

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## What Effect Has Wage-Earning Wife on Home?

By DOROTHY DIX.

The real problem involved in the question of whether a wife should earn money outside of the home or not is the effect that it has on her husband.

If a man is poor, and the wife has the ability to make money it would seem nothing but reasonable that she should do so, and thus add to the family comfort and prosperity.



If a woman has fitted herself to follow some trade or profession whereby she can earn a good salary it seems nothing more than just for her to continue to follow it instead of being put to doing the work of a kitchen maid for which she has neither training nor aptitude.

If a woman elects to follow after marriage some work outside of the home it seems nothing but fair that she should pay her own way, as she gives to her husband none of the labor that a wife ordinarily performs in the home.

Under present economic and social conditions there are a thousand good and valid reasons why the woman who has followed a gainful occupation before marriage should continue to follow it after marriage, if she marries a man who is poor and struggling.

But there is one tragic objection to it, and that is that it almost invariably ruins the man. Also in some way that is utterly beyond feminine comprehension it seems to kill a man's love for his wife.

I leave it to psychologists to explain this phenomenon of the masculinizing temperament. I can't, but I merely state it as a fact that the more a woman tries to help her husband, and the harder she slaves for him, the less he cares for her, and the less consideration she shows her.

If you are inclined to dispute this proposition remember the long line of dreamers and boarding house keepers, and every other class of money-earning women you have ever known and try to recall one who had a husband that was even ordinarily decent and kind to her.

On the other hand the more no account, and demanding, and exacting a wife is, the more her husband cherishes her and indulges her. The ideal wife from a man's point of view appears to be a millionaire about his neck instead of a ladder by which to climb.

Perhaps the woman who can earn an good salary as her husband, and who is perfectly capable of taking care of herself, lacks something of the clinging vine that a man associates with femininity, and so she does not make as strong an appeal to his affection.

Perhaps her very ability and competence to stand alone arouse in him some vague sense of rivalry and antagonism. At any rate it doesn't endear a woman to her husband for her to make

money, and if she expects him to be grateful to her for helping to support the family she will find herself very much disappointed. It never works out that way.

Another unpleasant effect of the wage-earning wife on her husband is that she kills in him all sense of responsibility for a family. The wife who can support herself almost invariably has to do it—and the children into the bargain, while the man spends his wages on himself.

This is a common phase of human nature. We are all inclined to sit back and let others bear the heat and burden of the day if they are willing and able to do it. The man who is married to a helpless woman knows that he has got to get out and hustle to keep bread in the mouths of his family, and he does it, but if he knows that his wife will go forth and earn the family living, he is mighty apt to spend his money in the corner saloon. The statistics of mill towns, where the women work in factories, show the men to be the most worthless of the world.

The evil goes even farther, and the man whose wife is a capable money earner, oftener than not becomes a worthless loafer. The danger of pauperizing a husband is really the greatest one that the business or professional woman faces. She don't want to give up her work, and yet she does not want to see her husband become a contemptible male parasite.

For if a man lacks energy and ambition, or is fond of his ease, he is almost certain to drift into depending on his wife, and letting her support him if she is a money earner. The wife keeps the pot boiling, there's a comfortable place to stay, and plenty of good food, whether he works or not, so he gradually quits working, whereas if he would either have had to labor or starve, he would have worked.

The problem of the wage-earning wife is one that has come to stay. Women must either help earn the family living or else be old maids, because the average man does not earn enough under present financial conditions to support a family in comfort. Also the millions of girls who have been trained to gainful occupations are not willing to give up their good jobs and the work they like, to go into a poor man's kitchen when they marry. These conditions necessitate a new adjustment in the whole attitude of men toward the wage-earning wife, and so the solution of the problem is up to the husband.

The trouble with the whole matter is that while we have a new woman, man is still the same old Adam. He must be made to see that the future marriage must be a financial partnership as well as a union of hearts, that it is no more affront to his dignity for his wife to help him by making money than it is for her to cook his dinner, and that the fact that she is willing to go out into the world to work for their mutual good should be an inspiration for his redoubled effort, instead of an invitation to sit down and smoke while she does the work of both.

## 'Hitch Your Wagon to a Star' By Nell Brinkley

Copyright, 1915, Internat'l News Service.



An old bit, and a fine bit of advice this is, mellow and yellow, and pointed, and not very gorgeously embroidered, but worth wearing over your heart. In plain American it means, don't walk too much with your chin in your chest and your eyes turned to the earth! Look up, with your chin out and your eyes wide open, and tie the reeling ribbon of your fate star, even if you stub your toe on the clouds below. Tie to some star!

But there are stars—and stars! And that's why your mother worries about you, young chap; so try to understand that; for she knows that there are woman-faces that belong to star-drift—they lead nowhere—they have no path, but whirl loose and changeable, unfixed and whimsical, through the star-spaces; stars that "do not matter" in any thing! Follow the star that blazes true, a fixed star, that pulsates with its own white fire, a star with a core, and its own place in the great, great scheme. And it may be, for all this glory, a simple sort of a star winking away in a modest place. Don't tie your precious ribbon to star-drift—it will trail you through all the by-ways of the Milky Way sure enough, and you will leave a starting trail of diamond-dust that will show in the night-sky above Broadway—dimming its glitter.

