

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Shall Women Wage Earners When Married Give Up Their Positions?

By DOROTHY DIX.

Shall the woman who has followed a gainful occupation before marriage continue to follow it after marriage?

If she does shall she support herself, or shall her husband pay her bills?

What is the effect on a husband of his wife making her own way, and thus relieving him of all responsibility of providing for her?

These are three of the curious new problems that have arisen to complicate the already sufficiently involved of domestic propensities, and they are questions that must be more and more potent as economic conditions force more and more young women out into the world to become wage earners.

No matter whether we like it or not, we have got to face the fact that very few fathers in these days, earn enough money to support a family of daughters in idleness at home. So the girl must follow some gainful occupation before marriage. It is equally true that very few young men make enough money to support a wife who brings nothing to the family exchequer.

The time has gone by when marriage was a profession that a girl could fall back upon when everything else failed. Her chances nowadays of marrying are slim, and growing slimmer all the time, simply because a poor youth can no more afford the luxury of a wife than he can of setting up an automobile, or a yacht.

It is nothing more or less than the truth that cupid has got to go out of business unless we readjust our old notions about a woman working out of her home after she is married. The ancient superstition, with no grain of common sense to back it, has held that it was some sort of a reflection and a disgrace to a man and his wife not to retire to the privacy of the kitchen as soon as she was entitled to write Mrs. Instead of Miss before her name.

The adherence to this foolish is responsible for the growing crop of old maids and grumpy old bachelors, for by the time a man has killed off his budding fancy for three or four pretty and attractive girls and learned how to keep his affections in check, while he is waiting to acquire a sufficient income to maintain a wife as a parlor ornament, he has gotten out of the notion of marrying at all. Also he has acquired habits and tastes that make him about as agreeable to live with as a fretful porcupine if he does marry.

The only way to get around this state of affairs and prevent marriage from becoming an exclusive pastime of the rich is to readjust ourselves to the conditions of our day, and permit the girl who follows a gainful occupation before marriage to marry the man of her heart while they are both young, and to go on following her trade or profession until they get a foothold in the world.

The man's salary alone means celibacy for both, or else starvation and privation that will embitter the sweetest dispositions in the world and cause a couple to hate each other if they have been foolish enough to commit matrimony on a shoe string. But the wife's earnings added to the husband's means marriage under comfortable conditions that spell happiness.

Certain is it that the average woman who has been in business likes it. She is enamored of her own pocketbook, and no woman who has ever earned money takes kindly to being dependent on anybody else, even her own husband, and having to go to him for every penny she spends.

Likewise, it is not to be disputed that the woman who continues after marriage whatever occupation she followed before marriage and draws her weekly pay envelope therefor, is likely to make a much more agreeable and amiable companion that the lady who has given up her work at marriage and has had also to give up all the pretty clothes and indulgences that she was able to afford when she was a wage-earner.

Another argument in favor of the girl who marries a poor man continuing her work after marriage is the economic waste involved in her having prepared herself for a career that she abandons just as she reaches efficiency in it. The greatest obstacle that stands in the way of women reaching high salaried positions is the fear their employers have of their giving up their work as soon as they marry. For this reason many then refuse to take the trouble to train their girls employees for the positions the young women's abilities fit them to hold.

From a practical standpoint it seems absurd for a man to ask a woman who can earn a good salary to give it up when she marries, when he has nothing to offer in place of it. Why should a girl who enjoys office work and is proficient in it forsake that for the cook stove, and which wears her out more in one day than a week of office work will? What sense is there in a girl who can earn perhaps \$50 a week giving it up to do housework that a \$5-a-week girl could do better.

As long as a man needs the help of his wife he should be generous enough to let her help him in the way that is easiest and most agreeable to her. When he does anything else it is merely a sop to his masculine vanity. He is willing to sacrifice her to save his face, as the Chinese say. He wants her to work for him, but hidden out of sight. The only argument to be advanced against women continuing to follow gainful occupations after marriage is the complication that arises when there are children, but even here we have to choose the lesser of the two evils. There will be no babies at all if people can't afford to marry, and even at the worst, the wage-earning mother can do a better part by providing for her children than the mother who has not the money to give her children the proper food and clothes.

There is no more reason for a poor woman giving up a job when she marries than there is for a man giving up his. Let her hold on to it as long as she needs it. She can retire to domesticity when she is able to afford it.

