VOTES FOR WOMEN PUT TEMPORARILY IN BACKGROUND

Whether to Beat, or Not to Beat, Your Wife, Is the Latest Controversy in Order.

DR. WAUGH, AFFIRMATIVE; ROSALIE JONES, NEGATIVE

"Most Devoted Wives Fear Husbands," Says Dr. Waugh—"Joke!" Retorts General Jones—"Modern Suffrage Wife Does Not Expect to Be Ruled by Any Mere Man"—Mrs. Howard Archibald Samuels Rather Favors the Doctor's Side of the Argument—"Beatings Sometimes Effective"—"Woman's Nature to Be Ruled," She Says.

IS it necessary to beat your wife?

Yes, and no! It all depends on whom you ask to answer the question.

Mrs. Howard Archibald Samuels, secretary of the Household Felicity League, admits that certain benefits may be derived from occasionally chastising your spouse.

Miss Rosalie Gardner Jones, known as General Rosalie, the particularly attractive conductor of suffrage tours to Albany, Washington and various points via the foot route, takes the opposite view and maintains that no true suffragist will stand by and let her husband be the one to do the beating.

The question arose all because Dr. William F. Waugh of Chicago, dean of the Bennett Medical college and chief surgeon of the Jefferson Park hospital, came out in favor of wife beating as a proper and wholesome discipline. But, then, Dr. Waugh is not married.

What Dr. Waugh Advocates.

Among other interesting statements on the matter he made the following declarations:

"When you find your mate, rule her; she expects you to be head of the house.

"When you have her, live for her; she demands it.

"When she awakens your jealousy, beat her; she needs it."

Then the doctor went on to say that the most devoted wives in the world are those who fear their husbands. Such wives sit up nights trying to devise plans to please their masculine lord and win their approbation. And, take it from Dr. Waugh, the approbation of said lords is some tid-bit worth striving for.

"It's this way," the doctor goes on. "Through their lack of beatings, some women escape from their husbands' control and are incapable of controlling themselves. They soon find by the absence of beatings that their husbands are not their masters. Therefore they seek other masters, and their contempt for their husbands has reached its limit. Once a wife holds her husband in contempt, not even beatings will win him back into her respect, for then she will know that he is merely making a bluff, and is not really the masterful being she believed him when she married him."

"Joke," Says General Jones.

General Rosalie Jones threw up her hands in consternation and indignation when Dr. Waugh's remarks were called to her attention.

"Equal suffrage went into effect July 1," she cried. "He is having his last inning, for with women nearing their rightful position in the world, he knows it will be his last chance. Dr. Waugh knows who will hold the master hand when we get the ballot in his state, and this outburst of his is merely the feeble wall of an envious old bachelor because some one but himself is in for a bit of consideration from now on."

"No doubt Dr. Waugh is right, in some respects," said Mrs. Samuels, who is an anti-suffragist. "It is well known that women love best the men who are somewhat cruel to them, and I presume Dr. Waugh's statement is a just and proper warning against what will follow the granting of the vote to women in Illinois."

Fortunately, Miss Jones and Mrs. Samuels were not mutually present when these statements were made, so not one thing happened.

Couldn't Do It, She Says.

"You see," Miss Rosalie went on, "it would be the greatest joke in the world for a man to try to beat a suffrage wife. Just imagine, for instance, an ordinary man trying to chastise—well, it wouldn't be fair to mention any names. But you know some of our energetic suffragists in the city. Why, I wonder what would happen to him?" and General Jones laughed her merriest.

"I imagine Dr. Waugh hasn't much to occupy his time when he wastes it advising men to whip their devoted partners in life. After a few more years of suffrage there won't be much room for men of Dr. Waugh's type anyway."

"But to analyze his statements in detail, Miss Jones?"

"Well," said the doughty leader of suffrage armies, "take his remark about women expecting men to be the heads of the house. That's the old-fashioned way. Suffrage expects the man and his wife to be equal heads of the house. Nor does the modern suffrage wife expect to be ruled by any mere man.

