

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Shall Husbands Support Wage-Earning Wives?

By DOROTHY DIX.

We discussed recently the problem of the woman who has followed a gainful occupation before marriage continuing to follow it after marriage if she marries a poor man. This in turn brings up another question.



Shall the wage-earning wife support herself, or has she the right to expect her husband to provide for her as he would if she did not earn money herself?

This problem vexes many of our correspondents, and I get numerous letters from wives who are working outside of their homes, and yet who feel ill-used because their husbands do not support them.

It seems to me that it is only a very greedy and grasping woman who wants to hang on to her own pocketbook, and yet dip her hand into her husband's. A just and fair-minded woman would see that she shouldn't expect to hold on to the old order of things, and yet reap all of the rewards of the new.

The very basic idea involved in a man feeding and clothing and housing his wife is that she gives him in return her services in the house. She makes the home. She either superintends the servants, or does with her own hands the cooking, sweeping, cleaning, sewing, dusting necessary to making a comfortable place of abode.

A man has been considered to "support" his wife if he paid her bills, even though she did all the housework, and worked ten times as hard as she would have had to do had she labored at any occupation outside of her home.

But if a woman elects to work for some other man in an office instead of her husband in the home, she certainly has no ethical claim upon him to buy her clothes or pay her board bills. She has maintained her financial independence, and that gives her not only the right to support herself, but, morally considered, the necessity to do it. Whatever of her bills her husband pays is a matter of generosity with him. It is not her privilege.

This question, however, should never arise between husbands and wives, because, if marriage means anything at all, it is a partnership in which they have no separate interest and in which both work unselfishly for their mutual good.

The woman who continues to earn money after she is married to help buy a home, or to assist her husband in getting into business for himself, enjoys one of the greatest privileges that can come to any woman—she is free to do as she pleases, and if she is of a nature so avaricious that she cannot feel it to be a pleasure to help her husband she should stay single and keep her little hoard to herself.

I am convinced, from much observation and study of the subject, that there is no other one thing that makes so many rifts in the domestic life as the money question, and I am certain that nothing else would do as much to settle the divorce problem and insure matrimonial peace and harmony as for men and women not only to have a definite understanding in regard to the financial question before marriage, but to sign a legal contract settling the matter.

Men begrudge their wives money and refuse to give them any settled amount. Women are disgruntled because they don't get what they consider a fair divide. Hence there is unending bickering between the two. All of this could be avoided if there was a definite matrimonial partnership drawn up between a man and woman before they pooled their lives as there is between two men who go into a business partnership and pool their finances and labor.

If a man signs a contract to give his wife a certain per cent of his income every month on which to run the house and pay her own expenses, he would know what he was going into and she would know what she had to expect, and if either party didn't like the terms they could withdraw on the safe side of the altar.

If a woman wanted to keep at her job after she was married she could settle it then with the man instead of fighting it out with him afterward. Also they could settle what part of the family expenses she was expected to pay, or if she was to have all of her money to go in the savings bank or buy military with it.

The financial problem is just as acute in the home as it is on Wall street, and some day we'll have enough sense to face it in a common sense way instead of leaving it all to chance, and there wouldn't be so many tickets sold in Reno when we do.

Worship and Treachery

By Nell Brinkley

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The wiry, wild-headed, rough-handed and soft-hearted office boy thinks she's the prettiest thing that ever grew—and somewhere in the core of his worshipful heart is a wild dream of ambition—a rapid scaling of the ladder of fame and wealth, and the girl of his heart who pounds the keys for the boss putting her hand in his, and the far-away ringing of a golden wedding bell! Something like that, too fearful and wonderful to breathe while he's thinking it!

heart a read apple. A scarlet apple with the sheen of charmesse on its chubby sides. And holding it she dreams of another fellow—whom he has never seen! Talk about the perfidy of women! She eats his golden-hearted, crimson-froked apple and the sandwich he has run all the way to a restaurant to get for her, and sees behind the film of lazy dreaming two hearts linked by a barbed arrow, and the heart isn't his. Here is worship—wistful-eyed, grinning worship—and unconscious but black treachery!—NELL BRINKLEY.

Read it Here—See it at the Movies.

Runaway June

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

By special arrangement for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the leading moving picture stores. By arrangement made with the Mutual Film Corporation it is not only possible to read "Runaway June" each day, but also afterward to see moving picture illustrations of our story. (Copyright, 1915, by Serial Publication Corporation.)

SEVENTH EPISODE.

The Tormentors.

CHAPTER I.

The Widow O'Keefe stooped quickly and snatched something from the floor while five strangers peered into every absurd nook and corner of the two rooms and bath which comprised the Widow O'Keefe's top floor suite. The object was a small snapshot of June.

The deserted husband of pretty June Warner was at the hall door with his hand reached out for the knob, and in another instant Ned Warner and June would have been face to face. In that instant the Widow O'Keefe whipped the snapshot under her apron, and the very swiftness of the motion struck into the corner of Ned Warner's restless eyes. He turned, and he and the father of June glanced at each other. There was something suspicious in the bent and warped and withered Widow O'Keefe and her tall slip of a son. Ned came abruptly from the door and renewed his search. At that very moment June, just outside, had paused to retie the bow upon her assy little slipper and to give it a vigorous pat, to make it behave and stay in place.

