

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

A Few Latest Models in Smart Styles from Paris \* Republished by Special Arrangement with Harper's Bazar.

## Why We Quarreled—No. 9

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

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 My husband and I have quarrels about his ideas with regard to the equal-or unequal-standard, and his belief that he may say and do things which, if I did, would be indiscreet. He claims that I should avoid all appearance of evil. In this he is right, but if I should do this, as should he.  
 For instance, he is particular as to the kind of woman with whom I am acquainted. If there has been a breath of scandal about anybody I meet, I must avoid her or displease Joseph.  
 Last winter we met a pretty and bright little actress. From all that I could observe she was as good as she was pretty. Her husband was an agreeable chap who let her do much as she pleased. I liked them both.  
 But one evening this woman told me an amusing story, which was rather risqué, and I made the mistake of repeating it to my husband. I also explained that she had no evil thought in telling this tale, but that she was probably in the habit of talking quite freely to the people in her set.  
 "She meant no harm," I added, "for she told this in the presence of her husband. He laughed at it."  
 My husband frowned slightly.  
 "I do not like you to associate with women who talk like that, nor with men who laugh at their jokes," he said.  
 Yet the very next time that he and I chanced to be company with this couple, I saw my lord and master chatting gaily with the wife, and laughing uproariously at some of her speeches. When we were alone together, I mentioned this fact.  
 "You see that she is very entertaining," I said.  
 "She is amusing, certainly," he replied, "but she is also given to making remarks of doubtful propriety. I don't want you to be at all intimate with her."  
 Then he told me of a jest that she had made.  
 "That was probably what you were laughing at when I saw you with her," I remarked.  
 "It probably was," he affirmed. "But I do not like to hear women say such things."  
 "Then," I accused, "why do you encourage them to say them? It's not fair for you men to egg women on, laugh at their indiscreet speeches, and then warn your wives away from them."  
 "We men have a right and a duty to guard our wives," my husband reminded me.  
 "And not to guard other women?" I asked.  
 "Certainly not. That is the other woman's business."  
 "It is unjust to applaud in a woman that which you condemn behind her back," I insisted.  
 "You women do not understand these

things," he returned, "because you do not know life as we men know it."  
 "Good is good, and bad is bad," I asserted.  
 "For a woman—yes. But not for a man," he rejoined.  
 It is the same way about his criticism of women's dress. He wants me to dress in the most conservative style. He declares that he hates false hair, powder and rouge. He will not even permit me to have my hair waved with hot irons.  
 "If the Lord had meant you to have curls he would have given you curly hair," he remarked upon one occasion.  
 "And, by the way, I do not want you to wear any of the extremely décolleté dresses that are now in fashion."  
 This was when we were discussing a dance to which we had been invited.  
 I had spoken of the kind of gown I wanted to wear and had proposed having my hair dressed for the affair. I had not been to a dance since my marriage, two years ago, and I was quite excited at the prospect.  
 Of course, I dressed as my husband demanded—wearing a waist cut in a modest V in the front and back, and with my uncurled hair dressed for a plain twist.  
 I glanced in the mirror and noted my pale face. I remembered how my husband hated powder and rouge, and comforted myself with the thought that in his eyes I would be lovely.  
 Yet when he was introduced to women wearing low gowns and uncurled curls, and with arms and necks startlingly white and cheeks suspiciously pink, he seemed to enjoy them. I contrasted the looks of every woman present with my own demure appearance.  
 "I look dreadfully plain," I told my husband in an aside.  
 "You look very natural," he assured me.  
 "You look as if I want my wife to look."  
 "By the way, did you notice that woman who just came in? She's a stunner, isn't she? One of the fellows has promised to introduce me."  
 "I had to acknowledge that she was indeed a stunner," yet I remarked to my husband that it was more art than nature that made her handsome.  
 "Don't be spiteful!" Joseph admonished.  
 Later I tried one of the new waltzes with the husband of this "stunner." As it ended my husband drew me to one side.  
 "I wish you would not dance with a man you scarcely know," he said. "I didn't like to see you with that chap's arm about you."  
 "But you were dancing with his wife," I retorted.  
 "That's quite different," he replied. "A man can do that kind of thing."  
 "And this woman means to do the same!" I exclaimed, angered by his tone and manner. "And when I come to another dance I shall dress as other women do."  
 "Then," he said with a finality that made me know he meant it, "we will come to no more dances."  
 And, being his wife and a good woman, I had to submit.



Before his opening M. Worth gave this charming model from his collection to be sketched for Harper's Bazaar. It is made of prune-colored silk, with its princess waistline an inch above the normal, and offers another proof that we have many styles from which to choose this season.

The tendency of Bullox marks this suit of royal purple velvet with braid embroidery of vest and inside collar repeated on the sleeve where it joins just below the shoulder. Black fox is used in trimming, and with the suit is worn a Lewis hat of velvet trimmed with ostrich plumes.

