

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## The Tyranny of the Weak

By DOROTHY DIX.

It is one of the inexplicable tragedies of family life that the strong are always governed by the weak. It is irrational and illogical, but it is the short-sighted person whose vision sets the bound to the domestic horizon; it is the halt and the lame who are the pacemakers of family progress; it is the person of weak and hysterical judgment who decides the way the family bark shall be steered. It is never the strong, wise, tolerant, far-seeing member of the household who rules it.



No other thing on earth so serves to put the brakes on human endeavor, or brings about so many avoidable calamities as the subservience of the strong to the weak, the subordination of the wise to the foolish. It is a great misfortune to humanity, but it is one of the noblest mistakes that mankind has ever made, and there are many excuses to be offered for it.

Indeed the very qualities that make a man or woman strong—the wide comprehension, the ability to endure, the divine patience and pity make them the inevitable victims of the little souled and the weak. Just as an honest man is no match for a thief in a trade because he will not descend to effecting trick by trick, so the strong and noble cannot contend with the weak and pusillanimous, because they scorn to use the only weapon that would avail.

You may see this illustrated in a dozen households of your acquaintance where there is an inequality between husband and wife. Invariably the weak one rules. If the man is wise, generous, broad, tolerant and the woman is silly, narrow, high-tempered and querulous, it is not he, but she who is the autocrat. Such a woman never gives up her own will, because there are no such egoists as fools. She never suffers herself to be led up to a higher life, because she is too dull to have any aspirations. But the man, just because he is broad and wise, and because he sees, as she does not, that in order to have any peace in family life, somebody must give in, somebody must use tact and discretion, he sacrifices himself to his weak wife.

There are thousands of noble and splendid men that are chained to women without hearts or brains, and the nobler these men are the less fitted they are to deal with such wives. There is no argument that this type of woman can understand, except brute force, and as a gentleman cannot beat his wife, no matter how much she needs it, these men are the helpless victims of the tyranny of the weak.

How is a man to deal with a woman who has hysterics every time he tries to reason with her about her extravagance, which is ruining him? What can he do if she meets every suggestion with floods of tears? How can he stop her if she makes jealous scenes every time he speaks to another woman? He's helpless to change her. All that he can do is just to meekly submit and keep from stirring her up.

Or the case may be reversed, as it very often is, and it is the woman with great intelligence and wide understanding and sympathy who is married to a bigoted and prejudiced man with violent passions. Then it is he who rules the family, and it is she who seeing his littleness and realizing that there is nothing so unchangeable as ignorant stupidity, sets herself the task of adjusting her nature to his, instead of trying to adjust him to hers. Let a man have a temper like a train of fireworks, he does not try to control it. It is his wife who spends her life walking on eggs for fear she will rouse the devil in him, trying to keep things hidden and out of sight that will vex him.

As between husband and wife, it is always and invariably the noble who gives way to the ignoble, the strong that surrenders to the weak, which is a disastrous thing for the children.

Another pitiful illustration of this is the young man or woman who is bound like a slave to the chariot wheels of his or her parents, and who is crushed in the dust and ground to powder under the weight of an old man or woman's moss-grown theories. Not every father and mother understand the child they have borne or are fitted to decide its destiny. Many an old hen hatches out a swan, and spends her life in trying to keep it from the water that is the habitat for which nature intended it, simply and solely because she has a dislike for water herself.

All of us have known girls whose parents have broken off good matches because the father or mother didn't happen to like the way the man combed his hair, or had an aversion to his religion or race, or for some other reason equally as foolish. We have known talented girls who might have made fame and fortune on the stage but for some senile parent who had a prejudice against drama.

We have known boys who were prevented from going where fortune called them by some silly and selfish old mother who wept when her Johnnie talked about leaving home. We have known other men whose lives were ruined because an omniscient father, who thought he knew what was better for them than they did themselves, forced them into some occupation for which they were unfitted, and kept them from doing the thing they wanted to do and could have done with profit.

It's the old story, the strong yielding to the weak, the wise ruled by the foolish, the swift, young feet slowing themselves down to the tottering gait of age. It is what is divined in us in its most tragic aspect, and it explains as nothing else does the reason why the world's progress is so slow.

For in family life we have a remarkable example of the survival of the fittest but the one who survives is the one who throws a fit whenever his or her sovereign will is crossed.

## Rare Specimens!

(The Danny Kind)

By NELL BRINKLEY

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When a girl-person's pet sport is chasing rare butterflies—that gold and pink variety with the velvet from a fairy's coat from Love-Land on his wing-tips, and the color of the girl's first blush tinting their roots—when, I say, she'd rather rout out after this splendid fellow with her net, than to eat strawberries frozen in marshmallows and whipped cream (what is it folks call her?) a trifler and a coquette.