There are thousands of men who have reached a hand into the magic bag of heart's desire because there shone on their trails the star-light of the right woman's face.—NELL BRINKLEY.

LENTEN GOWNS must observe the idea of being chic without being conspicuous. The high girdle—the full skirt are being tried out. They seem to be the advance idea of the spring mode.



No matter what fashion may dictate, women are loath to part from the long, straight lines which convey a youthful contour to the mature figure. Among linden models is a gown that interprets the straight line in a new way. It is made of French gray combined with white satin showing a black coin spot. As depicted in the sketch, the skirt is a regulation wide affair, and is surmounted by a circular frill which lengthens the chemise-like tunic comprising the blouse. The border band is of coin-spot satin and the material is duplicated in the long, close-fitting sleeves, with a flare cuff of the plain material. An interesting detail is the demi-girdle of black velvet ribbon introduced on either side of the loose front and tied in a bow at the back. The neck has a V opening, while at the back there is a collar of fine white or light material, lightly boned to maintain the upright position. Completing the costume is a broad-brimmed hat, whose crown is of gray and white awning-striped canvas linen and the brim of gray satin.

## Origin of Germans

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

A number of queries also concerning the origin of the Germans. The name Germania was given by the Romans to the northern region bounded by the Danube, Rhine, Vistula and the North-eastern ocean proper; but at times this name was given to the vast area included in the modern countries—Sweden, Norway, Finland and Denmark. In ancient times large portions of this expanse was covered with dense forests and swamps. The people of Italy, when they first visited these cold forests in winter, could not imagine that the inhabitants would have ever migrated from the beautiful climes of the south; so the Latin folk said "they must have lived there from the beginning." Then they called them indigenas—natives. The word German has been derived from "were," war, and "man," a man, denoting brave and warlike men. The Roman alphabet having no w, this letter was finally converted into g; and therefore, with a Latin termination, the name became Germania, and that of their country Germanica.

But the name these people gave themselves was Teutones, derived from their national god, Teut. Tacitus and other Roman writers, upon observing Roman prisoners brought to Rome by the Latin legions, say: "A nation free from any foreign intermixture, as is proved by their peculiar national physiognomy, inhabits the countries beyond the Rhine—with fierce blue eyes, deep yellow hair, a robust frame and a gigantic height; inured to cold and hunger, but not to thirst and heat, warlike, honest, faithful, friendly and unassuming toward friends, but toward enemies cunning and dissembling; scorning every restraint, considering independence as the most precious of all things, and therefore ready to give up life rather than liberty."

"Unacquainted with the arts of civilization, ignorant of agriculture and of the use of metals and letters, the German lives in his forests and pastures, supported by the chase and the products of his herds and flocks, his life being divided between inaction, sensual pleasures and great hardships. In time of peace, sleep and idleness, by day and night, are the sole pleasures of the indolent, discontented warrior, who longs for war and manly, courageous adventures. Till those who surrender himself, with all the passion of unrestrained nature, to drinking and gaming. A beverage, prepared with little art from wheat and barley, indemnifies him for the absence of the juice of the grape, which nature has denied him, and exhilarates his noisy feast."

## Mother's Friend Before Baby Arrives



During several weeks of expectancy there is a splendid external embrocation in our "Mother's Friend" in which thousands of women have the most precious pains that are so much talked about. This safe external application is gently used over the skin to render it amenable to the natural stretching which undergones. The myriad of nerve threads just beneath the skin is thus relieved of unnecessary pain-producing causes and great physical relief is the result as expressed by a host of happy mothers who write from personal experience. It is a subject that all women should be familiar with as "Mother's Friend" has been in use many years, has been given the most severe tests under most all trying conditions and is recommended by women who to-day are grandmothers and who in their earlier years learned to rely upon this splendid aid to women. "Mother's Friend" is declared by a multitude of women to be just what expectant mothers require. You can obtain "Mother's Friend" at almost any drug store. Get a bottle today and then write for our little book, "Mother's Friend" Regulator Co., 414 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

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 theaters. 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 pictures illustrating our story.

### EIGHTH EPISODE. Her Husband's Enemies.

#### CHAPTER I.

"There you are!" she screamed, and as her gaze settled from its swift roving into a fixed direction, one man came to life and rose—the black Vandyck Gilbert Blye. "There you are!" she screamed again, and she started to twist her way among the tables toward her long lost mate. "You will stay away from home, eh? You will run around with other women! You will—"

A door in the corner opened and closed, and Gilbert Blye was on the other side of it! A fat man laughed. Honoria Blye turned on them all and began to tell them just what she thought of their club. A half dozen attendants regained consciousness and crowded round her. One of them, indulging in soothing talk, accidentally laid his hand on her sleeve, and she left four red lines on his face. For the first time in its dignified history that club resounded with the shrill

echoes of a confirmed acid. The chuckling fat man achieved an inspiration. He came up and said confidentially: "Your husband is slipping out of the basement."

