

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Whither

By CONSTANCE CLARKE.

The laugh that was silence on her lips,
The pressure of warm pink finger tips,
Have gone down the road of yesterday
To the land of never never.

Gone, and a tiny bit of lace,
A perfumed fan, and a picture face,
A crumpled glove, but no other face,
Of the land of never never.

Tears in a pair of wide gray eyes,
Shadows of rose where a dimple lies—
The last sad note of the music dies,
And the mists of memory drift and rise
To the land of never never.

Dangers of Flirtations

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am deeply interested in a girl I see every day on the car as I go to work. She smiles at me every morning as we ride in the car, but I scarcely dare to speak, as I have never been introduced. I do not know any of her friends.

I would like to meet her, but I don't like to get acquainted by flirting with her. Would you kindly advise me if I should speak to her? writes "Steady Reader."

Letters of this sort keep pouring in on me, and nothing that I can say seems to impress my readers with the fact that there is not a "petal" case, or that in their particular instance it would not be safe and sane to scrape acquaintance with some one of whom they know nothing.

Once and for all time I reply to those many correspondents—"Don't flirt."

Every day each one of us sees, in passing, some face that arrests and attracts. The "stream of life" carries by us people for whom we feel either a momentary attraction or a conscious affinity. They pass, and we cannot know them; we dare not even try. That is one of the rules society has laid down for its own protection.

I am not saying that this rule does not force us to miss enjoyable friendships—

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Send Him Away. "Heartbroken": The young man you refer to in your letter, which is too long for publication, is, as you thoughtfully say, "amazingly" and the sooner you send him about his business the better it will be for both of you. Let him leave "with care in his eyes," if he will, but let him leave. If you feel you need further advice, talk with your mother; she is your best friend, and you can afford to be guided by what she tells you in all things.

To Become an Actress. Dear Miss Fairfax: Reading "Love Lorn" in the Omaha Bee, I noticed the piece from a disguised factory girl who has the chance to become an actress. Would you please give me some information about whom she may be if I send an envelope addressed and stamped? I would very much like to be an actress myself, or I would like to write plays. Could you tell me where I could get some information about how to write plays? All those that are advertised want money for their particulars. Thank you very much, I am.

I can not give anyone the address of any of my correspondents; all letters sent to me are regarded as sacred confidences. As to instructions on how to become an actress or a play author, many volumes have been written, and yet the secret has not been told. If you feel you are fitted for acting, call on one of the local schools and talk the matter over with the director who will be able to help you get a start if you have the ability. But do not pick out the life of an actress as an easy one; the work is hard, the employment uncertain, and the way to success is lined with the disappointed hopes of thousands who have tried and failed. From the standpoint of mere physical effort, the factory girl has the advantage over the actress at every point.

Three of a Kind. Dear Miss Fairfax: Would it be proper for me to send a note through a messenger boy, asking the permission of a young lady to call on her while visiting her town. S. S. R.

Dear Miss Fairfax: A few months ago I met a nice girl in a different town and after a short time of friendship I broke it off because she refused my call. On her request I started to correspond again. I would like to know whether I would act right by calling on her without asking her permission, as I could not make any appointments by mail, as I never can tell when I can visit her town till the minute I leave. I visit her town occasionally. S. G.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Would it be proper for a young man while visiting a different town for a day to send a note through a messenger boy asking permission to call on a girl whom he knows well. I can not make any appointments by mail before I leave my town, as for some reasons I am not sure if I could keep it. I visit her town quite often. I don't see any other way of communication. Anxiously waiting your advice. E. R.

It would be quite proper under the circumstances to send a note by a messenger, requesting permission to call, also, if the acquaintanceship is sufficiently close, it would not be wrong to call without sending word, but in either case, you should be prepared to hear that the young lady is otherwise engaged and can not then see you. It might help some if a mention of the proposed call were made in one of the letters you send, and the sought-for permission were thus obtained.

It's All Wrong. Dear Miss Fairfax: I wish you would please give me some advice. Do you think it is all right when riding four in a buggy for the girls to sit on the laps of their escorts? MUGGINS.

No, it is not all right, but, on the contrary, it is all wrong. Would you sit on the lap of a young man at a theater, or in a street car? And, if not, then why would you want to sit on his lap when on a pleasure drive?

Gowns in American Fabrics

(Republished by Special Arrangement with Harper's Bazar.)



Doesn't she look as if she had stepped out of an old album in her quaint old-time mantle of old blue bengaline, the front edged in metallic embroidery and the back panel banded in black fox fur?

This new coat flares in as decided a manner as the skirts. As if to accentuate the flare, a cluster of plaits is inserted fan shape at the seams. Collar and cuffs of skunk add the inevitable fur touch.

Heathen Too Busy.

Willis—is your church going to send missionaries to the far east to teach the heathen the Christian religion?
Gills—No, we've got to wait till the heathen get back from this war that the European nations have called them to. Puck.

Rank Extravagance.

