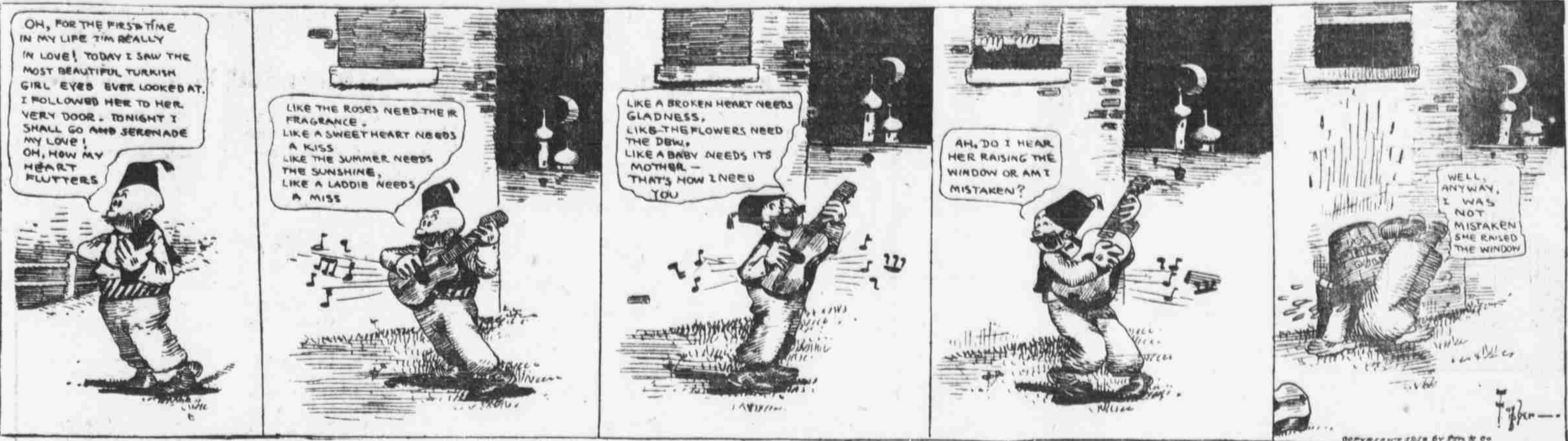




The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Jeff Should Have Played Turkish Music, Mayhaps

Drawn for The Bee by "Bud" Fisher



Spiritual Sympathy the Keynote of Perfect Love

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The idea of love between the sexes are changing with other conditions. According to one authority, romantic love between man and woman first came into the world with Dante's love for Beatrice. Before that period, gallantry had existed, but only the gallantry of the male, who tries to attract the female—a purely sex impulse, devoid of real romance and high sentiment.

In the middle ages and the days of the Christian fathers, a woman was considered the author of all evil. She was even called "the door of hell." She was told she must live in continual penance on account of having brought sin into the world.

In the sixteenth century woman was forbidden to receive the eucharist in the naked hand, because of her impurity. No Oriental religion ever reduced woman to such degradation as did the fanaticism of these early Christian fathers.

Here are some proverbs about women which men made popular in that era: "Women and horses must be beaten." "Women and money are the causes of all evil." "Trust no woman even were she dead."

If you are too happy, take a wife."

Montaigne recommended poetry to women, because "it is a wanted crafty art, disguised all for pleasure, all for show, just as they are."

John Stuart Mill once said in reference to those times: "Some generations ago, when satires on women were in vogue, men thought it clever to insult women for being what men had made them."

"The world has grown away from such ideas of women; and, with other changes, its viewpoint on what constitutes love has changed. When one woman was supposed to be man's absolute chattel, she is now regarded as his comrade, mate, friend and equal, and comradeship rather than service is demanded of her."

This question is propounded: "What is the highest form of woman's love for man?"

The question is at once simple and complex. Not every woman is endowed with the qualities that enable her to be a lover. Not every woman so endowed meets the one capable of inspiring her.

Not every woman who loves deeply possesses the spiritual and mental traits which alone render that love a blessing and a power for good to the recipient. There are women whose love blights and ruins. There are others who love or to be loved by brings forth the latent powers in a man's nature and speeds him to the summits.

The highest form of love in a woman is that which enables not only the man who receives it, but her who gives it.

I have more than once seen a woman belittled and cheapened by a spaniel-like devotion to a man who was unworthy of the sentiment bestowed upon him, and who was weary of it. Such love is pitiful and holds no element of grandeur. It is merely one form of hysteria, and ought to come under the head of nervous diseases.

The greatest love, "the highest form of love," must contain a large element of womanly self-respect, and must dignify the giver as well as the recipient, even in its most extravagant phases.

It must to some degree absorb all other loves and make them secondary, yet if it renders the heart, which is its home, cruel to every living thing, or blind to any duty, it ceases to be the "highest form of love."

Phedrus tells of a woman who loved her husband so much that in comparison father and mother seemed like strangers. She cheerfully laid down her life for her husband, and the gods accorded her the rare virtue of returning to earth when she felt like it.

