

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Whining and Complaining Women Are the Meanest Wives in the World. Bar None.

By DOROTHY DIX.

If the man whose attentions are without intention, and who wins a woman's heart just to amuse himself with it for an hour, is entitled to the medal for the meanest man in the world, the woman who whines and complains is the meanest wife in the world.



I think it is the whining and complaining wife. I think it is the wife who sees her husband toiling like a slave for her, and who takes everything that he gives her without thanks, and reproaches him because it isn't more.

The wife who is flirtatious and fond of the admiration of other men must give her husband many a bad night of an hour: the wife who is wasteful and extravagant must be an aggravation to the man's soul as well as to his pocket-book; the high-tempered wife must make a husband regret that he belongs to that grade of society where it is not etiquette to use a club on the partner of your bosom; the wife who nags must reconcile the man who has got her to the brevity of life and make him long for the peace and quiet of the grave.

But all of these faulty wives have some redeeming virtue. The fascinator is as fascinating to her husband as she is to other men. The waster and the spend-thrift is sure to be easy-going, and laughter-loving, and generous-natured. The high-tempered woman is almost invariably a real helpmate, full of energy, who works herself to death for her husband and children, while often than not the very source of a wife's nagging is her over-devotion to her husband and her ceaseless anxiety for him.

Therefore, a man may be occasionally green-eyed with jealousy, or harassed with bills, or tremble at the thought of the curtain lecture, and the question he is due to face at home, and yet find some savor in matrimony.

Not so he who has had the misfortune to espouse the daughter of the horse leech, who is forever crying: "More! More!" She is hurtless, pitiless, conscienceless, with veins that run ice water instead of blood, and the only emotion she ever experiences is that of insatiable greed.

To her a husband is nothing but a money-making machine, valuable only in proportion to the dollars he can turn out. If he is sick and suffering, she is furious, simply because his earning power is decreased. If he dies she is recoiled by the insurance money, or the prospect that opens up to her of marrying some other man who is an even better cash register.

This prosy wife is as relentlessly cruel as any Apache, for she tortures her husband to death by slow degrees. She starves his heart for affection and appreciation. She breaks his spirit by her reproaches. She saps his courage by making him feel that he is a failure. She robs him of all the reward of his toil by never being satisfied with the results.

Such a woman marries a man knowing his circumstances, knowing that he is poor, and that his wife will have the lot of a poor man's wife, and that she will have to dress plainly, and work, and economize.

Nevertheless, instead of making the best of a situation into which she has gone of her own accord, with her eyes wide open, she begins to fret and whine, and complain.

The husband is doing his part. He is toiling like a dray horse from early morning until dewy eve; he is denying himself every little luxury and treat that he would like to have for the sake of his wife, and that she may have pleasures he does not dream of indulging himself in. He gives her the best of everything he has and more than he can really afford.

But when he comes home of an evening, weary and spent with his hard day's work, he finds a cross, disgruntled, dissatisfied wife, whose welcome is a flood of reproaches because she can't have what richer women have.

Instead of trying to make her little flat, or cottage, comfortable, she finds

a million faults with it, and says there is no use in trying to keep such a home. Instead of sitting him down to a well cooked meal of simple food, garnished by good cheer, she serves him delicatessen messes, or starchy meat, and says that it is all that poor people can afford to have, and that she could eat something if only she could go to a fine restaurant and have dainty food, served on flower-laden tables under the palms, as lucky women who have married successful men.

She bewails her clothes because they come from Sixth avenue instead of Fifth. She laments because she can't go to grand opera instead of the popular-priced matinees. She beats upon her breast because she can only have a two-weeks' outing in the summer instead of going to Newport for the season. She continually calls her children's attention to the fact of what poor, miserable creatures they are because their father can't give them every indulgence that millionaire children have.

Worse still, she openly reproaches her husband because he isn't as successful, and doesn't make as much money as some other man she knows, and she lets him see that she considers him a rank failure, and herself to be a martyr because she is his wife.

Could any fate on earth be more bitter than that of the man who is literally working himself into the grave for his family, who gives to them every cent he earns, beyond the bare necessities of his board and clothes, and who gets, in return for all this heroic effort and sacrifice, nothing but ingratitude from his wife, and is made to feel that he has dragged her down into the world.

The men who endure whining wives deserve to get the first-class Carnegie hero medal—or else to be sent to the institution for the incurable feeble-minded. But the women who take the work of a man's hands and the devotion of his heart, and make no return for it except with complaints, are the meanest wives in the world. The sin is the sin of ingratitude, and that's the blackest one on the calendar.

