other before marriage they will have no need to be afraid to tell the truth to each other.

The real reason that most husbands and wives lie to each other is because they dare not tell the truth. The man who wants to stay down town and have dinner with a friend, or play a game of cards, would prefer to tell his wife about it, but experience has taught him that she will lecture him half the night about it if he does, so he tells her a whopper about being kept by business, or having to meet a man from Oklahoma.

A woman would much rather tell her husband that her new hat cost \$20 instead of \$15, except that she knows that in one case she will be berated for her extravagance, and in the other she will get off with merely a conjugal grunt of disapproval. So, human nature being weak and domestic peace precious, each is forced by the other into becoming members of the Ananias society.

Such does falsehood become one of the sunken rocks on which the good ship matrimony founders. For in the end lying is one of the things with which one never quite gets away. Sooner or later the liar is found out. His little air-castle falls in ruins at the first touch of reality and leaves nothing but a handful of broken dreams and hopes.

Moreover, the man who has once lied to his wife, or the wife who has once lied to her husband, is forever after under suspicion, and love, especially conjugal love, can have no peace unless it rests upon unquestioned faith, and that must rest upon truth.

Remember the first commandment, thou shalt not lie. Leave the man or woman who is not strong enough to stand the truth to be a fit companion for some other liar.

Use Your Beautiful Arms in a Beautiful Way, Says Model

By MILE. FLORENCE CASSASSA.

Girls, use your arms. The arms are usually the neglected members of the body. Girls intelligent as to health culture are careful to take their daily walks. They breathe deeply night and morning at their open windows or on their way downtown. They are reasonably careful of their diet, eschewing the enormous amounts of



A striking and beautiful arm pose of Mile. Florence Cassassa.

take one or two warm baths a week and daily cool or tepid ones. But they neglect exercise of their arms. The body is composed of two halves, and it is as unreasonable to slight one of them as it would be to show courtesy

and friendship to one sister and not to another. The exercise of the arms is necessary to the full growth and health of one of the sisters, the upper half of the body.

Certain simple exercises of the arms are indispensable to my day. I would as readily or willingly go downtown without having brushed my teeth as to begin my day without a few simple motions of the arms.

Standing erect, stretch the arms at the sides on a plane with the shoulders and twist them rapidly forward, around and around. This exercise strengthens the arms and expels from the lungs any stale air that remains in the cells. Reverse this motion, twisting the arms rapidly backward. The result of this motion, per se, is a better line from shoulder to bust and a wearing away of the distending blanket of flesh that is likely to accumulate between the shoulder blades.

How Women Like to Be Loved

By ELIA WHEELER WILCOX.

Copyright, 1915, Star Company. Poets and orators speak of a woman as a love-craving being who lives almost wholly in her affections.

Real life proves her to be many-sided and variable in her ideas of how men should express their love for her.

Every woman needs love as every plant needs light and heat; yet there are plants that thrive better in shaded nooks than in the broad sunlight, and there are other plants which bloom their brightest in the artificial warmth of the greenhouse.

There is a large percentage of highly cultivated, mentally emotional women, who live in the imagination so far as sentiment is concerned, and who find little but discontent and disappointment in the realm of the real.

They are excellent friends and devoted mothers, but they neither give nor receive happiness as sweethearts or wives. They shrink from demonstrative love, which seems coarse and common to them through comparison with the ideal. They enjoy a sweetheart's letters better than his society, and they are more devoted nurses to a husband in sickness than companions to him in health.

They are faithful to every duty, but they are forever dreaming of a more spiritual and romantic love than they have known, and a veil of sadness and disappointment hangs between them and happiness.

There is another order of women to whom admiration is far more gratifying than love. The flattery of admirers gives her more lasting delight than the sincere love of one unromantic heart. The

most earnest expressions of affection would not afford her happiness unless other people heard them and recognized them as tributes to her powers of fascination. She finds more pleasure in a ballroom with a score of men paying her empty compliments than in her home listening to the conversation of the man who loves her.

There are women who demand a combination of both valet and maid in the attentions of an admirer and there are women to whom this manner of expressing devotion is odious.

"You should see Julie's husband," said Julie's friend to Annie one day in my hearing. "He does not allow Julie to do a single thing for herself. He looks after the servants, does all the mending, takes care of Julie's gloves—even hangs up her hat and wraps when she comes in from a walk. I think such devotion just lovely!"

"I am sure I should not want a man to show his devotion to me in that sort of fashion," retorted Annie. "I should feel as though I had married my butler. Then you would never wish to love according to my idea," responded Annie. "It is all a matter of temperament—most women desire rather to be loved than to love—but I should not respect

a man enough to be happy in his love unless he were able to create in me as great a love as he gave, and he could not do this if he acted as a valet towards me. He must be my king, not my servant."

There are more Julies and Annies in the world, perhaps, because there are more pages than kings among men.

There is another type of woman who gauges a man's love toward her by the amount of money he expends on her. Gold blinds her eyes to his moral and mental deficiencies, and she flatters her jewels and fine dresses in the eyes of less splendidly attired wives, seemingly content with her lot.