Pierre Bullox joins black broadcloth to blue faille in a suit which is heavily embroidered in black silk braid. Kollinsky fur trims the collar and outlines the large scallops of the short jacket. A hat of black satin from Suzanne Talbot completes a costume that need fear no rival in smartness.

## Alone in the City

Where Should She Go?  
Where Find a Room?

Every Mother realizes the danger that confronts a young girl coming to a big city alone. Dangers lurk at every side, evils that masquerade as virtues, false friends who are the worst of foes, and innocent pastimes which in reality are the vilest practices. Too much care cannot be taken.

If you are a Mother having a daughter about to come to the city to go to school or college, or to work, safeguard her as much as you can. Look to THE BEE to offer suggestions regarding the most reliable boarding and rooming houses at which she may stop.

Or, if you are a young lady coming here to study or to seek employment, come to THE BEE for assistance in finding a good place to live. On file in The Bee offices is a list of reliable places where excellent boarding or rooming facilities are to be found.



You can trust,—  
**THE OMAHA BEE**  
 Room 104 Bee Building

## Salve of Appreciation is Greatest Cure-All

By DOROTHY DIX.

Do you know what would do more to grease the wheels of life, and make them run smoothly than anything else in the world?  
 Just a little judicious application of the salve of appreciation.  
 A p p r e c i a t i o n is the magic that takes the weariness out of toil, the bitterness out of sacrifice, and that makes all of our striving worth while. It puts fresh courage in our souls, new hope in our hearts, more strength in our arms. It is fame, it is achievement, it is success. It spans the most arid life with a rainbow of glory.  
 Appreciation is the answer to half of the conundrums over which philosophers and scientists puzzle their brains in vain. And just because it is so simple, so easy, and so cheap, they will have none of it.  
 It's the great cure-all for so many ills, and the pity of it is that with the remedy in our hands, so few of us have sense enough to use it.  
 If you are an employer and want to speed up the people who work for you, and make them give you better service, just try showing a little appreciation of good work an loyalty, and faithfulness. Of course, that isn't the orthodox manner in which an employer usually behaves. The prevailing idea is that the boss should have an eagle eye out for every fault in his employes, and be as blind as a bat to their virtues. If Smith and Brown are five minutes late dock them for it, or read the riot act to them. If they work overtime in a rush, say nothing about it. Just take that for granted. If little Miss Smith makes one blunder in a letter, scold her for it, but be mum as the grave about the ninety and nine times that she is letter perfect.  
 If there's anything that will take the spirit out of a man and make him feel that it doesn't make any difference whether he turns out a mediocre job, or one that is superlative, it is to have the perfect assurance that there'll never be any commendation of his work or indication of appreciation given by those in authority. It kills pride in one's occupation. It puts the brakes on energy and ambition to know that there are to be no medals and blue ribbons for us no matter what our achievement.  
 On the other hand, it is a spur in our



side to know that our toil does not go unregarded, and that somebody understands and appreciates our efforts to do our best. Why, I have seen a gray haired, stooped old bookkeeper straighten up, and look as if he had had his wings doubled at just a word of praise for his accuracy from his employer. And I have seen the tired, wan look slip from a weary shop girl's face at a customer's courteous thanks to her for the trouble she had taken with trying to please her.  
 Appreciation is the one and only solution of the domestic problem, and the only antidote for divorce that will work. Why do men roam away from home and seek affluence. Not because any man believes his happiness is to be found in leading the double life. He knows better. Not because his is heavily laden and seeking a younger and fairer face. Most of the affluences I've ever beheld—and I've seen dozens of them—weren't half

### Household Hints

Parsley rubbed on nettlerash will cure it.  
 Alum, a tablespoonful, powdered, will purify elstern water.  
 Almonds contain nearly 80 per cent of highly digestible fat.  
 Bread, stale, can be made new by being steamed.  
 Sausages will not burst if rolled in flour before frying.  
 Using sour milk as a lotion will prevent the face peeling from sunburn.  
 To extinguish a chimney on fire, take a large handful of sulphur and throw it into the fire. When the sulphurous fumes ascend they will at once put out the fire.  
 An easy way to peel peaches is to place them in a drainer and dip them into boiling water and then into cold. This enables you to strip off the skin without waste.  
 After taking off a pair of gloves, rid or otherwise, straighten out each finger and smooth out the gloves before putting away. To roll them into a ball shortens their lives considerably.  
 To keep cheese fresh, cut off a small piece and place the remainder in a cool safe. Spread a small film of butter over the cut part and cover it with a clean cloth. This will prevent that hard cracked condition, which ruins the best of cheese.

