

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Why We Quarreled

No. 6—The Man's Side—The Husband Who Antagonized His Wife by Attention to His Own Mother Tells His Story.

By VIRGINIA TERRHUNE VAN DE WATER.

One of my fond dreams has been that my wife and my mother and sisters should love one another. It has never been realized. On the contrary, my mother and my sisters have been the cause of heart-breaking troubles between my wife and myself.

Until after our marriage Helen showed no signs of a jealous disposition. Even now she is not jealous of any woman except those that are in my own family. She and they simply cannot understand one another.

The first quarrel my wife and I ever had was when she wanted to give a little musicale in our home and did not name my sisters among the young people she was inviting.

"You have forgotten Mary and Anna," I reminded her.

"No," she said, "I have not forgotten them. But we cannot have them at every affair we give."

"Why not?" I asked. "We have had them at everything so far."

"Yes," Helen acknowledged. "I know we have and we cannot keep that up always. The longer we defer entertaining without their assistance and presence, the harder it will be to begin. We would have to do so sooner or later, anyway."

"But they are always helpful," I argued.

"You have often said how nice they are about advising you."

"I have not said they were 'nice' about advising me," she corrected. "I have said they often advise me."

"Well," I suggested after a moment's thought, "suppose we do as you propose and leave the girls out of this affair and ask mother and father instead."

"That would never do," she explained. "For this is a young people's musicale. There are to be no elderly persons present."

I felt very uncomfortable about the matter and could only hope that my family would not hear of the function.

But a few days later when I stopped in, as was my frequent custom, to see my mother on my way home from business, she asked me bluntly how it happened that we had given a young people's party and left my sisters out.

"They were surprised and hurt," she remarked.

I had felt all along that Helen was making a mistake, yet now I found myself championing her cause and speaking from her viewpoint.

"Why mother," I said, "you see we know a good many people, and I do not think that the girls ought to expect to be invited to every entertainment we give."

"Why not?" I asked, just as I had done in my dispute with my wife.

"Well," I replied tamely. "Helen is a young housekeeper and naturally she likes to run her own house unassisted—at least she likes to show that she can do so. And if she has some of my people on hand all the time, it looks a bit as if she depended upon them for help and advice, doesn't it?"

"I see," my mother said slowly. "Then Helen resents our desire to help her. The girls and I will try to be more careful in the future. We meant only to be kind."

That was the beginning of trouble I knew that my people had, as my mother said, meant to be good to my wife, yet I could not make Helen see this. Little by little the gulf between them grew wider. I protested with both sides. I appealed affectionately to my sisters, but they said loftily that they preferred not to argue about the matter, that, of course, I would take Helen's side.

Then, one day, I decided to talk no more of a painful subject and not mention Helen to my family, nor my family to Helen. I saw that for a while my wife was relieved by this arrangement. And I became uncomfortably aware that my mother and sisters had bored her; that she had social aspiration above theirs, that—as she would have put it—she wanted to live her own life. I also became convinced that she thought I, too, was drifting away from my own people.

I could not stand this and I forced myself to say casually to Helen, one evening, that I had stopped in to see mother, as usual, on my way home from the office.

"As usual?" Helen echoed. "You go there just as often as you once did?"

"Certainly," I replied with dignity. "I go to see my mother at least twice a week, as I have always done and always shall do."

"In spite of the fact that she snubs and dislikes your wife?" Helen asked.

"It is not her fault that there is a breach between you and her," I said. "It is not of her making."

"Oh," she exclaimed. "How can you say such a thing. Just because I showed that I had a mind of my own, and would not be directed and ruled by your mother and sisters, they have let me severely alone. And all this time, when I thought you were on my side, you have been going to see them. You, my husband, love them so much better than you love me that you stand for that kind of thing."

"Helen," I chided, "I love nobody better than you."

"Then stop going to see your people," she demanded.

I said nothing, but went out of the room and left her alone with her wrath. Since then I have never again told her when I have been to see my mother or sisters. I know, and she knows that I know she knows.

Yet the matter is never mentioned by either of us. It stands between us like wall—a wall that can never be removed because it is built of a man's loyalty to his own and of a wife's jealousy of that loyalty.

In-Shoots

If in the form of flannel cakes, chewing the rag is not so unpleasant.

Simple diet will swell man's pocketbook even if it does not prolong his life.

