

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Divorce and Murder

By DOROTHY DIX.

We are all agreed that the divorce evil is a very great evil indeed, and that it is a terrible thing for a home to be broken up and the little children in it to be cast out upon the world half orphaned, deprived of either a mother's tender watchfulness or a father's wise guidance.



But while we condemn divorce, we must not lose sight of the fact that it is the lesser of two evils, and that if there were no divorce there would be wholesale murder.

Make it so a woman cannot free herself from the brute who mistreats her, and some day she will turn Lucretia Borgia and poison him. The woman he has come to hate like the festering corpse of a dead love about a man's neck, and there will surely come a time when in some access of fury and revolt he will slay her.

As long as humanity is built as it is, divorce is the greatest preventive of murder among the mised.

As proof of this we have the two tragedies, both double murders, that are now engaging the public attention, and both of which were innocently caused by wives who refused to divorce their husbands.

The first case is that of Ida Sniffen Walters, with whom Loritz Elton Rogers, a married man, fell in love. This couple established a home together. They had children. They lived on the hope that Rogers' wife, knowing of her husband's infidelity and the second establishment, would divorce him to permit him to marry the woman he loved and legitimize their children.

Mrs. Rogers refused to divorce her husband, and when Ida Sniffen Walters understood that the man she had sacrificed so much for never would be free to marry her and to give their children a name, in a moment of mad despair she killed the children and attempted to take her own life.

The other case is that of Hiram Craig, who a few days ago murdered a young girl, Miss Reeves, with whom he was

infatuated, and killed another woman who tried to protect her. It seems that seven years ago Craig fell in love with this girl, and had abandoned his family for her. He wanted to marry the young woman, but his wife would not hear of a divorce. She knew of his relationship with the other woman, but she forgave and endured meekly, as the anti-divorce theories tell us that woman should do under the circumstances.

Finally the girl's conscience awoke, or some glimmering of common sense made her perceive how idiotic is the woman who wastes all of her youth and beauty on a married man, or some other man caught her wandering fancy, and she wrote to Craig that she would have nothing more to do with him.

Mad with jealousy, the middle-aged Lothario rushed to her boarding place, and after a scene full of bitter recrimination he killed the girl and a woman who sought to interfere between them, and then shot himself.

Neither of these murders would have been committed if the men who had tired of their wives and had fallen in love with other women could have gotten divorces. Weak and immoral as Craig and Ida Sniffen Walters are, they are not murderers at heart. They were driven to frenzy by the situation in which they found themselves, and out of which there was no gate except that of divorce—and that gate was barred to them.

These two cases—and there are many others similar to them—raise a very interesting ethical question, and that is whether a wife does right or wrong to hold her husband when he has ceased to love her and does love another woman and wants to be set free. Of course a woman may be conscientiously opposed to divorce. She may believe that the marriage is unbreakable no matter how much it gets frayed and worn or how weak it is and powerless to hold the man. She may think it a wife's duty to forgive a husband's side-stepping even when he doesn't want to be forgiven, and believing this she may hold it a noble thing to refuse to give him a divorce, even though she is forcing him down deeper into the mire of a deplorable life and ceasing the crown of shame on another woman's brow and making helpless little children outcasts in society.

That is one side of the story. The other side is that nobody can say that a woman should hand over her husband to any other woman who happens to want him. The neglected wife is not blamed if she takes her revenge by refusing to give her husband a divorce and permit him to put her rival in her place.

It is a curious phase of the divorce problem, and one worth considering, because it shows one thing clearly, and that is that if we make divorce impossible we shall make murder common.

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 installments 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 read "Runaway June" each day, but also afterward to see moving pictures illustrating our story.

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NINTH EPISODE.

Kidnaped.

June was already halfway up the stairs. She turned. Mrs. Villard, without a word, followed her. Side by side the two women stood looking at the man and the dog. Mrs. Villard needed no explanation to tell her what had happened. For the first time in her married life she gave way to anger.

"You beast!" she cried, her cheeks scarlet and her eyes flashing. "This is the last! I warned you to leave this girl alone! I hate you! I could see you torn to shreds! Go on, Bouncer!" The collar crouched at June's feet. The man rose cautiously.

"You forget!" hushed the man. "We have a bargain!"

Mrs. Villard lowered her eyes for a moment.

"It is broken!" she suddenly flared. "You have paid me well, and I have served you well! But we were not to interfere with each other's life! You have interfered with mine! I am through!" She stripped her hands of her rings and threw them at him. She swept from the room, followed by June and Bouncer. They heard the man telephoning for his racer at a nearby garage, and while Mrs. Villard was still packing her clothing her husband came along the hall. He stopped at the door.

"I don't think you will find that your new line of work will pay you as well as being my wife," the man snarled.

Mrs. Villard sprang to the door and closed it in his face, and Villard laughed mockingly.

"He is a beast!" said Mrs. Villard and sat down, as if she wished to say something more. There was the sound of wheels at the door. Mrs. Villard suddenly buried her face in her hands and cried.

June left her sobbing and went to pack her own apparel. Money! Again June was face to face with another angle of this eternal problem, which, it seemed to her, had complicated the entire relationship of men and women. Mrs. Villard had plainly and palpably sold herself, and the price is never great enough for any woman who has done that. Always in June's rapidly widening observation the man gave and the woman received, and her very dependence made the question of matrimony one of essential barter and sale. It was wrong. It destroyed the very source and fount of love. Was there no remedy? June, shaken though she was by her painful experience in the morning, was strengthened in her own resolve. The answer to the problem was independence, even though she suffered in the attainment of it, even though Ned

AN IDEA which was introduced in the late Winter models and which is being extensively used on the early spring models is the peplum on the tailor suit coat. It can be long or short, full, or extremely so, to suit the figure of the wearer. Patent leather belts with "pouch pockets" are a smart novelty.



