

The Bees Home Magazine Page

The Way to Grace Via the Minuet

By Mae Murray



Ready for the Curtsy.

Preparing for the Bow.

By MAE MURRAY.
Did you think that the minuet had stepped out forever? Well, it hasn't, or, if it did step out for awhile, while the one-step and the tango and the maxixe became popular, its coming back to the ballroom, for its stately loveliness is too tempting to say goodbye to forever.

The minuet is the least heaving of any dance we have for two reasons. In the first place the partners do not touch each other at all. This is one of the chief reasons for the revival of the minuet, for after we have gone to the other extreme, people are beginning to wake up to the fact that dancing amounts to more as an art and is far more attractive from every standpoint where the dancers do not touch.

At the end of every three steps the dancers bow or courtesy to each other, and everything in the minuet depends on the bow. The bow takes three counts to correspond with the three forward steps, and the minuet is based on a one, two, three tempo.

Picture one shows the position of the feet as the lady curtsies for the minuet. The forward limb must be held rigid for the low curtsy, while the balance is held with the back foot. The picture shows only the beginning of the curtsy, for the feet cannot be seen at all if the bow is deep, as it should be.

The Jealous Wife

This Trait is Nothing More Than a Disease, and Could Be Cured by Specialists

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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If you will stop and consider the subject dispassionately and honestly you will find only a handful of married women of your acquaintance past 35 years who are not miserable because of their jealousies.

Long ago, when a woman's life was bounded by four walls and when her most exciting occupation during an absence of her husband was to lean over an embroidery frame and dream of his return, and when her mental recreating was in perusing a romance of a decided woman who died of a broken heart, jealousy was much more rampant in the feminine nature than it is today.

read and think and to keep in touch with everything which means progress; to take care of her complexion, to avoid growing coarse and unattractive through over-eating and under-exercise. To cultivate a religious state of mind every day to thinking of the individual realms and the hosts of spiritual beings who dwell there, and who are ever ready to help to overcome our weaknesses and strengthen our best qualities if we ask them.

orders; but the disease of jealousy—which is the most painful and dangerous of all—has received no attention from science. Yet it could be cured were a school of specialists to make it a study. But even parents allow the melody to grow, unchecked, until it develops into a disease which wrecks a home.

Joyful Anticipation of Motherhood

There is apt to be a latent apprehension of distress to mar the complete joy of expectation. But this is quite overcome by the advice of so many women to use "Mother's Friend." This is an external application designed to soothe the muscles and to thus so relieve the pressure resulting on the nerves that the natural strain upon the cords and ligaments is not accompanied by those severe pains said to cause nausea, morning sickness and many local distresses. This wonderful embrocation is known to a multitude of mothers.

Make happiness the direct object of pursuit and she will lead you a wild goose chase. Follow some other object to a goal of ambition and achievement and in your work you probably will find that you have sought happiness without dreaming of it.

Pleasures That Wear Well

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

you knew a worth-while pleasure today. In books, in music, in all that is a study of real beauty or a cultivation of your mind you will find a lasting pleasure. In friendship and unselfish affection is lasting joy. In improving yourself and making your garden grow in sweet, fragrant memories; in keeping abreast of the times and serving well wherever you are put will find happiness that will out-dance all the excitements of a moment of dance and song and merriment.

Household Hints

A little vinegar placed in the rinsing water on washing day will prevent the hands from becoming rough and chapped.

Olivette's Fashions

A Charming Paris Creation



Chic and Strictly Up-to-the-Minute.

A charming revival of the modes of the eighteenth century is this evening "bonnet" made of fine silver net.

Too Many Dutiful Wives Spoil Their Husbands

By DOROTHY DIX.

"You can't," said the Woman Philosopher, as she stirred her tea, "do your duty by your husband or your servants without ruining them."



"Now I never have a good servant more than six months at a time, because I am a humanitarian, and strong for the brotherhood, and also the sisterhood, of mankind, and by the time I have practiced my beautiful and altruistic theories that long upon a maid she is so spoiled that she is no account, and I have to let her go and get another."

"For instance, having a head and a neck that are given to aching, I am always looking out for the dull and heavy eyes and sagging shoulders in my maids that indicate that they also have heads and backs."

"So I will say, 'Mary, you don't look well today, so take things easy. Don't sweep under the beds. Don't scrub out the bathtub, just wipe it up. Give a lick and a promise dusting.'"

"But does Mary appreciate this? Is she so filled with gratitude for a considerate mistress that on the day she does feel well she polishes up things until they shine like the handle of the great front door in the 'Pinafore'?"

"Not at all, Mary considers that my letting her off easily is the clearest sign when she is sick gives her carte blanche to slight the work all the time, and she's ruined for a household until some martinet of a housekeeper takes her in hand and knocks my spoiling out of her."

