



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



EXTRA! EXTRA! SILK HAT HARRY GETS HIS DIVORCE

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By Tad



Extravagance as a Cause for Divorce

By DOROTHY DIX.

At the opening of the fall term at court in Pittsburgh, 100 women and ninety-eight men applied for divorces from their matrimonial partners. Fifty of the men asked for divorces on the ground of extravagance, claiming that their wives spent too much money on fashionable gowns and hats.



And this in Pittsburgh whose men have the reputation of burning up the long green! Or, perhaps, they only burn it cheerfully for women not their wives. The question raised by these Pittsburgh divorce statistics is an important one, and it would be interesting to know just how much part women's extravagance plays in domestic infelicity, and in how many divorce cases—if the real correspondent was named—it would be the millinery store or the bargain counter.

Undoubtedly there are many women who are dress mad, and who in order to display themselves in the latest Paris finery are perfectly willing to ruin their husbands, or work them to death. Certainly any man is justified in getting up and leaving such a woman. Better the divorce court than the bankruptcy court, and wiser the man who has the courage to free himself in time from a wife who is so heartless and so selfish that she thinks more of adorning her own back than she does of his peace and comfort.

The criminally extravagant wife is, however, a much rarer bird than is generally believed. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred when you see a woman spending more money than she should upon her clothes and living, it is because her husband has kept her in ignorance of his financial affairs, and she does not know where she stands on the financial platform. No man could do business without having any idea of what his assets and income were, yet the majority of women are expected to manage their affairs thriftily when they don't know whether they can afford homespun or silk velvet.

Also a woman's extravagance is quite as often her husband's doing as her own. Many a woman who goes about looking like a perambulating jeweler's window has really simple tastes herself, but her husband likes to see her bedecked with quartets of diamonds because she advertises to the general public his financial success.

The money question in the family is one of the burning questions that will probably never be settled this side of the millennium. One of its curious features is that the man who delights in throwing his money around outside of the

home is very frequently a tight wad in it. He will spend \$30 buying drinks for a lot of barroom loafers and then have a fit over his wife's extravagance because she wants a \$10 hat. Why so many men should get pleasure in spending their money on strangers, and none on spending it on their own families is one of the mysteries of human nature that nobody can solve. Probably in such a man's mind home comes to stand only for duty. It's obligatory upon him that he should buy his wife's clothes and so he does it with grumbling and muttering against her extravagance, while he would joyously pay out twice as much for violets to send to some woman that he really doesn't care as much about as he does his wife.

Another reason why men accuse women of extravagance is because the two sexes spend their money for such different things. Practically all of a woman's money goes for clothes. Very little of it goes for amusements or vices, whereas a man spends comparatively little for clothes and most of his money for amusements and vices. If any woman in ordinary circumstances should spend upon her clothes as much money during the year as her husband spends upon drinks and cigars she would never hear the last of it. Yet why is a \$50 hat that lasts a season more extravagant than a \$50 jug that lasts only twenty-four hours?

I know a man who will never take his wife to the theater, which she adores, because he thinks it is a sinful waste of money to pay \$4 for a couple of hours' amusement, but once or twice a week he takes her to dinner at a restaurant and spends twice that much for food. There is also a rather pathetic side to the matter when you reflect that most of women's extravagance in dress is the result of their efforts to make themselves more attractive in the eyes of the men they love. A deep note in the feminine psychology was struck in the "Thief," when the author made the wife even steal in order to appear as smart and attractive to her husband as other women did.

Of course, men proclaim that they like simplicity in women's attire, and that beauty unadorned is adorned the most and so on, but women know this to be false. They observe that the prettiest dressed women get the most attention, and that men like to be seen out with living fashion plates, and in their efforts to please in one direction they fall into the pit in the other. To be well dressed requires good clothes, and good clothes cost good money, and to spend the money brings on the charge of extravagance.

What is a poor woman to do? Goodness knows, but it would be interesting to have some of the men who are getting divorces on the ground of their wives' extravagance file their own bill of personal expenses along with their complaints.

The Philosophy of Man

By FRANCES L. GARRISON.

It happened in that glorious, undated period, called "Once Upon a Time," an era when no one's brains were taxed to remember the hour, the day, the week, the month or the year; when heads were not stuffed with dates arranged in time table precision, and time sped along with the charming indefiniteness of a country road that is without a mile post to mark it, that a man fell sick.

As also happens, in great is the solicitude of woman, his wife noticed symptoms of illness the first day, and took prompt measures to cure him. She tried simple home remedies—castor oil, mustard plasters, hot water bags and all those first aids to the old-fashioned—and finding he did not improve sent for a doctor.

