

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

They Certainly Have Some Rugs in Turkey .. Drawn for The Bee by "Bud" Fisher



## Ella Wheeler Wilcox on Married Flirts

Men Have No Excuse for Such Action, for Their Attentions Can Bring Nothing Good to Anybody Concerned.

A question has arisen for animated discussion between a man and his wife. The man contends that there is no proof of disloyalty on the part of a husband who admires the opposite sex to such an extent that he indulges in harmless flirtations with them, and even bestows a caress now and then. He loves his wife no less for such little diversions. The wife thinks no man could really love his wife who conducted himself in this manner. She is confident she could not flirt with other men and indulge in familiarities and still care for her husband.



The husband, of course, argues that man's nature is different from that of woman, and what would be disloyal and undignified in her would be quite harmless on his part. This is very old-fashioned reasoning and quite out of date. But, putting the merely marital question aside (of what is right or upright in the matter), another question must obtrude itself upon the mind of any man with common sense: What is his influence upon the woman with whom he indulges in these passing flirtations? Who are these women? If a single woman or girl permits a married man to be familiar and to pay her attentions and to caress her, surely she must lose her standing among all decent people. She cannot retain the respect of single men; for nothing so quickly tarnishes the reputation of a girl as to have her name linked with that of a married man. It does not matter how innocent she may be of all wrongdoing, the world has a right to question her modesty, her good sense and her moral nature if she allows a married man to compromise her by his attentions. She must lack good taste and a kind heart, for otherwise she would not do what is needless and what will give pain to some other woman—the man's wife. If the woman with whom this married man flirts is another man's wife, the situation is just so much worse, for then there are four people to be considered instead of three. The wife who permits another man to furnish her good name by his attentions lacks all the qualities which make up sweet, wholesome and noble womanhood. There is always a time when she must know that the man is passing the boundary line between honest friendship and the attitude which leads to the correspondent.

## Daily Fashions



By LA RACONTEUSE.  
Evening wrap of satin, mole-gray with "motifs" of "Velour Frampi."  
Without armholes with the same width in the upper part and the lower one. It is caught up at the bottom by a band of black ostrich feathers, finished by a silk fringe with small silk bats.  
Two broad revers trim the front. The neck and sleeves are bordered with a band of ostrich feathers.

Not a Singer  
Lord Macaulay, passing one day through the Seven Dials, bought a handful of ballads from some street folks who were hawking out their contents to a gaping audience. Proceeding on his way home he was astonished to find himself followed by half a score of youths, their faces beaming with expectation. "Now then, my lads, what is it?" said he. "Oh, that's a good 'un," replied one of the boys. "After we came all this way." "But what are you waiting for?" said the historian, astonished at the lad's familiarity. "Waiting for? Why ain't you looking at the money to lift the mortgage that has been put on the old home to pay the prodigals out of trouble."

## What Do You Think of It? For Whom Do Women Dress? Asks Gaby Deslys

By GABY DESLYS.  
Oh, oh, oh! the letters I have received answering my last article with its question addressed mainly to my own sex: For whose benefit do you wear your pretty frocks? For men or for women? I had no idea I should put my head into a regular hornet's nest of indignant argument, or that irate husbands would take the opportunity of airing their troubles by writing to me. But the worst of it is that some of my correspondents seem to think that I and other writers of the stage are responsible for their wives' extravagant dress. Now isn't that absurd? Dress is the advertisement of the good actress. It is the entire career of the others. But I assure you that the clothes that I wear in every day life or if I were playing a part in a modern domestic drama like the life led by the wife of "Disgrace," for instance, who has not a single drop of Gallic blood in her veins, for I can assure you that no French woman neglects her appearance at home to the extent which she is described as doing. Here is his letter and I cannot help but feel sorry for him: "Dear Madam: Do women dress to please men? Emphatically not. The American woman spends her husband's hard earned income on clothes, hats and the hundred and one other things that are called accessories in order that she may impress her women friends or inspire envy in the casual woman who passes her in the street. This is proved by the fact that a woman wears her best clothes when she goes out of her home and reserves old and soiled garments for use when she is with her husband and family. "I provide my wife with everything that she can wear. She has good clothes, but she only puts them on when she goes out and I get the benefit of old wrappers in the morning and shapeless sacques at noon, and dresses that have seen their best days in the evening, unless we go out somewhere. "Before we were married she dressed to please me. Now she dresses to please others, not other men, but other women. By her clothes she shows all her friends she has not picked a matrimonial lemon and this adds to her importance in her woman's world. But it's rough on the man who foots the bill. DEGRADATION. "That certainly is a difficult situation and one that no outside person can advise on. As I have said, no French woman would be careless enough to let her husband notice that she no longer dresses entirely to please him. She would have too much vanity to let any man see her when she was not looking her best. If she wore her good frocks only when she went out the average French husband would become suspicious, but of that