## Two Kittens

By Nell Brinkley  
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## Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Ma had a sum club company last night, three ladies that is working with her in her district for the cause, they call it. They was talking about having a evening every week for the education & entertainment of such servants as cared to talk up the cause of voats for wimmen, & they was talking about the first evening of entertainment that they was going to have.

There is a young Pershun poet cummin' to town next week, and one of the ladies, I have never met him, but I know some friends of his & I have saw a picture of him. He has a divine head & a slender, almost childlike tiseek. I know we can get him to deliver a lecture on Pershun poetry & to recite sum of his Pershun poems translated into our langwidge. That shud prove both entertaining & instructiv to the servant girls that like to join us in our cause.

Yes indeed, sed Pa. If there is anything in the world that a bunch of jolly servant girls wud like it wud be an evening with a lot of poetry, Pershun poetry in partikler. How in the world wud that be instructiv to them?

I am sure it wud be very instructiv to anybody, sed the lady wuch had spoke about the poet. She wished he wud keep out of the talk. He is a grate poet, this boy, she sed. The following lines alone, of his, will show his brains:

Star of Infinite, I'm of the Doom,  
Sun of the Silences, aster than gloom,  
Weave me my soul in thy glorious loom.

I merely read these lines of his to show that any talk he may deliver wud be highly entertaining & instructiv to the girls who are seeking enlightment in order that they may help there more learned sisters in working for the common good.

I see, sed Pa, & so you think that it wud please Nora & Bridget & Mary Ann to learn about the Sun of the Infinite & the Moon of the Doom.

Certingly, sed all the ladies. Them is beautifol lines.

Maybe, sed Pa, but if any of you know what that mean, you have something on me, I think the servant girls wud rather hear poetry like Ias Anybody Here Sees Kolly; or, The Butcher Boy That Went Aways.

The trouble with you dear ladies, sed Pa, is that you are not practical. Now, if you want to get the servant girls to talk sides with you in the cause of voats for these ladies, why dont you go and talk nice to them in the kitchen & point out the advantages they will have under the new order of things. Tell them that if they get voats for wimmen all the singel-pollicemen will have there salaries raised. That will make the servants set up & talk notice, Pa sed. Talk to them as if you were not bossing them at all. Tell them it will be easier for a girl to get a nice hoam & to marry well, wen wimmen get there rights. That will do moar good than dragging all the girls off to a lecture by a Pershun poet. What does a Pershun poet know about our politics sed Pa? No moar than a Pershun chat. & in talking to these servants you mite say something about a raise in there salary if things turn out rite, sed Pa.

All of the ladies was listening to Pa by this time, & wen they went hoam Ma sed Husband, I am proud of you. You impressed all my friends very much. You will be a popular man wen we get surrage.

His Taste for Musick.  
"My taste is musicly improving," said Mr. Curmox.  
"How do you know?" inquired his wife, laughingly.

"I am getting so I can enjoy the music of a hand organ whether it has a moneys with it or not."—Washington Star.



Everybody likes a kitten. At sight of its fluffy face and collar, with its blue ribbon and jingly-bell, its chubby smile and its feet like down-stuffed cushions, even a little "fraid-cat" kid yearns toward it with a little pink fist. Women folks who tighten their skirts and hold up their feet when a friendly dog goes by gather up a kitten with much caressing and baby talk. Staid gentlemen who never unbend, who study the tops of their companion's eyebrows through tortoise-shell rimmed eye-glasses, these same look gratified when a kitten plays with the buttons on their cuffs and scrambles about their shoulders. And the painfully erect young chap will grin with the warmth that's spreading round his heart when a showy baby cat arches its back and sidles against his black dress coat. He will even forgive it the maddening white fur that it leaves there.

And so it is with the kitten-girl. You may hold forth on her lack of common sense, and you may wonder when she will ever grow up; you may glower at her frills and fluff, and you may vow that plain girls with smooth hair and sober clothes, who never purr or jingle a bell, are the very girls for you. But just the same you, too, will "Oh and Ah" over the kitten-girl; you'll strive to get her to talk with you, and you'll get the same entranced grin on your face, and when she tries her kitten ways on you, as the chap in evening clothes with his baby cat preferring him above all others. The world couldn't do without the whimsical, fluffy, purry, appealing things called kittens.—NELL BRINKLEY.

Read it Here—See it at the Movies.

## Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

By special arrangement for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the incidents of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theaters. By arrangement made with the Mutual Film Corporation it is not only possible to see "Runaway June" each day, but also afterward to see moving pictures illustrating our story.

