



The Bee's Home Magazine Page



SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Suffragettes Now Rule in Rummy's Court

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



The Unwelcome Wife

By DOROTHY DIX.

I get a great many tearful letters from women who say that their husbands are weary of them, and wish to be rid of them. These wives write that their husbands are brutally frank, and tell them to their faces what burdens they are, how they hate them and how they long for death or divorce.



On of the women writes, "My husband says that he must certainly have been drunk when he picked me out for a wife." Another woman says that her husband is always wondering why some kind friend didn't put him in a lunatic asylum when he announced that he was going to marry her. Still another says her husband is always saying that if he hadn't been fool enough to tie up with her he could marry a rich widow.

After relating these insults, and telling how they are neglected and mistreated by their husbands, these women wind up their letters by saying: "What shall I do? Shall I leave my husband or not?"

That depends on whether a woman has the soul of an upstanding human being or of a dog. To any woman with one drop of free, independent blood in her veins, or one shred of self-respect in her character there should be no such question. She would have packed her trunk and left at the very first intimation that her husband no longer wanted her and felt her a burden upon him. One can no more understand a woman lingering along as a palpably unwelcome wife than one can understand a woman continuing to remain at a place where she knows herself to be an unwelcome guest.

That a wife would stay on with a husband who is tired of her and who wants to be rid of her is the more strange, because she is in such a bad situation that nothing could be worse. Whatever ill she might fly to would be more endurable than those she suffers.

Certainly to a sensitive woman there can be no torture worse than to live in the close relationship of marriage with

a man who hates her; to be forced to note his averted glances; to know that he begrudges her even the very bread she eats and the clothes upon her back. Her only chance for happiness, or even peace of mind, under such circumstances is to go away where her heart will not be stabbed daily by cold looks, where she will be free of insults and reproaches, and where she can live her life in quiet and self-respect, as she cannot do as an undesired wife.

If a man has money the law will force him to provide for the wife he wishes to discard. As a matter of fact, he will be willing to pay out good money to get rid of her, and if the woman is wise she will put aside sentiment and come down to brass tacks and drive a hard bargain with him. If he is poor and has no money with which to pay for his freedom, she does well to go anyway, for there is no other laborer on earth who works so hard and gets so little pay as a poor man's wife. Her only reward is the love and appreciation of her husband, and if she doesn't get these her labor is profitless indeed.

There is no woman of ordinary sense and health who can't make a living in these days and be treated decently in the bargain, and so there is no reason for a wife remaining with a husband who tells her how tired he is of her and reproaches her with being alive, except that she wants to stay.

Unfortunately there are plenty of women who justify the old adage, "a woman is a dog and a walnut tree, the more you beat them the better they be." Such women simply thrive on ill-treatment, and the more they are kicked and insulted, the tighter they cling to a man.

Nobody need waste any sympathy on them, for they are having the time of their lives, when they are bedewing your parlor carpet with tears, and taking up your time telling you how their husbands neglect and ill-use them. They are spaniels that crawl back to the hand that smites them, and they are subjects for our contempt rather than our pity. Nothing can be done for these women except to leave them to enjoy their misery, and to revel in whining. They are spineless creatures, worms of the dust without enough backbone in them even to turn, but the woman who has a few sections of vertebrae, enough to make her resent being an unwelcome wife, has just one chance to get back her lost happiness.

And that is by leaving her husband and giving him a chance to find out that the blessing he has despised is more necessary to his wellbeing than he has realized. Nothing makes a woman of such value to a man's eyes as to be unattainable. Also nothing makes a man so indifferent to a woman as for her to be always Sally-on-the-spot. The chief reason that men make negligent husbands is because they cherish the idea that a wife is something you can't lose.

Therefore, a wife's one and only chance to win back her husband who frankly tells her he is weary of her and sorry he married her, is to go away and leave him, and give him the opportunity to find out how much he misses her, and how much she is necessary to his happiness. If he cares for her at all, absence will quicken love, and he will come back to her a repentant and a chastened husband.

"Sir, let me go. Don't touch me, sir. May I move your chair, madam? The sunlight is very strong." "She can, my dear," echoed the host, delightedly. "Come, Alice; show what you can do. Pretend to be the housemaid."

The little girl, eagerly enough, came forward and bowed to one of the guests. "Will you take some more tea, madam?" she asked politely. Then she turned to another guest. "May I move your chair, madam? The sunlight is very strong."

At this the guests were exceedingly interested and asked for more. Backing away from her father, Alice exclaimed, in a terrified tone: "Sir, let me go. Don't touch me, sir. Give you a kiss, indeed. Supposing the missus was to hear you?" Then the clever little darling was wuffed away suddenly.—New York Sun.

Daffydils

RUBY THE FALSE HEAD VENDOR WAS WATCHING A MOVIE WHEN THE FILM BROKE IT WAS JUST AT THE POINT WHERE THE HERO AND HEROINE GET SENTENCED FOR LIFE. RUBY WAS BREATHELESS TO LEARN WHAT WAS COMING NEXT. SUDDENLY THE PICTURE STARTED AGAIN AND THERE IN GREAT BIG LETTERS IT SAID, IF A MAN STUCK HIS HAND IN THE COAL FIRE WOULDN'T HE FEEL GRATE? JOHN! FEED THE KITTY!!

SILENCE MAY BE GOLDEN BUT IT WON'T PAY THE EXPENSES OF THE DRUMMER

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED TA-RA-RA RA BONES MISTAH JOHNSON CAN YOU TELL ME WHY IS DE PANK AT 4th STREET LIKE A BUSINESS PROPOSITION DAT AINT A SWINDLE INTERLOCUTOR NO BONES WHY IS IT? BONES BECAUSE ITS ON DE SQUARE AW TAKE A LOT!! TAKE TWO! BING!! BING!! YOU LITTLE RASCAL

Babes from the Woods

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Here are three letter written by babes who imagine they are in love.

