The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Fifth Commandment

"Leave the Door Open to Keep Wife or Husband," Explains What the Fifth Commandment of Matrimony Means.

By DOROTHY DIX.

This is the fifth commandment of mat-

Thou shalt not make of thyself the one-who-must-be-obeyed, for, verily, few there be who love

their jallers. There probably no married couples in the world, no matter how loving or beloved, who do not have times and seasons when they wish they had the courage to smash their wedding rings and tear up their marriage certificates, and make a break for their lost liberty.

It is then we marvel, not at the large number of divorces, but that divorce is not universal, and that poor, weak human nature has the strength to

see on dragging its ball and chain when it could so easily break its fetters. nothing but a prison house, and that when they get married they get a life of being pardoned out.

Peaches and matinee heroes may look that is good for his stomach. good to youths and maidens, but, oh,

human heart is for liberty. For it men nation in bearing their losses? fight and die, for it women become mar-

the very breath of life to every man you have made of domesticity, Mr. Husand woman with a soul, we deliberately band and Mrs. Wife, and give your poor proceed to wreck matrimony by making pining convict a breath of liberty. it a penal institution, and setting up a In love we keep only what we give tyrant on the hearth, who makes Nero and hold what we lose, and the way to

look like Warden Osborne. When the average man marries a over the fence is to leave the doors wide woman he qualifies immediately as head open. Therefore, forget not the fifth jailer to her. He assumes the right to commandment of matrimony: Thou shalt boss her incoming and outgoing; to regu- not make of thyself the one who must be late how much she shall pay for her obeyed, for, verily, few there be who clothes, and to say how many inches love their jailers.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

no man is useless while he has a friend."

-Robert Louis Stevenson.

existance I want to talk today.

"So long as we love we serve; so long

Our Worth in the World

Our Own Fault If There is No Place for Us in

the Schemes of Life.

ther gowns shall be cut out in the neck and off at the bottom.

More than that he arrogates to him self the right to settle her opinions for her, and to decide whether she shall belong to this club or that; whether she shall be an outspoken suffragists, or merely sympathize secretly with the feminist movement.

Nor is the husband in much better ase. Some more freedom of action he has than the wife, because she can't keep up with him and exercise her tyranny over him quite as easily as he can over her. But she does her conscientious best, and that best is hard enough to endure,

Not one married man in 100, no, not in 10,000, is free to stay down town of a night to dinner if he feels like it, or to pass an evening with his old chonies, or to go off to the theater by himself, or to gratify any little whim of the kind. His Jailer at home, who has given him a ticket of leave, to go out and pass the day tollin; for her, is sitting up with her eye on the clock, ready to call time on him if he doesn't show up on the minute. Nor has the average married man any liberty in his own home. He can't smoke where he wants to, nor muss up the sofa For there is no gainsaying the fact the cushions, nor have a room of his own in average couple make of the holy estate which he can leave things scattered about the way he likes them.

He's not allowed to waste the money sentence with hard labor, with no com- that would buy imported millinery on mutation for good conduct, and no hope silly connections of butterfiles, or beetles, or stamps. He's not permitted to invite And it is because people are beginning the people he knew before marriage—and to realize that the married have written that his wife hated at sight—to the house above their doorways, "Abandon free- to dinner. He hasn't got even a whole dom all ye who enter here," that men, closet nor a comb and brush of his very and women also, are beginning to fight own. His wife even buys his neckties more and more shy of matrimony, for him, and decides on the kind of food

Is it any wonder the poor matrimonial worms, male and female, turn at last? It is one of life's little ironies that we It is surprising that too much wife or bring to the greatest crisis in our whole too much husband gets on the nerves of cistence the least intelligence of which their poor victims? Is it to be wondered we are capable. We all know, for in- at that widows and widowers give such stance, the one undying passion of the marvelous exhibition of Christian resig-

The answer to the conundrum of how tyrs of sacrifice, giving those who are to be happy though married is comprised in one word, and that word is freedom. Yet, knowing this, knowing freedom is Throw open the doors of the prison house

keep a husband or wife from climbing

In the Hands of Fate * By NELL BRINKLEY





So they snuggle-these countless, casual pest-builders of the great cities, item-one man in overalls worn gray-one little woman still young whose frail shoulders, if you could read their language aright, speak eloquently of untold strength to bear-and one small baby who slips so humbly and obscurely into this world that there is no acclaim of heralding save in the singing hearts of his two "folks"-so they struggle in the hand of Fate-may they be held there safe and close,-NELL BRINKLEY.