Take Man from His Pedestal

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

I wish all the young women who are on their knees before pedestals on which are perched callow youths, with their faces over high collars showing less intelligence than that of a new colt looking over a high-barred fence, would arise from this attitude of worship long enough to read a letter which I have just received.

The writer, a girl, gives the signature of "Rebellion," an appropriate one. I wish that more girls were ready with just such signatures. It would be a good thing for the soul of the self-satisfied occupant of the pedestal.

"Don't you think," writes Rebellion, "that the fellows are entirely too independent with the girls, and don't you think it is the girls' fault? Don't the girls bow down to them and cater to them, and isn't that the reason?"

It certainly is the reason. And the girls themselves are to blame. The stigma that formerly attached to that period of certain uncertainty described as "old maid" has forever been banished from the minds of those who have attained it. The girl from 14 to 25, who is still struggling, has an abhorrence of the word that is abnormal in these days when single blessedness daily grows more blessed.

To her the term is just as detestable as it was generations ago, when the spinster of the family was the dire proof of all lack of personal charm and of no more account than the driftwood that is not desired on land and is cast up by the sea.

When the girl has grown older, which means, in more forcible terms, which means, in more forcible terms, when troubles have put better sense into her head, and yet I know that I cannot get on bowing down to every whim and caprice of all his pettish notions."

"Men are never as conscientious in love as women are, and we bow down and worship them for their meanness. I wish we girls could get together and take the men from their pedestals, where they certainly now reign. In my own affair, it will break my heart to lose my lover, and yet I know that I cannot get on bowing down to every whim and caprice of all his pettish notions."

She wishes that all girls could get together on this question. What a lot of wholesome snubbing the men would receive if girls could get together on an anti-pedestal platform! Such a love labor is more needed than many of the labor unions. Under present conditions a girl smites her lover for his selfishness. If a girl named B. smiles at him, all the more tenderly, and he transfers his attentions and his alleged heart to C. Because of this uncommendable trait, which leads one girl to fly with ointment when another girl administers a deserved punishment the men continue on their self-satisfied, imperious, unrebuked way.

If girls will stand together, and make one girl's wrongs all their wrongs, if they will be as loyal to the rules of the love game as they are to the rules of labor unions, the idols will crash from their pedestals, and every girl will know more of happiness and less of humiliation.

But no one girl can work this reformation alone. Young men love their pedestals, and will continue to occupy them so long as any girl remains on her knees.

The Wilcox Glide---The Latest Dance: Society Taking Up Dance Originated by Famous Poetess

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

The Ella Wheeler Wilcox Glide is the very latest and most important of the new dances which, like certain famous canaries, come from every hour.

Mrs. Wilcox herself is sponsor for the dance, and she has danced it at several functions given this season in her honor and is to "do" it for the Forum club this week.

The dance was composed for her by her teacher, Miss Jane Beers, but the famous poetess herself added many new points which, as Miss Beers said, make it essentially her own dance.

"Mrs. Wilcox dances with a scarf, and the way she uses that scarf is so individual, so graceful, that it makes quite a poem in itself," says Miss Beers, who elucidated the steps of the dance at the week.



This is what Mrs. Wilcox thinks of her dance and of dancing generally: "Chaffin' paid the enormous compliment in giving his valuable time to go and dance it with me twice. For years he was coach of the Metropolitan ballet and a great premier' himself. We did dance it well."

"Dancing is a sort of religious ecstasy to me; the whole joy of life is in it. It has always seemed to me that the dance combined all arts: music, poetry, painting, sculpture."

"Dancing is the one thing I do well. I have never absolutely arrived in literature; never written anything which won universal approval. But I feel absolutely confident of myself as a dancer. I think I must have been a professional dancer in some other incarnation. Probably in the temples of the orient. There is no other entertainment which gives me so much pleasure as to see or participate in dancing."

Many who never dared say so will agree with Mrs. Wilcox that dancing is one of the most enjoyable forms of exercise, and now that they have her illustrious example they, too, will dare to tread the

light fantastic toe in the measures of the Wilcox glide.

The music of the Wilcox glide was composed by Prof. Borner, and the steps are described here by their creator, Miss Beers.

WILCOX GLIDE
Position—Regular ballroom position. Ladies' part—First step—right foot to right side, point, step left foot in back of left, step left to left side, step right foot in front of left—two measures.