Sammy young Sammy O'Keefe walked to the window, whistling, and glanced out with an air of great indifference. On the other side of the street stood Officer Toole, and his eyes roved anxiously from window to window of the narrow, dingy slice of a house which was the Widow O'Keefe's. At a slight of Sammy Officer Toole pointed significantly toward the door. He waved both arms and pointed toward the doorway.

Sammy then slipped quietly out of the room.

June! The listless Sammy used the next quickest method to witness. With one

nonchalant spring he straddled the banister rail, whizzed around the curve and down to June, who was halfway up the stairs. Jumped off with a footstep as light as a feather, grabbed the astounded girl by the wrist and dragged her down the steps at the risk of both their necks. Sammy shoved June into the second floor hall closet. Sammy locked the door and stuck the key in his pocket and the springs in his thin lips to work and was sitting lazily on the top step, bored and whistling softly, when Ned Warner and Mr. and Mrs. John Moore and Bobby and Iris Blathering came out. Bobby extremely dejected and Iris expiating volubly that it was all a mistake. June couldn't possibly have been here. But she must have been, after all, because—still, how could it be? June in the dark?—"Out off from all light and sound, stood bewild, her eyes dazed. A—kiss, while Ned stood not two feet away from her. He had paused before than very door, as if some delicate magnetism had caught and held him there. No trace of her anywhere, no trace of Marie, the French-Canadian maid with the high cheekbones, no trace of the mysterious blond "Vandyked man, whom some of them had cared to mention to the Widow O'Keefe, Gilbert, Bly! Ned clinched his fists, and his brow grew black as his mind filled with the image of that dark, handsome face with its glowing eyes and suave smile. That image had never been absent from Ned's mind since the disappearance of his beautiful bride.

Ned became aware of the Widow O'Keefe lying him from midstairs. She was a frail looking old woman, with her gnarled hands clasped before her, but her beady little eyes were as sharp as the unexpected fess from dull jewels, and there was not one more of Ned's party which escaped her. Sammy, still whistling with over-enthusiasm, was so persistently not gazing at the closed door that it was a wonder no one asked for the key.

"We're waiting out time," finally said Iris Blathering. "We're probably letting them get away." And June's friend took her husband with her. The rest of the party followed.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Have Our Girls Lost Charm?

Why is it that Thousands of Young Men with Fair Salaries Do Not Marry?

By BRATRICE FAIRFAK.

Do the girls of this generation deserve the admiration of men? Do the men of today care for the type of woman who prefers dignity and charm to freakishness and fads?

Who is to blame for the fact that thousands of young men who earn fair salaries live in hall bedrooms and find their only relaxation "in playing cards with the boys," or "shooting a little Kelly pool," while the girls flutter in groups to the movies or sit at home and bewail their fates because they do not know the "Bally Waters" type of nice young man?

The great fault in the relation of the sexes today is that they are so very differently trained. They are brought up on a different set of catchwords. As Robert Louis Stevenson says: "They are taught to follow different virtues, to have different vices, to place their ideal, when a horse has run away, and the two flustered people in the gig have each possessed themselves of a rein, we know the end of that conveyance will be in the ditch."

Modern social existence is exactly comparable to Stevenson's "gig in the ditch." The whole object of a liberal education today seems to be to magnify the difference between boys and girls and to give them a strong consciousness of this difference at the same time that it obscures their knowledge of one another.

Girls are shown a small field of experience and taught a very strict code of judgment for all action. Men are shown a far wider cross-section of life and given a proportionately wider code of morals.

ambitions into the way of desiring to be the envy of all beholders. They do not seek feminine society purely on the basis of their own tastes and admiration, but they measure women by their charm for their men.

What is the result of these general differences? A girl goes out with a young man and takes far too much interest in his ability to spend, dance and "show her a good time" in general. She is all too likely to prefer the society of a handsome, amusing good-for-nothing to that of the unromantic man who is worth having.

This is because she has been trained to admire the showy externals which make a good impression on the casual observer. With "show" as a standard and "bluff" as a measure of success, a girl does not stop to investigate the real character of the man with whom she is dealing. Nor does her best self get a chance to appeal to him.

A little ability to make women thrill to his love-making gives a man vast power over the opposite sex. And, like all power that is not earned by actual merit, this is abused.

When these tinsel virtues appeal to women, what more natural than that sterling quality should find itself a bit neglected in feminine society, and should either turn hermit or satisfy itself in the society of other men of like stability and like social unpopularity?

The man who earns \$5 a week could afford to take a girl for whom he cared to the theater if she would sit in the balcony, a pound box of candy would be a gift well within his means, but if the girl has once mentioned to him the delights of an auto trip to Long Beach or a box party or a dozen American Beauties some lucky friend of hers received from a wealthy admirer immediately between the \$5 a week man and the girl for whom he might care the breach widens.