"The only speck of truth in Dr. Waugh's theory I can find is in his second statement, where he says, 'When you have her, live for her, she demands it.' Of course, she demands it. And it's her right to do so. Every woman demands her husband to devote himself to her alone, and, under the suffrage idea, if he doesn't he's going to hear from her in short order.

Calls Arguments Absurd.

"Now, take what he says about beating her when she makes you jealous. That is the most absurd thing I ever heard of. It is part of a woman's duty to make her husband jealous. That is one of the ways she holds his affections. It is human nature to want what you're not sure of, and when a man's not sure of a woman he wants her a lot more than if she was groveling about at his feet all the time. If a man beat his wife every time she made him jealous, she'd hate the ground he walked on in ten minutes.

"He says fear and devotion are synonymous. That's also ridiculous. Imagine loving anything you dread or fear. As for fearing wives sitting up all night, well, maybe they do, but it's trying to devise some plan to placate their 'lords' and not to 'please' them."

General Rosalie went into a paroxysm of mirth over the gravity of Dr. Waugh's remark that the approbation of masculine lords was worth striving for. "Ha, ha!" chuckled the little general, "I knew he was a bachelor.

"The way for a man to hold a woman's love and respect is to be gentle to her. He can be firm without beating her on the head with a golf club or punching her in the eye. I doubt if any woman ever really loved a man better after he had kicked her in the shins or knocked her down and pounded her into a comatose condition. But I have known them to love him better because he was good and kind, and thoughtful and attentive, and strong, but not brutal.

Echo of Past Ages.

"As for women being unable to control themselves and needing to be controlled by a man, that is all a thing of the past ages. Modern women—I mean suffragists, of course—are not only able to control themselves, but I imagine are quite well equipped to control others when necessary. Dr. Waugh is simply a joke." And General Rosalie laughed again.

Quite different was the viewpoint of Mrs. Samuels.

"I do not agree with all he says," she declared, "but there is surely a lot of common sense behind his theory. No, I have never myself been beaten; my husband did not find it necessary to do so, but I know of cases where beatings would have been very effective among wives.

"The theory that man is master and woman his slave is as old as time. It goes back to the days of the cave men, who knocked their wives on the head and carried them back home on their shoulders. I doubt if any common woman ever loved a man as those women of old loved their lords.

This Woman Agrees With Him.

"It is woman's nature to be ruled. If she is not ruled she will search till she finds some one who will command her. That is the cause of much of the domestic infelicity of today. I do not know that fear and love are as closely allied as Dr. Waugh says, but it is certain there is an affinity between them somewhere. A woman who fears the wrath of her husband loves him better than a woman who has no fear of him at all, is the way I would put it.

"I concur heartily in his advice to beat soundly the wife who awakens his jealousy. She cannot wilfully awaken your jealousy unless she is mentally, at least, on the border line of unfaithfulness. And an unfaithful woman needs to be beaten, just as an unfaithful man needs it.

"The reason we have so much domestic unhappiness today is the lack of strong men. Our forefathers were men of iron in their homes. Their word was law. How often do you read of unhappy marriages of 100 years ago?"

FOR AND AGAINST WIFE BEATING



DR. WAUGH:
When you find your mate, rule her! She expects you to be the head of the house.
When she awakens your jealousy, beat her; she needs it.

GEN. JONES:
It is the feeble wall of an envious old bachelor.
Beating a wife when she makes you jealous is the most absurd thing I ever heard of; it is part of a woman's duty to make her husband jealous; he thinks more of her.

MRS. SAMUELS:
No doubt Dr. Waugh is right in some respects. It is well known that women love best the men who are somewhat cruel to them.
A woman who fears the wrath of her husband loves him better than one who has no fear of him at all.

FEW WALK FOR PLEASURE

Writer Laments That "Tramping" Has Become One of the Arts That Are Lost and Mourned.

