

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## No Other Place Above Thy Home

"The Little Gods of the Household Are Jealous Gods."

By DOROTHY DIX

This, the ninth commandment of matrimony:

Thou shalt exalt no other place above thy home; neither thy business office nor thy bridge table, nor any cause shalt thou put before thy home, nor neglect thy home for it.

If the true co-responder were named in the majority of divorce suits, it would not be the same blond-haired siren, or some romantic looking Lothario. It would be business, or society, or the uplift movement.

These are responsible for the breaking up of more homes than the whole bunch of wayward impulses and fickle fancies and straying passions. We Americans are not by nature a romantic and a sentimental people. Ideals appeal to us more than individuals, and when we make fools of ourselves, and hash of our lives, it is often over a thing that is a person.

Thus it happens that when the average American man neglects his wife and leaves her to go her own gait alone; when he is so little acquainted with his children that they think of him as that man who comes here every Sunday, and when he has to consult his address book to see where he lives, it is not because some other woman has stolen his affections away from their legitimate owner.

He still thinks—when he stops to think of her at all—that his wife is the one woman in the world. He theoretically adores his children, and he spends money lavishly on his home, but these are not the real interests of his life.

The thing of his passionate preoccupation, that he thinks of by day and dreams of by night, that his every hope and ambition centers around; the things that makes his pulses thrill, or sends a chill to the marrow of his bones, is business.

It is the husband's absorption in business that marks the beginning of the parting of the ways of most couples. The man gives his real interest, his real enthusiasm to his work, and not to his home. He hurries through his breakfast with the paper propped up before him so that he can read the stock market report, and if his wife tries to talk to him he mumbles an incoherent reply that shows he hasn't heard a word she said.

As soon as he has gulped his coffee and eggs he joyously rushes for the car and is swallowed up in an alien world from here.

When he returns at night he is too tired out to want to go out with her to any place of amusement; too tired even

to talk. He never has time to go off on little jaunts with her, and when he does takes his pleasure he wants to take it with other men with whom he can converse on the only topics in which he is interested.

Sometimes a woman goes mad after society, and draws her husband down into poverty by trying to keep up with people who are better off than she is. Instead of her home being a spot of peace and rest for husband and children, she makes of it a place of waiting and discontent because she cannot have the things she wants. Sometimes she even starves the family that she may give smart entertainments.

Such a woman wrecks her home because she never makes it a place to come to joyfully or to stay in contentedly. Her ideal of happiness is to get away from home to restaurants, to cabarets, to summer resorts and winter resorts, wherever the excitement is most fast and furious, and the pace most killing. She has no time to have babies, no leisure to raise children, never a minute to do anything so dull and deadly as to try to entertain a husband and make him comfortable.

Her ideal of life is comprised in trying to know the people who don't want to know her, in seeing her name in the society columns of newspapers, and having a hat that cost more than she can afford. Her conception of home is a hotel suite and a Pomeranian dog and it is no marvel that she so often spends the season at Reno.

Another woman who is a home wrecker, albeit unintentionally, is the woman who gets interested in the church or the missionary society, or some cause that she leaves her home run itself, while she tries to run the universe. She works her fingers to the bone making flannel petticoats for the Hottentots while her own children's stockings need darning.

She lets her own servants steal and waste; while she lectures on political economy. She drives her own husband to drink crusading for total prohibition. She knows everything except the one vital fact that the most important work any woman can do is taking care of her own man and children, and fulfilling the duties she has taken upon herself.

The trouble with both men and women is that they do not realize that the little gods of the hearthstone are jealous gods and that if you fout them they fly out of the window. This is why it is so important to remember the ninth commandment of matrimony: Thou shalt exalt no other place above thy home; neither thy business office nor thy bridge table, nor any cause shalt thou put before thy home, nor neglect thy home for it.

overactive, to refrain from rest because rest was impossible. It was such a state as the exhilaration of intoxication. Nervous exhaustion, on the other hand, is an extreme and continued fatigue, with a tendency to melancholy.

These states write different characters in the face, but both are expert facial handwriters. Nervous irritation causes the eyes to be strained. It causes a faint but perceptible twitching about the lips and eyes. Frequently I have noticed that in this state the face is mottled with bright red spots, showing that the ever-charged nervous system has reacted upon the circulation.

Nervous exhaustion produces the lines of discontent and despair. It ploughs deep furrows from nostrils to lips. It etches perpendicular lines between the eyes. The lips are pale and the cheeks bloodless.

