Are Men More Domestic Than Women?

Editor's Note—Some writers, and particularly Fanny Heaslip Lea, seem to recognize that there is a veneer of posture in much of matrimony; and few there are who have been more delightfully successful in puncturing the attitudes assumed by either sex.

In a previous article upon "If Women Should Propose," Miss Lea contended, "But would men have women whom they do not want—even at the mouth of a gun?" Likewise, in discussing, "Should Marriages Be Incorporated?" Miss Lea tossed another pleasant bomb into the midst of her sex—"Then would women have to pay up for value received?"

The present article, with the author's tingling conclusions concerning the housewife's "Lord and Master," will especially whet interest in what Lucian Cray, next contributor to this great forum on "Love, Marriage, and the Modern Woman," will have to say upon, "Who Dominates the Marriages You Know?"

FANNY HEASLIP LEA

Whose Exuberant Pen Has Scored Far and Wide in Captivating Magazine Stories and Piquant Articles

Yes . . . on Saturday afternoons and Sunday mornings. Why? Because domesticity is, to man, a harbor . . . to woman, a backwater. Aeons and aeons ago (not to be too definite about it) the Neanderthal man, returning from some jolly little foray after a mammoth or a sabre-tooth tiger, flung himself down in the coslest corner of his smoke-grimed cave, naturally reserved for him, and ejaculated profoundly: "This is the life!" I haven't a doubt of it.

H. G. Wells is authority for the statement that the Neanderthal gentleman had "nothing that we should call a language." In spite of which, it is almost certain, that—however gruntishly, by whatever snappy gesture of club or new-cleaned marrow-bone—he managed to convey to the lady who bore his scars, that homekeeping hearts were happiest.

Until one was ready to go out again.

Which was, for the lady, the beginning of a race-memory and a race-tradition, potent, even in our present remarkably intelligent era.

Man's Domesticity Unsung.

The Neanderthal benedict may not have gone so far as to add—"Woman's place is in the cave"—but that must have followed in no time. In any case the unwritten slogan, "Home for Women and Women for the Home," has come ringing down the ages to such effect that, no later than a year ago, one of our best known novelists was able to get away with a heart-wrenching tragedy in which the mere fact of having a mother in business—as well as a father—threw one child into the streets, another under a train—and disposed of the third in some apalling fashion which I forget for the moment.

What our poets, our playwrights and our ballad-smiths would have done without woman on the hearth—one hates to imagine! Strangely though, the domesticity of man has gone unsung. And the reason for this invites speculation. Isn't it perhaps because domesticity in a man is not a virtue but a sly form of self-gratification?

Eight hours a day—at least—a man has every form of contact with life at large. From the adventure of the hairy mammoth and the cave-bear he has graduated to the no less exciting adventure of bulls, bears and lambs in the market. His talk is with his peers, engaged like himself, in the great game of business. The telephone, the telegraph and the wireless bring the world to his office. Though he has only an hour for luncheon, he eats it in a place where the buzz of other humans is in his ears . . . The friction of exchanged ideas, his for the trouble of exchanging them.

Wants a Mental Moratorium.

Naturally, when he has had all the buzz and the friction he wants, he is ready for slippers and a cushion under his head. More domestic than woman? Man is more domestic than the hen . . . when he's tired! When he's used up his wits and his nerve and his enthusiasm, on the problem of making a living. Naturally, then, what he wants, is a kind of mental moratorium. A place in which to relax, with the blinds drawn. A place in which to get ready to go out again.

It isn't surprising. It's the most logical thing there is. But take that same man's day-in-the-outside-world away from him . . . give him the home, undiluted, from seven to seven . . . let him see no one but servants and children . . . make no conversation save with the butcher, the baker and so on . . . eat his luncheon with a book propped against the sugar-bowl, for companion . . . let him dress himself prettily and wait, at dusk, for the coming of someone who may or may not observe that he had dressed at all . . . let him sit down after dinner to a long peaceful evening, reading or even talking, until nine or ten, with someone who is bored by talk of servants—and children—and butchers and bakers . . . Those are the conditions under which man's domesticity would have a fair try-out!