There are so many lost arts nowadays that one hesitates to add any more. We are told that letter writing is a lost art, and conversation. We are sure that doing nothing must be, because so many women develop neurasthenia when they attempt to practice it. The critics of the drama assure us that acting is, and the critics of opera that singing is, and the critics of literature that poetry is.

Yet, at the danger of overcrowding the mortuary chapel of the arts, a long observation of our highways, byways and mountain trails has persuaded us that the art of walking has now perished also and must be assigned to the same mournful resting place. Nobody walks any more, except the Appalachian club, the Boy Scouts and President John Finley of the College of the City of New York—really walks, that is.

Walking is still practiced (as little as possible) utilitarianly. Many New York women, for example, totter on dizzy heels from their motors at the curb all the way across the sidewalk. But as an art it is no longer practiced. The secret has been forgotten by all save a chosen few—of whom, of course, we are one!

We hold no brief against motors. What's the use? Besides, they are very useful things in getting you to a convenient starting point for a walk. The only trouble with motors is that people stay in them. The Yankee type used to be lank and sinewy.

Pioneers and pedestrians are always more or less lank and sinewy. But the motors are altering our type. The man who takes a 20-mile walk for the fun of it is looked upon as a mild sort of lunatic. Why walk when a motor will get you there so much quicker?—Walter Pinchard Eaton, in American Magazine.

Valued His Memory.

He was a furniture remover's man, and his memory, as he cheerfully admitted, was "very convenient."

"No, I can't remember where Mr. Slylit has taken his family and furniture."

"Come, now," said the debt collector; "he hasn't been gone a week, and you drove the van."

"Did I?"

"You know you did."

"And it's only a week ago?"

"Of course."

"Funny how easily a fellow forgets."

The collector produced half a sovereign and tendered it.

"That ought to rouse your memory," he remarked.

"It ought to do so, sir," he admitted; "but, you see, this ain't no common ordinary memory, and it'll take a deal o' rousing. Why, it cost a sovereign to put it to sleep."

Case of Necessity.

Clergyman (to small boy)—Don't you know that it's a sin to dig on Sunday, unless it's a case of necessity?

Boy—Yes, sir.

Clergyman—Then why are you doing it?

Boy—'Cause this is a case of necessity. A fellow can't catch fish without bait.

KNEW SECURITY WAS AMPLE

Bank Clerk, Married, Was Quite Willing to Lend Girl Money on Her Personal Belongings.

One dollar and seventy-seven cents was advanced by Clarence E. Smith, loan clerk of the Mechanics' National bank here, on two pairs of corsets. They belonged to a well-dressed young woman, who was caught here without enough money to return to New York. She raised her railroad fare by leaving the two pairs of corsets, each valued at $6.50, with Smith.

As the 12:55 train came to a stop at the station, the flustered young woman jumped off, ran into the bank, and after a hurried conversation with Smith, departed and caught the train just as it was about to pull out. Behind her she left a neat box tied with pink ribbons.

There was a rush of clerks to Smith's cage immediately after her departure, for he is a married man. The box was opened, and in it lay two pairs of new corsets—one pink, the other lavender—with the price tags attached.

Smith thought it best to make a clean breast of it when he returned home to luncheon to Mrs. Smith. She was very nice about it. The young woman is expected to call soon for her package.—Burlington (N. J.) Dispatch to New York Press.

Horse Talk.

Assinine questions are apt to get mulish replies.

RELIGIOUS SECT NEARING END

Disappearance of Denomination Known as Shakers Due to Dogma of Celibacy.

The news from Enfield, Conn., that the North family of shakers of that place, numbering ten, has moved to Mount Lebanon, New York, leaving at Enfield, of the former three families or communities, only ten members of the Church family, is evidence of the passing of a peculiar people, remarks the Providence Bulletin. The recruiting plan of the shakers, dependent solely for new membership on the manifestation of divine light as they came to individuals has not proved effective. Their dogma of celibacy has made impossible those denominational accretions that are due to the transmission of religious views from parents to children. The "revivals" out of which the sect sprang in England and in this country in the eighteenth century long since ceased, and, in fact, were inconsistent with the inaggressive character of these people.

