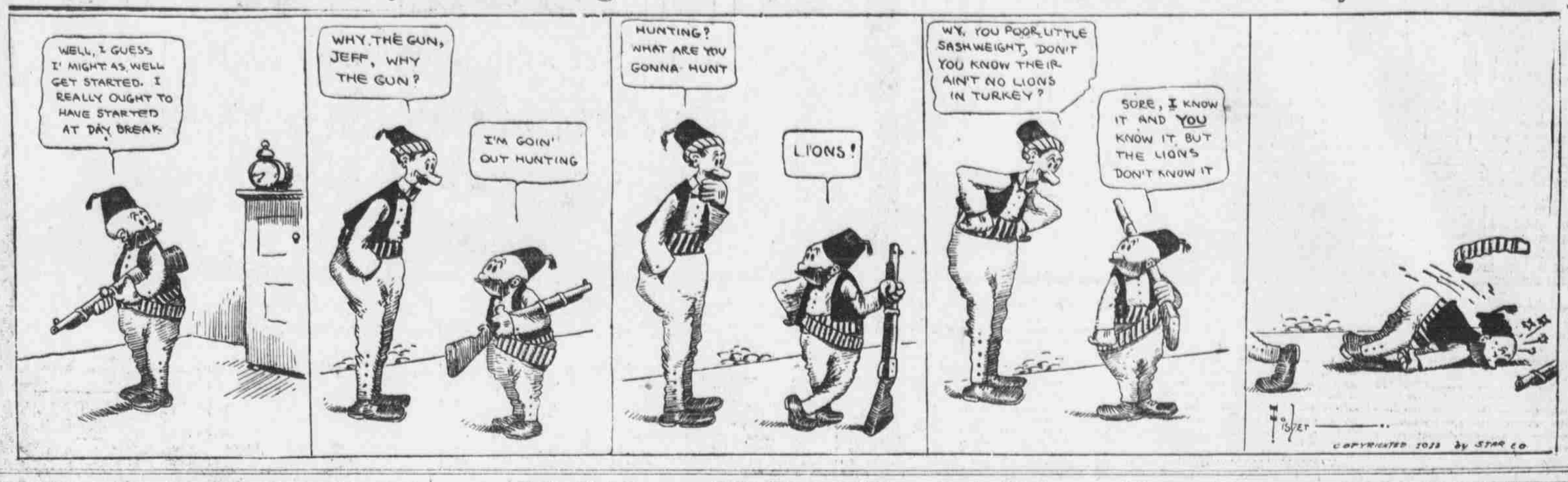
The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Jeff Has a Particular Way of Reasoning ∴ ∴ ∴ Drawn for The Bee by "Bud" Fisher



The Petty Tyrant Husband is the Meanest Man on Earth

By DOROTHY DIX.

Having discussed the meanest man in the world, and the meanest girl, and the meanest wife, let us now turn our attention to the meanest husband.

The law, which is made by man and voices the masculine viewpoint of high crime, and misdemeanors, declares that the meanest husband is the man who is unfaithful to his wife, or who beats her, or who drinks too much, or who fails to suport her.

In almost all of the states, except New York, a woman can get a divorce from her husband for any one of these faults. In New York, no matter how a man starves, or thrashes, or illtreats his wife he is not considered to be really mean enough to her to entitle her to a divorce, unless he is disloyal to her, and in South Carolina the meanest sort of a husband is presumed to be good enough for any kind of a wife, for there is no divorce at all in that antiquated community.

Now, undoubtedly it is harrowing to a wife's feelings, and it shatters love's young dream for him to give her a black eye. It is hard enough, Heaven knows, on the woman who has a drunken or a shiftless husband, but none of these men, faulty though they be, hold the championship medal for the meanest husband.

Nor will woman when they come to have a hand in the law making, put either infidelity, or drunkenness, or physical brutality, or chronic laziness at the head of the list of causes for divorce.

The man who occasionally strays off the straight and narrow path is often the most devoted and attentive and generous husband at home. His sin is of the flesh rather than of the spirit, and women understand this so well that they can overlook it in thousands of cases, and as a matter of fact, when a wife refuses to forgive infidelity it is generally not because the man has otherwise qualified in the mean husband class.