### SECOND EPISODE.

#### In Pursuit of the Runaway Bride.

CHAPTER I. (Continued.)  
He could stand this train of thoughts no longer. He whirled up Riverside drive, past the very house where June was then talking to Iris, and turned his key in the lock of the place which was to have been home. Horos! And this was his return! Here were all the furniture, where they had bought together. Here had clustered all his dreams of happiness.

It must be his task to find that man! June was still June—and his June! He caught up the portrait and pressed it to his lips and held it in his arms and sank down by the bed sobbing.

At that moment June and Iris were sitting in the big walnut paneled library, and Bobbie wandered in. When he saw the girl he started back.

"Don't go, Bobbie!" called Iris. She walked straight up to him and held out her hand. "Produce!"

"What's the price?" he asked.

"Oh, a hundred."

"How did you guess my roll?" inquired the cheerful Bobbie, dragging up a handful of bills with nonchalant ease, at which June smiled in spite of her embarrassment.

She had always been amused at the matter of fact and open way in which these two discussed finances. Bobbie counted his money and held back a fragment of it. "Here's your hundred, and I'm seven to the good."

"Q!" gasped June, as the significance of the tableau suddenly dawned upon her. Why, they were almost in the same position in which she had seen herself when she was Ned's piteous little beggar.

for me a gift of money from your husband? Don't be angry, Iris, please, I'm fighting for a principle."

"Oh, Mr. Thomas Rot!" expibbed Bobbie.

"That attitude is at the bottom of the whole thing, Bobbie," argued June with spirit. "Because the man has supported the woman for ages he has made himself the master. That destroys the woman's self-respect and love life."

"She's a fine kid," said Bobbie heartily, "but if she's going to draw the line on money which has been handed from a man to a woman she'll have to get it fresh from the mine."

"What will you do, June?" fretted Iris.

"If I only had that purse mummy gave me," mused June.

"She got that from your father," Bobbie was unkind enough to remind her.

"Oh, that was daddy's money," she brightly replied, "no trace of concern on her brow, and it's the last I can take from them, now that I'm married. Iris, couldn't you go out to the house and say you'll send it to me?"

"Just the thing!" Iris was bubbling immediately.

"You mustn't let them know I'm here," warned June. "You mustn't let anyone know."

Within five minutes Iris and Bobbie, in the swift little runabout, were headed for Hymnport. In the library June had found a picture of Ned among some other intimate photographs, and it was with constant reference to this and amid constant talking to it and constant caressing of it that she penned her important message:

My poor, dear boy, I cannot explain in these few lines how I feel. When I am free, dear Ned, I will make you miserable and forgive. You must not try to find your unhappy wife, JUNE.

## Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

A FLIRT.  
Dear Miss Fairfax: I'm in it and keeping company with a man of 19. Many times he has caught me flirting and forgiven me. Recently he caught me again when I did not mean anything by it, and a great quarrel arose and he begged him to give me another chance, and he did for my mother's sake. From that time on he acts coldly to me, and whatever I do does not satisfy him. I stopped flirting. He told me I never will be able to make up for it and threatens to leave me.

No wonder your friend does not trust you to keep a promise you have broken so many times. Evidently this boy is a fine chap and one who could have a good influence over you. Set yourself to the task of being no absolutely trustworthy that you will compel his faith again. The discipline of behaving yourself in worth while for your own sake as well as to try to hold this boy's friendship.

Don't Cause His People Suffering.  
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl of 18 and have been going out with a young man (whom I love dearly) for one year. He had been earning a good salary and was the only support of his family of six when last week he was laid off. Now, as they haven't much money, and he doesn't expect to have enough to carry for at least three or four years. I am in a quandary.

You are young enough to wait three or four years. But do not allow your own desire for happiness to cause the man you care for to act unfairly to his people who are dependent on him. Wait if you can trust yourself to wait, but give him up if you think there is any danger that you will hasten into a marriage which would cause his family hardship and suffering.

A Mercenary Man.  
Dear Miss Fairfax: I have known a young man ever since I was a little girl. Last summer he professed his love for me to my oldest brother. As my parents were unable, on account of circumstances, to comply with his request, sending a certain sum of money of which it is true he was in great need, we were forced to part, and he went with his mother to a different city.

A gentleman who has recently arrived from that city told us the fact.

Now, what if I were to know if whether it would be considered proper for me to write him a friendly little note.

There would be nothing improper about your writing this man a note of congratulation. But don't permit your affections to center on a man who has shown plainly that his admiration for you was dependent upon his being of practical advantage for him to care for you.

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