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SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Grabs a Haypile in a Strange Hotel

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



The Liberties of Matrimony

By DOROTHY DIX.

A man asks this question: Do you think that a husband and wife have a right to open each other's letters without being asked to do so?

I certainly do not. A man has no more right to open his wife's letters than he has the letters of any other woman nor has a wife any more right to tamper with her husband's mail than she would with that of the most perfect stranger.

We have a right to some decency and privacy of life, even though married.

To have a husband or a wife who would open your letters, and read them before you had a chance at them yourself, would be disgusting and revolting to any person or refinement. A letter is as purely a personal thing as



one's tooth brush, and it's hard to imagine the lack of delicacy and taste that would lead a husband or a wife to set up a joint claim to either one.

Of course there are circumstances in which a husband or wife may properly object to their spouse's correspondence. A man may not, for instance, approve of his wife receiving letters from other men. A wife may be inordinately jealous of the violet-scented pink missives that her husband gets from other women, but even then the remedy is not the high-handed and tyrannical one of opening the other's letters.

The affinity, however, does not figure in the ordinary family circle, and the average husband and wife receive no letters from a more exciting source than Sister Susan or grandma, or Cousin Jane, or some old friend. Why any human being except the one to whom they are addressed, want to read the unexciting chronicles set down in this epistle, passes comprehension.

Nevertheless, it is the ill-bred habit of many husbands and wives to open each other's letter and read the confidences that were never meant for their eyes. It is sort of listening at the key-hole that does not endear the Paul Pry or the Polly Pry to his or her wife or husband.

It is not that the wife or husband has any guilty secret that is hidden in the letter, but no woman or man of real refinement tells all of his or her family and friends' affairs even to his wife or husband, John Smith, fine and honorable, and devoted to his wife, shrinkable from laying before her eyes the sorrowful story his sister has written him about a wayward boy who has been caught robbing a cash drawer. Mary Smith, as loyal a wife as ever lived, cannot bear that her husband should read her mother's letter in which she sobs out the pitiful tale of how Mary's father has spent the rent money on liquor, and how they are to pay the grocery man, she doesn't know.

Generally speaking most husbands and most wives are jealous of each other's families, and prone to criticism of them. The family letters furnish material for criticisms, and lead to recriminations and to domestic spats. For that reason alone, if for no other, husbands and wives have no business meddling with each other's mail.

Over and beyond the letter itself, though, the objection each other's letters is the deadly affront it offers to one's individuality. The mere act of the tearing open of the envelope rivets on one the letters of a slave. It is the outward and visible sign of subjection, and any man or any woman would have to have the soul of a mouse not to feel the hot blood of rebellion and righteous anger surge up in her or him against it.

The opening of your letter brings home to you as nothing else can the fact that you have not left one iota of freedom, not one vestige of personal liberty, not one scintilla of privacy. Somebody else has asserted the right to see words written for you alone; to hear confidences intended for only your own breast; to keep you under espionage as if you were a child, and you would be more than human if you did not resent it, and hate the domestic tyrant on your hearthstone.

The thing that makes matrimony a failure oftener than anything else is just this lack of decencies and reserves of life between husbands and wives. It is because married people so seldom are generous enough to extend to each other any liberty of action that marriage becomes a bondage that we are ready to break at any price.

The one thing that militates more against domestic happiness than anything else is the knowledge that a woman has that she has got to give an account of everything she does, of every cent that she spends, and of every place that she goes to her husband, and that she has got to submit to his critical approval her dress, her opinions, her friends, her politics, and her religion. That's what makes her envious of the bachelor woman, and dream of careers.

Nor would there be many sidestepping husbands if a woman had enough sense to say to the man she married: "See, here, John, I didn't apply for the job of jailer when I became your wife."

"I don't want to interfere with all the things you enjoy doing. Nor am I going to hold a stop watch on you and see that you get home on the minute. Nobody can be happy who isn't free, and I present you your liberty on a silver platter, sure that you won't make a bad use of it."

That's the secret of how to be happy though married. It's to respect each other's rights, and not to enforce one's own rights, and chief among the rights that matrimony doesn't give is to open a husband's or wife's letters. That's a species of impertinent and vulgar curiosity to which no one should submit.

Daffydils

"NEVER LAUGH AT A BOY WITH A PUS NOSE - YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT MAY TURN UP"

MARY, THE STOCKING SALES-GIRL WAS BEING DAWLED OUT BY THE FLOOR WALKER. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN," HE CRIED, "BY SELLING THAT MIDGET SOCKS TWO FEET LONG. MARY THREW HIM A HAUGHTY LOOK, GAZED AT HIS BALD HEAD AND TITTERED. "SAY, IF A RICH OLD LADY FAINTED WOULD HER 'HEIR RESTORER'?"

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED "TA-RA-RA-RA TAMBO-MISTAH JOHNSON, A FUNNY THING OCCURED LAST NIGHT INTERLOCUTOR-TELL US ABOUT IT. TAMBO-DE BRAND WAS PLAYIN' A CONCERT IN DE PARK AN' ONE OF DE MUSICIANS LET HIS HORN DOWN FO' A MINUTE AN' A FELLOW IN DE CROWD GRABBED IT AN' STATED OFF WIF IT A COP COLLARED HIM AND BROUGHT HIM TO DE NIGHT COURT CHARGED WIF STEALIN' HE CLAIMED HE WAS ONLY FOLLOWIN' HIS OCCUPATION IN TWIN' DE HORN. HE SAID HE WAS A BALL PLAYER AN' WAS ONLY STEALIN' A BASS

THEY WERE CLOSING UP THE FORMS FOR THE LAST EDITION. ALL WAS HUSTLE AND CONFUSION THE MAKE-UP MAN FOUND A LITTLE SPACE DOWN IN THE CORNER NEAR THE PINK-PILLS AD AND HE WANTED SOMETHING TO FILL IT UP. TYFO TIM GRABBED HIS STICK, WENT OVER TO THE CABE AND IN A FEW MINUTES RETURNED WITH THIS, "IF THE BASEBALL WRITER, WROTE THE BODY OF THE ARTICLE ABOUT TWO BALL GAMES WOULD THE DOUBLE-HEADER?"