Saturday afternoons and Sunday mornings are recreation, that's all. "East, west . . . Home is best!" But nobody knows what's best, till he's read both sides of the page. And to women, the other side is just becoming a respectable possibility. To women, going into business, going into politics, going into the professions as they are, very largely, today, mere domesticity has suffered a not unnatural slump.

A New Slant in an Old War.

Home-making isn't the adventure that it used to be. What with improved machinery, fairly decent service, shops as they are and supplies as they have been, for years—housekeeping doesn't take up all the waking hours of any intelligent woman. She looks about for something to do—something that will constitute a change, if not downright contrast to routine . . . and going out, she meets her man coming in. Which is unfortunate in a way for everybody concerned. Having known, to the full, the rest of existence, he decides that home is best.

Being new at anything except homekeeping, she prefers to reserve her decision. Each wants to decide for the other. Neither is willing to be decided for. It's the old war of the sexes, but with a new, dangerous slant. Because where, heretofore, if the lady didn't like her lot, she could, at the most, only sulk and make faces about it . . . now, her foot is in the gate. Independence has gone to the head of the nations, let alone women! And if it appeals to a man to come home where he can rest . . . it may credibly appeal to a woman to get out where she can expand.

Propaganda of the Clinging Vine.

That isn't being more domestic, or less, on either side . . . it's merely trying, as we all do, stubbornly, to strike a balance in our lives. Domesticity was as we said somewhere before, for aeons and aeons all that women knew. It didn't occur to the poor dears that there was anything to do but be sweetly pretty about it. So they built up a legend of woman's sphere, and the-hand-that-rocked-the cradle, pies-that-mother-made. . . all the propaganda of the clinging vine . . . struck an attitude on the hearthstone . . . and complained bitterly to their daughters. It may well be those veiled maternal complaints which are leavening the feminine mass today.

Revolt does not come to birth in a contented people; and if our mothers and our grandmothers had been as satisfied as their side-whiskered lords and masters believed them to be . . . we should not today have ladies throwing stones and occupying soapboxes. Victorianism has the flapper to answer for . . . no question about it!

However . . . to return to our muttons . . . there is another thing which makes man, in his heart and forever, an ardent advocate of the domestic life. He sees in the home, the undying symbol of his superiority . . . as the woman cannot fail to see in it, the symbol of her subjection. And his pride rises up—however short a distance it has to go—and cries: "Here, I make my stand! . . . Yon rock shall . . . and so on and so on!"

What Man Wouldn't Lightly Forswear

The man doesn't breathe who is so obvious a flivver in business, politics or real estate, but what he can lift a scowling brow above his morning paper, at the breakfast table, fasten a gimlet eye upon the female matutinally facing him, inflate his chest and growl harshly: "This coffee isn't fit to drink—and the toast is burned again . . .!"

If he behaved like that in his office . . . well, he wouldn't behave like that. He knows better.

But centuries of being the underdog, as one may say, have brought women to the point where, at best, they answer soothingly,—"I'm sorry, dear—I'll speak to the cook . . ." and at worst, they boast of their shame, to their intimate friends . . . "My dear—John is so fussy about his coffee—he simply wears me out!"

"The Man of the House" . . . "the Master" . . . "the Boss" . . . all the various titles that go to bolster up masculine self-esteem . . . should one lightly forswear these? The very atmosphere of domesticity is a salve and a balm to the wounds inflicted by the outer world.

The Salty Symbol of Ignominy

The home is the shelter of the family unit. Man is the head of the family unit. Therefore—man is the head of the home. What could be sweeter? Or more necessary to man's place in the sun?

Conversely . . . so long as woman closes the front door after man in the morning and opens it to him upon his return at night. . . . so long she says to her children—"I'll speak to your father about it . . ." so long as she explains to the cook—"Mr. Jones doesn't care for much salt in the food . . ." just so long she sits below that same salt . . . and the fact, one observes with interest, has begun to stand out to her roving gaze. So—she heaves domesticity overboard—in cases where she can get away with it . . seeing therein the obvious badge of her servitude.

