



The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Sherlocko the Monk---The Strange Adventure of the Bathing Suit

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Drawn for The Bee by Gus Mager



What the Wife Wants in the Evening

What the Husband Wants and How the Difference Starts the Domestic Fireworks.

By DOROTHY DIX.

Probably there is no other one question that gives rise to more arguments and disputes in the average well-to-do family than the amusement problem.

The wife wants to go out to places of entertainment. The husband wants to stay home and read the newspapers. Result: Domestic fireworks.



The wife says: "I am a good wife and mother, and a competent housekeeper. I am thrifty, industrious and frugal, and I am busy all day doing household tasks that make my family comfortable, and trying to make my husband's money go as far as possible. By the time night comes I am weary of performing monotonous domestic duties, and I would like some change. I would like to do something that would give a different turn to my thoughts, that would stimulate me, and brighten me up."

"I love society. I like to dance. I like a good game of cards. I like people. I am devoted to the theater. I enjoy going occasionally to a restaurant for dinner or supper. I like to see and be seen, but before I can go anywhere of an evening I have to have a battle-royal with my husband that takes all of the pleasure out of it. To get him to go to a dinner party is like dragging him to an execution. To induce him to take me to the theater requires a week of hints and persuasion and jolly, and then he sits up with a kill-joy face and knocks the actors in the play and yawns in my face until I get so mad I vow I'll never ask him to take me anywhere again."

"We actually have a row over every invitation we get and he puts on his evening clothes with as many groanings and mutterings as if he were an early Christian martyr dressing himself to be led out to the stake."

"He acts as if being married to him

was picnic enough for any woman, and that she ought not to expect of desire any other diversion, while I contend that a wife who does her duty, as I do, is entitled to at least a few of the treats after marriage that a man was ready enough to give her before marriage. When he was courting me my husband wasn't too tired of an evening to take me to places or meet me at parties.

"Besides all this, my husband needs to go out some for his own sake. A man gets so narrow who sees nobody but his business associates, and hears nothing talked about but business, and, in addition, we have children for whom it is our duty to make as good a social position as we can. So it seems to me that my husband is unreasonable not to be willing to go about with me more."

The man says: "I work all day under a pressure that my wife does not even understand. I am giving every ounce of strength and vitality that is in me to my business so that I can give my family every possible luxury and indulgence, and when night comes I am utterly spent, soul and body and brain. I am so tired that I don't want to talk, nor to be talked to, and so nervous that I feel that I would scream if I had to listen to the insane chatter of some foolish woman to whom I was expected to make myself agreeable at dinner."

"All I want to do is to eat my own dinner in my own house, and sink down in my own particular chair in the library, and doze along over the evening paper. More than that, I must have this rest if I am to hold up my end in the strenuous business competition of today."

"If I go to bed at 10 o'clock and get a good night's sleep I attack my problems with a clean, clear brain the next morning, but if I've been out to 1 or 2 o'clock, and eaten a lot of indigestible stuff, and drunk and smoked too much, my mind is in as upset a state as my stomach is. My judgment is clouded; my temper is on edge, and I'm literally not fit for business."

"Heaven knows I want my wife to have every possible pleasure. It's for her sake and the kids that I toil like a dray horse. Let her go to all the matinees, and teas and luncheons and hen parties she wants to, but why can't she be reasonable and let me have my evenings at home in peace instead of dragging me about to places that bore me stiff, and where every other married man looks like St. Anthony on the gridiron?"

And there you are. And so the argument goes on over every invitation, and a banging door on the other, and the queer part of it all is that each side is perfectly right from his or her point of view.

The solution of the problem is only to be found in compromise, and, unfortunately, it would make for peace in most families if the wife could establish the housemaid's inalienable right to a night out once a week, on which her husband would accompany her whithersoever she chose to go without protest. The balance of the time she could take her pleasures without him at the various afternoon diversions that women have devised to meet this very contingency.

It is unfortunate that the very difference of their fields of labor makes men and women look at this question from opposite angles. The husband, who is seeing new faces every minute of the day, and talking to new people, longs for quiet and rest in the evening. The woman who has been shut up in the house all day, often with no one to speak to, longs for fresh faces and fresh interests. This being true, why should they not figure out together a working schedule by which the man should cheerfully go abroad with his wife a certain number of nights a week, while the balance she may remain at home without feeling herself a persecuted and domestic slave?

One of the chief reasons why this country leads the world in divorce is because Americans so often settle this question in the wrong way by the wife and husband each going his or her own way—the wife going for society, and the husband going for business, and both landing in Reno. When you meet a married woman traveling alone, or going to balls and theaters with friends, instead of her husband, you don't need any other tip as to the state of affairs in that family.

Of course men say that they have to work so hard they haven't time to go about with their wives, but if husbands gave their wives more of their time and personal attention and less money it would be better for both.

After all, it's the people that we play with who are most necessary to us.

