



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

What's the Use of Trying to Be on the Level?

Drawn for The Bee by Tad

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## Between Times the Husband Ought to Treat His Wife as if He Was Her Friend

By DOROTHY DIX.

In trying to adjust the matrimonial differences of an unhappy married couple a judge recently ruled that a husband has a perfect right to swear at and insult his wife all that he likes, and that the fact that he used abusive language to her does not constitute any ground for her bringing a legal action against him.



Another judge, in deciding the case of a wife deserter, who had fled a home rendered intolerable by a shrewish wife, punished the man, and asserted that a wife's nagging was no excuse for her husband leaving her.

No doubt these two judges were perfectly correct in their interpretation of the law. No doubt the law does give a husband the privilege of snapping and snarling and cursing his wife as much as he pleases. No doubt the law does give a woman the right to fret, and whine, and complaint, and harp on her grievances as much as she likes, and to badger a man out of his very soul, but if the law does permit these things it ought to be changed.

The divorce law is supposed to only take cognizance of great crimes, but it isn't the big things that make or mar a marriage. It is the little things. It isn't even the big sin that a man or woman may commit once or twice in a lifetime that really count.

It is the little meannesses, the little hatefulnesses, the daily looks and words and actions that rile our tempers, and rub our fur the wrong way, that make the real misery of an unhappy marriage. There isn't a woman in the world who, if given her choice, wouldn't rather have a husband who came home blind drunk once a month and gave her a black eye, but who was amiable, and pleasant and agreeable all the balance of the time, than to be married to a man who was as sober as the village pump, but who was always grouchy and cross, who never spoke a pleasant word in the family circle.

Nor is even infidelity the hardest fault for a wife to forgive in a husband. Many a wife overlooks her spouse's weakness for pretty faces because he is just as gallant and charming and makes as many delightful speeches to her as does to other women. And she's wise to be conveniently blind, for such a man makes a thousand fold happier home than the man who is the pattern of all the virtues, but who never opens his mouth in his own home except to find fault.

And precisely the same thing may be said concerning women. The worst wife on earth, and the one that can bring most misery down on her husband's head, is the nagging wife. Compared with her the woman who is a poor cook, the woman who is extravagant, even the vain and flirtatious woman is a capital prize in the matrimonial lottery.

In proof of this if you will notice, you will observe that as long as a man's wife is sweet, and affectionate, and cheerful, and good natured, and sufficiently liberal to give him some degree of individual freedom he will put up with a deal of bad housekeeping and wastefulness from her.

On the other hand, a woman may work her fingers to the bone for her husband, and fret herself to a fiddle string trying to pure and scrip and save to help him, and all her labors will be in vain if she is irritable and complaining and fault finding, and if he knows that he has got to endure a scene, or a curtain lecture every time he shows up at home half an hour late.

For these reasons the divorce law should be amended, and instead of not being considered at all, nagging, chronic fault finding and abuse should be put at the head of offenses which would entitle men and women to divorce.

And next to these crimes against the peace and happiness of matrimony, should come the great silent grouch which spreads its pall over so many families, and which is a greater enemy to the home than ever was the demon run.

Surely if any woman on earth has a right to a divorce, and all the alimony in sight, it is the woman who is married to a man who speaks to her as he would not dare to speak to any woman who had an alighted brother to defend her, and who is cur and coward enough to take advantage of his position as husband to curse her and insult her.

ing his wife it is the man who is unfortunate enough to be tied to a woman who nags him from morning until night, and who comes home from his hard day's work to be fretted at, and complained to, and deluged with tears and hysteria.

What are the big offenses for which divorce is granted compared to these never ending aggravations? Nothing. You can forgive a crime and be done with it, but the perpetual irritation is always with you, and always keeping your temper and your nerves sore.

Moreover, there is this to be said, that the fear of the law is "the hangman's whip that keeps the wretch in order" in many cases, and a man who now feels free to swear at his wife and curse her would keep a civil tongue in his head if he knew he would have to pay her alimony if he didn't, and that the permanence of his home depended upon his politeness in it. Likewise many a woman who now bullies her unhappy husband to distraction would control her tongue if she was aware that not only the law but public opinion would uphold him if he fled from her nagging.

It's the little things that make misery or happiness in marriage. If you take care of the amenities the morals will take care of themselves.

## The Manicure Lady

She Tells the Head Barber of the Bargain Sales in Millinery

"Gee, there's some swell bargains in ladies' millinery and frocks in the stores these days, George," sighed the Manicure Lady, as she looked over a full page ad in one of the largest evening papers.