The Enfield, Conn., community once numbered hundreds, and the sect in the country had 7,000 adherents. Today, or rather at the time of the last compilation of statistics made for the Christian Advocate, in 1912, the fifteen shaker communities in this country afforded a census of 516.

It was a few years prior to the American revolution that the shaker movement, which was still young in England, was transplanted to the colonies in America; transplanted is the word, as it appeared here it disappeared across the water. The sect is now disappearing in the United States. Even forty years ago there were some 4,000 full members, besides several hundred novitiates here. The communities then numbered seventeen and later fifteen. These were at New Lebanon and Watervliet, New York; Hancock, Tyringham, Harvard and Shirley, Massachusetts; Enfield, Connecticut; Canterbury and Enfield, New Hampshire; Union Village, Watervliet, Whitewater and North Union, Ohio, and Pleasant Hill and South Union, Kentucky. They are passing slowly but surely from the world in which their theology permits them to take so small a share of interest.

Story of a Precocious Five-Year-Old.

Bill Bowen of Atchison tells the Globe of a woman and her little son who were on a Central Branch train the other day. "Fares, please," the conductor said, and the woman handed him one ticket. "Boy will have to pay, too, madam," said the conductor. "Oh, but he's only five years old," she replied. "Looks mighty old to be only five years old," snapped the conductor. "Yes, he does, but you see, he has been doing a lot of worrying," she answered.

Hauptmann and Heine.

Gerhardt Hauptmann, the German playwright, through the banning of his new "Festspiel" at Breslau by the agency of the crown prince, is now suffering for the crime which entailed far severer punishment on Heinrich Heine, namely, that of being a great admirer and eulogizer of Napoleon—the man who trampled Prussia in the dust, and, above all, insulted Queen Louise.

Heine's "Grenadiers" might be called an apotheosis of the victor of Jena, and on settling in Paris he accepted the Legion d'Honneur from Napoleon as well as a pension. When the present kaiser took over from the empress of Austria the Achilleion at Corfu the first thing he did was to order the removal of a bust of Heine from the entrance hall, and on being sent to Hamburg it failed to find a purchaser. A statue to Heine, the most popular of all German poets, is nowhere to be found in Germany.

Adaptable Prodigal.

A man who lived in Raleigh, N. C., fell heir to about $15,000 and immediately spent it in high living. A second and a third good-sized sum of money came to him, and each time he played prodigal son until he was without funds.

One day Josephus Daniels, now secretary of the navy, met this man on the street in Raleigh. The prodigal was in rags, looked hungry and was evidently in very hard luck.

"It seems to me that you must have a tough time," said Daniels. "How do you stand it after the good living, luxuries and fine clothes you have been accustomed to?"

"Mr. Daniels," the man replied, "I'll tell you how I do it; I have made arrangements to get along without what I can't get."—Saturday Evening Post.

Trees Lightning Never Strikes.

Lightning is said to differentiate between trees as well as men and women. Some years ago Mr. McNab, a fellow of the Botanical Society of Edinburgh, investigated into the generally received opinion that neither the beech nor the birch is ever struck by lightning. He collected information regarding lightning-struck trees throughout Great Britain, and found no single instance of either of these species being struck. Investigation in North America gave similar results. He found, indeed, that in the forest regions there a beech tree was regarded as the safest place in a thunderstorm.

Meek Men.

If you want to find a picture of true humility, hunt up a railroad president. Between the money kings on the one side and the labor barons on the other, he feels like going on a dollar excursion.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Little Feminists.

The feminist movement extends to the young. The recent census of play upon New York streets made by the People's Institute revealed the boys playing only one game not also played by girls—to wit, foot ball. Baseball proved to be the favorite game of the girls, as it was of the boys. And every other game favored by the boys was also enjoyed by the girls, with the one exception of football.