The Philosophy of Shoes

More Important to Have Your Feet Properly Clothed Than Your Head.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson describes man, in Good Housekeeping magazine for July, as "the tenderfoot of the animal kingdom," and he goes on to give what nobody seems to have thought it worth while to give before, some good scientific advice on the subject of shoes. What he says is amusing as well as instructive.

Dr. Hutchinson makes another statement which will probably surprise most people, although it is evidently true, viz.—that men, and women, too, have the biggest feet on earth in proportion to the size and weight of the animal they carry.

The fact is that man, as a product of evolution, has not yet had time to develop his pedal extremities into the best possible form to serve the new uses to which he now puts them. Since he quit climbing trees and sporting among the branches in the tropical forests of Tertiary times, and began to stand upon his hind paws, he has been more concerned with the growth of his brain than the development of his feet.

ABOUT THE LAST THING THAT A SHOEMAKER WOULD DREAM OF DOING IS TO REALLY LOOK AT THE FOOT HE IS TO SHOE.



MAN IN MORE SENSES THAN ONE IS THE TENDERFOOT OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

lated on the philosophy of clothes.

Fashion is responsible for more harm-doing in the matter of footwear than in any other of the numberless vagaries with which it delights to worry its submissive slaves. Nowhere has fashion been so cruel and so defiant of nature's laws as in its dealings with the feet. Look at the nameless suffering that it has for centuries inflicted upon hundreds of millions of women in China. But it is, in this respect, almost equally cruel in what we call more civilized lands. If all the groans and cries of pain that are daily wrung from men, women and children in Europe and America by the excruciating ills that result from the wearing of tight or wrongly formed or stupidly fitted shoes could be collected and poured forth from one huge megaphone the united sound of woe would not be pleasant to listen to.

When fashion prescribes absurd head-gear we may lament the violence done to our aesthetic sensibilities, but there is, usually, no physical injury caused by inartistic hats. The case is different with misshapen shoes. Huge, square-toed shoes that look like river scows, arrow-pointed shoes that resemble in outline the bow of a college racing boat, turnip-toed shoes that ape the nose of a triceratops, and shoes with peg heels and precipitous fronts that make women sway like ballet dancers or totter like inexperienced stilt-walkers, are a source of positive injury as well as of discomfort to the wearers. The remedy would seem to be, when the shoe contains nothing but ready-made absurdities, to have all shoes made to order—but that is costly and, besides, how many would know enough to prescribe the shape that a shoe should have? You will find some expert advice about this in Dr. Hutchinson's article, and you would do well to pay special heed when he says, "For heaven's sake, have 'em big enough!"

The Important Business of Marriage and How Divorce Might Be Avoided

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Marriage is the most important business in the world. No large corporation, with offices in every city in the land, means so much to the human race as one happy, clean, loving home, where there is one standard of morals for husband and wife, and where there are mutual affection, mutual trust and confidence, and a constant effort to be reasonable, agreeable, sensible and considerate. Such a home is heaven.

"But heaven is not reached by a single bound; we mount to the summit round by round. However, two people love when they marry, domestic happiness must, to continue, be gained by daily practice of the old-fashioned virtues. Because the lover bridegroom calls his wife an angel she must not imagine she has nothing to do to retain her perfection in his eyes. Instead she must feel a great responsibility put upon her, to produce a materialization of his ideal.

The husband who has won his prize must not imagine he can keep the respect and loyalty and love of his wife without using self control and common sense responsibly. Why do men and women ignore these plain facts? Why do they understand that every object in life which they set forth to seek must be continually toiled for and made a subject of study and patient effort, and yet ignore all these rules when they set forth to attain domestic happiness?

And without that, what is life worth? We all deplore the prevalence of divorce in the land. Divorce is so common that it is vulgar. It is no longer tragic. Yet there are situations which are so distressing one is amazed at the spiritual courage of the husband or the wife who endures a continuance of domestic life.

There is a man who works every alternate night. On the night when he does not work, he never appears at his home until 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning. And then he refuses to state where he has been.

There is a daughter of 15 years; and she is curious to know why her father is away from home.

There are neighbors who hear him return; and the unhappy wife must not only suffer with loneliness and sorrow, but she must bear the humiliation of gossip and scandal.

She has been married eighteen years; and she has no way of taking care of herself and her family.

Besides she married for love; and the flame burns still in her heart despite the husband's selfishness and disloyalty.

What possible pleasure or happiness can a man find in his dissipation or his gambling or his amours which can compensate him for the loss of his self-respect and the knowledge that he has spoiled the life of the woman he chose for his life companion; the keeper of his home and the mother of his child?

Married life can be made so beautiful with the humblest surroundings and in the midst of the hardest toil if the two contracting parties will hold the ideal of a perfect partnership, which is to result in complete success just as two men in business do.

When anything causes a difference of opinion, the two business associates always sit down and quietly talk the matter over.

Each has his own special duties and obligations to make the partnership a success; and if one neglects or shirks his responsibilities the other has a right to complain.