"Just think what a woman could do these days if she only had a little dough! Every time I see these here ads it makes me hate them rich men's wives that is all the time riding up and down Fifth avenue, with never a thought of how they can rake up the dough. They have nothing but money, George, while a poor little girl like me has to figure and fuss and sew and stitch to get the few little dresses I need to keep me looking nil nisi bonum, or whatever the French word is that means up to the minute."

"You women is a funny lot," observed the Head Barber. "I never know where to get off up at the house. If I don't buy all the Sunday papers every week my wife has a fit, and when I do make a good fellow of myself and lug home three or four hundred pages of Park Row literature, comic supplements and all, my wife throws everything aside except the full page ads and the magazine section, the part that tells any young girl or middle aged matron how to be beautiful and dress well on only \$10.00 or so a year. The only way I can compromise is to get the papers Sunday and then dodge over to the corner cafe until all the sights is sighted out."

"Men don't understand," said the Manicure Lady. "You see, a man, as a rule isn't so very careful about his appearance. He might have his suit all dry cleaned and pressed, but he is likely to wear the same necktie for a month, and my brother Wilfred goes that one better by letting his collar go along with the tie. With a woman, it's different. There ain't no use talking, George. A woman can say that she is satisfied with two dresses a year, and a hat or two, not for appearances, but only to keep off the rain and prevent a cold, but that's all there is to the satisfied part—she just says she is satisfied—that's all. It's girls likes to be garbed proper, and you can't blame us for feeling kind of expensive when we see all them nice bargains we are missing. This here ad I have just been reading over says that you can get the swell-est kind of voile dress goods, enough to make two frocks, for only \$2 a yard. Gee, I wish I knew how to get enough voile at \$2 a yard to make two frocks, one for sister Mayme and one for me."

"How many yards would it take for two of you?" asked the Head Barber.

"Ten yards," replied the Manicure Lady. "Why?"

"I know how you can get it, that's all," said the Head Barber, loftily.

"How, George?" asked the eager Manicure Lady.

"I got \$50 that I was saving up for a rifle to go hunting with this fall. You can have all of it or any part of it."

"That's awfully sweet of you, George," said the Manicure Lady with a grateful glance at her friend. "But I just can't borrow your money. You need it enough at home, I'll bet. Everything will turn out all right, I guess. But say, George, what in the world do you want of a rifle when you spend all of your time in the city?"

"I wanted to get one, so I could shoot the man who invented safety razors."

## Daddydillo THE WHIP MANUFACTURER HAS A SNAP

PIERANDO JOE WAS HOME EARLY EVERY NIGHT NOW. HE HAD JUST BOUGHT A VACUUM CLEANER AND HE WAS BUSY REPAIRING THE DIRT FROM THE RUGS. LAST NIGHT IT REFUSED TO WORK, SO HE TOOK IT APART. THERE HE FOUND A CARD ON THE BACK IT SAID: WOULD YOU CLASS NOAH AS AN ELECTRICIAN BECAUSE HE MADE THE ARK LIGHT ON MOUNT ARARAT? DROP THAT WHEELBARROW WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT MACHINERY?

DICK RICHARDS WROTE A POEM A LADY NAMED EMMA DEPARTED ONE NIGHT WITH SOMEBODY'S HUSBAND WHICH WASN'T QUITE RIGHT TO GO FAR AWAY WANT LIKE HIM AT ALL THE QUESTION ARISES DID EMERGE HIM TO FALL? BELOW HE WROTE IF THERE'S NO SCANDAL IN YOUR FAMILY WHAT DOES YOUR KINDRED? I LOVE TO HEAR THE WARK DOGS HONEST BARK

ON SUCH A LONESOME NIGHT IT WAS SAM SONNENBERG COULD FIND NO ONE TO LISTEN TO HIS TROUBLES HE CALLED UP HARRY WRIGHT, GREEN FINGER AND HAHB BUT NONE WERE IN HE SNEAKED OVER TO THE GREEN ROOM AND CHEATED HIMSELF AT SOLITAIRE FOR AN HOUR THEN GOT UP TO GO OUT THE CLERK ASKED IF THE DEFENSE IS UGLY WOULD YOU CALL THE PROIE CUTE? WILLIE DONT YOU KNOW ITS WRONG TO PUT YOUR HANDS IN THE FOAM

## More Big Work for Women of America

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

More big work for the women of America! Here is their latest effort along the beautiful highway that leads to peace. No woman had anything to do with the colossal work of planning or making the Panama canal. It is gratifying to think it was, like all such great achievements, a wholly masculine undertaking. The great discoverers, the great explorers, the builders, the architects, the inventors—have all been men. The beautifiers and decorators of life should be women. So it is right and appropriate that women should send forth this appeal to the women of the United States: "The time is ripe for the woman of America to take some concerted action for peace. The terrible results of war fall heavily upon women. They are the great sufferers. No true mother desires to bear and rear sons for the horrors of the battlefield."



