

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Selfishness of Men

By DOROTHY DIX.

There is a lovely theory that every man is a kind of guardian angel—the little cherub that sits up aloft—and generously protects and disinterestedly plays the part of providence to women.



In reality, from the cradle to the grave man is engaged in a steady job of getting the best of her. Of course, he doesn't mean it. More, he is sublimely unconscious of this being the case. As he figures it out, life is simply a case where somebody must get the hot end of the bargain, and he is convinced that somebody should wear petticoats. He even thinks woman likes it, and takes credit to himself for letting her live at all.

Look where you will and you see man's selfishness to woman illustrated at every turn. Even in love man is never satisfied unless he gets back ten times as much as he gives. His affection for a woman may be of the most milk-and-water character, but she must hand him out a double distilled essence of deathless devotion, a hundred percent proof. Moreover, she must back it up with a steady flowing stream of gratitude because he has the goodness to notice her and ask her to marry him.

Just what the next engaged couple you meet, isn't the girl doing all the talking and looking pleased, and making all the effort to be agreeable? And isn't the man sitting up with a complacent and patronizing air that says plainly to her: "I permit this young person to adore me, and for once in my life I am aware that I have done a perfectly altruistic and noble thing."

Observe the way a man acts when he sets into trouble. Doesn't he rush to some woman with his tale of woe? And doesn't she have to listen to it day after day, and night after night, without ever betraying a symptom of weariness, or daring to suggest that he's anything but a persecuted martyr? Yes, verily.

But does any woman dare to tell any man, except her doctor and preacher, who she paid to listen, about her troubles? Not one. For experience has taught her that the minute she holds the rainy weather signal every man in sight grabs his hat and runs for shelter.

If a man has a headache, doesn't he expect everybody in the house to be on the jump fetching camphor, and ice, and even knows what, and doesn't he make his wife sit by his side and hold his hand, and pretend that she believes he's about to die? But if the wife is sick—dear me, he wonders what makes women have so many confounded nerves, and he says he never knows what to do around sick folks, anyway. And then he goes comfortably off to spend the evening at his club playing poker.

Which of the sexes has to do all the adapting of itself to the other? The feminine. When you listen to a man and a woman talking together, isn't the woman always trying to converse about something that interests the man? Don't all the women you know study up on the stock reports, the base ball scores and politics, in order to be able to talk to men intelligently? And did you ever hear of a single man reading up on the new style of hair-dressing, or the burning topic of the width of skirts, in order to be able to entertain a woman? Don't men demand that women must be perfectly satisfied with nothing livelier to do than keeping house, and raising babies, and an uninterrupted contemplation of their husband's charms? But imagine what would happen if one single woman demanded that a husband's interest should be confined within those narrow boundaries!

Think of the brutal selfishness of good men who refuse to make their wives an allowance, and for the pleasure of showing that they are masters, make high-spirited women come to them for every penny they spend. The women give the loving, faithful services of hearts and heads and hands, such as no money can hire in the open market, and yet there are men who are never willing to give them anything for it as their right. It is always bestowed as a favor, that women are expected to be grateful for, and men neither know, nor care, that a favor is as bitter on the feminine palette as it is on the masculine. Consider the selfish point of view of man's adjustment of rights and privileges. If a man goes out with the boys and comes home with the milkman in the morning in such a state that his wife has to get up and open the door for him, he thinks himself a poor, heaped creature if she says a word.

Suppose, however, a wife should do the same way even once. It would be the divorce court for hours, for there is precious little a man will forgive a woman, but all eternity is not broad enough to bound what he expects her to forgive him. And what is it but the selfishness of man that for so many years kept women shut out from practically all educational privileges and gainful occupations, and that still keeps them shut out of their political rights?

Man had a good thing and he wanted to keep it for himself, and this is at the bottom of all the hue and cry about woman getting out of her sacred sphere. Man doesn't worry about woman's sphere until she gets some job that he wants himself.

And the funny part of all of this is that men haven't any idea that they are being selfish to women. Perhaps because they have been that way so long they don't know any better.