It is quite possible these parents deceived to seem like strangers to their daughter. Parental affection is not infrequently most selfish sentiment, and one which in no sense includes the highest good for the children. To the majority of fathers and mothers the inner life of their offspring is as unknown as the Sanscrit language.

Weaker Sex Must Take the Impersonal View "Club Life Will Make a Woman Manageable"

By ADA PATTERSON.

The other day a lawyer told me that 50 per cent of all women are irrational and that all of them are unmanageable. Next day, as though to corroborate his cruel words, one of President-elect Wilson's best stenographers "threw up her job" because some one had asked her to hurry. She said she didn't like to be "bossed."

If there was a vote for the most popular club president in New York, she to whom all club women refer as "That lovely Agnes Arden," would at least make a tremendous showing. A club member rising at a breakfast tendered to Mrs. Arden on her birthday began her speech and finished in one sentence, "We love her!" from which it may safely be deduced that Mrs. Keene's daughter knows the art of the management of women. I asked her whether women are unmanageable, and she said very straight in the oak-paneled library, "I don't think they are more unmanageable than men. But I think we can still learn a great deal about the management of ourselves in masses, from men. For what we most need is to take the 'impersonal' view, to look beyond the person of the man, to the organization. Men are able to do that. They may not like a man, but if they think he will make a good club officer, and do the work of the club well, carry out its plans, they will support him. Men can fight as it seems to us who look on in terror, viciously, and forget all about it. Women can't or at least we find it hard to do. I admit there is a great deal of politics in many women's clubs and that it is likely to be based on 'I like her' or 'I don't like her.' We ought to improve in that direction and I am sure we would if we would think more about the club as a whole and the object for which it stands, than about the members of it.

"The true club spirit is summed up in two words, motive and helpfulness. With this high motive it would be well for every woman to join one or two clubs. Not more, I think, for if one belongs to five or six, she can't give the best of herself that is left from her home to any of the clubs. Because she belongs to so many she is not effective, or only slightly effective, in any. But in average cases, now that housekeeping has become so simplified, a woman can take an average of an hour a day, that is seven hours a week advantageously to her club or two.

"The actual hour a day is not practicable, but the greater part of two afternoons a week would be that. Time spent in contact with other minds broadens a woman's life and deepens her usefulness in the home and elsewhere.

"A danger of club life that I have not heard discussed, but which seems to me takes us away from our club, is that we miss that very personalness of view I have been deprecating and which should be banished from club life. How to avoid this is a question every woman must settle for herself, as she governs her household matters, according to circumstances, but don't give up the old friends.

"Club life is slowly bringing about what we as a sex greatly need, the power to look at a matter quite outside of self. A function of club life will be to kill, or, at least, to curb, supersensitiveness. Every woman is likely to be over-sensitive. It shocks us to hear that extreme sensitiveness is only selfishness in another guise, but we must confess that is true. Touchiness is an inflated ego. The club spirit and club habits puncture that ego.

"Parliamentary law is a great solvent of all difficulties. It trains a woman to think not of whether Mrs. Brown meant her or whether Mrs. Smith likes Mrs. Smith, but what is good for the club.

"Clubs train a woman to be just. They teach her to put self in the background. They educate her to the broad view and the kindly spirit.

"We must, of course, go very much farther in this. We must learn responsibility for what we do and say. We must learn to stand by what we say, but the clubs are teaching us more slowly than I wish."



MRS. KEENE ARDEN.

The Single Woman

By BRIEUX.

Member of the French Academy.

It is not merely to have the pleasure of being interpreted by Mlle. Jeanne Prevost that I have written the play being performed in the Gymnase theater in Paris under the same title as this article.

I want to try to induce my male brethren to do some thinking. I exclude from this discussion all those who in their whole life have never been guilty of any wrong towards any woman. And now, when one has made claim to be excluded, when we are among ourselves, let us be frank.

Let us begin by admitting that the character of the young girl has changed considerably during the last forty years.

If today we represented on the stage a young girl, like those of the Etruscan or the Greek, everybody would laugh. And even running the risk of displeasing my friend Marcel Prevost, I want to say this, that there are no more white girls than "demivierge" left among young girls today.

The education of the young girl, I mean the extensive, broad and complete education, is only a few years old and none of the women who today are 40 years old or more have known it, as they could not attend the schools or free colleges recently established.

The young girl of today is neither an Agnes who believes that children are brought by the stork nor a creature who says: "Everything except that."

The young girl of today has studied, she has listened to family conversations, which are no longer kept secret from her such a diluted brand of friendship that it is nothing.

Another barrier between the friendship of a man and woman is the outside world, which is apt to be scandalous, and their own human connections. No man with a wife, no woman with a husband, can enjoy a perfect friendship without arousing the jealousy and animosity of his or her marital partner.

For this reason it is dangerous to advise any woman to look for a man as a friend. For the young girl who engages in a platonic friendship with a man will find that it lands her either in marriage or spinsterhood, while the married woman who makes any man other than her husband her confidant, and Prida Achates is mighty apt to ponder over her folly at Reno.

