

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

No. 7 Why My Husband Left Me

By DOROTHY DIX.

"I lost my husband," said the seventh woman, "through my children. Children are popularly supposed to be the strongest bond that holds a husband and wife together. Sometimes they are, and sometimes they are the first aid to divorce. It all depends upon how much good, hard horse sense the woman has, and how well she understands men."



"I didn't understand men at all. I thought that a father was just as much of a father as a mother is a mother, and was just as willing to be offered up as a sacrifice on the altar of a red-faced baby, and by the time I found out my mistake the mischief was done. My happiness had gone to swell the mountainous matrimonial junk heap."

"You remember the old French saying: 'There are women who are all wives, and other women who are all mothers.' Whenever I hear a man address his wife as mother I shudder. It means that she has failed as a wife, and that she is nothing to him but his children's mother."

"When Tom and I were married we started out with every prospect for happiness. We were rich. We were young and good looking and deeply in love with each other, and, best of all, we were comrades. We liked the same sort of things. We golfed together, we auto-mobiled together, we went to the theater together, we had little suppers together. We were the kind of chums that two people may be who are absolutely sympathetic in every taste and habit."

"Then my baby came, and I, in particular, was mad about him, and I not only spent the whole day hanging over his cradle, but put in the evenings sitting beside it, although there wasn't the slightest necessity for doing so, for Tommie was a sturdy, healthy little chap, and I had a reliable nurse who knew a hundred times more about taking care of a baby than I did."

"To my amazement, by the time the baby was a month or six weeks old I found out that Tom expected me to take up my usual life. One evening at dinner I saw him looking critically at me. 'Aren't you feeling quite well again?' he asked me. 'Splendidly,' I replied. 'Then why don't you put on some of your pretty, frilly dresses and do your hair fussy again?' he asked. 'Oh, Tom, I can't,' I laughed, 'baby pulls so at my things and he's so strong he'd tear my laces to tatters.' 'Humph,' was all that Tom said by way of reply, but I could see that he was unconvinced."

"I told myself that he was silly to expect me to dress up like I used to, and that a mother's first duty was to her child, and I never suspected what a frump I was degenerating into, nor how I looked to Tom's beauty loving eyes. He used to be so proud of my looks, but he never was again after our first baby came."

"I was actually horrified when Tom proposed our joining a dancing class that was being made up among our friends. 'Why, I can't go, I've got to stay and take care of the baby,' I replied. 'What's the matter with that nurse?' he inquired. 'If she isn't reliable, turn her off and get somebody who is. I don't see any reason for our putting off all our amusements just because we have to have a baby.'

"But I refused to even consider such a thing as leaving the baby for a whole evening. 'Suppose he should wake up and cry?' I exclaimed tragically. 'Well, suppose he does, I'll hold him, and you can give him a little peppermint and water as well as you can,' said Tom. 'I'd be perfectly miserable,' I objected, 'and that ends the matter.'

"Once or twice that winter Tom did manage to drag me to the theater, but during the most poignant scene I would grab his hand and whisper: 'Tom, suppose the house is on fire, and the nurse has gone away, and the baby should be burned up?' Or, in the midst of the most laugh-provoking scene I would sit up with a theatrical expression, and when Tom would ask me what was the matter I'd reply that I just felt sure that baby's feet were uncovered, or nurse had neglected to put a sterilized nipple on his bottle when she fed him."

"Nor were our evenings at home much more cheerful, because I would spend hours putting the baby to bed, and after he was tucked in bed I would sit with one ear strained listening for a wail from the nursery while Tom vainly tried to interest me in some topic that was absorbing him. So obsessed was I with the baby that I was actually relieved when Tom took to going to the theater without me and spending his evenings at his club. Of course I meant to go back and take up our life together when the baby was a little older, but I never did it, for in the succeeding years other children came to us, and I became more and more the mother and less and less the wife."

"I ceased to be a companion to my husband. I lost interest in the things he was interested in. I grew old and dull before my time, shut up in the nursery, and I bored people because my only line of conversation was about the relative merits of baby food, and what Johnnie said, and Tommy did."

"And Tom was a man who had to have companionship, who had to be amused, who had to be admired and petted, and made much of, and because I neglected him, and he found some of these things at home, he sought them abroad. Such a man never settles in vain, and at last I came to know that while I had been holding my baby's hand I had been holding my husband's."

"Our children had separated us. So have you, the real correspondent in many a divorce suit, is the stren to the cry from whose sign the foolish infatuated young man cannot tear himself away long enough to look properly after her husband."

The Wedding Ring

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By Nell Brinkley



A one-ring circus, with Dan holding the hoop of gold and begging and imploring you to jump through and not waste too much time shying about, measuring the height of it, so you may be sure not to stub a toe, looking over the ground that you have to land on, that it may not be boggy, or full of holes and stones under the fair turf, where a chap and a girl may break a heart in coming to earth!

But come to earth you must some time, oh lovers, even though at the summit of your flight you pass through the gold of the honeymoon ring—so don't let Dan hurry you up, or bandage your eyes—for he's after doing both when he can; once through—what does he care—he beats his winged way to another jumping ground. What an edifying glimpse his conscience would be—that ring-

master—with the wrecks of leapers who have come to grief scattered over its one-time lily-white surface! 'Take your time—step lively!' he cries while he holds aloft the luring, glittering ring. And the scent of bride-roses goes to his head and his heart is as butter at the golden ringing of a wedding bell.—NELL BRINKLEY.

Life's Daily Round

By MRS. FRANK LEARNED.

"Think what you might be doing in the world if you were spared this fussy housekeeping," said a woman to a friend whom she met going to attend to the commonplace duty of ordering her marketing for the day.