The unkind girl generally has a face that no one wants to kiss, anyhow.

Any ordinary cuss can make a speech, but it takes a big man to fire oratory.

Love the Wild Bird

By NELL BRINKLEY
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"The wild hawk to the wind-swept sky—The red deer to the wold."

Love is a wild-bird—bright of feather, vagrant of heart—yours most when he is free. Oh, jaunty, if you knew! And knowing, if you could take your knowledge bit by bit and pave your way with it! But though you have a magic tall-tan, wisdom, that makes colorful and joyous and content your road, you forget that you have it at all and toss it into the bushes, while you stub your toe in the ruts and chuckholes and the frozen rides in the trail.

And here in the opening of the "Gypsy Trail" is wisdom deep and true: "The wild-bird to the open sky—" Out of the golden eye of the wild-bird never goes the wild light that longs and fights to be free. You may feet, and caress, and whistle soft, and plead; but an inch of the open door will send the heart under his soft breast stirring, light the fire in his heart, and hey! what are your soft persuasions, where is his gratitude, the softness that has come into his

timeless heart for you? Nowhere, and forgotten! The blaze of the blue sky and the dream of a soaring wing have burned out the memory. Behind gold bars he is never yours—for one breath even! Kiss your hand to the bird on the wing or swinging low on the conifer bough, give him crumbs and a cheery whistle or two, and he is yours in the best and realest way. But, the little girl longs to knit mittens for the chick-a-dee and hug him to death, and the big girl clothes Love in dreams and binds him tight with a thousand smothering ties. And lo! the chick-a-dee says, "I thank you, small human, but the storm doesn't trouble me—pee-dep-dee!" and Love comes within reach, but looks away over his shoulder for the open sky!

Remember this, youth—and take your love in his golden cage to the open moor and open the door wide-wide! Back he will come to your shoulder for your sweets if you give him the whole world to play in!—NELL BRINKLEY.

"Thou Shalt Not Flirt"

Mandate for Wedded—Dalliance of Those Who Find Matrimony Dull Leads to Disaster.

By DOROTHY DIX

This is the eighth commandment of matrimony: Thou shalt not flirt with other women, or roll thine orbs at the man with whom thou fox-trottest, for jealousy is as cruel as the grave, and the short cut to Reno.

One of the favorite amusements of both men and women, who find matrimony dull and monotonous, is to sneeze in what they call harmless flirtation. Which is as if one exploited an innocuous stick of dynamite or a frolicsome viper.

Now, the married flirts are not necessarily comely, which robs married life of all its illusions, strips from it its pink chiffons, and leaves it bare and commonplace.

In his heart a man may still think his Matilda Jane a model of all the virtues, and the pattern of what a good wife and mother and housekeeper should be. Neither are they always traitors, or even really untrue to the partners of their bosoms. They are merely bored. They are victims of the curse of doze. If he had to marry, he would marry her over again.

But—Well, there is no allure in making love to your own wife when she listens with half her ear to your impassioned vows and the other ear and a half cocked to hearing her favorite flowers to a woman who would rather have the price to go on a new pair of shoes. There's no glamor of romance in having a little dinner somewhere with the lady who has the legal right to face you across the table 365 mornings and evenings a year.

And the woman who is bored with the eternal roast beef and boiled potatoes of matrimony, and whose palate cries out for something with a little more pep and ginger in it, is tempted along the primrose path of flirtation by pretty much the same impulses as her husband is. She, too, is a-hungered for romance, and, more than that, she is beset by a devilish fear that torments her and will not let her rest.

Her husband has quit making love to her. He has ceased paying her compliments. He treats her with as little sense of her being a woman as if she were a feminine mummy of the time of the Ptolemies. This raises a horrid suspicion in her breast. "Am I old and ugly already? Do I no longer attract men? Have I thrown away my bait or lost it?" she questions of her mirror.

Whatever the reason of the flirtations of married folks, however, there is but one end to them, and that is disaster. You cannot play with the fires of passion without getting burnt.

This is especially true of women. A woman's flirtation may not be skin-deep in sentiment. It may have been inspired by the most fleeting impulse of vanity, just a whim to see if her eyes had lost the goo-goo trick of her girlhood. She may have merely written and received a silly note or two or had a cup of harmless tea at a restaurant. Her soul and her slate may be absolutely clean, and in reality she may still hold her husband as far above the man she is flirting with as the stars are above the earth.