AW-TAKE A LOT! TAKE TWO!!

LET'S SEE, THERE ARE QUINCE TREES IN QUINCY, AND HAM TREES IN HAMBURG- AND SHOE TREES IN SHOE STORES, AND OAK TREES IN OAKLAND, AND GREEN TREES IN GREENLAND, AND- WHAT BRINGS YUH HERE, LITTLE EGG PLANT? AH! WOOD YOU KNOW ME GOK? YEA, BARK OUTYER NAME, AND LEAVE ME. IM THE BOOB THAT PUT THE TREES IN COUNTRIES.

"Only Brainless Women Are Flirts" The Winsome Woman Need Not a Be Silly Coquette



MRS. RENA CARY SHEFFIELD.

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

The gentle art of flirting has been condemned in no uncertain terms in the latest book by Le Baron H. Briggs, president of Radcliffe college.

"He does not call it flirting; being the dean of a college and a literary man, besides he uses more words to describe it. According to Mr. Briggs, flirting is "the deliberate, systematic and indiscriminate use of personal fascination, the use of power for the pleasure of exercising it and for no good end." Furthermore, says this writer, "the power to fascinate men, consciously used to give zest to life, becomes almost despicable; at the very least, it tends to make a girl useless and leads her to making men useless; at the worst, it breaks homes and happiness."

This severe arraignment of the flirt was put before Mrs. Rena Cary Sheffield, artist and author, whom I found at her studio at No. 189 Madison avenue, in the midst of a charming exhibit of children's portraits.

While we discussed the stick of flirtation, the loveliest and most innocent-looking baby faces, reproduced in all their

artistic perfection, gazed down at us from the walls, and I was glad that Mrs. Sheffield condemned flirting almost as severely as the worthy dean. Nothing less would have been possible under those eyes.

"We read a great deal about flirting nowadays," said Mrs. Sheffield, "but, as a matter of fact, it is only the very young or the very brainless woman who flirts, and neither is typical of the modern woman as we know who exists."

Mrs. Sheffield lives in the Suffrage building, right over the Suffrage association, and while she is young and attractive looking and full of vivacity, the foundation of her edifice, the great suffrage cause, and her own work give her a different and higher outlook upon life.

"Innocent flirting is instinctive in the young. One would hardly have it brought home to the most carefully brought-up young girl has to discover her own power of attraction and find out what it is all about, and it is the privilege of the very young. To flirt is inherent in the youth of all races."

"I read in the paper this morning that

The Futurist Society

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

There is a new movement on foot called the Futurist society. Its followers are futurists.

"They resolve to let the dead past bury its dead; to give no thought to what has been, but to devote themselves, with all their energies, to the present time in order to create such a future as never existed in any past."

Perhaps these people carry their idea a little too far; at least, to suit the individual of temperament and the lover of art. For it has been said (I do not know how truly) that they will have nothing to do with old art, literature or sculpture; believing too much time, thought, money and enthusiasm are spent upon the dead creators and not enough given to the aid and encouragement of new geniuses.

To give up all the study of history would be to some of us the keenest deprivation, and it would rob travel of its most subtle pleasure. And to give up contemplation of old works of art would be almost crucifixion.

Yet the futurist idea is a great one in the main; and it must shove the world along and lift the race at the same time to a higher plane.

Each individual should become a futurist in regard to his own life.

He should put his past behind him and forget his own achievements, whether for good or evil.

If you have accomplished something of which you feel proud, obliterate it from your thoughts, and begin each day as if you had yet to start life anew.

If you have made mistakes, forget them, and on the clean white page of today write your first sentence of the story of a wise, good, successful future.

There are possibilities in you of which you have never dreamed. You can be and do have more than you have ever hoped or imagined.

No one of us (since Christ) has even guessed our immense possibilities to achieve.

It does not matter what your age or your physical condition. If you have your mental powers clear enough to read these words and comprehend them, and if you have the physical power to take deep breaths, then there lies an immense hope for you to build yourself a good, strong body and carve out a new future.

Begin every morning and say this little "Mantram," silently first, and afterward whisper it audibly:

"The God-given Almighty power is moving within me to give health, success and happiness. I shall be shown the way to help bring about all those conditions. Love, light and kindness wait upon me. I shall be shown the way."

You can say this many times before you rise from your bed, and you will be given new strength at each repetition.

You can close your eyes and repeat the words silently in crowded street cars, and you can whisper them softly as you walk the city thoroughfares.

So surely as you do this, faithfully and persistently, a change will come over your life, good will grow better and evil will give place to good.

Your health will improve and your fortunes will be bettered.

Always it must be said with a reverent spirit, and with no feeling of levity.

And be willing to wait for results.

And be persistent and use will power to form the habit of concentration sufficiently strong to enable you to be regular in this mental and spiritual practice.

Perhaps you will say it takes time, and you cannot spare it. Yet think how much time you give daily to worry, despondency and regret.

Shut them all away from your mind.

Be a futurist. And create for yourself a new body, a new mind and a new life. It has been done by others, it can be done by you.

The self-made man is unable to see where he could have made any improvement on his work.