And when a man is an ardent collector of specimens of the Danny variety—the call him susceptible. Girls don't mind being called a coquette. If they're sure you don't mean that when they catch their butterfly they pin him to a card!

But a trifler, who captures her butterfly, is careful of his frail prairie wings, admires and prizes him, and then holds him aloft and frees him again into the blue air—ah! That has a better sound.

## Life Partners and Dance crazes

Another Fictionless Fable for the Fair—About a Theory We All Know

By ANN LISLE.

There was once a Young Husband who had the dance craze. Apart from that he was a very clever business man who thought that a husband's first duty was to make money and a wife's first responsibility was to have beautiful children and to bring them up well.

The Wife subscribed to his theories, so, of course there was no friction in his home. She was much too busy with the cares of the household to learn to dance at all, and she was generally too tired from those "cares of the household" to go along with her husband when he went to these dances. Of course, no man can dance without a partner, and so the young husband found a Partner.

The Partner was a beautiful young woman who had neither household cares, husband nor theory. She liked to dance, preferably with someone who danced well, but necessarily with someone who would pay the check. Unless one has a dinner invitation or a certain means of support it grows rather important for a cabaret tea to offer enough nourishment to last until some chap buys an after-theater supper.

The Young Husband and his Partner danced merrily all through the winter. And the Young Wife stayed at home and took care of the babies and provided such very good dinners that the Husband always came home to them. But he generally went out again at about 10 o'clock—to the club, he said, or to

see someone on business." Of course, the club was a dance club and the business was learning the latest step.

The Young Wife ate her very good dinners and went to bed early and waxed unfashionably fat. And the Husband, secure in the Partner's ability and his Wife's docility, danced more and more and enjoyed it better and better and was increasingly certain that a Wife's place was in the home.

And everybody in the city where they lived knew all about it and wondered whether they ought to tell the Young Wife or whether what she didn't know wouldn't hurt her. Before anybody could come to a painful decision or gossip could settle the matter, the Husband brazenly entered a dancing contest with his Partner and won a cup.

And a little paragraph in the city's best scandal-mongering sheet recorded the fact. And the Wife read the little paragraph. What she thought about it nobody knew.

Suddenly the dinners which were so very good contained more and more potatoes and soups and gravies and rich puddings which the Husband ate unsuspectingly, while the Wife managed nicely on the lean parts of the meat and salad and a bit of toast. The Husband began taking on weight and the Wife, aside by a massage and long walks, taken while the Husband was busy cabaretting in stuffy restaurants, began losing her extra pounds. And then a mysterious young man appeared at her

house every morning at 11. The Young Wife said her children were taking music lessons—for she held firmly to the theory that what you don't know won't hurt you.

When the Wife weighed only 112 and the mysterious young man had taught her all the extremely graceful dancing steps of which he was master, she appeared one day with this youth at one of the cabaret tea places in town.

Somewhat of other every one else in the city met the Wife at the dancing long before her Husband did and they shook their heads gravely and came to the conclusion that now it was a case where what he didn't know wouldn't hurt him.

Then one day the Wife and her 19-year-old dancing partner met the Husband and his 19-year-old dancing partner in a contest and won a cup from them.

The two 19-year-olds now form a clever dancing team and the Husband and Wife are devoting themselves to bringing up their children. The Wife keeps slender and the Husband grows fat. And they do not discuss their affairs. Nobody knows quite positively whether the woman planned it all or it just happened. And since the Husband is no more certain than is any one else, he is spared the indignity of feeling that his Wife beat him at his own game.

## Necessity of the Father Being More Than Provider of Food and Clothing for Children

By CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

Much is being wisely said in these days regarding the responsibility of mothers for the upbringing of their children, while comparatively little account is made of the parental responsibility of fathers. The word father is said to be another form of the word feeder, as though the function of the male parent was originally conceived to be to meet the physical necessities of the child in the way of nourishment, what might be called the domestic commissariat.



Whether that is the accurate account of the word such an explanation is rather closely keeping with the idea somewhat generally entertained as to the father's relation to the domestic economy—the mother to administer the household and the father to furnish the funds.

Such an arrangement of the division of labor could have nothing said against it, provided it be conceded that woman is man's female equivalent, and that distinction of sex extends no farther than to the physical ingredient.

Some of us, however, have been led by our studies, and by our own experience of domestic influences, to hold to the idea that sex is a quality which pervades the entire being of human existence, male and female, and that it is not a question of the quality of the sexes, but of the essential and pervasive differentiation of the sexes—which is equivalent to saying that men and women were made to differ from each other for reasons additional to that of enabling them to beget and bear children.