And man grapples it to him with hooks of steel—seeing therein, for part, the cheapest robe and crown within reach. Sad, indeed, that to pay Peter, one must always rob Pauline! But so it goes and one takes a feeble consolation in considering that one might have done better with the scheme of things entire—if one had been consulted, in time. . .

However . . .

Granted, that domesticity is the pet Utopia of the man who has not had the world by the tail. . . . it is sometimes the secret hobby of the man who has. Witness those gentlemen who maintain two or three establishments . . . domesticity by the yard as it were! What greater tribute could hearth and fireside desire, than to figure doubly in the simple annals of one man?

The Home Lift of History's Heroes

When a woman has attained a few millions, is her first thought the acquisition of another menage on the side? Not generally speaking. We may, after all, have to yield the deeper domestic ardor to the male. But to what sort of male?

History is strangely silent regarding the domestic achievements of its heroes. If Napoleon loved to mow the lawn . . . if Caesar never failed to lock up, and put out the cat, of a night . . . if Charlemagne wielded a wicked milking stool and Richard Coeur de Lion, a delicate churn . . . history has hid it from us, incontestably.

Not at all improbably, Robespierre knew how to put up a shelf when the pantry grew crowded. . . . Nero may have been a wizard at baking a cake (though Alfred the Great on the other hand, was not). . . . Hannibal, we dare say, was the comfort of the house, on the maid's day off . . . but . . . we repeat . . . history has not said it.

And if it were so—why should the garrulous chroniclers be reticent? We are forced, then, to the conclusion, that the domestic man has his triumphs chiefly within four walls. Which is what we have thought, all along. And four walls are rapidly becoming too tight a fit for the female ego. Release from actuality—that's what he's seeking, when he comes back to the cozy little principality he calls home.

The Penalty of Inventing Too Much.

It's what she's seeking, too, when she climbs out of the window and runs away. If he wanted her to stay—he should never have let her know there was something going on outside . . . he should never have invented looms, and electric washing machines, and gas stoves, and department stores and dairies . . . because when she came to the end of a perfect day, dead on her feet, and wanting nothing so much as a little rest . . . then she was domestic, too. For much the same reason she still is! Very complicated—the whole affair!

One goes out and comes in at the same door any number of times in considering it. Eventually, perhaps, one arrives at a decision which it is perfectly safe to announce:

Are men more domestic than women?

Yes . . . but not for so long at a time!

(Copyright, 1924.)

White Deer Arrive.

San Francisco, March 22.—Presenting a picture familiar to the heart of every child who has read Grimm's fairy tales, two white deer, the first ever seen in California, have arrived here from Nicaragua.

Juan B. Molina, owner of a big plantation at Esteli, Nicaragua, brought the white deer here as a gift to his son from the only herd of its kind in the world.

Molina set out 20 years ago to breed the animals. He crossed the lightest colored animals he could find, and eventually a pure white deer was produced. He continued with his experiment until he had a fixed breed. In his herd of white deer the fawns all come true to type now.

Molina's son plans to present the two albino deer, a buck and a doe, to one of San Francisco's parks.

Parasol Pine Planted.

Phoenix, Ariz., Feb. 22.—The parasol pine will be introduced into Arizona as an ornamental tree by Governor Hunt as a result of arrangements made with William J. O'Toole, minister to Brazil, for the shipment of several young specimens, which will be planted in the capitol grounds here.

The governor is also in receipt of a shipment of canna seeds from the royal botanical gardens of Siam, these having been sent by his friend, Dr. Yai S. Sanitwongse, a cousin of the king of Siam, whom Governor Hunt met while acting as the United States minister to Siam. These seeds will also be planted in the capitol grounds.

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Hope Gone for Japanese Sunken Submarine

By Associated Press.

Tokio, March 22.—Hope for the rescue of 18 men, trapped in the after compartment of submarine 43, lying on the ocean bottom off Sasebo, was abandoned this afternoon. Efforts to raise the craft or drag it to a position where it would be possible to liberate the imprisoned have failed.