Same to left, beginning with right foot—two measures.
Second step—Hop slide—hop on left foot, left right, turn half way again to make a complete turn—two measures.
Repeat all from beginning.

Third step—A two-step turn—slide, same steps, beginning with the opposite foot, however.

Mrs. Wilcox varies the dance by placing her partner's hand and executing a

series of graceful poses, in which the floating scarf plays its part. While she is dancing this solo her partner continues to keep the time and rhythm of the dance, or to dance after her, but without taking hold of her hands until the beginning of a new measure or until a time indicated, when he rejoins the lady.

Prof. Chaffin, in speaking of the Wilcox Glide, said that it was one of the new variations on the one-step, the popularity of the moment. It is danced with the toe pointed as shown in the illustration, which represents the partners in their respective positions, and the solo dance done by Mrs. Wilcox alone.

While Prof. Chaffin was speaking a class of very small children were being dismissed and were leaving the room very reluctantly, lingering to do just one more pirouette. Some of them had been sent to dancing class to strengthen their small feet, for the pointed toe dances are excellent not only for strengthening the feet, but for developing the high arch or improving fallen arches.

"Mrs. Wilcox dances well," was the professor's comment. "She enjoys the physical exercise and the mental exhilaration of dancing, and she is one of the remarkable people who never stop learning something new, whether it's science of a dance. She goes at it with enthusiasm, and is as apt a pupil as she is wonderful as a teacher in her writings."

The Wilcox Glide, the One Step, the Frisco Walk, these are some of the new and most popular dances of the moment. Every one is doing them, and one of their best features is that they are not difficult to dance if one has a good sense of rhythm and the love of dancing—without those two factors no one can dance well, and the most people who lack rhythm and the joy of living never want to dance anyhow.

The poetess of optimism, Mrs. Wilcox, is a born dancer by the very nature of thing. Dancing to her is the physical expression of the rhythm of her verse and the optimism of her message to the world.

Daily Fashions



The greatest beauty to this dance is the posing and rhythmic movements of the lady. She uses the scarf effectively and gracefully, as in the center figure, and this is the part of the dance that the celebrated writer excels in. The upper and lower photographs show two other movements of the dance. These photographs, illustrating the Wilcox Glide, were posed for by Miss Jane Beers and Prof. Chaffin.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

There is a young lady dymming up to the house to-night, sed Ma, which makes a lot of munny teaching other wimmen how to reduce until they look as slim & smooth as a willow twig. I met her at a matinee the other day, sed Ma, & she took quite a liking to me, & she is going to tell me all that she knows about reducing without charging me a cent. Isn't that perfectly darling & to be loved of her form? It is, sed Pa, is she a queen?"

She is a queen & a princess reared into one, sed Ma. The golden glory of a Norwegian sunset is in her hair, & her eyes are like two glow worms, only bit different. Wait till you see her. She sed she wud be charmed to meet you & talk over the human form & how to reduce it. You see, sed Ma, I told her that you were too fat.

I ain't too fat, sed Pa. I will admit that I am a little chubby & all that, but I ain't fat.

That's what every man says when he gets like a tub, sed Ma, he calls himself chubby. Why, sed Ma, I wud like to see that when Miss Strathmore sees you she will throw up her hands in holy horror & say Oh, you are too fat.

Let her do it, sed Pa, if she wants to be that rude to her host. As I sed before, I am too chubby, I will admit, & I will admit, also, that wimmen like slim men bekauss slim men makes pritty beaus to be courting with & easy husbands to yank around after marriage. But I am not fat, woman. I knew Pa was getting mad, becauss the only time he calls Ma "womman" is when he is reely mad.

Well, Miss Strathmore came to the house about 8 o'clock. Wen she was talking off her wraps, Ma whispered to Pa, now be nice to her, deer, becauss I think the world of her.

Wen Miss Strathmore came into the room I cud see that Ma dident have to whisper to Pa to be good to her. I am only a littel boy, but I ain't any fool & Pa always told me to keep my eyes open. You bet I kep my eyes open wen she came in, & so did Pa. Pa's eyes was open'er than mine.

She was a awful beutiful gurl. She had nice yellow hair & the finest eyes wich I

ever saw. They was all the time dancing, too, like the eyes of the trained nurse that we had wen Ma was sick.

I am awfully pleased to meet you, Miss Strathmore, sed Pa. My wife was telling me what a deer gurl you were, & all that I have to say is that my wife is what George Ade used to call a grate describer. This is a very open winter that we are having, isn't it?"

