

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Much Marital Misery is Caused by Money

By DOROTHY DIX.

From time to time I have expressed the opinion that much of the misery of matrimony was merely a matter of money, and that if the financial question could be settled, the marriage would be settled, and the two men who were going into business together, it would eliminate one of the present sources of friction in the household, and make for peace and harmony.



The average American husband is not a tightwad. As a general thing he wants his family to have every possible thing that he can afford to give them. But he is set against giving his wife an allowance as he is against death. He does not want to let her have the handle of the money. He wants her to come to him for every penny, and even when he doesn't mind giving her what she asks for, he likes to growl a bit about it.

All of this infuriates the wife. She feels like a beggar rattling a tin cup every time she asks her husband for money. She writhes under the injustice of never having any money of her own that comes to her, not as a gratuity, but as self-earning money that she has earned by her own labor. It makes her envious to see working women with their own pocketbooks when she knows that she works ten times as hard as any of them, and has no pocketbook.

Why men are so opposed to granting their wives the boon of an allowance nobody knows. It would even save husbands money to do so, because any woman could manage her affairs better if she knew how much she was going to have to spend instead of just having to guess how big a bill her husband would stand for, or how much she could jolly him out of. It is a fact, however, that most men are unalterably fixed in their determination not to give their wives an allowance, or any money of her own, and that when you commence talking to one about it, he immediately flies off at a tangent and grows self-righteously indignant at what he calls woman's attempt to "commercialize marriage."

One of these indignant gentlemen has recently written me as follows: "True love and affection, the only justifiable basis of matrimony, cannot be measured by dollars and cents any more than you can add together potatoes and pig iron. Whenever women at-

tempt to place matrimony on a dollar-and-cent basis, they should be treated upon a strictly business basis, and be compelled to give value received, and this value received must be estimated by the standard which they wish to establish, and in which they expect payment, viz., cold, hard cash.

What nonsense, and what a begging of the question. The real service that a wife gives her husband is spiritual. It is a love and a tenderness that cannot be bought, a loyalty and devotion that can never be repaid.

Beyond that, though, the average wife could send in a bill for actual services, payable in money, that would bankrupt any man who was not a millionaire. Suppose wife sent in her little account at the end of the month for cooking, for washing, for ironing, for scrubbing, for acting as purchasing agent, for nursing the baby, for caring for the sick children, for acting as sick nurse, for entertaining company, for pressing trousers, for cleaning suits, and for acting as companion?

Cooking, cleaning, scrubbing, sewing, nursing, entertaining company, tutoring children, are all different professions, you know, for which a man would have to pay if he had a family, and didn't have a wife who lumped them all in her day's work. So you see the wife does really earn her board and keep and a little spending money besides.

Of course, it is very beautiful and idyllic to say that no question of money should ever come up between a husband and wife. The trouble is, this is a prosaic world in which we can't move an inch without paying our way. Therefore the money question is perpetually with us, and it's because men don't settle it fairly with their wives that there is eternal conflict between them on the subject, and it's going to be there until men make up their minds to "come across."

If a woman is too big a fool to handle a few dollars she has not sense enough to make a desirable wife. If she is so dishonest that she cannot be trusted with an allowance, she's too big a thief to become the mother of a man's children. If a woman is sensible and honest, what excuse can a husband give for depriving her the independence that comes of having her own money?

There is no man who would not feel himself degraded by having to ask even the most generous of fathers for money every time he wanted a dollar. Women feel exactly the same way about it, and if husbands only realized this they would be very few mean enough to put this humiliation upon their wives.

It's stuff and nonsense to talk about women trying to commercialize matrimony by asking their husbands for a little allowance of their own. It's men who commercialize matrimony, and drive a cruel hard bargain, too, when they take the work of a woman's hand, and the devotion of her soul, and begrudge her a dollar of her own.

## Gran'mama Likes Us Now

By Nell Brinkley

Copyright, 1914, Intern'l News Service.

## Definite Aim in Life

By MRS. FRANK LEARNED.

Author of "The Etiquette of New York Today," "Ideals for Girls," etc.

Life has a real aim, and is full of wonderful opportunities, and is worth living at the very best of our power. Each one of us has some definite work to do in the world. The danger is that in the ignorance of forgetfulness of this truth years may be wasted, and life itself, which should be full of interest, becomes aimless, listless, even unhappy.

If girls are taught to look out on life rightly, and trained from the first to think of this life as a great and blessed gift, bound up with a divine purpose, they would find it rich with opportunities for noble actions and joyous living.

"Grace will never be obliged to work," said a girl when speaking of a girl friend, "but she insists on having a college training."

"Who can tell what may happen?" said some one. "Fortunes change; or take wings, and Grace, whose future seems arranged to be lived in ease and luxury, may be obliged to work some day. Even if she does not work for self-support she will have from her college education the advantage of a trained mind to bring to all sorts of needs in her life to help her to be useful in the lives of others."

The truth is that Grace, who, her friends think, will never be obliged to work, and who is too insistent on a college training, is determined not to waste her gifts and talents, but is beginning to use them definitely.