there is never a question in this land of women's clubs, women's luncheons and women's teas, where men are never seen. It is an entirely new situation and one which cannot be measured by foreign standards of propriety. Here is another letter and a hit at me: "Dear Madam—Women, as a rule, want anything that they see another woman wearing. When actresses like yourself come from Paris, the land of beautiful clothes, and parade in gorgeous costumes, it makes the feminine part of the audience wonder how to buy them things like that. They want to satisfy their own vanity first and then get all the admiration they can from both men and women. All this adds to the cost of high living, and almost every girl wants to dress above her station in life. "I think that the stage is to blame. Women don't dress for their own pleasure and to gratify their own vanity. "HUSBAND AND FATHER." "Do you know, I think that this man, who evidently has a very expensive family on his hands, is right. Women generally dress to please themselves. But still, if it were that alone, would they wear tight shoes and tight corsets?"

## Dorothy Dix Says: It is not enough for us to put people in our debt for kindness; we must also learn how to collect that debt.

By DOROTHY DIX.  
It is one of the tragedies of life that so many are never able to collect the dividends on their virtues. They are everything that is noble and good but some unfortunate peculiarity of manner or temperament prevents them from ever receiving the just reward of their good deeds. They heap benefits upon us, and we hate them for the favors we receive at their hands. They sacrifice themselves for us, and we would gladly see them consumed in the fires of their own altars. The family circle offers the most pitiable illustration of this unappreciated merit, for it seems to be the lot of those who do the most for their husbands or wives or children or parents to get the least love and thanks for it. The family doormat is always trodden upon. The family martyr invariably gets more kicks than nails. The most adored wives and the most worshiped husbands are not those who are the models of domesticity. The black sheep son and daughter still have the fatted calf slain in their honor, while not even a bread-crummial share goes to the devoted children who have stayed at home and toiled for the money to lift the mortgage that has been put on the old home to pay the prodigals out of trouble. This vagary of human nature seems strange, but the explanation is really very simple. It is that it is not enough to put people in our debt for kindness. We must know how to collect the debt. And duty is a bad collector. In order to receive the reward of their efforts the virtuous must appeal to something in us except our sense of obligation. To be loved one must be lovable, and also merit and attraction do not always walk hand in hand. Do you not know some woman whose devotion to her husband is so absolute that it is actually pitiful? She never has a thought that does not center in him. She burns herself to a cinder over the kitchen stove cooking the dishes he likes to eat. She slaves and saves to help him along. She would cheerfully be out in little pieces if it would do him any good. You would say that no man could be grateful enough for such unselfish affection, and that a husband should be down on his knees before such a wife returning thanks to heaven for his blessing. In his soul the husband probably also feels that he should value his treasure as it deserves, but for the life of him he can't. He knows just how wonderful and fine such affection as his wife's is in the abstract, but all that he can remember is how she nags him about little things, how foolishly jealous she is, how she oppresses him with her domestic tyranny. So the woman loses all the reward of her devotion just because she doesn't know how to collect her debt of love from her husband. And he doesn't know just the same why he should love her. The man who never looks at another woman than his wife, who tells like a dray horse to give her every luxury, who is a model husband so far as performing his conjugal duty is concerned, but who is cross and surly or grouchy and silent at home, and who never shows to his wife any tenderness or affection. Of course, when so many other men are chasing around after pulchritudinous peaches about twenty years younger and fifty pounds lighter than their wives, a woman should be thankful enough to have a husband who is true to her, no matter what his disposition. Somehow, however, she can't remember his virtues when he is knocking everything she does or saying by a frozen silence, and so the man gets neither thanks nor love for his sacrifices. He loses out because he doesn't know how to collect the dividends by his good qualities. Then, how many cases do we know of parents who make perfect martyrs of themselves for their children and who get no return in appreciation or affection. It's the custom to blame the children, but the fault is not so often theirs as that of the fathers and mothers, who do not know how to collect the reward of their devotion. I think now of a father who is literally killing himself by inches in order to give his children the advantages that he did not have in his own youth. He is not a rich man, and to send his boys to college, and to give his girls pretty clothes that they may be as well dressed as their companions means a daily and hourly effort and self-denial on his part that is nothing short of heroic. He works almost ceaselessly, with none of the breaks and rests in his toil that he needs. He stays at home while his family goes forth to enjoy them-

## Shall We Burn South Polar Coal When Industrial Progress Exhausts Present Supply?

Captain Roald Amundsen Says Antarctic Continent Has Greatest Coal Deposits on Earth, but to Get at Them is an Undertaking Seemingly Surpassing Human Ability.