On the other hand, this same \$5 a week young man strolls up Fifth avenue and looks with admiration on the limousine beauties and the stunningly clad daughters of millionaires. Immediately the girl who is earning \$10 a week, or who is

being supported by a father who earns but a moderate salary, longs to emulate the well dressed beauty who has attracted the desired masculine attention.

The girl of sterling simplicity, the girl of homely ability, the girl of real common sense, is the one men truly admire in their heart of hearts—but they express too much admiration for externals. And across the gap training has made between the sexes girls have no way of guessing what masculine nature really craves.

Men advertise their success by the elegant trappings of their women folk. Boys impress other boys by the pert prettiness and cheap charm of the girls with whom they are seen.

Miraculous Movies

By ELBERT HUBBARD

I am a film fan. I do not drink, and I do not smoke, but I spend 10 cents on a moving picture show whenever I have the chance.

Sometimes I spend a dollar and take nine kids with me. The moving pictures cheer, but they do not inebriate. They lubricate the wheels of existence, rest, refresh, stir the imagination, bring into play a new set of convolutions.

They never give you that dark brown taste the day after, nor a headache and that tired feeling, nor make a hike to the booby-hutch.

I know a great doctor who prescribes a picture show every afternoon for a patient whose nerves were getting on the outside of his clothes.

The man who lived a mile from downtown, and has to walk the distance to the show and back.

The patient rebelled. He scouted the idea. He wanted to take something out of a bottle or be operated on.

"Do as I say," firmly ordered the doctor; "a picture show every afternoon for a week."

"But I hate them." "Then grin and bear it." "I'll bear it, but damme if I grin." "All right, but go—come back in a week."

In a week the man came back. Two grins had grown where there was only a frown before. He had gotten the taste.

This story has the rare and unique quality of being true. And the moral is this: That the thing which lifts us out of ourselves, that makes us forget our troubles, that stops brooding and puts the kibosh on introspection, is good.

For nervous prosperity try the moving pictures. If you go to the races you'll probably be—and, anyway, you'll get excited. If you go to the theater you will have to dress for it, perhaps have a carriage and a little feed afterward. And you'll get tired out.

But the moving picture is Jeffersonian simplicity and practical democracy. You slide in and out, and the whole thing is free from frills, fads and fussiness. You always get your money's worth, and there are no haunting regrets as to your having made a fool of yourself by spending a whole evening on a bum play and knocking a \$5 bill to flinders.

Another thing about moving pictures is that the invention is one of the great educational factors of the time. It is one of the things that is helping to make this old world over into a better and happier place.

Up to fifty years ago civilization was provincial. Only a few people could travel, see and know. The many were submerged in ignorance and superstition. The sailors who went around the world were nature fakery.

The stories they told us would make your hair curl. Read John Mandeville and you get a pretty good idea of the snake stories that once passed as truth. Even Christopher Columbus gave out a few. You remember how he told of two islands just off the coast of America where on the other all women lived all men and on the other all women, and once a year all the people on one island went over and had a picnic.

That was interesting, but it wasn't true. Now we are getting acquainted with the world. Quick transportation, the mails, the daily paper, the telegraph, the telephone, the talking machines and moving pictures are bringing the world to our doors.

I once knew a dear old lady who had a way of saying when you told her anything: "I want to know—I want to know."

I used to laugh at this, but now I sympathize with the sentiment. "I want to know—I want to know." In Missouri the folks ask for visual demonstration. This to me is also beautiful. "Show me."

The moving picture satisfies our desire to know because it shows us. The extent of knowledge which it distributes as to the ways, customs and habits of the people of the world is great, and far-reaching for good.

I am a writer. In my writings I describe what I have seen and the things that seem to me to be true. Just to the degree that I express truth and make men think do I benefit them. No criticism can be brought against movies which cannot be brought against books with equal truth. There are good books, there are bad books, and there are bum books written by punk parties with literary eczema which are neither good nor bad.

It is exactly so with moving pictures. These pictures tell you a story, playing the thing out while you sit and look. Good people want to see only the truthful and the worthy. As we grow better we will have better moving pictures. As is now, I believe the silly and absurd are being eliminated, and the helpful and the true are coming to the fore.

Show me—I want to know.

HOW TO HEAL SKIN DISEASES

A Baltimore doctor suggests this simple, but reliable and inexpensive home treatment for people suffering with eczema, ringworm, rashes and similar itching, burning skin troubles. At any reliable drugist's get a jar of resinol ointment and a cake of resinol soap. These will not cost a bit more than seventy-five cents. With the resinol soap and warm water bathe the affected parts thoroughly, until they are free from crusts and the skin is softened. Dry very gently, spread on a thin layer of the resinol ointment, and cover with a light bandage—if necessary to protect the clothing. This should be done twice a day. Usually the distressing itching and burning stop with the first treatment, and the skin soon becomes clear and healthy again.—Advertisement.

HELP For Shavers

Listen, all sore-faced shavers! For your comfort, do this: Moisturize your skin with 3-in-One before shaving. Wipe blade with 3-in-One after shaving. Oh, don't mention it—we're glad to help! A Dictionary of a hundred other uses with every bottle. No. 25, 50c—all stores. 3-in-One Oil Co., 41 N. Broadway, New York.