Discipline in any work, any training, strengthens the mind in habits of system, perseverance, self-control and patience. Among the best things that a college education can do for a student is to show how tools may be used. What a girl gains is not a mere accumulation of facts or a quantity of assorted information, but discipline, concentration, accuracy and power. Knowledge should be to her a means of growth and development of character or it will be worth little.

The girl who has discovered her true vocation, and has set before herself a definite aim, will find happiness in her earnest, loyal, brave and conscientious. Her training may be that of a teacher, an artist, a journalist, stenographer or nurse, or she may work in shop or factory, or she may be called to stay quietly at home. If she grasps the truth that it is her real vocation her life will be happy and of use.

"The usefulness of a life," says a thoughtful writer, "does not depend on the outward results which can be estimated in terms of money, or in external works which can be tabulated and counted up, or may be conspicuous in the annals of the world; but on the realization by each soul that life has for it a real purpose; by the honest search for divine guidance as to what purpose it, and the loyal and cheerful acceptance of it when it is made known."

Many things worth knowing are not learned in school or college. Some of them are learned in the wholesome round of simple, every-day home duties.

## Do You Know That

Glass windows were first used in private houses in England in 1130.

The superiority of French kid gloves over all others is due above all to the perfection of the skins, the kids being reared in villages by peasants who own only a few goats, and therefore take great care of them. Another reason is that in France one workman takes the prepared skin and manipulates it himself right up to the finished glove.

The so-called "death-watch," with its mysterious ticking at night time, is due to nothing more serious than the furniture beetle. The larva of this insect burrows in the furniture, making the pinholes which are often to be seen in old furniture.

## WOMAN COULD HARDLY STAND

Because of Terrible Backache. Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I suffered from displacement and inflammation, and had such pain in my sides, and terrible backache so that I could hardly stand. I took six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now I can do any amount of work, sleep good, eat good, and don't have a bit of trouble. I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to every suffering woman."—Mrs. HARRY FISHER, 1625 Doughton St., Nicetown, Pa.

Another Woman's Case. Providence, R. I.—"I cannot speak too highly of your Vegetable Compound as it has done wonders for me and I would not be without it had a displacement, bearing down, and backache, until I could hardly stand and was thoroughly run down when I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helped me and I am in the best of health at present. I work in a factory all day long besides doing my housework so you can see what it has done for me. I give you permission to publish my name and I speak of your Vegetable Compound to many of my friends."—Mrs. ABEL LAWSON, 126 Lippitt St., Providence, R. I.

Danger Signals to Women are what one physician called backache, headache, nervousness, and the blues. In many cases these are symptoms of some female derangement or an inflammatory, ulcerative condition, which may be overcome by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands of American women willingly testify to its virtue.



Shade of my little gran'mother hanging high there on the living room wall, your face still rosy tinted through the faded mask it has become, your hair like two smooth raven's wings folded each side of your cheeks, the whole picture you are set in darkly colored like a dust-covered gem, looking out as you do from the gay modern pictures around you, Dulac and Pyle, and a pretty actress face—I expect you to lean out any minute away from the paint, to smile and sparkle, and say you are pleased! For the peep-took skirt is a broken toy that is buried for good (so they say) and your own voluminous petticoat that stands out like a fan, blows like a loose sail in the wind and sways seductively when we do go out to walk or hesitation, is here. Every time I have come clicking down the hill (you did like high heels yourself, little Gran'dame) in a frock that nipped my ankles hard at every strangled stride, I turned my face up to yours palely looking down and imagined that you glowered! If Gran'mamas can glower, I saw your delicate nose crinkle and crawl upward, your gently curved lips tighten, your black eyelashes droop in smug scorn. And I skipped by with the back of my neck turned pink! For I knew you didn't approve. You never moved while the year nineteen-fourteen pivoted by and the youth in our house peered under your faded face in hobblet robes, pulled tight as a headache bandage around their hurrying ankles. You never moved or smiled. (I loved 'em—me myself!)

## Mysteries of Nature and Science

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

"Can you help a layman to an understanding of the accepted meaning of matter? I read now that 'matter is electricity,' a statement that confuses and perplexes more than ever. Will you kindly explain the subject, provided it can be grasped by a non-scientific reader?"—J. T. Pittsburgh, Pa.

Common sense will help us a long way toward an understanding of these apparently mysterious things. Think for a moment what you yourself mean by "matter," for the meaning attached to that word by the average intelligent person is, at bottom, the same that the "scientific man" attaches to it. You mean by matter anything that you can touch, feel, or see. The scientific definition is "anything that has dimensions and occupies space, or 'anything which occupies space and possesses weight,' or 'everything which can affect our senses.'"

I take these various definitions from standard text-books, and you perceive that they all come practically to the same thing. The late Prof. R. K. Duncan put the whole subject very clearly in these words: "Wood, copper, oil and air are forms of matter, for they evidently possess weight and fill space. But light, heat, electricity and magnetism we cannot consider to fill so many quarts, or weigh so many pounds. They are, therefore, forms of nonmatter."