When he grew worse, she sent for two; she sent the children away that they might not bother him, and during the seven long weeks of his illness nursed him patiently and tenderly, always faithful, always encouraging, and always inspiring him with a hope she did not always feel. The physicians marveled at her skill as a nurse, and said that no patient ever had better care, but human skill doesn't always avail, and he passed away.

She had nothing to regret, but being a woman she began from the hour he died to regret that she hadn't done more.

"Perhaps if I had changed doctors sooner!" "One night I dozed off and he missed his medicine!" "If I had taken him away!" "If I had tried other remedies, and if she had only done this, or that, she believed she might have saved him." This was some time ago, we can't just when because of the indefinite-

ness of things that happened Once Upon a Time, but she still reproached herself.

Once upon a time a woman fell sick, and when, after keeping her complaints to herself for several days, after the manner of women, she told her husband she was ill, he told her it was all imagination. "You women," he said, "have a way of giving up to aches in order that you may call a doctor. Take a long walk out of doors and forget it. Go to the matinee and you will come home cured."

For several weeks she kept up the best she could, and then her mother insisted that she have a doctor.

"All imagination," said her husband, but he called a doctor, and three days later she gave up the fight.

"These things can't be helped," said her husband on his way home from the cemetery. "We must all go when our turns come, and it was her turn to go."

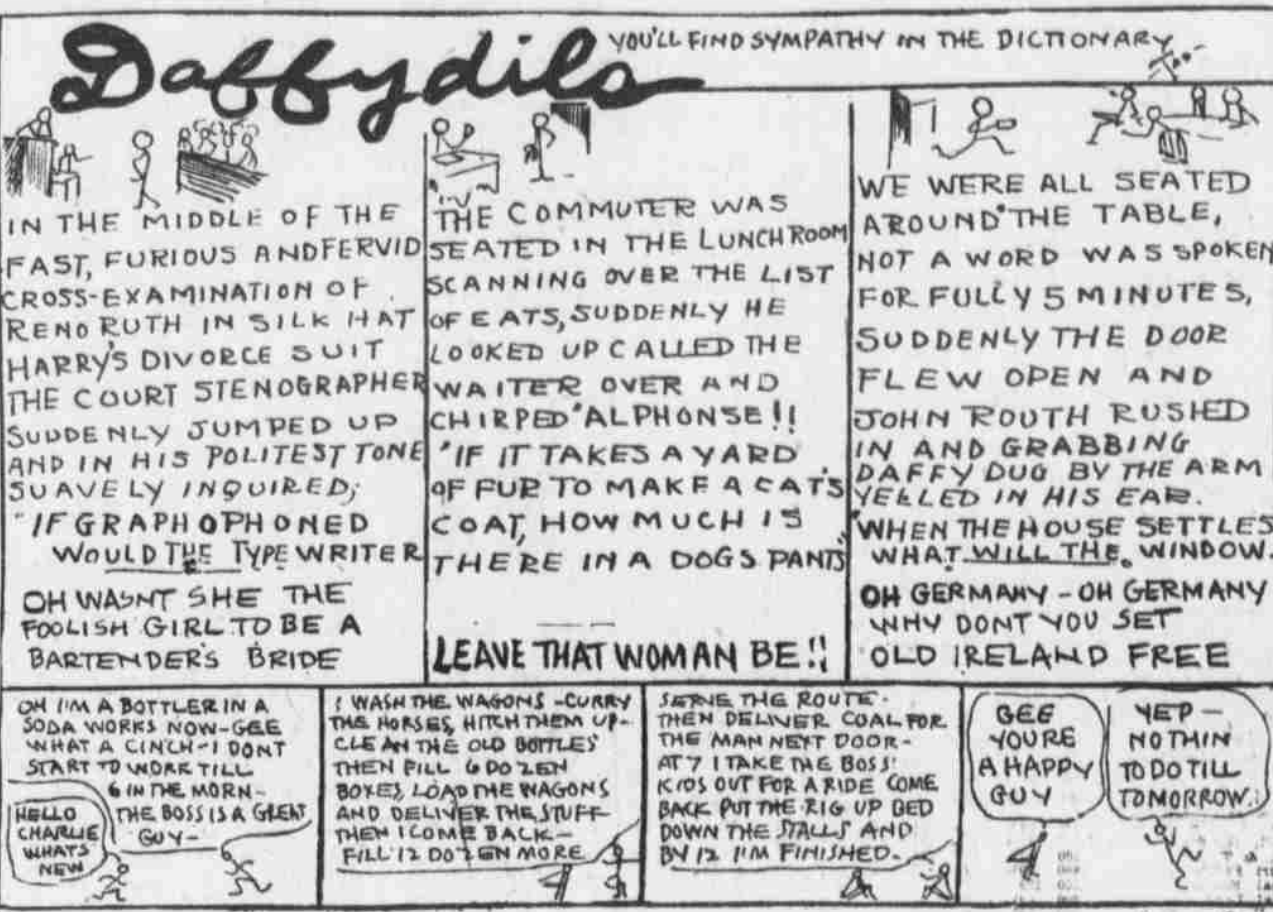
True, he missed her sorely and grieved for her, but there was no self-reproach with his grief. "We all have to go when our turns come," for the greatest philosophers in the world are widowers.