The New Hats from the Fall Openings in Paris

Republished by Special Arrangement with Harper's Bazar.



These two models to the left are very chic. The first is a play on the familiar cocked hat, in dark blue, and the second is in Garibaldi red, in velvet, faille and ribbon.

These two models, to left and right, are at opposite extremes among the new shapes. The former is of black satin monsieur, with a little wing of black velvet embroidered in old gold or silver perched on the brim. The model on the right is a more work-a-day hat, in tete de negre velvet, with a band and wide stiff bow in the back of black faille ribbon, the cords of the faille running lengthwise to give the effect of stripes.

Sometimes Virtue is Its Only Reward

By ANN LISLE.

There was once a pretty, young girl whose employer was known as "Old Skinfint." He paid his private secretary \$8 a week for sitting at a stuffy little desk in a dark corner and working from 9 till 6.

His own daughters got \$8 a day to expend in bright corners of electric-lighted tea rooms or anywhere else they chose. And it never occurred to Old Skinfint to think of his private secretary as exactly human and as full of the joy of living as were the butterfly young persons whose allowances were so much more because private secretaries were so much less.

The wrongs of the young woman who earned \$8 a week instead of being given that much a day included the fact that she had to hurry down a cold lunch which the office boy brought her and to stay at night frequently to get out letters of which the boss bethought himself at a quarter to six, and which he must sign and get off the very first thing in the morning. The year that our pretty, young girl came to work for Old Skinfint, his family decided to summer in California. And at the end of the month he found himself very lonely indeed.

Now the girl's name was Dulcie, and she looked exactly as sweet and intellectual as her name indicated. She had golden hair which actually did fall in ringlets about a classic white brow not at all marred by the fact that it was distinctly low-brow. And her big, blue eyes were as vacant as shallow pools. Her nose was little and pert, her mouth soft and tender, and her chin and jaw suggested babyish beauty rather than strength.

One afternoon at 5 Old Skinfint, who was lonely indeed, leaned across his desk

and asked, "What do you say, my dear, to a little dinner with me this evening?" Dulcie knew very well that a little dinner with Old Skinfint would be likely to bear no relation to such salaries as \$8 a week. Also she had read a great deal of modern literature about Beauty and the Beast, and Morals and the High Cost of Living. So she fixed her eyes firmly on Old Skinfint, said a little prayer for the job she was quite sure she was losing and then recited her creed: "I am engaged to a young man and I am in love with him, and whenever I get enough saved up out of my \$8 a week to buy me \$100 worth of trousseau I am going to marry him. So I don't go out to dinner with any married men—see?"

Old Skinfint blinked and remembered that his Annabel had presented him with \$1,500 worth of bills for her summer wardrobe and that Christine's hadn't cost much less, and then made a very remarkable speech.

"Quite right, my dear. The world would probably disapprove of your dining with an old man who might very easily be your father—but if you and your young man wait for a hundred dollars to pile up you will probably know many times as lonely as these I have while my folks are in California. So from Monday on you get \$10 a week—and maybe some time the young folks will take your papa along to 'Coney.' And when Dulcie told her young man about it, he said, 'Nuts! The old dog is probably crazy about you, kid. You ought to be very careful, but play the game right and you can probably get \$25 a week to pay you \$15 a week while he is feeling lonesome for his girls out in California.' However, Dulcie's next pay envelope

contained the usual \$8, and when she ventured a protest, Old Skinfint looked at her with no glimmer of understanding and informed her curtly that there were plenty of young women with ability quite equal to hers who would be glad to work for \$8 a week, and if the salary was not sufficient she was of course free to seek better pay.

Dulcie stayed and continued to save a dollar a week out of her magnificent salary.

Moral: Sometimes virtue is its only reward.

Are You Fond of Yourself?