This evidently bears with it the idea that difference, other than physical, between the father and mother are to be maximized rather than minimized, and that the special qualities of each ought to be made effectual in the upbringing of the children.

This, to a very great extent, is hardly the case at present. It is commonly the fact that children are mothered rather than fathered. Not only among what we call the working classes, but also in families that are in a condition of affluence, the pressure exerted upon fathers outside of the home is of a kind to prevent more than a casual acquaintance with their own offspring, or at any rate to prevent that closeness of relation and intensity of intimacy necessary to the exertion upon their children of a distinctly fatherly influence.

While it may not be easy to define sharply the influence in the quality of influence produced upon the child by

the father and mother respectively, yet no one who has been brought up in a home in which the father was definitely masculine and the mother definitely feminine, questions the existence of such a difference or would be disposed to question its significance and value as contributing to the forming of child character.

Human character like the human body is a dextrous composition of bone and tissue. Bone secures to the body its element of fixedness, and stability and serves as guarantee and support of the more delicate, plastic and productive ingredients. And as different material is required in order to nourish the osseous basis of the body from what is needed to construct its tissues, so other influences from those that give texture and form to the affections and impulses of our nature, are required in order to supply the exercise of those affections and impulses stable foundation.

In the formation of character, as in the structure of a building, something has to be placed at bottom that will stay where it is put. People are constantly breaking down amid the difficulties and temptations of life, not because they are deficient in fine taste and sweet and beautiful impulses, but because deep down in their nature there is not enough structural stiffening to keep them erect when the blow comes and the storm buffets.

Now, in the economy of the home it is the peculiar function of the father to supply that special ingredient of steadfastness. The feature of masterliness is the property of the male. A masterful woman is a contradiction in terms, and is an offense to correct moral taste. A certain touch of authority—severance, if you please—is a requisite of masculinity, and by its just exercise upon the child works within it that basal solidity for which we are pleading.

What is called a "mother-boy" may be an exceedingly sweet and lovable specimen of humanity, but we should not want to take many chances on what will happen to him when he gets out into the rough and tumble of life. This is no criticism on woman any more than it is a criticism upon a flower to say of it that it is not all stalk and root.

What this article is intended to urge is not the harsh exercise of parental authority, but only such exercise of it as results in the kind of filial devotion evinced in the boy whose story is told in the following statement:

"What would you be, my precious lad?" I asked of my curly-haired four-year-old.

As he played with his red toy engine there.

Safe from the wintry blast and cold; And a look of love came into his eyes, While he ceased a moment and gazed at me.

And I saw he knew, and I understood The depth of his childish simplicity; "I just want to be like my daddy."

"What would you do, my precious lad?" Again interrupting the boy at play, He had loaded his train with wonderful blocks.

And the restless engine was tugging away; But he stopped and smiled, as a child can do, And dimples adorned him with roguish grace, While quick from the heart his brief answer came.

And longing shone forth in his handsome face, "I just want to do like my daddy."

"Where would you go, my precious lad?" Third time and last I detained him there; For childish hearts have their yearnings deep.

And dreams of the future for which they care, The boy so busy about his play, Must have ambition beyond our ken; And yet from his lips I heard once more The words of confidence uttered then: "I just want to go with my daddy."

Back of the brighter eyes is one little life— Sweet, tender heritage left in your care; Blessed the task to prepare him for strife— Glorious chance which is given you there. Do you want him to be like you, daddy? LON A. WARNER.

### In-Shoots

The older we grow the more foolish our foolishness seems.

There is no ghost more troublesome than the campaign promise.

Insomnia is often proof that a man has a conscience.

Better not marry in haste, yet long engagements are risky.

Lax morals are just as apt to go with a long face as any other.

Organized charity is always prompt about collecting the commissions.

In loosening the heart strings love sometimes seems to soften the skull.

The most exasperating thing about a bore is his evident enjoyment in the role of a nuisance.

### Household Hints

Suede shoes can be freshened by being rubbed with sandpaper.

Brown boot polish is excellent for polishing dark varnished doors.

You can clean rusty irons beautifully by rubbing them when hot upon a piece of beeswax tied on a cloth dipped in salt.

When you are laying away your silver in the drawer or case don't forget to place therein a piece of gum camphor. It keeps the goods bright a long time.

To clean a linen sunshade, open it wide and scrub it with a small scrubbing brush and good suds made of white soap and lukewarm water. After it is well cleaned, pour several buckets of clean water over it; add a little bluing water poured from a watering pot; then leave it to bleach and dry in the open air.



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