

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Respite!

By CONSTANCE CLARKE.

My little workroom is so still  
It wears a garb of rest;  
Gone is the busy little thrill  
That marked it at its best.  
When, many missions to fulfill,  
It teemed with thoughts expressed.

The yellow fingers of the sun  
That used to pry their way  
Over my papers, one by one,  
Like golden dreams astray,  
Are barred out, for my work is done—  
The blinds are closed today.

The quiet of my little room  
Maddens my restless brain,  
Chafing to pierce the somber gloom,  
To greet the world again;  
Grudging the ceaseless measured boom  
That marks time spent with pain.

## Three Little French Maids



Flounces, say the fashion makers, and straightway the Parisienne appears in a frock flounced from the neck almost to the ankles. And because she is proud of her flounces she has accented them by a scalloped outline in color. This color note was gleaned from the striped girdle and it is repeated in the embroidered batiste frill at the neck.

With the lingerie and net skirts the gay little Parisienne is indulging in colored silk bodices or jackets. This demoiselle has completed a white net skirt with a brilliant yellow taffeta basque jacket, buttoned down the front with the precision of the 1880 models and finished with a sash.

It seems almost incongruous to add a jacket of the apparent severity of this model to a frivolous skirt, but little does the Parisienne bother her pretty head with such details. The jacket is an abbreviation of the top cloaks inspired by the coachman coats of the long ago, and is of velvet, piped with satin, or in the more extreme models, with fur.

## Bleeding Kansas

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

The admission of Kansas to the sisterhood of states, fifty-three years ago, January 29, 1861, was the main act of the drama which, beginning with the "Missouri compromise" of 1820, and extending through the exciting campaign for the Kansas-Nebraska act of 1854, was to have its final denouement in the booming of guns at Sumner and the gathering of the hosts for battle.

Clay's well-measured measure, the Missouri compromise, admitted Missouri as a slave state, but prohibited slavery in all other territories west of the Mississippi and north of parallel 36.30; a measure that would almost certainly have worked like a charm but for the invention of the Yankee schoolmaster, Eli Whitney. A little more than twenty years before the great Kentucky got his famous compromise through congress, Whitney invented the cotton gin, a machine that is almost equal to Watt's steam engine in its influence upon history.

But for Whitney's invention the question of slavery would never have become a menace to the country. At first slavery existed in the northern as well as the southern states, but owing to its unprofitableness it soon practically died out north of Mason and Dixon line, and but for the cotton gin would unquestionably have had the same fate in the south. The schoolmaster's invention, however, gave a new and powerful impulse to cotton raising, and it was already as good as settled that sooner or later the devil would have "business on his hands."

Thirty years after the enactment of the Missouri compromise bill a very brief period in the life of a nation, the trouble began to brew, and a short armistice was provided for in Clay's other compromise, known as the "omnibus bill" of 1850. But the ghost would not down, and in 1854 Stephen A. Douglas pulled through the Kansas-Nebraska act, which was a virtual repudiation of the Missouri compromise, since it established the right of the inhabitants of each territory to decide whether the state should come into the Union free or slave.

Immediately after the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill the political cauldron began to bubble and boil; Kansas became the storm center of the conflict of border ruffianism and free soilism; propaganda clashed with propaganda in a constant one day and anti-slavery in the next; until finally the anti-slavery party, "Bleeding Kansas" took her place in the Union as a free state. The admission of Kansas was the close of the long controversy, preliminary to the mighty appeal to arms upon the battlefield.



## Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

We have got a new cook up to our house, she has been there two days & Pa asked Ma last nite wen her week wud be up & I don't think he was thinking about giving her a raise eether.

The name of her new cook is Vivian. I didn't hear her last nite, it is a Irish name I think. I like the things she cooks but Pa says she talks too much. She is a seshullist.

It has been a terrible hot day down in the city, sed Pa to Ma last nite. I feel sorry for the poor peepul on the East side, he sed, & I wish I cud do sumthing to help them.

You ought to feel sorry for them, sed Vivian. She was bringing sum things to the table wen she sed it. You ought to do more than feel sorry, she sed. That is not what the poor want, pity, always pity. They want better beams & better things to eat & wear, she sed. Oh, the inhumanity of the world, the so-called, sleeping world, sed Vivian. It is a thing to make the angels weep, she sed. How do you like yure eggs?

In a hurry, genrully, sed Pa. & I might suggest, sed Pa, that wile we are dining sure place is to wait on us & not to slip us any startling informashun about the so-called world. Be on yure way, now, sed Pa.

I go, beekus I realize that at present my lot is a humbel one, sed Vivian. I go & wait on you, the I feel that sunware in my veins is the blood of royalty, & I find it vary hard to cower like a hound be-neeth a master's lash, as Mister Sparticus sed. I go.

She will go farther than the Kitchen befoor many days, sed Pa. Were in the world did you dig up the militair? She calm highly re-comended, sed Ma, & she seems to be a good cook, but I can't seem to get her to understand her post-shun. She gets rite into all the talk, & jest then Vivian calm in with the eggs.

Perhaps you peepul have not studied condishuns as deeply as I have, she sed, wen she galy Pa the eggs. It is all vary well for the rich to get into there care & sweep across the country, noticing the buttes of Nater & stopping at cool places to rest, but think of the pitiful poor that have no cars, sed Vivian. Think of the pashunt plodders like me, she sed, that have to ride in a trolley car if they ride at all. There is no buty in Nater for one who has to live forever in the slumps, sed Vivian. It is not rite, it is not rite, she sed, & I, for one, am going to raise my voice in protest, she sed.