It is indeed, sed Ma's friend, but I am shre that you are a grate flatterer. I merely called this evening to explain to yure wife how to reduce so that her form cud be the human form divine. It is so easy, she sed. Just a few simple exercises twict a day & the task is already accomplished.

Cudden you show me the exercises, too, sed Pa. I am a good deal over-wait, & I feel that the work wud do me a wurld of good.

Oh, I dont think you need it, sed Miss Strathmore. I never saw a moor powerful littel man. It is true, she sed, but you are not exactly slim, but there is a suggestion of enormous mastery & strength about you. Power speaks out from yure every outline, she told Pa. Look at those splendid arms. They look like as if they were huge branches growing out of a rugged oak.

Well, sed Ma to Pa, I guess we will excuse you & Bobbie. This person wants to show me how to reduce & wen she has showed me you can cum back in & pay her for her trubbel. I guess Ma was jellus.

Advice to the Lovelorn
By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 30 years of age and am in love with a girl one year my junior, and think that she returns my love. It is proper for me to tell her of my love and ask her to wait about two years, until I am better fixed financially?

A long engagement is not to be desired, but in your case it is certainly wiser than marriage on an insufficient income. By all means ask her, and be true to each other no difference how long that engagement is prolonged.

Didn't Do It.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 16 years of age. Every morning while going to work I meet a young man who raises his hat and says "Good morning." Is it proper

for me to answer him back, as I would be very glad to get acquainted with him?
ANXIOUS.

Please don't. He will think more of you if you think too much of yourself to form street acquaintances.

If he really cares to meet you, there will come a way. A girl of 16 cannot be too careful of the kind of boys she makes her friends.

Don't Try.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am in love with a rich young man, and believe very much he could not reach him. Will you please let me know how I can win him? A. B.

If his wealth is his attraction for you, don't try to win him. Such a mercenary spirit demeans you.

If he loves you he will woo you, and unless he loves you, you would not be happy with him with all his money.

I Hope You Will.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 15 and have been going with a young man for more than one year. He is one year my senior and is very

awkward and bashful. My friends all make fun of him, but that, instead of turning me against him, seems only to make me like him more. His wnt away about two weeks ago. He hasn't written to me since he left. Would it be all right for me to write to him first? THELMA.

Certainly I advise him for his bashfulness and you for your loyalty to him. Undoubtedly he is too bashful to write, and is hoping for a letter from you.

Don't Keep the Appointment.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I know a young man who paid attention to me for quite awhile. His mother and he wrote stating he could not sell any more on account of business and I did not hear from him until a week ago. He recently asked him a letter and telephoned me afterward, making an appointment in the city. Instead of first coming out to see me and the family, as I suggested, shall I keep this appointment or write him a letter to excuse myself and ask him to come up to see us? HELEN.

It would be an evidence of greater respect for you if he called at your home, as you suggested.

That miserable "shot-to-pieces" feeling of the morning after is quickly overcome by a cup of Armour's Bouillon. Drop a cube into a cup of hot water and you have a stimulating, wholesome beverage which will pull you together better and more quickly than anything else, and without reaction. Grocers' and Druggists' everywhere. Write for free copy of Armour's Monthly Cook Book. Address: Armour and Company, Dept. 208 Chicago.

Ask for **Armour's Bouillon Cubes**

Have Sound, White Teeth

Destitute differ greatly in cleaning effect and their ability to tone up and keep the mouth, gums and throat in condition to resist disease, and the teeth to resist decay. The moist, warm tissues of the mouth are a favorite incubating place for microbes and germs—a habitat for the decomposition of small bits of food, fermenting acids that cause decay of the tooth structure.

MONOXIDE TOOTH POWDER or PASTE
are thoroughly antiseptic—free from acids, grit and non-dissolving matter. No sharp particles can lodge under the gums to cause pyorrhea (or sprays of pus) or irritate the sensitive tissues of the mouth. The Monoxide is a harmless bleach and (in daily use) insures sound, clean, white teeth and a healthy mouth. You KNOW this when you have the Monoxide habit.

If your druggist has neither Monoxide Tooth Powder or Paste I will send you a free trial tin of either. Write for valuable booklet, "The Care of the Teeth."

THE MONOXIDE CO., Denver, Colorado.

Little Folks Birthday Book
This popular feature appears again in the Bee every day. It should interest you and your children.