Why We Quarreled

No. 4-The Man's Side-The Husband Whose Wife Couldn't Agree with Him Gives His Story. : : :

DE WATER.

(Copyright, 1915, by Star Company.) My wife had her own ideas as to how or home should be furnished. I had mine. Because these ideas were diamtrically opposed, we had our first bitter

"You furnish the money and I'll furnish the taste," she once said jestingly. I knew she was in fun, yet I resented the speech.

We boarded for the first eighteen nonths of our married life, then we so lected a pretty apartment not far from the river. The rooms were all light and my wife and I agreed perfectly as to

"It will be great fun getting the furnimore money to spend. But we can make the place lovely anyway." "Yes," I said, "we can. And don't

cellent pieces from my old home. When father died, you know, the furniture was divided among us boys." "Aren't those pieces very large for our

rooms?" Constance objected. "They are all right," I told her, like a room that's just full of furnitur

"I don't," she remarked, quietly. But we argued no more just then. went with her while she chose our wall paper. Our views did not agree at all. She wanted light, soft colors; I wanted bright, cheerful papers. But I remembered that, after all, Constance would be in the home more than I would. Yet

when she spoke of twin beds for our room I protested. "They would be an unnecessary expenso," I said, "for I have mother's old

hand-carved double bed."
"The brass beds would be pretty," Constance ventured. "Why buy them when we have some

thing so much handsomer?" I urged. This bed of mother's is, I said, hand carved and hardwood. Constance looked relieved. "Oh, well,"

Advice to Lovelorn

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have a daughter who goes around with a boy whe is in high school—the girl is 12, the boy is 30. The boy has to go one year more to high school and then to go about six years to college. He pays much attention to her and takes her out to places of amusement, and she cares for him and doesn't pay any attention to other boys. I object to her going out with him because I don't think it is advisable for a girl to go around with a boy and wait seven years before he will leave college and will be able to earn his living.

Seven years is too long for a girl to

Seven years is too long for a girl to his education and prepare to marry her. Don't, however, deal roughly with the romance or the young people may be impelled to do something as silly as clope, Perhaps if you invite him and other young people as well to your house and throw your daughter into wholesome, jolly young society instead of having her find her pleasure in "duets," she will gradually outgrow this infatuation. The college training in three or four years at most. If the young people are sincerely and loyally in love and resist all your she flashed back. "I suppose since you do you really feel that 24 or 25 would be | and send you a personal letter.

VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN | she said, "if it's really fine mahogany, perhaps it will do very well after all. When it came to furniture for the living room, we clashed again. She wanted some wicker chairs. I reminded her that we had several comfortable armebatrs in storage.

I was sure that when she saw how nice the chairs were, she would be pleased. And as she let me have my own way about this plan, I did not protest when she selected ecru lace curtains and golden brown plush for the portieres of the living room,

"They will go very well with the white enamel paint and the pale yellow walls." she said.

On the very day on which we selected the dining room furniture a plain mission-made set that I did not really liketure," Constance said. "I wish we had a telegram came from Constance's home saying that her mother, who was an invalid, was worse, and asking her to come on and spend a fortnight with her ff forget that I have in storage some ex- possible.

'I will have the apartment in complete readiness for you by the time you return." I said as I took her to the train. "You'd better wait to choose the rugs

until I come back," she suggested. I did not promise, but she thought that my silence meant consent, and she went

away satisfied. I had a good time getting the flat ready for her, and I planned it all as a pleasant surprise for my dear wife. I had the armchairs for the living room recovered.

as they had been in my childhood, with a stunning peacock-blue brocade. It was expensive, but I wanted it. The black walnut sofa I had covered with a crim-The rug I selected combined the two colors. I did not like the portieres, for they looked very dull beside the warm blues and reds I had selected. I was

to the mistake she had made in selecting brown hangings, The carved bed was polished and set in place, and I chose a pretty blue rug

sure that Constance would think so, too,

and I resolved not to call her attention

for the bedroom floor. I shall never forget the day when Constance arrived in town. I took her right up to our new home. She gasped as her eyes fell on the living room furniture.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed. "What colors! Why can't we have these things recovered at once?" Then, when she saw that the upholstery

was entirely new, she sank down and cried. That was, perhaps, the bitterest me ment of my life.