These eggs is all burned, if you will allow me to raise my own voice in protest, sed Pa. I wish you wud talk them out & get sum boiled eggs insted. At least you can't burn boiled eggs.

That is it, sed Vivian. Sner, sneer, complain, domineer—the endless story of the rich grinding down the poor. I wish I were a poet, she sed. Then the whole world wud know of the shame & ront that is going on.

I wish you cud be a poet too, sed Pa. Then you wudden be around here four-flushing as a cook, he sed. Now I want to say one thing, Vivian. While I am at the table desiring of service I want not another word out yure hed.

I don't think Vivian has any near chancet of keeping her job than Wilso's has of being re-elected president.

## Managing Mothers

Why Should They Be Criticised for Trying to Marry Their Daughters to Matrimonial Prizes? This is no More Than Protection.

By DOROTHY DIX.

In our simple and sentimental American society it is the custom to anathematize the managing mother. We hold her up to scorn and ridicule, and are honestly shocked at the spectacle of a woman who tries to shape her daughters' futures instead of trusting them to luck.



Why we should assume this hypocritical attitude toward a very important subject no one knows. Everybody admits that the best thing that can happen to a woman is for her to marry the right sort of a man, and to live in the peaceful security of a comfortable home. This being the case, why should a woman be criticised instead of commended for trying to secure this happy lot in life for her daughter?

Every mature woman knows how marriages are made. She is perfectly aware that the beautiful theory that matches are manufactured in heaven, and that a strange fate sends affinities across the world to seek each other, is all tomfoolery. Matrimony is a matter of opportunity and proximity.

The most beautiful and attractive girl in the world can be so shunned by her mother's tactlessness and stupidity that she will be more cut off from the chance to get married than if she had a hump-back and cross eyes. On the other hand, a really homely and unattractive girl can be discreetly boomed into bellehood, while it may be laid down as a general proposition that any two ordinary young people of opposite sexes will fall in love with each other if they are thrown enough together.

Or they will have what our Christian Science friends call a claim that they are in love with each other, which will last until after the wedding day. Worse luck.

These facts are truisms with which every mother in the world is perfectly familiar, yet observe the idiotic way in which mothers act. A woman will let a young man of dissipated habits, or one who is so shiftless that he could not support a cat, or a handsome relative, fairly live in her house, thrown into intimate daily association with her daughter, and then, when the two come to her some fine day and blushing ask for her blessing, she has fits of horror and surprise all over the place.

"What, let Mabel marry that drunken Tom Smith? What, let Susie be dragged down to poverty by that trifling, lazy Ben Smithers? What, let her darling blamé marry Billy who is almost like her brother?"

It will break her heart to even think of such a thing, and she'll never consent. Never in the world. But she does, for what is mother when a hot-headed girl thinks she is in love, and so the poor woman has to suffer all of the agony that tears a mother's heart when she watches the long drawn out agony of her child's unfortunate marriage. And the mother deserves everything she gets for she has been false to her trust. She should have protected her daughter from falling in love with the wrong man. She should have managed better.

No woman should ever let any man get on a visiting footing in her house that she would not be willing to see her daughter marry if it came to that. On the contrary, just as much as she should protect her daughter against the wrong man, she should give her a chance at the right man.

It is the bounden duty of every mother with daughters to make her home one of the places where men like to go. She should take eligible young men into her parlors by means of a charming hospitality. She should take the trouble to make herself agreeable and attractive and the sort of a possible mother-in-law that a man can think of without getting cold feet. She should not, of course, obviously run after marriageable youths, but she should extend them such a glad hand when they drop in that they will be sure to come again.

In a word, without throwing her daughters at young men's heads, she should put them in the attitude of receiving the blessing of a proposal from men who would make desirable husbands. And she should give the girls a chance. Chaperoning a girl is highly desirable, even necessary, but it should be done so warily as never to be perceptible.

There are households in which a girl's matrimonial prospects are front-bitten by the entire family always sitting around, helping to entertain her beaux. This is a fatal play. You may take it for granted

that no young man puts on his best clothes and comes around to listen to Mamma's babble about how marketing has gone up, or papa's dissertation on what he would do if he were Taft. Nor does it conduce to love-making for a young man to overhear the hum of family gossip in the next room, and have a suspicion that little brother is under the sofa and little sister is peeking through the curtains.

Matrimony has fallen off alarmingly of late years since the substitution of the portiere for the solid oak door, a circumstance that is doubtless attributable to the fact that there are now so few places in which a man can pop the question with any sense of security that he isn't being eavesdropped.

This is a plain tip to mothers that they should furnish Cupid the proper stage setting if they want their daughters to marry.

According to the divorce statistics, the managing mother cuts a very conspicuous figure in the matrimonial difficulties in most households. If mothers would only manage a little more before their daughters marry instead of waiting to do it afterward, all of this trouble might be averted.

And one last word—let no woman be scared off from doing her duty to her daughter by fear of being called a managing mother. It is every woman's business to help her girls get good husbands, and to throw opportunities in their way and quarantine them against the danger of falling in love with the dissipated, the immoral, the trifling and the no-account youths that infest society.

**Slight Formalities.**

"There's no use of you hanging around here unless you're willing to work," said the energetic woman.

"Lady," replied Plodding Pete, "I'm willing to work. But I belong to the Association of Industrious Inspectors. If you'll tell me what chores you want done and how much you'll pay, I'll go to town and ask our secretary to O. K. the contract. Only you'll have to advance me \$54 to pay the expenses of the trip."—Washington Star.



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