Twenty-six men were drowned when the vessel sank following collision with a warship Wednesday, and the 18 other members of the crew probably have died of suffocation.

An inquiry will be held next week.

Score for the Women.

News from New York tells of a shortage of girl orphans for adoption. Possibly this ties up with the statement from the motor vehicle department of the state of Connecticut that accident statistics show women drivers to be more careful than men. Some people are evidently picking their future drivers with discretion.

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BE PRETTY! TURN GRAY HAIR DARK

Try Grandmother's Old Favorite Recipe of Sage Tea and Sulphur.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is mussy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get a large bottle of this famous old recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients at a small cost.

Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strang at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy and attractive.

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CAUSE OF RHEUMATISM AT LAST DISCOVERED

New Oil From Germany Stops Pain Instantly in Many Cases.

For years the cause of rheumatism has been laid to a dozen different reasons. Learned doctors even disagreed among themselves. Only lately has it been definitely demonstrated that the real cause of many cases of rheumatism is the absorption by the body of poisons from some internal infection.

These poisons are absorbed by the blood and deposited in the joints and muscles, where they quickly set up inflammation and cause agonizing pain.

And now the same German chemistry that created those well-known pain-killers, Aspirin for headaches and Novocain for painless dentistry, has come forward with a newly discovered oil for rheumatic pain—stops the pain at once in many cases. This oil is so penetrating that it disappears in a few seconds after it is rubbed on the skin.

So astonishing have been the results from its use in Europe that the American distributors have authorized local druggists to give this oil to rheumatic sufferers in this city with a positive written guarantee, signed by themselves, to return the full purchase price of the first bottle if you do not get immediate relief from pain. If you are a sufferer from rheumatic pain, no matter how long standing, you owe it to yourself to try this wonderful new discovery on this no-risk offer and see how quickly the pains disappear. It is called Buhler Oil and it is sold by all good druggists, such as Beaton Drug Co., Merritt Drug Co., Barney Dugan Drug Co., Unitt-Doerkal Drug Co., Saratoga Drug Co., Pope Drug Co. and Haines Drug Co.

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Women to attract must Radiate Health!

BEAUTY is the magnet which draws all eyes—and back of beauty—Health—working silently. Red blood tingling through the veins;—the glow of youth in the cheeks;—the spring of eagerness, of vim, of vitality in the walk;—the ever graceful air, unrestrained by care or worry.—All the charms of beauty. All the works of health.

Men are fascinated by the charms of beauty. Women gaze with envy, secretly jealous, perhaps—wondering—hoping—praying for that attractiveness that is not theirs.

But why the wondering—the hoping—the praying for that craved-for attractiveness—that beauty. Good looks is the barometer of one's condition. Good health radiates beauty. S. S. S. purifies the blood—creates new red blood cells—rids the system of impurities which make beauty and attractiveness impossible. As women to attract must radiate health so must they keep their systems free from impurities and their red blood cells ever increasing. S. S. S. does both.

S. S. S., since 1826, has been ridding the system of impurities—pimples, blackheads, boils, eczema and rheumatism—building red blood cells—aiding women to be attractive by radiating health. S. S. S. is made of carefully selected herbs and barks, scientifically prepared and proportioned. All good drug stores carry S. S. S. It is more economical to purchase the large size bottle.

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You can all help in a good cause by sending in your best jokes. Every good laf will be shown on the screens of the leading motion picture theaters. where thousands can enjoy it and forget their troubles for a while.

You will be well paid for your trouble. Not only will you bring cheer to thousands, but you will receive a check from the Local Laf Editor of The Omaha Bee.

Here Are the Prizes:

First Prize	$5.00
Second Prize	$3.00
Third Prize	$2.00
Next 12	$1.00 each

If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.

Perhaps you have sent in several jokes to the Local Laf Editor, but haven't received a prize.

Don't get discouraged!

It may be that your jokes were just crowded out of the winning class by a narrow margin.

Perhaps the "good one" you heard today is slated for first prize. Send it in! Send in as many as you like any time you like!

Local Lafs THE OMAHA BEE

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