as good looking or attractive as the wives who had been deserted for them.  
 No. The real reason the average man who wanders afar off after an affinity does so because he gets no appreciation at home, and what he's out on a still hunt for is not love, nor excitement, but appreciation. The poor fellow is tired of toiling like a dray horse from morning till night for a wife who takes everything she can get out of him without ever once making a noise that sounds even remotely like gratitude, or giving any indication that she thinks that there is anything fine, or noble about him, or that she's lucky to have gotten him.  
 The man doesn't mind work. He doesn't begrudge his family one single luxury that he bestows upon them, but what gets upon his nerves is that his family takes it all as a matter of course, and seem to think it no more than he should do to slave himself to death for them. That's what makes father grouchy and surly around home, and it could all be so easily changed if only the wife and children would tell him daily and hourly how much they admire him, how much they appreciate him and how grateful they are for his sacrifices.  
 Believe me, many a tired business man would weep for joy if he got even so much as a pat on the head from his family by way of appreciation, such as they bestow on the faithful old carriage nag.  
 It's the lack of appreciation that makes so many women discontented and fretful, and disgruntled with home life. And you can't blame them. It is discouraging to spend your life cooking dinners for a man who gobbles them down without ever apparently noticing whether they are good or bad. It is discouraging to pinch, and pinch, and economize for a man who kicks about the bills, anyway. It is discouraging to try to keep yourself looking nice for a man who never takes a second glance at you. No wonder women get to the place where they ask themselves: "What's the use?" and begin to hunt up time tables to Reno.

But they wouldn't if their husbands would show them any appreciation. There isn't a woman living who wouldn't gladly work her fingers to the bone, and pinch the very buffalo off a nickel in getting the most out of it if her husband would only tell her how much he admired her; and what a grand little manager he thought she was.  
 There isn't a sacrifice of domestic life that appreciation wouldn't sweeten. There isn't a jar that couldn't be avoided by its use. The difference between a happy married couple and an unhappy married one is that one shows their appreciation of each other during life, and the other wait to put it on their tombstones.

## How Jealousy Impedes Reforms

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

(Copyright, 1915, Star Co.)  
 The people to whom the Christian world sends missionaries are astonished and puzzled to find the various sects of these followers of Christ quarreling among themselves the high church with the low church, the Protestants with the Roman Catholics, the Liberals with the Methodists. The various theological centers are at war with one another.  
 The residents of Japan are particularly curious regarding these quarrels, as they are educated, in their land, to think all quarreling in a family had breeding and they are educated by the missionaries to think Christians are of one family.  
 In Japan the two religious denominations are the Buddhists and the Shintos. Their temples quite frequently are side by side, and indeed, almost every Buddhist temple has a Shinto "annex," so to speak, and there is a very amicable feeling between the two sects.  
 The Shinto people worship ancestors and date their origin back to the Sun Goddess, who is their ideal of a divine being. Almost the only principle included in this worship is one which gives utterance to the sentiment, "Never must we cause shame to our ancestors; it is our duty to give honor to our ancestors."  
 Yet alas! many of the believers in Shinto do things which must cause shame to their ancestors, just as many Christians (by faith), do things which must reflect upon their dear Christ and bring discredit on their creed, and as many Buddhists go contrary to the teaching of their Lord; but the quarrelsome spirit of the Christians among themselves is a continual subject of criticism in the Orient.  
 Envy and jealousy were severely condemned by Christ, yet His followers seem to indulge these unholly emotions without acknowledging them by their ugly names. In religion, in philanthropy and in all kinds of reforms and societies organized for the betterment of the race we find these devils of jealousy and envy showing their hideous faces.  
 The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is often at swords' points with the Humane society in the same town. So bitter has been the antagonism that it has been known to create neighbor enmities and break up



old friendships. The Sunshine societies and the King's Daughters, both formed to help and brighten the lives of the unfortunate, are not infrequently engaged in a war like unto the War of the Roses; and the vital forces which should be conserved for the high purpose of the organization are wasted in petty and ignoble bickerings and quarrels, all resulting from jealousy.  
 Such a condition of things must make the angels weep.  
 It is impossible for one who has the real good of humanity at heart, the real sentiment of sympathy for animals and the real desire to evangelize the world uppermost in the mind to feel jealousy or intolerance of any other effort in the same line.  
 He who does not feel enmity or even lacks the spirit of love for other workers in the same field is only seeking self-glory.  
 He deceives himself if he imagines he is an earnest philanthropist or reformer. He is only a politician in disguise.  
 If one wants to lessen the cruelty in the world toward children and animals, why not feel heart and soul in sympathy with every society or organization that is working toward that goal?  
 He who really wants to brighten the lives of "shut-ins" and give comfort to the sick and poor will instinctively say "God bless you" to every other worker in similar fields.  
 She who is a King's daughter in very spirit will bless the Sunshiner, and unless this feeling drives out any possible invidious thought of jealousy toward other organizations there is not the spirit of God or unselfish love of humanity or sincere sympathy for animals in the heart.  
 There is only a desire for self-aggrandizement and an ambition very like unto the ambition of a politician to succeed in some chartered aim.  
 For jealousy is of the devil, and can have no place in religion or philanthropy.

### In-Shoots

Sympathy seldom heals the wounds of the underdog.  
 When the heart is young the face seldom grows old rapidly.  
 There may be plenty of room at the top, but the rent is always steep.  
 Some wives can henpeck so sweetly that a fellow does not realize it.  
 Some open for the market always seems to be open for the other fellow's ideas.