By GARRETT P. BERRISS.  
Captain Roald Amundsen asserts that the Antarctic continent contains the greatest coal deposits known on earth. With that in mind, consider this other fact: For many years scientific men have been repeating the warning that modern industrial progress is making so great an inroad upon the coal mines that within a period of two or three centuries there will not be enough coal left to supply more than a small fraction of the demand. Putting these two statements together, and supposing them both to be accurate, it is evident that our not very remote descendants will have to do one of two things: Either they must discover some other source of heat and power than coal or they must conquer the Antarctic continent and make its vast stores of coal available for their use. Now, on the face of things, it would appear that the industrial conquest of that continent would be an undertaking surpassing human ability. It lies almost wholly within the Antarctic circle, where, for six months at a stretch, unending night prevails; it is entirely surrounded by vast fields of floating ice, and edged with gigantic ice barriers which rise into precipitous hundreds of feet in height; it swells up from its frozen sea borders like a vast dome, having the loftiest mean elevation of any land on the globe, and buried under a deposit of ice thousands of feet in depth. Even to reach its borders, men must take their lives in their hands; and what it means to march over its wind-swept surface, intersected with crevasses, interrupted by mountain chains, and subjected on account of the elevation to a very low temperature even during the six months that the sun shines continually upon its blinding landscapes, the stories of the experience of Captain Amundsen and Lieutenant Shackleton sufficiently indicate.



But the coal deposits that have been found on the Antarctic continent lie near its borders, where the rock can, in spots, be uncovered. Danger must be faced and hardship encountered in order merely to reach them; to work them amid the conditions there prevailing, and to carry their products over the stormy and ice-choked sea which separates them from the inhabited lands of the globe, would demand the exercise of a degree of skill, courage and endurance of the very highest kind. Nobody has yet asserted that it can be done; some regard it as impossible; but Captain Amundsen, inspired by his unconquerable resolution which carried him to the pole, says that he "hopes" that these incalculable riches of the great southern continent may eventually be rendered available for the uses of mankind. It is only a hope; but many of our greatest achievements have begun with nothing better to rest upon. There is another aspect of this question which may have some bearing upon the future availability of the treasures of the Antarctic, though not within any measurable distance of time. How and when were the coal beds deposited around the south pole? Captain Amundsen expresses the opinion that they were formed untold thousands of years ago (and one should rather say millions of years), when a tropical climate prevailed in the far south. At first glance this would seem to be evident, for we know that coal is formed from vegetation, and there is now no vegetation on the Antarctic continent. But recent investigation shows that the climate need not have been tropical, or even "sub-tropical." In order that coal-producing plants might flourish in those latitudes, it has been proved that coal is even now in process of formation in Alaska and Labrador, and it has also been shown that many of the carboniferous plants—i. e., those from which our coal was formed—indicate, by their structure, that they were adapted to live in a cold rather than a tropical climate. This being so, it is clear that the coal of the Antarctic continent may have been formed from plants which grew under conditions of climate not very different from those that now prevail in Alaska. Anyhow, it involves us from the necessity of assuming that the South pole once glowed with tropical heat, although we are still forced to believe that the temperature, at least around the borders of the Antarctic continent, was formerly much higher than it is at present. But the change may be assumed to have been far less than would be implied by the existence of a truly tropical climate. Then, the story of the rocks tells us that in the past changes of climate have occurred in recurring periods, or cycles. The precise causes of these are not known, but we seem to be warranted in supposing that similar changes may occur in the future. It is within the range of possibility, then, that at some time—no doubt immensely remote—the ice barriers of the Antarctic continent may be so far removed by change of climate that vegetation can again flourish on its borders, and in that case it might become easy to delve among its ancient riches. But, long before that time, mankind will probably have passed beyond the coal age, and, if our more immediate descendants are forced to avail themselves of Antarctic coal, they will have to depend upon themselves to get it, and not upon an alteration of climate to place it within their easy reach.

## Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.  
Call at Her Home.  
Dear Miss Fairfax: I had been going with a girl for two years when she suddenly left me for reason. I do not know, but she was very much and would like to keep company with her longer. I wrote her and asked her to meet me, but she will not. Tell me what to do, for I do not think I can stand it any longer. As I love her very much. J. W. L.  
I am glad she did not meet you. It looks so much better for a boy to call at his sweetheart's home. Make a call, and ask her what is the matter. That, at least, will put an end to the suspense which is proving so intolerable. Who Was to Blame.  
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 21 years old and deeply in love with a young man, two years my senior. I was engaged to him, but there has been a misunderstanding. I still love him and can't forget. HEARTBROKEN.  
If you were to blame, write him expressing your regrets. You would owe him that much if you were only friends and no engagement existed. If he is in the wrong, make some little friendly overture, showing that you cherish no resentment, and I am sure he will make the advances your heart longs for. Have a Little Faith.  
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 years of age and have been keeping company with a young man for a long time. I am deeply in love with him and I know he cares a great deal for me. Now where he lives he gets to meet many pretty girls and I am in doubt whether he takes any of these girls home. How can I find out what he does after leaving this place? My girl friend goes with his fellow friends and she is in the same predicament. Make no effort to find out. You are not engaged and haven't the right to question his movements. If you want to win him, a better way would be to find some consolation in the society of other friends.