Also the man who drinks too much almost invariably has the redeeming virtue of being sympathetic and tender and companionable; the ne'er-do-well is generally eminently lovable, and even the fists of a brute do not leave such wounds and scars on a woman's body as the hurts that the man who is a spiritual bully can leave on her soul.

No, none of these accepted types of the bad husband are entitled to be the headliners in the mean husband show. The meanest husband on earth is the petty tyrant of the hearthstone, the man who takes advantage of his position to browbeat and humiliate and insult his wife, and to torture her by every refinement of cruelty through the long years of their married life.

You think there are no such men? Believe me, they are plentiful, and the only reason there are not lynching bees in which many a prominent citizen would figure as the guest of honor is, because the thing a woman never tells until she is on the way to the divorce court is how her husband treats her when the company is gone and the doors are shut, and they two are alone together.

Do you never go to a dinner in which the host's funniest story is to tell, with embellishments, of some mistake his wife has made? Did you never watch the look of a bated rabbit come into such a woman's face and observe how she looks suddenly down at the plate to hide the tears in her eyes? That was a glimpse you got of the meanest husband in the world.

Do you know households where for days at a time the husband sits up in frozen silence, refusing to speak and tell what is the matter, or how his augustness has been offended, while his poor humble wife prostrates herself before him and apologizes for things she never did, and wears herself to a frazzle trying to propitiate her lord and master? And have you not felt, beholding him, that you came pretty near to beholding a masterpiece of meanness?

Do you not know men whose insane tempers keep their wives in cowering fear—men who, if the slightest thing goes wrong in the household, pour out upon their wives such vituperation and curses as none of their friends would believe them capable of using in a woman's presence, to say nothing of visiting upon their wives? How's that for meanness?

I know women who live in such deadly fear of their husband's temper and insults that they never speak without first canvassing a subject in their own minds to see if there is anything in it that could possibly annoy their husbands, or give them an opening for the cruel jibes that they lie in wait to make against the woman or her family, or some subject dear to her heart. I know of husbands whose chief pleasure in life is in stabbing their wives to the quick by sarcasm, or ridicule, and who take the same fiendish delight in tormenting the women in their power that a savage takes in hacking his victim to pieces.

And strange to say these men are nearly always men who stand high among their fellows, who are leaders in the church, and probably celebrated for the geniality and gallantry outside of the home, and esteemed model husbands because they provide their wives with a decent place to live and good clothes.

But many a smug-faced hypocrite would get the medal for the meanest husband if his wife would step forth and tell the truth, and say, "this man knows I am dependent upon him, and he humiliates me by insulting me every time I ask for a penny. No slave, fearing the master's lash, ever quaked with terror as I do when I present a bill to him. There is nothing that he could say that would wound me that he has left unsaid, and in all the years I have been married to him he has given me no tenderness, no praise, no recognition even of my faithful service as wife and mother."

That's the meanest husband in the world, the man who takes a woman's life into his keeping and ruins it, the man who could make his wife happy by a kind and loving word, and who is too mean to say it. By the side of that, robbing blind babies is a noble and heroic act.

The Australian Way.

The very hardest way to earn one's living is to serve on a van delivering Christmas presents, starting from the yard at 6 a. m. to the tick, but with no fixed time for finishing.

As a worn-out follower of this occupation wearily crawled through the gates on the morn of Christmas eve, the lynx-eyed foreman dropped on him.

"See here, Peter, look at the clock. You're fined sixpence for being late."

"Chuck it, guv'nor; chuck it!" snarled Peters feebly. "I ain't knocked off from

Fat Is Ridiculous

Overfat men and women, mortified and humiliated by the publicity of conspicuous rolls and billows of fat, are gradually learning that through the discovery of an eminent physician the burden of overfatness is taken from them, leaving the figure attractively proportioned, the flesh firm, the skin smooth, and the general health vastly improved, without dieting, exercise or resulting wrinkles or flabbiness. There is no equal and no substitute for the famous Marmola Prescription, but there is a new and more convenient form—a tablet form of this safe fat remover. Marmola Prescription Tablets contain the same harmless, effective ingredients as the original prescription that has enabled so many thousands of uncomfortable men and women to reduce their weight evenly and steadily at the rate of a pound or more a day. An exceptionally large case of these Marmola Prescription Tablets is sold by all druggists at 75c or sent you direct by the Marmola Co., Farmer Bldg.