The idea that a man makes a woman's best friend is an old one, and one that is often expressed, but it has no truth at bottom. Experience shows that a woman's friendship is unselfish, whereas a man's rarely is. Many a woman who accepts a man's friendship is called upon in the end, to pay for it with her all.

A man's friendship for a woman is also generally of the fair-weather type. He likes her when she is pretty and young and gay, when she can laugh with him and add to his pleasure and amusement.

But let the evil day of sorrow and misfortune come to her; let her be a creature to be sympathized with instead of made merry with, and her own friends melt away like snow in the sun. They are terribly sorry for poor Mary, and if they have money they are willing to send her a few dollars. They sneak around to her home and leave a card and a few flowers when they have reason to believe she is out, but they don't want to see her with her tear-reddened eyes. They don't want to listen to her tale of woe, and they will walk blocks to avoid meeting her.

It is a woman friend who comes to a woman in her misfortune, who lets her weep out her sorrows on her sympathetic breast, and who listens to her with a divine patience and understanding, while she recites over and over the litany of her sorrow, just because she knows that it eases the hurt in her heart to have her pour over it in the balm of her pity.

And it is the woman friend who stretches out the hand of assistance to her first when she needs help. She it is who worries her husband or some other man into giving the woman a job, so that she can support herself, who remembers to invite her to dinner because she is half starved in a boarding house, and who doesn't mind if her friend's clothes are shabby. It's the women who keep up the old women friends, not the men.

Men make good husbands, good employers, good business associates, good companions to play with, but they are not good friends to women. When you want a friend whose soul will cleave unto your own, pick out one of your own sex. And beware of the man whose only friends are women. He is weak and effeminate. And he doubly on your guard against the woman who says that she doesn't like her own sex, and that her only friends are men. She'll bear watching—when your husband is around.

There seems to be no dividing line of friendship between the sexes. Huntly, if a man and woman are not necessary to each other's happiness, if they are satisfied and contented when they are apart, they are not much friends. If they are miserable apart and cannot live without each other's companionship, then they are more than friends. It is love—or else

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Love Will Compensate.

Dear Miss Fairfax: About six months ago my brother introduced me to a young man who is twelve years my senior. I am 18. He was asked to our house as a friend, but the second time he came he devoted most of his attention to me. I love him very much and as he loves me he has been speaking of an engagement, but my parents are very strict. It is they who know I could never give me a home such as I have at present. They also think me too young to keep steady company with anyone in particular.

X. Y. Z.

The difference in your ages is not too great for marriage, and if your love is deep enough, it will more than make up for the luxuries you may forego. But you owe deference to your parents' wishes. If they think you are too young, ask the man to come back in another year.

The Eastest Task in Life.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am dearly in love with a girl who comes to my home with my sister. I have taken her out several times and she is very nice. I know I could never give me a home such as I have at present. They also think me too young to keep steady company with anyone in particular.

JOHN.

That is a story that is told without words, and no amount of nerve is needed in the telling. The next time you take her out, hold her hand, and courage will come to you. You will never know just what you said, or if you said anything at all. You will just wake up to find yourself engaged.

Dorothy Dix Says: The Woman Who Says She Dislikes Her Own Sex Will Bear Watching When Your Husband is Around.

In a recent article on friendship Sarah Bernhardt advises women to choose men instead of women for their friends. She says:

"For a woman the surest friendship is to be found in a man. The true and only great friendship upon which a woman can really depend is the friendship of a man."

To my thinking a greater fallacy was never uttered than this, and no more dangerous counsel ever given to women.

A man, for love, but a woman for friendship, is the only safe rule for women. Between a man and a woman there may be liking, there may be congeniality, pleasure in each other's society, mutual helpfulness, friendship in its lighter moods—but between them there can never exist, without great danger, the deep-souled intimacy that is real friendship, that there may be between two women.

No friendship between a man and a woman can be as complete as that between two men, or two women, because between the sexes there must be the same spiritual concealments as there are physical concealments. No man ever tells the innermost secrets of his nature to a woman as he does to a man. No woman ever bares her heart to a man as she does to another woman, because at the bottom of the consciousness of each sex there is the feeling that there are some things which the other never can understand, just because of the difference of sex.

This is why, even in the happiest and closest marriage, both husband and wife must turn away from each other at times to other men and other women. This principle is even more true in friendship. To have some one to fully comprehend and sympathize with every mood, each sex must go to its own.

The theory of a perfect friendship between man and woman, and in which they would have a community of interest in every subject, in which they would be able to hold the endless conversations with no note of weariness, that is the essence of the relationship, and in which the fires of affection would glow with a steady heat at which they could warm their hearts without danger of ever getting scorched, is a fascinating dream, but it has never come true. There is, in reality, no such thing as platonic love.

There seems to be no dividing line of friendship between the sexes. Huntly, if a man and woman are not necessary to each other's happiness, if they are satisfied and contented when they are apart, they are not much friends. If they are miserable apart and cannot live without each other's companionship, then they are more than friends. It is love—or else