When she became calmer I led her into our room, but at sight of the handcarved bedstead she stopped aghast. "Black walnut!" she excial thought it was mahogany." This angered me. "It's very band-

some!" I retorted. "It cost father a pretty penny. "Well, I wished he'd kept it!" she burst forth. "My dear Robert, you've ruined the place! How could you!"

Something anapped in my head and I saw crimson crimson as deep as th color of the living room sofa.

"Because," I said, "as my money pays for the furniture, my taste is to be consulted. Such being the case, I think ordinary gratitude might make you less young man ought to be able to finish his prejudiced and unkind in your judgment." "I shall never say another word in oriticism of the atrocious combination!"

most tactful efforts to turn their love have selected the furniture and naid for affair into the channels of friendship, it, I shall have to sit in it and lie on it." We have never since then referred to too great an age for your daughter to that quarrel. But although this is the attain in single state? If you care to case, I know that home has never seemed write me your case at greater length and like home to either of us, because of that will give me your address I will be glad day when my wife's harsh judgment and to make an exception in your instance lack of taste crushed my hopes and plans of pleasing her.

ONLY SIXTEEN, GIRL VERY SICK

him from leaving the world books which

are a veritable anthology of cheerfulness.

Tells How She Was Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

New Orleans, La.-"I take pleasure

in writing these lines to express my gratitude to you. I am only 16 years old and work in a tobacco taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and am now looking fine

and feeling a thousand times better." -Miss Amelia Jaquillard, 8961 Tehoupitoulas St., New Orleans, La.

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There is nothing that teaches more than experience. Therefore, such letters from girls who have suffered and were restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound should is a lesson to others. The same remedy is within reach of all.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (cenfidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a spman and held in strict confidence,

in life, isn't it because you are falling to as we are loved by some one, I would give out to life any affection? The girl almost say that we are indispensible, and of whom I speak looks upon men as ravening wild beasts. Her attitude toward the whole scheme of existence is one of criticism. She sees nothing any-"There isn't any place for me in life. where to like or admire or approve.

Nobody wants me," a sad little girl I If she meets some one who is kind and know sighs over and over. To her mere, unselfish she persists in regarding that living is a desperate burden that she is person as a strange exception to the genhardly willing to carry. To her and all cral rule. Within herself she has created the other morbid souls who cannot find a world that does not know kindness or a place for themselves in the scheme of love or unselfishness. And having created that world she lives in it without trying "So long as we love we serve," and the sto give anything of help or service to the beloved "R. L. S." whose own handicap tangible world that lies about her. of desperate ill-health did not prevent

She persists in regarding herself as an unhappy and lonely creature-and this in spite of the fact that she possesses one friend whom she knows she can trust, one friend who is loyal and kind, one friend for whom she feels affection and in whom she feels affection and in whom she can place faith.

It never occurs to her morbid little soul that she owes something to that friendship, that because someone worth while cares for her she has even at the moment of her greatest unhappiness a place in life, and that she is of use to the world, in fact and in potentiality, because mirable soul.

n the scheme of things. It may be tiny "She's such a now-perhaps it is going to be tiny for whiney woman, she always, but at least it is a place; no one gots on my else can fill it, and the individual who is nerves. put into it is a link in a chain.

Just being alive carries with it a certain responsibility. How does any of us know of the kind of perfactory. I have that any other human being can do the sons we respect, been a very sick girl work we find to hand? How does any of but avoid. She is but I have improved us know that anyone else can do the honest, earnest, wonderfully since work we shirk in the nere fact that we energetic, self-defail to look for it?