Nevertheless she is running the risk of wrecking her life and home. Thousands of women have been damned for just so little. She is miring the hem of her garments, and there will not be lacking those who will point out the stain and call her husband's attention to it. And she can never, never, never explain. And nobody will ever, ever, ever believe the truth. Least of all will her husband believe it.

When a married woman flirts it generally ends in divorce for her. When a married man flirts it doesn't end so often in divorce, for necessity forces wives to forgive things in their husbands that husbands do not have to forgive in their wives; but it ends in broken hearts, just the same.

There is no safe flirtation in which married people can indulge. All the ways of dalliance are closed to them, and they stray over the bars at their peril. Therefore, say to Cupid when he comes whispering in your ear, "Get thee behind me, Satan, for I partake no more of romance, except of the well-known domestic brand that is made at home."

Thus shall you keep out of trouble and safe within the fold, for this is the eighth commandment of matrimony: Thou shalt not flirt with other women, or roll thine orbs at the man with whom thou fox-trottest, for jealousy is as cruel as the grave, and the short cut to Reno.



Brandeis Stores

Our October Sale of Lace Curtains

Begins Next Monday, October 25

It's the time of all times to Buy Curtains and Curtain Materials

All the Lace Curtains Go on Sale Monday

All the Curtain Materials Go on Sale Tuesday

See our windows now and our advertisement in Sunday's paper.

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The kind to stand on mantel, table or Piano. Three Big Assortments All Are Very Exceptional Values

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100 Genuine Cheval Standard Frames (the kind that swing), assorted sizes; all in Etruscan gold finish, guaranteed not to tarnish. The very latest creations for your finest photographs; complete with glass and back. Many dealers sell this frame for \$3.00; our price, Saturday..... \$1.79

Picture Dept.—Third Floor.

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Our Homemade Opera Cream Caramels, chocolate and vanilla, full of pecan nuts; 25c pound.....

Extra Fine Jordan Almonds, regular 40c grade; 29c Saturday, pound.....

An assortment of Fresh Maple Confections every Saturday; 20c pound.....

We are showing a beautiful line of Halloween Novelties for table decorations and parties; all kinds of candy and nut cases and baskets, pumpkins, Jack Horner pies and noise makers. Pompeian Room.

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A demonstration will prove this once and for all. Yet the price of this Twin Six is only \$1,095.

The Enger Twin Six is backed by one of the strongest concerns in the automobile business.

In brief the description of this wonderful car is as follows:

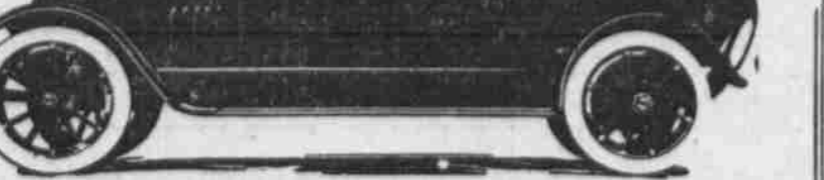
Twin Six Motor Electrically started
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Demonstrations going on every day.

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To Dealers—The Enger Twin Six has opened up an entirely new field for twelve cylinder cars. And we are in a position to do immediate business with live, responsible dealers. Write or wire us today.



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Household Hints

To remove fat from soup pour the soup through a cloth saturated with cold water.

A trap baited with sunflower seeds is one of the most efficacious means of catching rats.

To remove marks on paint made by scratching matches thereon, rub them with a cut lemon.

Silk stockings should never be ironed. Wash them in soap-suds, made with good

white soap and luke warm water, and rinse in clear water of the same temperature. Rough dry.

When baking fish, never forget to line the pan with waxed paper; then there will be no disagreeable sticky dish to wash afterward.

Black stockings should never be washed in water which has been used for other flannels, or they will be covered with shreds and "bits."

Here is a quick and easy way in which to clean and polish furniture and paint-work: Put a tablespoonful of vinegar in

a basin of hot, not too hot, water. Wipe the furniture with the liquid and leave to dry.

Cork the bottle tightly, secure the cork with tight cork and set the bottle aside for about six hours before it is opened. It is then ready for use.

Stains caused by sewing machine oil may be removed by using a lather made of soap, cold water and a tablespoonful of ammonia, but in the case of colored linens and cottons the ammonia should be employed cautiously, as it is apt to make the color fade.