"And it's the same way about holidays. I realize how monotonous domestic service is, and so I give my maid about three times as many days off as other people do theirs."

"But the way they repay this kindness is by staying out later and later on their days off until finally they don't come back until midnight, and after I've had to cook a dinner or two I find myself in the employment agency hunting another servant to employ. It's the hardest and most difficult mistress and the ones who treat their servants most as if they were mere machines who get the best servants, which is discouraging to those of us who would like to be little sisters to the poor."

"Precisely the same thing applies to husbands. The only way to make a man treat you properly is to treat him as badly as you can. Men never appreciate what women do for them, they only appreciate what they do for women, and the more that a woman does for a woman the more value she has in his eyes. Which is a masculine peculiarity that we women never grasp, because we are built on opposite plans and specifications."

"For example, take the matter of a woman working to help her husband. If he is poor that seems to be her duty, but does it pay? Oh, dear, no. Far from it. There's not one self-made man in a

hundred that doesn't get gay when he gets rich, and pass up the toll-worn wife, who has grown old before her time helping him make his fortune, for some young and pretty creature who wouldn't turn her hand over to do anything for him except help him spend his money.

"I've never seen a husband who worked hard to help his woman get even so much as a 'thank you' for it, and so my advice to any woman who feels an impulse to put her shoulder to the wheel is to restrain herself, because she'll wear herself out for nothing."

"Now, when I married, my husband was a poor young fellow, and I was awfully in love with him and wanted to help him, and he the ideal wife, and so I started right in to be a model of industry and thrift. I did all my housework, and instead of being down on my knees in gratitude to me my husband seemed to think that I had a curious passion for diverting myself with the cook stove and the wash tub. When we got able to have servants it was years before I could convince him that I didn't do the work of two hired women for fun."

"And because I had done without good clothes and pretty things I had firmly established in his mind the idea that I could dress on nothing a year. I'd spoiled him, you see, and to this day he has conviction fits over the price of a decent hat or gown."

"In those days, too, when we were poor and I felt that he had all the burden that he could stand I made no demands upon him that I could help. He

worked hard and I petted him and consoled him, and put him to bed at night so that he might feel fresh for the next day's struggle. I never asked him to take me to the theater, or out to a restaurant, or to go to parties with me, and because money was scarce I never intimated that I would like to have little treats—to go on trips, or to have him bring me flowers and candy, such as other men bring their wives, or even to give me presents on anniversaries."

"You might think that now, in the fat years, he would try to make up for those lean ones, but he doesn't. It never enters his head to show me the attention that other women have exacted of their husbands and get. Nor does he ever make me a present. He was spoiled by my unselfishness."

"I have an amiable and quiet disposition. I never make scenes or lose my temper, or answer back, and that has spoiled my husband also, because he feels that he can safely indulge his own temper and say what he likes to me, as he would not dare to do to a woman who would fight back."

"If I had my life to live over again I would take the best of everything for myself. I would force my husband to consider me, and when things went wrong instead of trying to smooth them over, I would lay on the floor and kick and shriek. I'd be the spoiled one instead of the spoiler. And my husband would have ten times the affection and respect he has for me, and treat me a hundred times better, for as I said in the beginning, you couldn't treat your husband right without ruining him."

"If I was starting out in matrimony again, with my own experience as a warning, my ideal would would not be to be the best wife in the community, but to make my husband the best husband."

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Talk to Your Father.
Dear Miss Fairfax: I am an only daughter of 18. My father is very strict with me. I can hardly get out of his sight without his scolding me of meeting young men. I have been going to high school, but I stopped because I was ten minutes late coming home, he would not let me go to work in an office because I would see too many young men.

I like a young man of 22 years of age. He likes me, too, and wants to keep company with me. Although I haven't mentioned the subject to my father, I know he would not consent. What would you do if you were in my place? I would love to keep company with this young man. I don't want to get married, for I am too young to love yet. DORIS M.

I like this matter over very seriously with your father. Remind him that it is natural for you to want the companionship of boys as well as girls, but that you want him to meet and approve all your friends and to realize that you will not make any friends who are not worthy of coming into your own home. Tell him you will always be honest with him, and that now, in fairness to you, you beg of him to meet a young man whose friendship you would like to have.

Bring all your tact to bear on the matter and see if you cannot persuade your father to remember his own youthful interest in nice girls as well as boys.

It is Right.
CHICAGO, Ill.—Dear Miss Fairfax: Do you think it is wrong for a gentle to marry a Jew when they have been the best of friends for two years, and have proved that they are true to each other? I think it is right. A FRIEND.

I think it is right.

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