In her husband's presence she speaks of his extravagance where she is scorned, and reproaches him for it with smiling approval in face and voice. She seems utterly indifferent to, or conscious of, the fact that a lavish expenditure of money does not always indicate an equal outpour of affection.

More prudent and loyal husbands she denigrates as misers, and frankly confesses that she could not live with a man who did not consider her comfort and pleasure before all other things.

It is not infrequently the case that the bank officer who is "short" in his accounts possesses a wife of this kind. Analogous to her is the woman who measures a man's affections for her by the selfishness and ineffectivity he exhibits toward all others.

"My husband used fairly to snub people to get them out of the house so that he could have me all to himself," a professedly religious woman said with great gusto. "His relatives were furious because of his absorbing love for me and his consequent indifference to them," and she laughed with delight at the recollection of how very unhappy this man had made every one but herself.

There are women whom too much love renders exacting and incapable of self-sacrifice, as too much broad sunlight de-

prives some flowers of their perfume. "Just think," said a woman—one who had been a petted daughter and a worshiped wife—"Just think, my husband was foolish enough to expose himself and take cold, and I had to give up my room and lost my rest in consequence!"

Not a word of sympathy for the sick man, only angry resentment at the inconvenience she had been caused.

Perhaps the unfortunate type of woman is she who, from natural tendency or acquired habit, finds excitement and adventure a necessary element in man's love. Unless her adored one is in a constant state of jealous despair or vehement protestation there is no pleasure for her in being loved. The quiet domestic role is worse than purgatory to her.

The man who shows a calm security and a happy content in her presence destroys her interest in life. He salt of love is without savor to her taste unless seasoned with the tragic.

With her marriage is always a failure, and advancing years hold nothing for her. After her beauty begins to wane she can feast only on that worst of all dead sea fruit, the recollections of love scenes.

She suffers the agonies of death in witnessing the triumphs of younger women, and becomes bitter or grotesque in her attitude toward the male sex as she grows old, and blames Providence and mankind for the misery which she has brought upon herself.

In spite of the existence of all these various types, the majority of women in the civilized world are content to feed their hungry hearts on crumbs of affection and to lavish on their children or their church the love which, like Noah's dove, has gone forth in search of a resting place to the ark in their bosoms.

While many women abuse the love lavished upon them, the average woman lives upon a kind love, a tenderness and an occasional caress, and repays these with the devotion of a lifetime.

The Bird of Wisdom

By GARRETT P. SERVIS.

In your peregrinations through the halls of the American Museum of Natural History, which form a kind of cosmorama, or world-spectacle, you will meet in the crowd no stranger face than that of "Minerva's bird of wisdom," the owl.

The owl is a queer family. No bird has been more generally the subject of superstitious legends. Its nocturnal habits have surrounded it with an atmosphere of mystery, and its lugubrious cries in the night have given it, everywhere, and in all times, the reputation of a bird of ill omen. As such it has played its part in almost every literature. Among the evil auguries that Shakespeare assembled around the murder-night in "Macbeth" were the cries of the owl.

—; the obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night.

The countenance of the owl, especially of the species called the barn owl, after by moonlight, or accidental illumination in the night, is as startling an object as could well be imagined. Triangular, like that of some monkeys, with black, staring eyes surrounded by broad, whitish disks bordered with dull red, it is calculated to unsettle the steadiest nerves.

There is one peculiar circumstance which adds immensely to the unnerve effect of an owl's face encountered in some obscure and lonely place. This is the fixity of the great eyes in their sockets, which compels the bird to turn its head in a most uncanny fashion every time it alters the direction of its gaze. The motion is so quick and menacing that it makes the nerves of an excitable person jump every time it is performed. If he changes his location the face instantly follows his movement.

The bird can rotate its neck so as to look squarely over its shoulder, or even behind it, without the slightest change in attitude. This no doubt gives it an advantage in capturing its prey, or watching its enemies, without betraying its location by a general movement of the body. Owls have, also, very peculiar ears, resembling, in some respects, those of mammals, although they are concealed by feathers.

They are carnivorous animals, never believe, eating vegetable food. They approach a victim, says Prof. J. P. Moore, "on noiseless wing, and usually grasp it with one foot, after which it is borne away to a perch and torn to pieces." Only a very few species of owls hunt or stir abroad by day, and although they inhabit every part of the world, they are among the rarest of animals to be seen by the ordinary observer.

The voice of the owl is as celebrated and peculiar as its countenance. The sound that it makes is usually called a hoot. But the greatest observer of birds, who ever lived, Rev. Gilbert White, found a variety in the cries of owls, and declared that their voices have a musical sound which is reducible by a pitch-pipe to a musical key. He speaks of two owls hooting to each other, the one in A flat and the other in B flat; and of some owls which hooted in G flat and F sharp. And he gives the following animated and amusing description:

"White owls seem not (but in this I am not positive), to hoot at all; all that clamorous hooting appears to me to come from the wood kites. The white owl does indeed, more and less in a tremendous manner, and these menaces will answer the intention of intimidating, for I have known a whole village up in arms on such an occasion, imagining the churchyard to be full of goblins and specters."