None of us can look ahead so much as an hour; none of us knows what tomorrow will bring. It is possible that just | fore was she cut by being at a given place at a certain time we may prove of inestimable value in the scheme of things-but more than she needed, money. this we all owe to life a state of "pre- The editor is paredness." To educate yourself so that you may be of service to the world in general and of value to those who care

for you is a part of your duty. Even though you feel friendless and nnecessary in the scheme of things you have no guarantee that the state of affairs is going to last in a world of change. How then dare you throw away etable Compound has worked like a your chance to make ready to be of value

> Being of service to the world is in itself valuable. It is the responsibility of life. No one has a right to sit around and think how miserable and lonely and unhappy and abused he or she is without recognizing the fact that there are perhaps in what we give the vague name, at most times a tooth of disappointment plenty of people in like state. And if they are, anyone who can think must figure out her responsibility to help other un- lenium is not liable to overtake us in this thing. The conditions of life are much

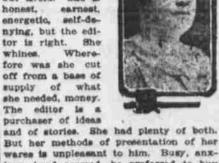
> happy souls. Life isn't a thing to run away from; t is a thing to meet with outstretched hands of service. Into those tasks shall be put and in the fulfilling of them lies more than mere usefulness to life-duty she whines. Once I said something But there is a difference in people to yourself and a chance to make a place cruelly about her. "I always feel like There are whiners and non-whiners for yourself in the world.

The Whiney Woman

By ADA PATTERSON.

"Tell her I'm out," snapped the busy she has the friendship of a fine and ad- editor. Then, looking up in half apology for the conventional fib. for he is at Every human being has a definite place heart an honest man, he said to me:

> I know that woman. She is one nying, but the editor is right. She Whereoff from a base of supply of what



countenance, and who spoke crisply, highly rated in an office. 0 am sorry for the woman. It was an you have forgotten it. unjust stand. The editor should have or-

we live in a world in which unfortunately frusted. wrong still flourishes. Injustices still Everyone faces some conditions

for no other nor better reason than that | that differs. running away from her. She has a voice Don't whine,

about the speech after one who knew me had told me of her life story. It is true that it was dotted with vicissitudes. And yet I know a woman who has met even more and whose voice has the ring of courage.

One of these women talks with he head bent as though she were afraid stones might be thrown at her. The other walks with her head high and her eyes steady, as though she defied fate! The one woman is a downpour of discouragement. The other a well of courage. One thing it never pays to do is to

whine. It is a good investment to laugh. Laughter is a dividend paying bond. So is a light step. So is a cheerful smile. For these beget confidence nd success, any financier you know will tell you, is builded upon confidence.

The person who whines confesses herself beaten, and a large part of the world is still orue; to the beaten. If you are unsuccessful, if you haven't received the recognition you merit, if your employer shows signs of longing for your But her methods of presentation of her surround us in our business lives are wares is unpleasant to him. Busy, anx- busy about their own affairs. That ious, hard pressed, he preferred to buy makes them thoughtful of others. If of one who turned upon him a brave you tell them you are a failure they will not stop to analyze. They will take briefly and "got out.". The art of "get- for granted that what you say of yourting out" when you have finished is one self is true. And they will remember that indigo mood of yours long after

Tell your troubles to your pillow and dered personal preference to the rear and to the four walls of your room. They kept them there. You're quite right, only are the only confidents who can be

We find them growing thickest wishes were otherwise. Everyone has but that has an immense significance to gnawing at his heart. There is a big "If" us all, "business down town." The mij- that is the supreme obstacle to everythe same for us all. Trouble there is And yet, I find myself declining invita- always and will be until the work in the tions from that woman. Invitations for far future becomes a vast harmony. It finner, for the theater, for a drive. And is only the form or flavor of trouble

"Season to Taste"

That's the important thing in most recipes. When you can do that well, you know much about cooking. Real seasoning brings back the plates for a second helping. It gives food a taste that reminds you of the things "mother used to make." There's a knack in getting the flavor just right, of course, but the better the spices, the easier it is. That's why

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are so popular with hundreds of housewives. They are strong, pungent and pure. Always 10c a package at grocers'. Allspice, Cloves, Pepper, Paprika, Ginger, Cinnamon, Nutmegs, Mace, Celery Salt, Pickling Spice, Mustard, Sage, Poultry Seasoning and others.

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