Clerk—Mr. Goldberg, as I am to marry I would like more salary.
Boss—How much do you want?
Clerk—Ten dollars a week.
Boss—My gracious! How many women are you going to marry?—Chicago News.

Isn't This Awful!

"Now, Johnny," said the old-fashioned member of the school board, "who was the father of this country?"
The bright boy of the class hesitated a moment and then replied:
"Please, sir, they don't teach eugenics in our school."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Shall the Bride Stop Work?

By DOROTHY DIX.

Modern economic conditions have added a new problem to the complicated matrimonial proposition. It is this:

Shall a girl, who is engaged in a gainful occupation, and who is in love with a worthy young man who is not making enough money to support both of them, marry him and keep on at her job, or shall she wait an indefinite time to marry him until he is able to take care of a family alone?

I get dozens of letters from girls asking this question, and invariably the girls say that they want to marry the man they love right away and help him make his fortune; that they like the work they are doing and prefer it to housework, but that their parents are horrified at the thought of their marrying a man who can't "support" them, and say that they must wait until their sweethearts are in a position to provide them with a home of their own.

There you have the new view and the old view of the subject, and it's the new view that is going to prevail in the future if we are to have many more weddings. For we had just as well wake up to the cold fact that the average man, alone and unaided, cannot make enough money to support a family comfortably, and that unless the wife contributes something to the family exchequer it puts matrimony in the list of not-to-be-thought-of luxuries, like keeping a yacht, or racing automobiles.

This is not the fault of the men. They work as hard as they can. They are not responsible for small salaries and the ever increasing cost of living, but the result is that every year fewer and fewer young men feel that they can afford to marry.

This is hard on the girls, hard on the men, and a death blow to posterity, and the only solution of the difficulty is for us to have enough common sense to rid ourselves of the antiquated notion that the only proper place for a woman to work after marriage is in her own home, and that it is a reflection on her husband for him not to be able to retire her to private life.

Nobody contends that domestic work is easier or more agreeable than work in a store or office. On the contrary, it is ten times as hard, and about a six or eight hours a day longer job. So the question of making life softer for the woman doesn't enter into it. So far as her comfort is concerned she is much better off working in Mr. Smith's office or Mr. Jones' store than she is in cooking and washing and scrubbing for her husband.

That disposes of one phase of the matter. Another is that in the great majority of cases the girl who has qualified herself for a teacher, or stenographer, or clerk, likes her work. She has a pride in it; she sees promotion in it. Her labor is in a nice, clean office or store, under conditions that enable her to be well dressed and among people who are congenial.

There is a certain amount of interest and excitement about it, and she finds it infinitely more to her taste than she does domestic service. Why should she give

up this congenial occupation, for which she has trained herself, to do ungenial work for which she has no taste?

To relegate every married woman to the kitchen is just as absurd as it would be to force every married man to become a carpenter or a shoemaker.

Why should a woman who can earn \$5 or \$10 or \$20 a week in business give it up to do the work that some other woman can be hired to do for \$5 a week? Yet that is the proposition that is offered to marry a girl who is told that she mustn't work after marriage except in her husband's kitchen.

The main argument, however, in favor of a business girl keeping on with her job after marriage, unless she has happened to fall in love with a rich man, is that if she and her sweetheart pool their earnings they can get married and be happy while they are still at the busy time of life, and if they don't there will be no wedding bells for them, or else the ringing of their wedding bells will be accompanied by such a howl from the wolf at the door that it will drown out their music.

It's just a little sum in arithmetic. John's earnings plus Mary's earnings means the ability to get married, comfort and freedom from anxiety about money. John's earnings divided by Mary's support means long years of weary waiting, the bloom rubbed off of romance, or else the bitter poverty that brings disillusion, and bickering and strife.

The dearest wish of every woman's heart is to help the man she loves. If she can do this better by working outside of the home, in heaven's name what objection is there to her doing it? Nor need the man feel humiliated by her doing so. She isn't supporting him; she is just a good little partner who is putting in her part of the capital in the domestic service.

So I say to every girl who is debating this proposition, marry your man and hold on to your job. Then you'll have two good things instead of having to choose between them.

Do You Know That

The windiest region of the world of which any knowledge appears to be the coast of Wilkes Land, where Dr. Mawson's expedition recently spent two years, Mawson's records at Adolis Land for 1912 showed an average wind velocity throughout the year of about fifty-eight miles an hour, while velocities of 100 miles an hour were common.

Sometimes at the birth of a Japanese baby a tree is planted, which must remain untouched until the marriage of the child. When the nuptial hour arrives the tree is cut down and a skilled cabinet maker transforms the wood into furniture for the house of the young people.

In Lardereh, Tuscany, there is a power station that gets the heat to generate steam for turbines from the bowels of the earth, the steam rising naturally with considerable force.

To supply walking sticks for wounded soldiers is the aim of the little Surry village of Chiddinford, a center of the stickmaking industry. Local factories have agreed not only to sell sticks at cost price, but to add one as a gift to every one purchased and to pay carriage. A fund has been started in the village and already six gross of sticks have been dispatched.

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