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Pride is generally considered as a rather contemptible thing. It is, unless it has the right foundation. To be proud of the circumstances into which chance has thrust you, to be proud of the beauty with which a clean-living line of ancestors has endowed you, or to be proud of the wealth with which a hard-fisted grandfather has invested you—any of these is indeed a contemptible form of pride. But this pride I should scarcely call

worthy of the name—it is rather contemptibly stupid snobbery, and, heaven help us, most of us are all too likely to be snobs of just this unintelligent sort. That we are snobs of this sort some of us calmly know, and some of us stupidly don't. Some of us find amusement in our own instinct of exclusiveness, and others take it so solemnly that we are hopelessly impeded by it. With a temperate exclusiveness tempered by a sense of humor and based on a knowledge of human frailty I have no fault to find. It actually has an instructive value to the excluded and compels them to cultivate powers and manners that will take them inside the palling of worthwhile society. Exclusiveness implies the survival of the fittest. It is necessary to human society. With the sort of pride that makes one dainty and exclusive and insist on good manners, one can find no more fault than with that which makes one insist on eating with a fork instead of with a knife, or on keeping one's hands clean and smooth.

Being proud of yourself means first of all not being ashamed of yourself. To fall in having your soul and mind and body as clean and well ordered as circumstances will permit would be a matter of which one should be horribly ashamed. But in order to be proud of yourself you must bend circumstances to your will and be a little cleaner, and neater and finer and stronger than they seem to permit. Making the most of yourself is scarcely a cause for pride—you have to make a bit more of yourself than the material warrants. There is no necessity for looking down on the people beneath you—the thing you have to do is to look up, quite unenviably, at the people above you and

very calmly to proceed to reach and pass them. It is very easy to make excuses for yourself. But how can any of us be proud of the person we have to explain and make allowances for? You may well be proud of yourself if at the end of a day you know you have seized on every opportunity that fitted across your vision and if you know that you have held yourself rigidly to a standard so high that you had to strain every nerve and muscle to reach it. The very moment that you have just cause to be proud of yourself you are likely to be most humble about what you have yet to accomplish. True pride is actually of royal lineage and is quite unashamed of failure, since it means to build on failure to success.

True pride exacts everything of itself and nothing of the world; but it never permits the world to drag it down or soil it. It is never ashamed of its beginnings and never fails to recognize the fact that whence you come means nothing and whither you are going everything. It is quite ready to lend a hand to fellow travelers and quite unwilling to yield one jot of its staunch climb upward to any temptation. You can't be proud of yourself unless you are climbing, but that pride is a purely personal matter between you and your soul and should be inflicted on no one else. It should mean excluding no human being from your sympathy, but every unworthy thing from your plan of life. When you can look yourself straight in the eyes and tell yourself, "I did my best and I criticized no one else because his best did not happen to be mine," then you may indeed be proud of yourself.

Advice to Lovelorn : By Beatrice Fairfax

Don't Be Jealous. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a boy 18 years old, and I go with a girl my age; I also have a friend who I think likes this girl. She makes dates with me and then she makes dates with my friend. I have asked her who she wanted to see, and she said me. Do you think that I should get "sore" at her for making dates with my friend? BOY.

Your youth makes your attentions to her anything but serious, thus giving her the privilege of going with others if she chooses. Don't spoil her good times by assuming a gravity your years do not sanction.

It is Rude to Protest. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am at a loss to know whether it is the proper thing for a young lady to offer to pay her own fare when meeting a young man on her way to business. I met a casual acquaintance and he paid my fare; then, when he entered the subway, he paid my fare again. I was afraid to offer to pay

my own, because on a similar occasion, when with another young man, I offered to pay my fare, he was insulted. T. F.

When you meet a masculine acquaintance and he pays your car fare, thank him graciously. Do not belittle yourself or him by discussing this little social courtesy, which is quite to be taken for granted.

Refuse Him, by All Means. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 25, and met a man fifteen years my senior, but he looks 50. I have only seen him twice, and he has asked me for my hand. I do not love him at all, but my people want me to marry him because he is wealthy, while I am poor. I thought if I became engaged to him I could learn to love him, but I find I can't. What shall I do? IN LUCKY.

There never was enough wealth in the world to mean happiness to a marriage without love. Refuse him, and make your refusal final. Don't let any one force you into a marriage like this.

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