Precisely the same method should be used in the marriage business. This man, under discussion promised to love, support and cherish the woman he married; and he is breaking his obligations by neglecting her and making her unhappy by his questionable habits.

At the same time it is possible that the wife has not made an attractive home for the husband. She may be a nagging woman; she may be a careless housekeeper. She may have allowed herself to grow frowzy and unnecessarily old and uninteresting, and she may think of nothing better to talk about when her husband is at home than her ailments, aches and pains.

The mere fact of a marriage tie does not keep a man contented and happy in the companionship of a woman of this description.

But instead of rushing away from her to seek distraction elsewhere, the masculine member of the marriage business concern should talk with the woman partner and talk her just where she is falling, and ask her to try and keep up her part of the contract.

The wife should do the same when the male partner begins to be lax in his obligations. Many divorces could be avoided if husbands and wives regarded marriage as an important business affair.—Copyright, 1912, by American-Journal-Examiner.

The Manicure Lady

"It's funny, ain't it, George," said the Manicure Lady, "how many folks that used to play base ball think they can play the game now?"

"I never give the thing much notice," said the Head Barber. "When I was a kid I didn't play the game at all, and after I grew up I never had no time to go to games, so I guess the subject is kind of stale. Why?"

"Oh, I was just thinking about a outing that the old gent and me went to the other day," said the Manicure Lady. "Brother Winifred went along, too. Brother Winifred is all the time declaring himself in, although I am sure that his decision to go to the game didn't make any hit with father. He looked at Winifred kind of reproachful, like a pickered look at you when you are just dragging it over the side of the boat, and he sighed kind of pensively, but I guess down under that he feels kind of sorry for Winifred, his only son and the only child of his that has never saw fit to make his own way in the world."

"Anyhow, George, the old gent dragged us all down to the outing; and I don't mean to say for a minute that I didn't have a good time, because I did. We went all the way to Bensonhurst in a big touring car and stopped at Kernan & Callahan's two old friends of the old gent. There was a ball game inside and a ball game out in the park, and you can imagine, George, how bored I was to see base ball out in the country after having saw so many games at the Polo grounds. After having saw Murray play right field it made me yawn to see Bob Kiley playing the same position at the

outing, and it seemed just awful, George, to watch Yank Sullivan trying to catch, and throw to second after having watched Chief Meyers work at the Polo grounds. The only player I seen in the whole bunch that showed any big league form was a good-looking chap named Billy Lennon. He acted like the real goods."

"Outings is all right, George, if you go to one of them shady delis like College Point or Whitestone, where there is a picnic grounds, but when it comes to attending a minor league base ball game I am against it; and besides, Brother Winifred got a black eye from Sam Duffy, the umpire, and when the old gent tried to interfere he got a black eye, too. The return trip was all to the arnica."

"I don't get a chance to go to no outings," sighed the Head Barber, a little wistfully.

"Cheer up, George, replied the Manicure Lady. "You don't know what you miss."

He Overplayed It. "Hello, Billy, old pal," was George M. Cohan's cordial greeting as a well-known vaudeville performer was ushered into Mr. Cohan's dressing room one night recently. "How's every little thing?"

"Track a trifle slow just now, George. I'm laying off this week," answered the vaudevillian.

"Laying off? Gee whis! I had you tabbed for one of those 'cut-ups' that worked right through the 365 squares on the calendar. What about it?"

"Well, you see, George," said the idle one, "I've been boosting my salary till I've got it so high the managers won't pay it."—New York Globe.

The Senator and the Black Hand

Unwonted excitement disturbed the usual morning calm of the capitol, when it was whispered that a senator had received a message from the "Black Hand." Immediately there were visions of detectives tracing up every evanescent clue, for it had been stated positively over the telephone by the senator that he was the victim of a black hand disaster, and the waste-baskets were being searched for scraps of information that might lead to finding the letter in which the threat had been made.

There was consternation when the senator was encountered on the golf links, and an excited group of players surrounded him to quiz about the alarming missive. "What about that 'Black Hand' letter?" they cried.

"What 'Black Hand' letter?" asked the senator absently.

"Why, the one you were talking about this morning."

"I think I threw it in the waste basket."

"The waste basket has been searched, but we can find no letter."

"We must have that letter, senator," put in a young reporter earnestly. "Your co-operation with the press and the officers of the law will mean much in—"

"Say, young man," broke in the senator, "is this a joke?" He was cultivating the language necessary for use (with mules) in intensified farming, and indulged in a few epithets before he stated: "That 'Black Hand' is nothing—noting at all. I tried to fill my fountain pen this morning with indelible ink, and I still have the black hand with me." For proof he held up an inky palm which liberal applications of pumice-stone had failed to whiten.

This was the newspaper rumor quieted. The disgruntled golfers sauntered away to conceal their feelings, and the senator went back to his game, wondering why it was that a man could not even talk about his fountain pen without awakening reportorial energy and national attention.—Mitchell Chappie's News Letter.