So far, then, there is nothing to puzzle anyone. But, as you say, when the assertion comes that "matter is electricity," the scientific mind is apt to get befogged. For this seems a contradiction in terms, inasmuch as, by its very definition, electricity is one of the forms of "nonmatter."

Now, let us take another step. The science of physics has long asserted that there are two fundamental things, and only two, which have "an actual and objective existence," and of which our senses make us aware, and those two things are matter in virtue of which any definite portion of it (matter) may be made to effect changes in other definite portions. A briefer definition is: "Energy is the power of doing work." Evidently energy comes under the head of nonmatter, although it is exercised only through and upon matter. Then, if energy is either matter or electricity, electricity, since it is still matter, must be energy.

This seems to make it still more difficult to comprehend how anybody in his senses can aver that matter is electricity. The clue to the mystery is to be found in the new discoveries about the constitution of the invisibly minute atoms of which all matter is made up. There is no such thing as an absolutely "solid" chunk of matter. All kinds of matter consists of atoms collected into associations called molecules, while the atoms themselves are composed of minute particles, now named electrons, and neither the electrons in the atoms, nor the atoms in the molecules, or aggregations, of matter, whether that matter be in the condition of a "solid," a "liquid," or a "gas," are in actual continual contact. They are either in incessant vibration, or in rotation, about and among one another, but these electronic, atomic and molecular motions are only indirectly made evident to us through their effects, such as heat, light, and so on.

One more step is required in order to see what is meant by the statement that

matter is nothing but electricity. Another way of putting the statement is that the ultimate units of which matter is composed are the electrons in the atoms. But what are electrons? An electron is nothing more than a certain quantity, or "charge," of electricity in excessively rapid motion. Here we hit upon a very strange thing. Electricity, by definition, is not matter, and yet in the form of the spinning electron it has the characteristic quality of matter, which is inertia, or mass.

In other words, electricity in motion possesses the most fundamental property of matter, and so may be taken as forming the basis of matter, since the electrons are, as far as we can now see, the actual and only constituents of the atoms of matter. When the atom is taken apart, so to speak, we find nothing in it except these whirling electric charges. They seem to acquire the property of mass (mass is not exactly weight, but for the sake of getting a grasp on the subject you may think of it as weight), from their motion. It has been proved that their apparent mass increases with their velocity of rotation.

And so, finally, we get to the conception that the very substantial thing which we know of as matter may be only a form of energy, and that instead of two things, matter and energy, constituting the universe, there is only one thing, energy, appearing in different forms and states.

## Runaway June

By George Randolph Chesler and Lillian Chesler

By special arrangement for this paper a photo-drawing corresponding to the illustrations of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theaters. By arrangement made with the Mutual Film Corporation it is not only possible to read "Runaway June" each day, but also afterward to see moving pictures illustrating our story.

(Copyright, 1915, by Serial Publication Corporation.)

### EIGHTH EPISODE

#### Her Husband's Enemies.

#### CHAPTER I. (Continued.)

Again the everlasting problem—the man, the woman and the money. The runaway bride sat in the vacant chair at the little desk and pondered it all out. This person was nagged, who followed her husband even to the hospital to nag, and whose husband welcomed the hospital because it was a relief from nagging—this woman was the outcome of the custom by which the man, earning, possessed all, and the money he gave to his wife was as a gift. A selfish woman and one without delicacy, such as this nagger, made it her business to get all she could, and the pursuit had become a passion with her. She was like those beggars who continue to beg after they have become rich by it, begging from the force of habit, and from the love of the art of making people give and from the sordid desire to possess. It was wrong, all wrong, somewhere. June shuddered as she remembered this wife going through her husband's pockets, and then she recalled her dream of herself standing before Ned as a pitiless pauper, holding out her hand for alms. She had been right, she decided, as she had decided time and again. She had acted wisely in running away before she had committed herself to charity and before any barriers had been set between their love. She must earn her own way.

Merv, June sprang from her chair and ran to the room of the chauffeur with a sudden violent wrench of her conscience. For lay there quite cheerfully with the thermometer still in his mouth, and he grinned as well as he could after twenty minutes of this exer-

## Fruit Laxative for Mamma, Dad, Baby, "California Syrup of Figs."

Mother, daddy and the children can always keep feeling fine by taking this delicious fruit laxative as occasion demands. Nothing else cleanses the stomach, liver and bowels so thoroughly without griping.

You take a little at night and in the morning all the food, constipated waste, sourbile and fermenting food, delayed in the bowels gently moves out of the system. When you awaken all headache, indigestion, sourness, foul taste, bad breath, fever and dizziness is gone; your stomach is sweet, liver and bowels clean, and you feel grand.

"California Syrup of Figs" is a family laxative. Everyone from grandpa to baby can safely take it and no one is ever disappointed in its pleasant action. Millions of mothers know that it is the ideal laxative to give croup, sick, feverish children. But get the genuine. Ask your druggist for a 50 cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups on each bottle. Refuse with contempt the cheaper Fig Syrups and counterfeiters. See that it bears the name "California Fig Syrup Company."—Advertisement.