White owls often scream horribly as they fly along, and from this screaming probably arose the common people's imaginary species of screech-owl, which they superstitiously think attends the windows of dying persons.

Household Economy

How to Have the Best Cough Remedy and Save \$2 by Making It at Home

Cough medicines, as a rule contain a large quantity of plain syrup. A pint of granulated sugar with 1/2 pint of warm water, stirred for 2 minutes, gives you as good syrup as money can buy.

Then get from your druggist 2 1/2 ounces Pinex (50 cents worth), pour into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with sugar syrup. This gives you, at a cost of only 54 cents, a full pint of really better cough syrup than you could buy ready made for \$2.50—a clear saving of nearly \$2. Full directions with Pinex. It keeps perfectly and tastes good.

It takes hold of the usual cough or chest cold at once and conquers it in 24 hours. Splendid for whooping cough, bronchitis and winter coughs.

It's truly astonishing how quickly it loosens the dry, hoarse or tight cough and heals and soothes the inflamed membranes in the case of a painful cough. It also stops the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes, thus ending the persistent loose cough.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, combined with guaiacal, and has been used for generations to heal inflamed membranes of the throat and chest.

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A Fictionless Fable

By ANN LISLE.

There was once a widow who had three daughters. The mother does not count in this story, so having politely mentioned her first of all, we may dismiss her and consider the daughters.

At the moment when our attention is directed to them first, Ella, the eldest, is 25 and looks it, quite in disaccord with a modern woman's way of managing her years, so that at least five of them shall not be in evidence. The twins, Molly and Polly, are 20, look sixteen, and have the worldly wisdom of a very worldly 30.

The family income couldn't by any effort be stretched to buy three girls pretty clothes and take them into society. So Molly and Polly worked out their conclusion so wisely that the widow was all enthusiasm, and poor Ella acquiesced perforce. The idea was this: Ella, who couldn't conceivably be a social success, since she had neither face and figure, nor manner and charm to compare it, should prepare herself for a secretarial position and go down into the business world where she should surely make money and might also make a hit with some man who liked the idea of a wife with ability better than ability to love his wife.

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Said Molly: "Of course, if we marry well we'll take care of you, Cinderella, and if we don't you'll be able to take care of yourself."

"And us, too, maybe," singled Polly. At the end of the year Ella was earning \$2 a week, and Molly had married herself off to a youth whose father had left him \$25,000 a year. At the end of two years Ella had an increase of \$10 a week in her salary, Molly had twins and Polly had a husband. So everybody was more or less happy.

"Aunt Ella" to Molly's twins and to Polly's son and heir. And every time she cuddled the babies in her empty arms she knew that she was Cinderella indeed, but a woman withal, and so capable of all a woman's yearnings.

When Ella was 35 she was earning \$10,000 a year and that salary proved her fairly godmother. It bought her wonderful clothes that actually made it appear as if she had a good figure. It bought her the services of a beauty specialist that made brightened eyes and fluffy hair and a clear complexion gave her face the semblance of charm, too.

Ella was free from worry and from indecision and had red lips and a joyous heart—and a reputation for efficiency that made men regard her as a very respectable money-earning machine and so even as a possible wife. But Cinderella wanted the Right Prince to fit on her foot the little glass slipper of absolute devotion.

Just then Molly's husband lost his money and Polly's husband lost his life. Ella promptly took everybody concerned to live with her and set about supporting a large and heterogeneous family that did not exactly belong to her. She settled down in her own mind to being "Aunt Ella" for life.

"Now that the kiddie is quite safe, would you mind looking at my ankle—I think I sprained it when I first began trying to do things for my little inva-

lid," said Ella at last. The doctor looked at the ankle and while he was thinking how white and blue-veined it was and how much sheer grit the girl had shown in standing her pain until the baby was safe, she was thinking how much she would like to run her fingers through the waves of his yellow hair!

At the end of three months Molly's husband had a job and Polly had succeeded in her job of finding a husband. As for Dr. Johnstone—well his bandage had fitted Ella's little white foot as snugly as the glass slipper that Prince Charming had put on Cinderella's foot of old. And they had both discovered how well her head fitted into the hollow of his shoulder—and how perfectly their natures and ideals fitted them to announce to the family what it was beginning to suspect.

MORAL—Prince Charming does not always arrive on schedule time or drive up in a coach and six—and Fairy Godmothers wear strange guises, sick babies or sprained ankles or other odd raiment—but the modern Cinderella would do well to have pretty white feet and dainty negligees—because you never can tell when Prince Charming is coming!

In-Shoots

The man who attempts to get a justice in the courts must prepare for a lot of bumps on the way.

The disposition of the ambitious candidate is never improved by a season in political cold storage.

It is easier to hold down a good job than hold off the fellows who want to get it away from you.

When the glory of the hero has a weather-beaten look it is time for him to seek seclusion in the tall grass.



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