Tells Girl Reporter Why Women Writers Don't Wed

Can't Be Wife and Write, Too, Says Authoress

By LILIAN LAUFERTY.

Interviews are frequently difficult to secure. There are, however, some clever people who not only permit themselves to be interviewed, but even go as far as to interview themselves.

A striking example of the voluntarily interviewed is Gertrude Atherton, the well-known author of "The Conqueror," "Julia France and Her Times" and "The Tower of Ivory." This woman knows exactly for what she wishes to stand and, therefore, is perfectly sure of her ability to stand. So in a recent series of questions and answers which she substituted for the ordinary "speech," Mrs. Atherton sketched a vivid and living outline of her attitude toward herself, and her times.

Every line of Mrs. Atherton's figure is femininely curving; her trim tailored suit makes that quite evident. A smart little winged hat set atop her red gold hair flaunts her independence of spirit; for that hat is set above the hair in normal bat-fashion, whilst all the rest of us pull our chapeaux down about our ears, where collars and scarfs belong. The fresh white gloves and trim boots complete a picture of the eternal feminine. That is what you think, and then Mrs. Atherton tells you what she thinks.

"Twenty years ago, when I began to arrive," said Mrs. Atherton, "women who wrote were interviewed and quoted

LITERARY TALENT NEED SOLITUDE

—and misquoted—as no one is troubled today—except Roosevelt! Amelia Rives and I were driven frantic and out of the country by our unenviable position as geniuses or freaks or what you will. Nowadays, women who write are so numerous that no one will pay even enough attention to them to remember their names. Settle the question of whether the literary woman's position has improved according to your own lights!"

"Does the literary woman marry?" was asked.

"Not so long as she can make a success of anything else," was the calm reply.

"Quite seriously though, the literary temperament needs solitude and has nerves. I know—I have them; a month in the same house with other people drives me to the edge of distriction. If you are a successful writer you are a person of talent. Talent has to be fostered by hard work. A writer who writes seriously refurnishes her brain after the completion of each book, and after eight or nine months of each year are spent in the actual work of writing, the hardest task yet remains: Go out into the world meet people, be a society woman. And there is no time left for the woman writer to be a wife."

In reply to a request to tell of her recent political experiences "stumping" for Wilson in her native state, California, Mrs. Atherton smiled her whimsical little smile.

"They treated me charmingly—except in Los Angeles, when we spoke in an enormous barn of a hall and there were only 300 present."

The smile became a little chuckle. You are scarcely prepared for Mr. Atherton's "in lighter vein" way of taking herself and her subject, from the serious, almost scholarly, novel, she gives us with increasing power from year to year. Perhaps the reason why many women have no sense of humor is because their share is absorbed by those of their sister, whose comedy sense has developed at all. I am sure that at least half a dozen ladies of down-curving lip have contributed to Mrs. Artherton's nimble wits!

"As a little example of how very nicely they treated me, let me tell you that once my brother was almost put out of a meeting I was addressing. Does not that sound like proof of kindness to me. It was, though; for he sat at the back of the hall and laughed uproariously at my simple, unstudied gestures.

"I did my greatest political work, however, in bringing the women of San Francisco out to the polls. They showed the utmost indifference to the fact that they must register. You see, California women have a lazy shelter-from-life tradition behind them.

"The mayor of our city got desperate. We had a talk. I called my sisters names. The morning papers came out with headlines: 'Mrs. Atherton calls the women who have not registered "Oysters!"'

"Ten thousand of them came out of their shells at once. One of my friends reproached me because her cook demanded an hour off that very day. She told my irate friend: 'Indade, I'll prove I'm no "Oyster."'"

GETS HUMOR FROM CURVED MOUTHES OF OTHERS.

CALLS WOMEN IN CALIFORNIA "OYSTERS."