"What should I be doing?" asked the friend gently.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the rest- less friend, vaguely, "but you might be working for some great cause, doing something better and finer than this dull routine."

"Well," replied the friend, pleasantly, "I think I am working for a cause which may not seem great to some people, but what I am doing is the very best thing that I can do. I am keeping house, making a comfortable, happy home for my nearest and dearest ones. My place is just where I am, where others depend on me. I can be of more use in my own sphere, which seems to you so narrow, than I could out in the world."

"But you might save yourself, as I do, by telephoning orders," interrupted the other, impatiently.

"No," answered her friend, "I go on the economic principle of seeing things myself. It is a strong bar against wastefulness and makes a difference in the family finances. I am prepared to hear a good deal of railing at my points of view and many accusations of being out of the line of progress, but I hope to go on with my round of daily duties."

The restless woman was now hurrying away, but not without a parting shot that she "detested the 'common round' and was on her way to a committee meeting."

Advice to Lovelorn : By Beatrice Fairfax

A Dishonorable Thing.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 20 and have been going out pretty steadily with a young man of about the same age. After I met him, but before I went out with him, I met his brother. At the time he did not appeal to me as strongly as he does now, and since I have met him again in the company of his brother, I have found out the state of my affections.

I am now going out with the one in order that I may be in his brother's company, and I would like to know how to gain the affections of the other without losing the respect of the one?

Distance Does Not Count.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am very much in love with a young gentleman who lives in Idaho. We have carried on correspondence now for almost a year and I have every reason to believe that he loves me. As I do not ever expect to see him again would you advise me to keep up the correspondence or to try to forget him?

Jealous Pride.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been going out with a man for two years who professes to love me dearly, yet an old sweetheart of his, whom he went out with for four years, appears now and then and endeavors to part us by all devices, etc.

I continue going with him? I have more pride than anything and am hurt. UNHAPPY.
Don't let jealous pride separate you from the man for whom you care. It is not strange that the tie of old friendship has some hold on him—that simply proves him loyal. Try to counteract the unpleasant influence of the girl who once hurt him by absolute loyalty and unfailing kindness on your own part.

The Guest Room.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I was given an introduction to a young college man this summer who afterward became attentive to me. When he left the city this fall to resume his college work, I, with the consent of my sister and brother-in-law, with whom I live, extended him an invitation to spend the Christmas holidays with us. This he accepted.

Now what I would like to know is this: How shall I fit up his room, L. B. H. The guest rooms in the house of this city people are fitted up with everything a visitor may need—soap, lotions, brushes, etc. But I consider it very bad taste to offer to supply a guest who comes with luggage and is supposed to furnish his own wardrobe with articles of wearing apparel. Have the room neat and cheerful and well supplied with soap and towels. Add a few flowers and some new magazines to give it cozy cheer and do no more.

The Religion of the "Golden Rule."
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl of 18 and have been keeping company with a young man for about six months. Our parents approve of our engagement, but we are of different religions. Do you think we would be happy? ANXIOUS.
Since your parents raise no objections and you and your sweetheart love each other truly, I think you are very foolish to allow the question of religion to enter into your considerations.

Does Your Sweetheart Drink? By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

If the little god of love wore any garments to which a badge could be pinned there would be fastened to his coat a little white ribbon bow indicating that he is on the side of those opposed to every form of intoxicating liquor, for he comes quickest, stays longest and is truest to those whose habits and lives are decent and clean. And this, I am quite sure, may never be said of the man who drinks. This is in answer to the following letters:

Heart-Broken writes that she is 19 and engaged to a young man five years her senior. "He claims he loves me affectionately, but he has a habit of going on sprees for three days at a time. When we became engaged he promised to give up liquor, but soon went back to drinking again. Would you advise me to marry him?"

Sally says: "I am desperately in love with a man two years younger than I am. Lately he has been acquiring bad habits, and every effort on my part to cure him has failed. He claims he loves me wildly. I feel that I love him too much to give him up. Can you suggest any method by which I can cure him?"

If my contention that loves comes quickest, stays longest and is truest to those of decent habits and lives, bears no weight with these foolish girls, let the following letter bear its share of the proof that to marry a man who drinks is suicidal folly.

"When I was 14 years of age I met and married a man of 28 after an acquaintance of only three weeks. I did not know what I was doing; I only knew that I loved him, but I have found out since what a crime it is against happiness to marry a man of whom one knows nothing. I found out within a few weeks after my marriage that he was a drinking man, and have suffered every humiliation a woman may know in my life with him for twenty-five years. We have five living children, and though he professes to love them and me, he has never given up drink for our sakes. I find that I cannot bear the touch of his hand, and that my disgust grows greater every day I am with him until it seems sometimes that I will grow mad with my hatred and loathing for him. Perhaps you can help me, but I doubt it. I have no one to go to, no way of making a living, and must stand his abuse till the day of my death, or become a burden in the homes of others. I write this letter in the hope that some girl who loves a man who drinks may read it. I want to tell her that the man who loves liquor loves her more than he loves any woman, or honor, or life itself. I want her to know that no promise given in a whiskey-soaked breath is ever kept. I want her to give up such a man before she calls down on her head the life-long suffering I have brought on mine."

Will these girls, and all other girls who love a man who drinks, read and heed?

Why is It?
"Of the 57,000 varieties of things about women's ways that it is impossible for a man to understand," said a quiet observer, "I will mention only one. Why is it that women button on their coats the other way from the way in which a man buttons on his coat? A man's coat is so made that the buttons come on the left side or half of the garment, when it is buttoned. In a woman's coat, the buttons are always on the right. Why, it buttons the wrong way! Of course, the man thinks that the woman's way is wrong, and the only thing that is certain about it is that the man's coat buttons on one side and the woman's on the other."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.