"I am keeping company with a young man of my age, which is 12 years. He calls on me every night, but he does not show any love to me. What can I do to make him show his love?" "I am 16 years and in love with a girl one year my junior. I think she doesn't pay me the attention she ought to. I love her, but she has never told me she loves me. I would like to know a plan by which I could find out if she reciprocates my love for her."

"Is it any harm for a boy and girl of 16 years to keep steady company? Some people say that at the age of 16 years children should never think of the opposite sex." "Boy and girl love, called calf-love by those who have survived its attacks without lasting scars, may develop into something fine, but every chance in the world is against it."

In the first place, children of that age don't know their own minds. They are in love with love, and think they are in love with the boy or girl who at that moment pleases them best. In six weeks, still in love with love, this mushroom offspring of a romantic brain is attached to some other person. Indeed, given opportunity and environment, the object of one's undying love when one is 16 years changes as rapidly as the scene in a moving picture.

This love is serious while it lasts. It takes time, is a waste of emotion and is fostered and encouraged when one's judgment is hasty and immature. Therein the danger lies. Youth always swings too far both ways. One is uncontrollably happy, or dangerously depressed. Love, never an offspring of reason, behaves as if of insane parentage when those under its sway are under 16 years.

Time that should be spent in making a valuable storehouse of the brain is devoted to making that valuable part of the anatomy a lumber room filled with useless odds and ends of romance. When one is 16 years old the brain is strong and active and impressionable, and lessons are easiest to master and easiest to retain. It is a harvest time, and it is more than a misfortune—it is a tragedy—if girls and boys at this period of their lives moon around like half-baked calves and think, sing and prate of love

When is a Lie Not a Lie?

"Often Justifiable to Live a Lie," Says a Psychologist

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

When is a lie not a lie? Miss Villa Faulkner Page was just dismissing a class of women who had come in the pouring rain, many of them from out of town, to propound their individual problems and solve them with Miss Page's help.

As the last of the problems swept out the dripping night I put my question to the psychologist.

"Let me see, what is the correct definition of a lie? A statement with intent to deceive, isn't it?" said Miss Page. "I have a right to deceive people under certain very limited circumstances," she announced boldly.

"For instance, a writer of prominence wanted to study the problems of the working girl. She disguised herself, lived and worked with a class of girls whose salaries are among the smallest in the city. She wished to investigate the conditions of the boarding houses, homes and co-operative institutions where these girls live in order to improve them.

"She was living a lie, but that lie was justifiable."

"In another case, a sick woman had a friend who was dangerously ill, and who eventually died. The friends of the first woman told her that her friend was getting better in order to save her a shock which might have caused a relapse of her own illness. Again the lie was justifiable.

"Queen Elizabeth said a lie is an intelligent way of getting out of a difficulty." In the infinite complexity which comes of our modes of living there is often occasion to withhold the truth, and people use that way of doing it.

"You often have some knowledge which you are not free to give to others, or the meaning of which it is not in the power of the other individual to comprehend. In such cases the evasive answers is a sign of tact, and is necessary in fact.

"The telephone has become the easy means by which many of a certain type of person not only endeavors to find out what does not concern them, but tries to get others to do their work for them."

"It is said, Miss Page, that the telephone is conducive to more lying than any other agent of modern life. Do you consider that true?" "Miss Page avoided a direct answer. "People try to shift their work on the shoulders of others, using the telephone to call up for advice or intelligence which they are not going to use, or are too lazy to get for themselves, and on the other hand, people are not frank enough to say straight out that such and such a thing is not the business of the person questioning. The persons who ask too many questions do not feel that they are transgressing, and for myself I would not hesitate to be quite frank and outspoken."

"On the most serious phases of this question of lying is the attitude of parents toward the imaginative child. Now a child has no notion of lying, because it is that which is in your heart that makes the lie. The pure-hearted child is like Billy, who told his mother that a big black bear had eaten the chocolate cake that was in the pantry. "Billy couldn't be persuaded that it wasn't a bear, and that evening when father came home, Billy's mother informed him, with a long, sad face, that Billy had told a dreadful lie. "So Billy's father questioned the boy, and Billy repeated his story with beautiful elaborations changing the bear to a cow. But all to no purpose. The father tried to persuade him that he was lying, but Billy wouldn't give up, and only wondered what was the artistic point lacking in his story. Poor Billy was whipped by his parents, and still he couldn't see



MISS VILLA FAULKNER PAGE.

what was the matter, and, as he lay sobbing in his little bed, after the ordeal, he called his father and said: "It wasn't a cow, it was a angel that ate the cake," having no idea what the punishment was for and what it was all about." "How would you deal with an imaginative child of this kind, Miss Page?" "I should enter into the spirit of the story," said the psychologist and teacher of psychotherapy. "I would let Billy tell me the story and elaborate to his heart's content. I would go into details about it. Oh, I have done it a great many times, and know that it's possible, and in a little while he would admit that he had helped the bear eat up the chocolate cake, and so the truth comes out, at last, and the child can be made to understand the difference.

"Many grown up people continue to live in the imaginative realms of childhood, and deviate from the truth, like children. They are the people who always exaggerate, who never make an absolutely true statement of facts, and whose life is a vague, negative condition—the condition bred of untruth; these deviations weaken and degenerate and undermine the character, showing the pernicious effect of lying. "In themselves such people have the childlike temperament that refuses to grow up and to learn the difference between truth and untruth, and the habit



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