Ancient Facts

In 1569 at Cremona, Italy, 12,000 books printed in Hebrew were publicly burned as heretical, simply on account of their language. About 1500, after Granada, Spain, had been captured from the Moors, 5,000 copies of the Koran were similarly destroyed.

Leave That Woman Be!

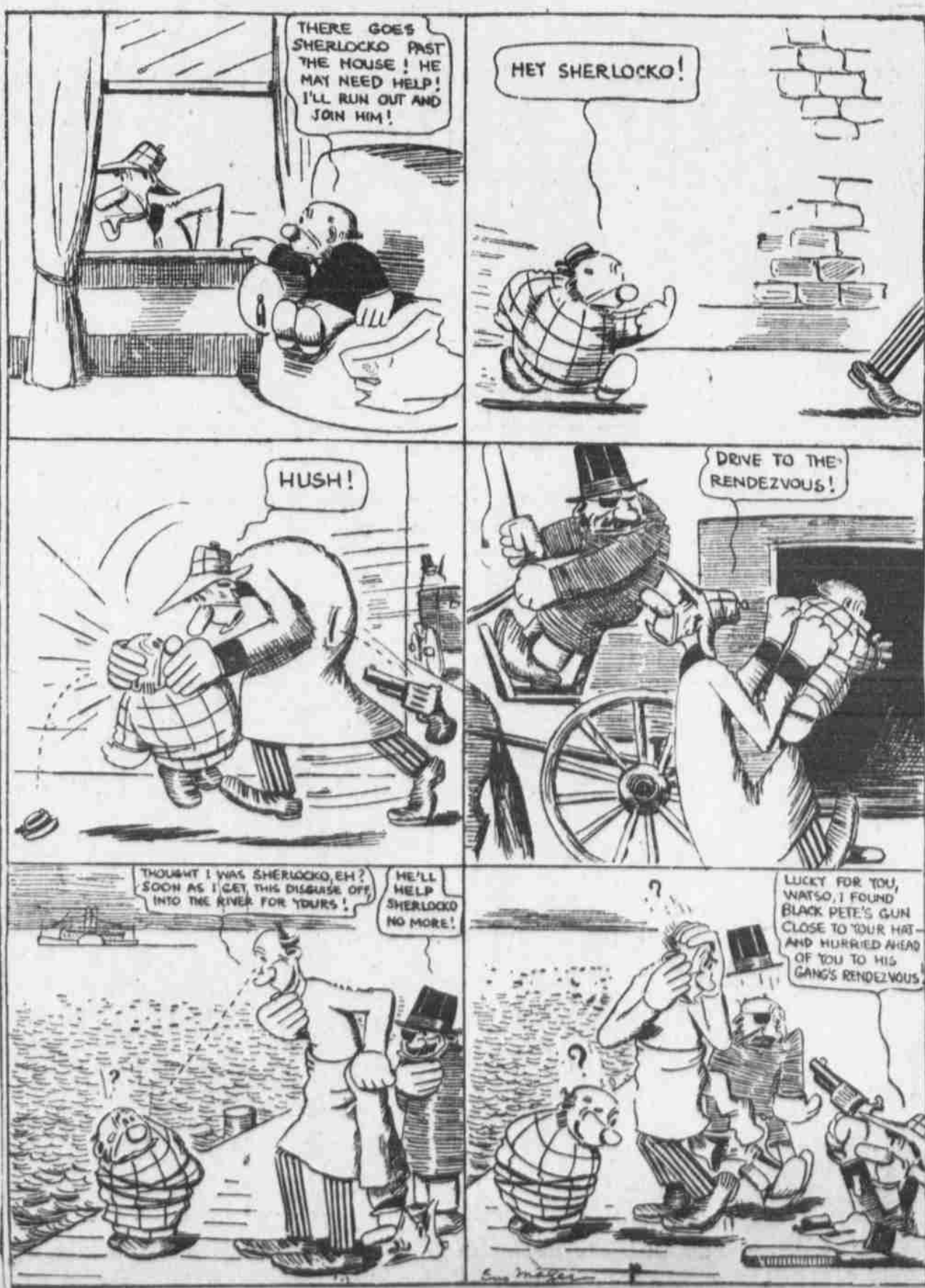
By Tad



Sherlocko the Monk

By GUS MAGER

The Hair-Raising Adventure on the Dock



The Fight Against Age

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

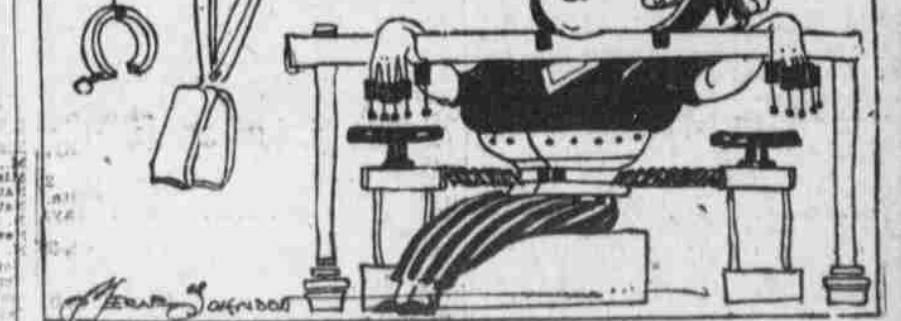
You can never really estimate the power of endurance of the so-called weaker sex until you know what torture they will undergo to be made beautiful.

Usually when a woman sets out along certain lines to conquer old age or to enhance her looks she sheds every particle of common sense, both the natural and the acquired kind.

I happened in upon a friend who declines both to grow old or to allow wrinkles to appear, and who wages her battles against time with any and every weapon suggested to her. I know she is near on to 50 years, and she knows that I know it, but in the ranks of the beauty seekers your age is only spoken of in your absence.

This time it was late in the afternoon, and she said the German ideal

"Have you seen any results yet?" "Well, no, to tell the truth, I've only been wearing it for six weeks. The woman who invented it said you could never tell how soon improvement would show. It depends on the person. No, she wasn't very pretty herself. In fact, she was dreadfully fat and puffy looking. I asked her why she didn't use her own cap and get thinner (it reduces your face, too), but she said the German ideal



"EACH OF HER FINGERS WAS ENCASED IN STEEL."

my handsome friend wore a flowing and very modish tussled over her tightly-laced corset. Around her neck was what appeared to be a very tight dog collar of book muslin and metal. The head was covered by a small pointed cap, to which were attached several strips of muslin, each with a large piece of shaped cork beneath it. The cork pieces were placed one over the forehead, two on each cheek, one under each eye and one beneath the chin.

Each piece of cork was attached to the strips of muslin by means of a metal clasp, and the muslin in turn fastened tightly on to the headpiece by means of an ordinary metal buckle.