When a woman has reached this sad state, every effort exhausts her. She loses her appetite. She sleeps fitfully or not at all. She is in a vague but painful state of apprehension. Friends and occupations or amusements bore her. She is tired of the world, tired of life. It is much to be regretted if one reaches this state. It is the open door to suicide.

The cause in each case is the same. The sufferer has made an overdraft upon her energy, an act as foolish and with results as serious as to make an overdraft upon a bank.

On the other hand, if I am of irritable temper, if I am over-intense in my pleasures or my pains, if I talk too much and needlessly, if I exaggerate when I talk, if trifles assume more than their true proportion in my life, then I know that I have reached the stage of nervous irritation.

If by draining your vitality either of the state of nervousness has been reached, you should address yourself at once to a cure. Of course, it were far better to prevent nervousness. But if it has not been done, by simple living and vigilant self-control, then not a moment should be wasted.

If you are in that fever-like condition that betokens nervous irritation; if your eyes are too high, if your face too vividly expressive; if your voice is of too high pitch, your tones too sharp, you must remove the cause of this concert pitch of the body.

## "I Know a Girl There!" \* No. 4 New Orleans \* By Nell Brinkley

Copyright, 1915, Intern'l News Service.

## Can You Afford It?

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

We all know that we are living in an extravagant age. Most of us do not recognize the fact that we are very strong "contributing causes" to the extravagance of our age.

As a matter of fact, we cultivate all sorts of expensive and luxurious habits and live on the scale suited to the means of the man one more higher up in our financial world. To say "I can't afford it" seems to most of us to be a sign of incompetence or even of failure.

As a matter of fact, bravely to do a new thing is beyond your means and that you don't propose to squander your earnings is a very fine thing to do. It carries with it sincerity and a fearless indifference to snobbery and false values of what makes life worth while.

The most pathetic part about extravagance is that it so seldom buys us anything we really want. How many of the people you see in gay cafes at midnight are getting their money's worth out of being there? Light music, exuberant people all about—to how many people are these really essentials of enjoyment?

Most of us enjoy a "cold smack" out of the ice box in the cozy atmosphere of home with a consciousness that we aren't living extravagantly far better than the little flurry in high living that brings us a five-dollar check and the necessity of lurching on a glass of milk and a sandwich for a week to come.

False pride about money matters is utterly silly. We ought to do what we can afford to do with a gracefulness that makes offering someone our simple home hospitality truly royal. We ought never strive after effects that defeat themselves just because of our conscious striving.

There are various sorts of extravagance—a lavish spending of emotion where it is not appreciated, a foolish wasting of one's self in late hours and social gaieties that bring nothing real or vital into one's life—all forms of waste that mean an outlay which does not repay itself are inefficient and extravagant.

A very brilliant woman who has made for herself a place in the world recently said to me: "I allow myself two evenings a week during which I keep late hours and play as exuberantly as I like. I can't afford to waste my energies in long evenings of jollification that get me nowhere. I have to save myself up so that I may make my days count. And if I spent my nights foolishly they wouldn't."

So much for wasted energy. Wasted emotion is just as absurd. All the "I can't live without him" girls who shriek madly for the return of a lover whose affection was selfish and who never gave them more than a few joyous moments to offset hours of pain and grief are being criminally selfish to themselves. It is not worth while to be so pathetic enough to show that you are so acutely one-sided as to let a man know you were not wanted by him. It is more.

None of us can afford to be so miserly because the rest of the world is so willing after these things, they can permit ourselves to be so miserly. It means do not usually.

"I can't afford it" is a splendid sentence to learn to say. It gives you the power bravely to defy the encroachment of false standards. It helps you find a sturdy independence that will make you more and more truly yourself. Set your own standard of living according to your means, mental, financial and spiritual. You can afford to do nothing else.



"She taught me to say New Orleans—'stead of New Orleans! She proved that there was something as warmly white, with a touch of gold and violet in the shadows of its petals, as sweet and as tropical as the magnolia—and lovelier still! And when I went away she said, in her soft, mild drawl, 'I'm mahgity so'y to see you-all go way.' There are no high-lights in the southern girl. She is all mellowness, softness and dusk. Her eyes can be gay, but they never lose the velvet softness of a southern night. All things that whisper out of the word "South" she is made of. Jessamine flower, and yellow rose, slow-flowing water, and pine woods, blue bonnets (water hyacinths), the mocking bird, magnolias and the golden moon of the South, the deep-throated crooning of the songs they sing there, the memories of the old South, the gallantry that still lives there, the languor. She is the South.