## The Latest Dances and How to Dance Them

"SHE GLIDES AWAY FROM HIM, AND BOTH GIVE A FUNNY IMITATION OF SWIMMING."



"TEMPTING HIM TO KISS HER."

By FRANCES CAMERON.

"SHE MAKES A DEEP AND MOCKING COURTESY." (Posed by James T. Powers and Frances Cameron of "The Two Little Brides Co.")

## The Fakir's Dance—A Brand New One from Paris.

The fakir's dance she has her eye out for any eligible person that might come along, so while two people dance it, by adding another man or another girl jealous of the first one, you could make up all kinds of novel situations and enlarge the fakir's dance until you bring in every member of the veranda party including the rocking chair brigade. Every dance must have its story. This is the story of the fakir's dance. One of those nice, sunny young men who come from nowhere and disappear from hence meets a charming young lady from the same whereabouts. He can dance the fakir's dance by intuition, for he is a natural fakir. The two young people come upon the scene from opposite directions, and he tries to attract her attention, following her about and making grotesque and funny faces and gestures, showing that he is deeply enamored at first sight. Finally they meet face to face in the center of the stage and begin a kind of Chinese dance, which in Paris is supposed to be the dance of salutation. The hands are held up in front with index pointed upward and short jumpy steps are taken, like running steps, only without moving from a certain spot on the floor. The hands are raised and lowered Chinese fashion, and an insane grin appears upon the face of both parties. At the end of this dance the two partners assume the crouching pose, hands beneath the chin as indicated in the picture, and there is every possibility that she is going to let him kiss her, but as it is only a fake, she quickly slides away and begins to dance about, pointing at him first with one hand and then the other, as if she were jeering. Of course he doesn't like this, and he dances a few steps of rage, and then trots off in semi-dignity. But she feels she is losing a good thing, and runs ahead of him, getting once more into his way, and making a deep and mocking curtsy she twists around, bringing herself in the second position, illustrated, which is a kind of burlesque on the Salome dances. Just as he is about to pounce on her again in imitation of some of the Russian dances that we have had this summer she glides away from him and both give a funny imitation of swimming on dry land, while she dances away from him. The swimming is done by jouncing the body far forward, going through the arm movements of swimming and kicking with one foot while the other rests on the floor. After each stroke the pair hop forward but he is never quite able to catch her. Once more he is highly offended and stops running after her, to dance his short dance of self-contentment, in which he preens himself, cucking his hat on one side, arranging necktie and generally suggesting that he is a very superior person and that there are "plenty of fish in the sea." Of course that brings her back, because no summer girl at a lonesome seaside or mountain resort can afford to let even a fakir go. Men are too scarce except in the cities, so she begins to dance to fascinate him, and at first he pays no attention, but finally is persuaded that she does love him, and they both protest their affection in stiff and angular movements, looking as much like early Egyptian pictures as possible. They are dancing now, face to face, and one of the prettiest pictures shows them with one knee uplifted, looking a good deal like storks, and laughing into each other's face. At the end of the dance a third person can be introduced, either the girl's mother, who drags the daughter away, a rich suitor with a bag of money in his hand, which he jingles, and which she follows off the stage, or a policeman, who leads the fakir off by the ear. Now during his time do they stop dancing. Any gods two-step music will do, but the best is that which has a decided break or stop at every eighth or sixteenth bar. At each of these stops the dancers wait in one of the poses until the music begins again. The dance is made up of short steps or hops, and all motions are very jerky and a little awkward; in fact, the fakirs ought to look as if they were marionettes being pulled by strings, and not people who had been trained to gracefulness. Some of the poses, of course, are sinuous, especially the girl's poses, but the dance is essentially grotesque, and is a take-off on all the highfalutin' fancy dancing of which we have seen so much. The steps can be faked, and the sentiment must be faked, but not for one moment should one lose the jolly spirit of comedy. If you have seen the short quick steps which the Chinese use in dancing, or at least steps that we think are Chinese, why then you know just how the fakir's dancing step is done. The main thing is never to stop; have your story plainly in your mind, know exactly how many bars of the music you are going to use to express each action; in fact, think it out carefully. Everybody can dance the dance, only don't stop; keep right on jumping. That is the main thing.