Naturally she could not speak, but she waved her hand frantically, indicating that she would like some of the various clasps unbuckled. She couldn't do it herself, as each one of her ten fingers' tips was held in a small cone-shaped vice of steel, and when I came into the room she was holding her hands up as if she were going through some kind of terrible ordeal, and you know I've tried every thing."

Indeed she has. The steel finger-tip clasps are among her latest acquisitions. She assures me that they are making her fingers more pointed and shapely, and nothing will make her believe the contrary. For a long time she cherished the belief that if you squeezed your neck very firmly in a tightly-laced collar it would grow thin and slender. She wore collars that made the famous instrument of torture "the Iron Maiden" look cozy by comparison. The bones in her



"MY FRIEND ABSOLUTELY DECLINES TO GROW OLD."

pink and spluttering from her cork and muslin cage.

"It's the very latest thing, directly from Berlin. Don't you think it's great? I'm sure it will do my face no end of good, it hurts so when I wear it, and we all know that you have to suffer to be beautiful, as dead Miss Roland said. Oh! didn't she say that? Oh! yes, of course. I remember now. 'Beauty, what crimes are committed in thy name.' That was what she said. I always liked her—she wore such sweet caps."

Long experience has taught me that the pursuit of beauty along eccentric lines makes the pursuer more and more flighty, mentally so, I merely suggested, and that lady quoted had lost her head and my friend seemed in the act of losing hers. She became quite indignant.

"Not at all. This thing is very highly spoken of. The woman who sold it to me said it would lift up the sagging muscles of the face, reduce a double chin, tone up the cheeks, remove crowfeet and lines around the eyes and make one perfectly young and radiant. You are supposed to wear it at night, but I really can't sleep when I have it on, so I wear it during the day as often as possible. You're always advocating the use of will power and that sort of thing. Well, you've no idea how much will power it takes to keep this dreadful thing on. It's just torture!"