Her skin is warmly white; her eyes and hair, if she is Creole, shadowy copper; she is as sweet as a sun-warmed grape.

And nowhere is there girl or woman who understands and is as kind to "Adam" as the Southern Eve.—NELL BRINKLEY.

## Be Mistress of Your Nerves to Be Beautiful

By MME. LINA CAVALIERI

(The Most Famous Living Beauty.)

Realizing as I long ago did that the extremely nervous woman cannot be beautiful, I studied the subject chiefly by noting the effect of a certain regimen upon my nervous system and leaving out that which I found was of bad effect and cultivating that which was good.

I observed that when I was acutely conscious of my nerves I was in one of two states. Either I was suffering from the state of nervous irritation or nervous exhaustion. One state was as bad as the other. It was not in degrees of misery, but in symptoms they differed.

Nervous irritation caused me to be

ANY WOMAN CAN SAVE \$5 AN HOUR

Put gasoline and solvite in a wash boiler and dry clean everything.

Ever dry clean at home? Well, it's so easy, inexpensive and the results so pleasing you'll be surprised. Any woman can clean and renew the brightness of ribbons, silks, satins, laces, yokes, silk shirtwaists, kid gloves and shoes, furs, neckties, children's coats, suits, caps, sweats, lawn, organdy and chiffon dresses, fancy vests, veils, woolen garments, network draperies, rugs, in fact any and everything that would be ruined with soap and water.

Get two ounces of solvite at any drug store and put it in two gallons of gasoline where it quickly dissolves. Then put in the goods to be cleaned, rub a little and out they come looking as bright and fresh as new. You will find nothing fades, shrinks or wrinkles, requiring no pressing.

Any woman can do five dollars' worth of home dry cleaning in a few moments and you can't make a mistake. Your grocer or any garage will supply the gasoline and the drug store will sell you two ounces of solvite which is simply a gasoline soap. Then a wash boiler or large dish pan completes your dry-cleaning outfit.—Advertisement.

## Why We Quarreled

By VIRGINIA TERRHUNE VAN DE WATER.

Copyright, 1915, by Star Company. When I was a child young girls were not allowed the freedom which is theirs now. And they were far gentler and less arrogant than is the young person of today.

My daughters are twins—16 years old. I insist that they are still children and should be treated as such. They should have the innocuous pleasures suited to their age.

"And what are those pleasures?" my wife asked me once when I made this statement.

"Candy pulls, simple games like dominoes and checkers, walking or driving parties and picnics—always in the daytime, and always with a mature chaperon along. That's the way my sisters were trained. And you were brought up in the same way," I supplemented, remembering suddenly how strict Irene's mother was with her.

My wife laughed as I enumerated the various amusements I considered proper.

"Imagine a modern, up-to-date girl satisfied with that kind of entertainment!" she jeered. "Why, they outgrow dominoes and checkers by the time they are 10 years old. Walking and riding parties have gone out of fashion. As to picnics, they are well enough in their proper season, but they are very elaborate affairs nowadays, and are only possible in summer, at any rate. Even in your day picnics were not given in mid-winter, my dear."

I saw that she thought my contentions ridiculous and it vexed me.

"You may sneer if you like," I said, "but I do not consider the parties our girls attend the proper things at their age."

"Yet you sent them to dancing school," she reminded me. "Did you not expect them to attend dances later?" "Certainly," I replied, "simple, sane dances such as we had when we were young."

gently, "and we must change with them."

I thought that perhaps she had at last reached my viewpoint, since she spoke so calmly, and I kissed her and said nothing more. I hoped that there would be no further cause for such disputes. They had become more and more frequent with each passing year.

But her manner meant only a desire to conciliate me. Even then she had in her mind a plan for the children, and desired my acquiescence. It was for a luncheon party of eight girls at a fashionable restaurant, followed by a box party at the matinee, and, after dinner, a little dance at our house in the evening.

"It is Christmas week," she told me. "And I want the children to have a good time."

"But," I protested, "the program those girls have arranged would tire a woman of the world. It is outrageous."

"Young people can stand a good deal

of fun," she said smilingly. "And Gladys and Hazel have set their hearts on having the gayest affair given by any of their set this season."

"It will cost a great deal," I ventured. My wife has her own income and I could not use expense as my strongest weapon.