One of the smartest American-made and American-modeled tailleur suits shown at one of the best known Fifth Avenue shops is of blue gabardine, which has practically supplanted the serge, dear to the heart of the French woman, and which in its infinite variety of weaves or rather textures—is certainly a most delightful substitute.

In the picture above the suit is a serviceable little early spring model—modeled in design, as our ultra fashionables would have their Lenten garments, but with a chic that is undeniable. It introduces the full peplum under a belt of patent leather with little side leather "pouch pockets" which suggest the

"military"—now so necessary. The skirt is full-actually voluminous at the hem—but so cut as to give an outline to the hips. A little hint to the would-be wearer of the new full skirts—they must be more carefully cut and considered than the coats, if that be possible, for a full skirt in these very modern days means a skirt still with a suggestion of "ligne."

With this little frock is worn a blouse of marquisette, embroidered and with two hand-hemstitched overlapping "wing collar points."

The hat is of black Milan straw with a smart double white wing at the back jauntily perched to one side.

Birds as Clever Architects

How the Crested Cassique Builds to Foil Its Enemies

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The interested visitor to the American Museum of Natural History in Central Park West, will spend a long time among the birds, and the more he studies them the more amazed he will be by the beauties, and what he cannot but regard as the ingenuities of the winged inhabitants of the earth. Everything that they do may be guided by instinct and not by reasoning intelligence, but the result, in many cases, appears to be just about what the intellect of man would have produced, if placed amid similar circumstances and furnished with similarly restricted means.

Take, for instance, the little hanging village constructed in the branches of a tropical tree by the birds called crested cassiques, a South American species, related to our beautiful Baltimore oriole, which also constructs a hanging nest. The nests of the cassique (or cassico, for the name is a copy of that given by the Spaniards to the Indian chiefs), are often a yard or more in length, constructed of strips of bark and long grasses intricately interwoven into the form of an old-fashioned money purse, such as our grandfathers used to carry. These nests, which would make purses for Gulliver's giants, are suspended from the tips of twigs at the ends of pendulous branches, and their purpose is clear at a glance. Going at full speed the cassique can unerringly enter the aperture in his hanging nest.

In its native country the bird, its eggs and its young are exposed to the attack of monkeys and of serpents. To escape these persecutors it does the very thing that we should no doubt do in a similar situation. It accomplishes in a reverse way what the farmer does when he wishes to protect his corn against the inroads of rats and squirrels. The farmer sets his corn up on stilts and puts a tin pan upside down in top of each stilt in order that the climbing marauders may be arrested by an insurmountable abstraction just when they think that the prize is theirs.

The cassique has to look out about instead of below for enemies, and so he hangs his crib, or nest, at the end of a long, slender, tremulous branch, and, if possible, over the water so that his prowling foe may not only be defeated, but exposed in addition to a ducking.

The cassique, as I have said, is related to the oriole. His color is sometimes all black and sometimes black relieved with yellow, red, brown or green. Mr. Bates in his travels in South America met the cassique under the name of the "jajim." In the neighborhood of Para, and he likened it to the English magpie. "It has light grey eyes," he says, "which give it the same knowing expression that the magpie has." He describes the entrances to the nests as being near the bottom, but in the museum you will see some of the birds sitting in openings about half way up to the top.

It is described as a noisy and imitative bird, capable of mimicking barnyard fowls, and very active, continually flying to and fro, and keeping up a great chattering. Its nests sometimes encircle a tree on all sides, when it is favorably placed, and are at no great height above the ground, which is another circumstance that might be credited to the shrewd intelligence of the bird, since by going too high it would place itself more completely at the mercy of its climbing enemies.

Here is a fact concerning this question of animal intelligence which is worth thinking about. Among savage tribes, for instance among the American Indians, some bird or other animal, is often re-



A Colony of Crested Cassiques and Their Nests as Seen in the American Museum of Natural History

garded not merely as a general symbol or type of wisdom, but individually as a personage of more than human shrewdness and experience. It is certainly good testimony to the excellence of the ways of animals in dealing with the dangers and difficulties of life when a human savage asks advice, in a tight place, from "his father the beaver," or some other animal whose ingenuity has awakened his admiration and awe. It is sometimes pointed out as an indication of an essential difference between human and animal intelligence that the animals keep on for endless generations doing things the same way. But there are instances on record in which animals have varied their methods to accord with new conditions, while on the other hand, where tribes and races of men have remained undisturbed by foreign innovations for many centuries, they have led their lives and constructed their homes according to a plan as unvarying as that followed by the builders of the hanging birds' nests.

Advice to Lovelorn: By Beatrice Fairfax

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 15 years old. Previous to this year I've been away at a boarding school, but now I've reached the age where my parents will permit me to go out. How can I make myself popular? As a rule I am fairly well liked, but am rather homely. Does that cause unpopularity? Which is the best way for a girl to act—dependent and cool or just natural? M. G.

Don't assume an attitude of independent coolness. That is not at all a lovable type of womanhood to strive to be. Be natural and try to augment what you feel is a lack of physical attraction by a manner of sweet cordiality. Above all, don't permit yourself to be at all affected. That is far from admirable and will win you ridicule where natural simplicity will make friends.

Married Woman as a Wage Earner. Dear Miss Fairfax: Is there any shame in being a woman to work after she is married? I mean just for awhile to get things straightened up. Have a nice position and wouldn't know what to do at home all alone anyway. A CONSTANT READER.

Married women are more and more coming to see the wisdom of working and helping their husbands bear the financial burdens. Keep on working and try to lay up something for a rainy day.

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