The White Plume of Navarre

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

When Henry IV was crowned, 320 years ago, February 27, 1594, the bejeweled thing that flashed from his brow added nothing to the glory which he had already won under the big white plume that nodded above his head at Coutras and Ivry.

A splendid "good fellow," in every sense of the word, was Henry of Navarre—the most popular monarch, probably, that ever held down a throne. Though a dweller among the shades for three centuries, Henry's personality still lives, as real, as winsome, and as lovable as when it shone through his eyes and animated his voice in the days of the long ago.

Everybody loved Henry, even his religious and political enemies. His great good nature, his fellow-feeling, his freedom from cant, and vanity, and hypocrisy, endeared him to all. It was impossible to meet him without realizing that you stood in the presence of a real man, a thorough-going human being, too sensible to be deceived by the shows of things, or to have his head turned by any of the "excellent fopperies of the world."

Through the "royal" blood, Henry was as democratic in his ways as the humblest man in the nation, and even when king he was ever ready to meet the poorest of his subjects half way. He cared nothing for ceremony. He saw right through the proud distinctions that had been built up between man and man, and held them at their true value, which was a very slim one.

His grand old Calvinistic mother—one of the noblest pieces of womanhood, we are told, that the world ever saw—had not taught her boy in vain, for Henry lived and died a firm believer in the brotherhood of man and in the justice and fair play that go along with such belief.

There are blemishes upon Henry's reign, blemishes upon his career prior to his coronation, but most of them put there not by himself, but by others. Could he have had his way he would have shed no blood, would have made no widow orphan. His wars were all forced upon him by the logic of the situation. At heart he loved peace and good will, and never did he manifest any of the signs of the despot, the tyrant or the cutthroat.

As king, or head administrator of his nation, he evinced extraordinary ability. He clearly belonged in the front rank of statesmen. Under his rule France began to see her first real prosperity. He put new life into the finances, he reformed agriculture, he revolutionized commerce and manufactures.

More than all, he infused into officialdom the idea that the state meant the people, and that it was the bounden duty of officialdom to run things in the interest of the people, and the whole people. When the villainous Ravaillac ran his dagger into Henry's heart he struck the man who reckoned among his proudest achievements the fact that he had made it possible for the "poorest Frenchman to have a fowl in the pot."

Bedevilled by the theologians and beset on all sides by the self-seeking politicians, Henry managed, nevertheless, to keep the ship of state headed in the right direction, and but for his assassination he might have forestalled the work of Richelieu and Louis XIV., and thus made unnecessary the bloody work of the French revolution.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

His Manners Are Bad.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been going with a fellow for the last year, but we had a few quarrels in the meantime. Every time I meet my friends he never tips his hat or takes notice of them. It makes me feel embarrassed. I told him several times about it, but he didn't seem to listen to me. PERPLEXED.

Be assured of this: His conduct will not improve after marriage.

Would you enjoy going through life with a man whose rudeness is a constant embarrassment to you? I think not.

Ask Her the Reason.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 and I have been going with a girl for a year, and every time I ask her she has some other place to go. ALFRED.

There is no discouragement for you in her refusal. Perhaps her parents object; perhaps she thinks you are too young to pay a girl serious attentions. Ask her her reasons, and respect them. That will be a good beginning in winning her regard.

Tell Her Often.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 17 years of age, and I am keeping company with a young lady. I love her very dearly. Whenever I want to take her out she refuses. Can you tell me how to convince her of my love? V. G.

There is only one way: Declaring it often and giving proof by unwavering devotion.

But you are only 17. Would it not mean more to your future if you put off that declaration to any girl until you have reached man's estate?

When Man Falls Below Animal Standards

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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A beautiful young woman (speaking physically) is divorced from her husband, and with a comfortable alimony goes to Europe to enjoy herself.

There she meets a popular bachelor, and he establishes her in apartments in Paris, and is seen everywhere with her. She is greatly admired for her beauty and costumes. And she is much in love with her companion.

Then comes the usual ending; a vulgar quarrel, loud voices blows and pistol shots.

This time no one is killed, the man is wounded and the woman disappears, and report says she, too, was wounded.