"I will defray half the expense," she said sternly. "If you wish me to."

"You know I don't grudge a cent for anything that will make my children happy," I replied. "That is, if it is also good for them. But you are making fashionable women of little girls."

We argued hotly, and, as Gladys entered the room during our altercation, I knew I was put in the wrong in the eyes of my own daughter. At last I appealed to the child.

"Gladys," I asked, "wouldn't you and Hazel rather have a simpler affair than this one you are planning?"

"Indeed we wouldn't," she answered.

"All the girls are giving stunning holiday parties, and we mean to beat them all."

"What a false standard you are following!" I exclaimed. "I am surprised that you should allow it." I added, turning again to my wife.

To my distress, Gladys burst into tears. "It isn't fair to scold mother when she is trying to make us happy!" she sobbed. "It isn't fair!"

"There, there, dear!" sobbed the mother. "Father doesn't understand—but mother does!"

I resolved to try to understand the situation. I know my wife is devoted to her children and that she is a good woman. Perhaps, I told myself, I was narrow and old-fashioned, as my wife often suggested.

Yet when, on the night of the dance in our drawing room, I stood at one side and watched my daughters, my heart turned sick within me. The modern dances seemed to me suggestive; the dresses worn by the girls immodest. I sought out my wife where she stood in the shadow of the bay window, gazing with smiling eyes at the dancers.

"Isn't it all pretty?" she appealed as I came up.

"It's disgusting!" I burst forth, indignantly. "I tell you I can't stand this kind of thing! It is bad enough to see a married woman who is able to take care of herself, gliding about in the tight clutch of a man—but it is shameful to allow one's daughter to dance such dances in such a way!"

She looked at me aghast. "I would not," she said slowly and accurately, "have such an evil imagination as yours for all the money in the world. What you have just said is an insult to your wife and daughters."

I cannot prove that it was not, for all the girls in the fashionable set dance and dress in the same style.

But I often wonder if all husbands and wives in that set quarrel as do my wife and I about the freedom allowed the up-to-date young girl.

## Do You Know That

An experiment was once made to see how fast a bee could fly. The hive was attached to the roof of a train, which attained a speed of thirty miles an hour before the bee was let be.

Among the curious things one notices on arriving at Moscow is the entire absence of whips among drivers of cabs, carriages and all sorts of vehicles. There is a law prohibiting their use.

The fruit of the umgano-tree of South Africa yields a strong intoxicating drink. Elephants are said to be very fond of it, becoming quite tipsy, staggering about, playing antics, screaming so as to be heard a mile, and sometimes having tremendous fights.

To test the penetration of rifle shots, snow walls six feet six inches thick were erected in Aurillac, France. Rifles were fired at a distance of fifty-five yards. In each case the ball was stopped at a penetration of five and a half feet.

## LINCOLN MAN IS HIGHLY PLEASD

C. I. Wood Says That Tanlac Brought Him Quick Results.

Mr. C. I. Wood, miller, of the DeWitt Grain Co., residing at 1617 N. Twentieth street, Lincoln, made the following statement regarding Tanlac: "I have been a sufferer from stomach trouble for some time. I was run-down, my digestion was very poor and I did not seem to get the right nourishment from my food. My sleep was also affected and at night I would lay awake for hours at a time.

"Tanlac was very highly recommended to me and I decided to try the medicine. After taking only part of the first bottle I noticed a marked improvement, and my digestion is now perfect and I can again sleep better at night. I do not hesitate to recommend Tanlac."

Hundreds of people have told of the beneficial results obtained from the use of Tanlac and of the many peculiar cases, some of long standing, many of which have yielded to the remarkable influence of the "Master Medicine."

Tanlac can be had at the Sherman & McConnell Drug Company, 16th and Dodge streets, where representatives of L. T. Cooper are explaining the medicine to the public.—Advertisement.

## Self Control

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I saw an angel with majestic mien And radiant brow, and smile divinely sweet, Strong human passions writhed beneath his feet; There, too, expired those coward faults which screen Themselves behind inheritance, and lean On dead men for their strength and think it meet— All, all lay prostrate, owning their defeat.

Then to the spirit with eyes serene I cried aloud, in wonder and in awe: "O mighty one, who are thou that thy glance Can circumvent heredity—cheat chance, And conquer nature? What thing occult law? Art thou incarnate Force—the over-soul?" The angel answered: "I am Self-Control."