Even the boy's vices are no longer taboo to his sister. In this census of play on the streets eight girls were found shooting craps. Eight girls were also cought smoking.

And while we note this further evidence of the triumph of the sex let us ask what has become of that good old word "tomboy"? Has any one heard it in a decade? It used to have its terrors for the precursors of the woman's movements, the early rebels against restrictions based on sex, a generation ago. Do the dictionaries now mark it as obsolete? Or has it now become a term of approval? The tomboy has come to her own.

Left-Handed Stone Slingers.

The right hand doubtless owes something of its pre-eminence to the Bible. The Hebrews singled it out for special honor, and the Scriptures contain quite a hundred references in which "the right hand" is made the type and symbol of everything noble, praiseworthy and desirable. It is worth noting, however, that the tribe of Benjamin once boasted 700 left-handed slingers who "could sling stones to a hair's breadth and not miss," and that among the "mighty men and helpers" of King David were many who "could use both the right hand and the left in hurling stones and shooting arrows with the bow."

Rings in History.

Signet rings are mentioned in the Bible, and we find the ring in those days, to have been a sign of honor as it is with us. During the war a lover who wished to specially honor his bride sent the gold money to the goldsmith with which to fashion the wedding ring, for in those days the heavier and broader the band the better, and girls used to measure the width and "heft" the circles to see whose was the broadest and heaviest, and thereby establish a social standing unimpeachable.

Ceylon Bullock Carts Passing.

Owing to heavy mortality among the bullocks used for transporting plantation products in Ceylon, due to rinderpest and foot-and-mouth disease, a revolution seems to be impending in this island, in the substitution of motor lorries for the picturesque but slow and cumbersome bullock carts which for centuries have been the chief means of conveying goods in Ceylon.

Pearl and Margaret.

There is a charming legend about the name Margaret—and all its variations, from Meg to Daisy, share it. Margaret is of Persian origin, and means child of light, or Pearl. The Persian legend says that oysters are moon worshippers and that each night they come up from the bed of the deep sea to open their shells and worship their diety.

Each faithful oyster that opens its shell in worship is rewarded for its belief, for the moon deposits in it a drop of dew—translucent, shimmering in light, and showing wondrous colors—which the moonbeams turn into a pearl. Murwari is the old Persian name; and through the Greek adaptation, Margarites, is developed into the name it is today.

Farwell, Top Hat!

A clever pun and a bit of news recently appeared in one of the leading medical journals. It says: "The vogue of the stovepipe is passing; laden with unhonored years, it is sinking steadily into oblivion. Safe motely shapelessness cover the massive crania of our most eminent surgeons and their dreamy hues of brown and green make our hat-racks quite attractive. The fashion is to be unconventional without reaching the bounds of the 'too utterly utter.' Each of us takes an interest in his brim and molds his formless headgear with creative dints. We are passing fast away from the tyranny of the hard hat and the darkness which was felt."

Decided One "Hand" Was Enough.

Many stories are told about the quick wit and humor of the late "Bill" Chenault, who was a gambler in the palmy days of southern Kansas. He was highly educated and well connected, his brother being a supreme judge in a western state.

A few years ago Bill was sitting asleep in a saloon in Oklahoma City when a free for all fight started. As the commotion of battle awoke him, Bill jumped up and cried out:

"Deal me a hand."

Just as he finished the sentence a big cowboy hit him under the ear. As he fell to the floor he raised his head and yelled:

"Skip my hand."

No More School Slates.

Remember the old school slates, bound in red flannel to prevent the noise of slate rattling that used to become unbearable, until manufacturers found how to muffle them? Stores selling school supplies used to carry great stocks of them, for it was a rare day in a room that did not see a slate or two broken; but where are they all now? Since the boards of health decided that they were insanitary and decreed against them, the whole tribe has disappeared.



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