Still another has it that she was kicked and beaten by her protector.

It does not matter about the details.

The fact is the main thing to consider.

And this fact is, that when two people undertake to find happiness by establishing laws unto themselves, and by defying all moral and legal codes, the "romance" invariably ends with a tragedy.

Some times one is killed; sometimes both; sometimes both live, but always is there quarreling, discord, jealously, disillusionment and separation. And always misery and suffering.

This is not difficult to understand.

No man really loves a woman who enters into a questionable relationship with him.

He is governed wholly by animal passion.

All created beings, from insects up to men, possess this animal sex instinct.

That is the way the universe keeps going.

The lesser animals use this impulse wholly for the reproduction of their species, and the man, being endowed with reason, understanding of higher laws, refinement, self control, is expected to imbue his natural animal impulses with all these attributes.

When he does, then the relation of sexes becomes a sacrament. When he fails to do this, he invariably falls much below the animal standards, and becomes an offense to society, to his fellow creatures, to men and angels.

The animal knows and obeys his own limitations.

The man beast uses stimulants, highly spiced foods and drugs to accentuate his beastfulness and when all these things fail, and the woman he has purchased for his pleasure no longer appeals to his sated appetite, blows, shots and abusive words take the place of endearing expressions.

The unsophisticated girl who is the victim of such a man is greatly to be pitied, but the married woman or the widow who permits the association to reach the incriminating situation can hardly claim the world's sympathy.

The woman who is no longer a maiden must know in her own soul that the man who exploits her before the world as his property, bought and paid for by money alone, without legal or moral rights to sanction such an association, has no love for her; she must know that he feels only the basest kind of physical passion, and that this will die out and change to indifference, disgust or repulsion as surely as the appetite of a gourmand becomes sated with over-indulgence.

To be flaunted before the eyes of a reckless world of pleasure-loving men and women for a brief hour, to wear expensive jewels and fashionable costumes, to be gazed at as a beauty and the favorite of such a man, for a season, is poor pay for the certain sound of discord, quarrels, biting words and stinging blows which oftentimes reach the death mark.

No attraction between the sexes can last or produce happiness which is not based on true friendship, high respect, mutual self-control and unselfish love.

These are the four cornerstones on which sex passion must build its mansion, if it is to last.

Without these cornerstones no marriage can be successful. And with these four cornerstones no irregular association can exist.

Real Hair Grower Found at Last!

The Great English Discovery "Crystolis" "Grows Hair in 30 Days."

$1,000.00 Reward if We Fail; Read Our Guarantee. Try It at Our Risk Mail Coupon Today.

Beautiful Hair and lots of it—if you use Crystolis

Here's good news at last for men and women whose hair is falling, who are growing bald and gray, whose scalps are covered with dandruff that nothing seems to keep away and whose heads itch like mad.

Good news even for those who imagine themselves hopelessly and incurably bald or who suffer from hair or scalp trouble of any kind.

We have secured the sole American rights for the great English discovery, Crystolis, the new hair remedy that in Europe has been called the most wonderful discovery of the century, having been awarded Gold Medals at the big Paris and Brussels Expositions.

Already, since securing the American rights hundreds of men and women have written us to tell of phenomenal results obtained by its use. People who have been bald for years tell how they now glory in their beautiful hair. Others who have had dandruff all their lives say they have now a clean, healthy scalp and that hair stopped falling after a few applications of this wonderful new treatment. Mr. H. P. Baehr reports that Crystolis grew hair on his head in less than thirty days.

We don't care whether you are bothered with falling hair, prematurely gray hair, matted hair or stringy hair; dandruff, itching scalp, or any or all forms of hair trouble, we want you to try "CRYSTOLIS," at our risk.

We give you a binding guarantee without any "strings" or red tape, that it won't cost you a cent if we do not prove to you that "Crystolis" will do all we claim for it, and what's important, we have plenty of money to back our guarantee. We have deposited $1,000.00 in our Bank as a Special Fund to be forfeited if we fail to comply with this contract. Cut out the coupon below and mail it today to Crystolis Laboratories, 74 R Street, Binghamton, N. Y.

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Write your name and address plainly, and ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR LETTER.