When Honoria reached the imposing entrance she was just in time to see Scatt! slamming the door of the luxurious limousine, and as that brilliantly lighted car sped down the street with Gilbert Blye reclining comfortably amid the soft cushions a peal of laughter filled the block.

Honoria sprang into her electric coupe and, turning on all the "juice," wheeled down the street in mad pursuit. But at last, she gave up the chase and went home.

A nurse with pink cheeks awakened June in the morning, and as the patient opened her eyes the two pretty girls smiled their appreciation of each other.

"How are you this morning?" asked the nurse, preparing to put a thermometer between June's red lips. "Perfectly well, thank you," laughed June, tossing her wavy brown hair back from her shoulders as she raised up. "How is Mrs. Villard?"

"A slight sprain," explained the nurse brightly. "She will be able to go home in time for dinner this evening. My, but you folks had a lucky accident! You must lie down until the doctor comes."

"I'm going to get up," announced June. "Against orders. My dear, you cut stay in bed until Dr. Remert says you may get up."

"Is he the one with the funny red sideburns?" and June looked down over the plain, coarse white nightgown in which she had been put to bed. "Where are my clothes?"

"You're not ready for them," and the pretty nurse smiled in triumph. "Come in!"

This last was in answer to a knock on the door, but before it could open June had hopped back into bed with one spring. She and the pretty nurse were laughing at each other in the sheer light-heartedness of youth when the doctor with a funny red sideburns came in.

He was a jovial doctor, and a very nice doctor indeed. He felt June's pulse, and looked at her tongue, and prodded her a few times, and examined her bones, talking to her all the while as if she were a little girl about 10 years old. "Now I am going to get up," proclaimed June as soon as the doctor had gone away, and she swung her pink feet out of bed again. "Where are my clothes?"

"I'll get them for you." And the pretty nurse turned cheerfully to go. "Oh, no; wait a minute! June's big eyes were sparkling. "Please let me try on one of your uniforms."

## Have Dark Hair and Look Young

Don't stay gray! Nobody can tell when you darken gray, faded hair with Sage Tea and Sulphur.

Grandmother kept her hair beautifully darkened, glossy and abundant with a brew of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Whenever her hair fell out or took on that dull, dry or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect. By asking at any drug store for "Weyth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get a large bottle of this old-time recipe, ready to use, for about 50 cents. This simple mixture can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair and is splendid for dandruff, dry, itchy scalp and falling hair. A well-known downtown druggist says everybody uses Weyth's Sage and Sulphur, because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied—it's so easy to use, too. You simply dampen a comb or soft brush and draw it through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears, after another application or two, it is restored to its natural color and looks glossy, soft and abundant. Advertisement.

## The Value of Courage

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"I have often wondered how it is that every man loves himself more than all the rest of men, but yet sets less value on his own opinion of himself than on the opinion of others."—Marcus Aurelius. How do you measure in your own eyes? What is the verdict against yourself when you are brought to the bar of your own judgment? What is your honest opinion of yourself? Are you a failure or a success? Have you done the things you started out in life intending to accomplish? Have you held to your own ideals and lived according to your own conviction of right and wrong? Take honest stock of yourself. Make an inventory of your virtues and virtues, your achievements and failures, your efforts and your lazy acquiescence with "fate." Judge yourself—judge yourself according to your own standards—and by them set down your verdict against your own soul. After all, how can it matter if you are a pillar of the church and respected by all men, if you know in your own soul that you are a liar and a hypocrite? And

it surely will not be written down to you as success if you have made a fortune in money and have made your loved ones supremely unhappy in a life starved for affection and generosity. The old Roman who thought kindly and well about life back in the second century was quite right when he expressed the thought with which I have prefaced this little talk. If you love your neighbor as yourself, you have accomplished the greatest beauty of true religion. To love others as well as yourself is the high epitome of righteousness. Then why exalt their opinions of your deeds and their external notions of your worth above your actual knowledge of yourself? "What will the neighbors say?" is the fetish of American life. The fear of being misunderstood keeps people from daring to be kind to some social pariah who may be making himself all over into a decent citizen. Criticism prevents many people from expressing themselves honestly in word or deed. The rules of society were made to protect society and must be observed. But

the laws of conduct are not at stake in most little social decisions where people base their actions on what a few gossiping might murmur rather than on the feeling that it would be right to act in one certain way. "Be sure you're right and then go ahead." If you are dealing with some special subject in which you have no knowledge and in which there is expert opinion, yours for the taking, don't be so silly as to match your guessing against actual knowledge. If you need a lawyer, or a doctor, or an efficiency expert or a minister, call him by all means. If you need the wiser, saner judgment of your elders, take it. Have faith in yourself and justify that faith. Get in the habit of deciding things for yourself and not weakly asking some one else to work out every problem that comes into your life. Self-reliance is a magnificent characteristic. It can be cultivated by any one who has the mental and moral stamina to work out his own judgments of life honestly and to cling to them until genuinely honestly convinced of their infirmitousness.