

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Why We Quarreled: The Wife Who Fought Over Her Boys Tells Her Story

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

Copyright, 1915, by Star Company. I am almost ashamed to confess the matter about which my husband and I quarrel most bitterly is our boys.

There are two of them—fine chaps of 14 and 16 years. I fancy that if they were girls we would have fewer disputes about them.

For, to be frank, my husband is, I really believe, jealous of our sons. I mean he is jealous of my love for them. He would be furious were I to accuse him of that. But it is nevertheless true, I do not mean to imply that he is not fond of his boys, for he is—fond and proud of them, especially when they do well at school.

Perhaps if they were girls the man's sense of chivalry would make him love them better. Perhaps then I might be jealous of his love for them. Who knows? But I do not think I would, for a mother loves a child better than a father does.

I made this statement to my husband once, and he resented it hotly. "Just because I do not humor the kids as outrageously as you do, you think that I do not care for them as much as you do," he declared. "Well, I do. But I do not think they are little tin gods! And now that we are on this subject, I will warn you that you are in danger of turning out into the world the worst spoiled pair of chaps that ever came down the pike!"

"They are dear, devoted children," I protested. "They always do what I ask them."

"Of course! Because you never ask them anything they don't want to do. And they adore you because you sacrifice yourself, your own inclinations, even me, to please them."

I was shocked and indignant. What wife would not be at such language? For his accusation was false. I am a conscientious and loving wife, but my boys need my guidance and companionship more than my husband does. When they want me to go anywhere with them, I feel it is my duty as a mother to comply with their wishes.

I knew that my husband was remembering something that had occurred the previous evening, when the two boys had invited me to a moving picture show. It was Friday night, and they had my studying on hand. I accepted at once, and the lads turned to their father with—"You'll come, too, won't you, dad?"

"No, thanks," he rejoined. "I don't care for movies."

"What are you going to do?" I asked. "I had planned," he said, "to have a quiet evening at home and a game of cards with you. After which, as I am tired, I meant to go to bed early."

I knew he wanted me to stay at home, and I hesitated. I was sure that my boys had set their hearts on having me with them. If I were to refuse them they would be disappointed. They might even fancy that I did not care to accompany them. And at their age must a mother not keep her lads close to her? Why couldn't their father see this?

"Oh, do come, too, dear!" I urged. "It will do you good."

"I tell you I hate movies!" he exclaimed. I considered this an unkind speech, as the lads had invited us both, and I suppose I looked my displeasure.

"Well, never mind," I said to my sons. "I'll go with you gladly. It is very sweet of you to ask me."

When I went to my room after dinner to put on my hat and coat my husband followed me there.

"I shall probably be in bed," he remarked, "by the time you get in."

"I am sorry to leave you when you expected me to spend the evening with you," I said, "but really I think my duty to the boys demand it."



"I always play second fiddle," said my husband.

"As often as you want to, you mean!" he retorted. "I do not need to be reminded that I must always play second fiddle where the boys are concerned."

"Oh, Tom!" I exclaimed, tears rushing to my eyes. "How can you be so unkind! You know very well why I go with them. If I don't keep them close to me they may seek evil companions and drift away from me. They need me."

"And I don't need you?" he demanded. "Not as they do. Your morals and tastes are already formed, theirs are not."

"And because I am a reputable member of society, I can be neglected—is that it?" he argued, irritably. "Why not speak the truth—that you love your sons better than you love your husband?"

I bit back the hot words that sprang to my lips. In my mind the thought was creeping—"Would it be any wonder if I did love them better? Do they ever make me suffer as you are making me suffer now?"

But I said nothing, only went quietly from the room. The boys were happy all the evening, and I tried to seem happy, too. Yet there was a lead-like load on my heart.

When we reached home at 11 o'clock, my husband was in bed and asleep; but I could not sleep for wondering—as I often wonder—how man can be jealous of his own flesh and blood. These are his sons as well as mine. Why then should he resent my giving them the truest devotion of which a mother is capable? Having brought them into the world, do I not owe them this?

Dryptosaurus, animals that once abounded in Montana, and which are here shown as restored.



It is hard to tell whether they are laughing or exulting in a fiendish rage.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The bounding bundles of animal energy represented in the picture herewith are scientifically named "dryptosaurus." Nervous people may be glad to know that there is no danger of meeting a dryptosaurus in any part of the earth now, although they once abounded in Montana. That, however, was ages before the first prospectors began to knock about the rocks for signs of gold and silver. The dryptosaurus together with all their relatives and rivals became extinct millions of years ago. They lived in the time that geologists call the Cretaceous or chalk age.

Mr. Charles E. Knight's presentation of two dryptosauri in action, which we are permitted to reproduce here, and the original of which may be seen in the American Museum of Natural History, is based upon careful scientific studies of dryptosaurian remains and of the environment amid which these wonderful beasts lived, so that it may be taken as representing, with substantial correctness a scene in American life which was doubtless more fearful than amusing to contemporary spectators.

One might be in some doubt as to whether the two monsters are playing or fighting and whether their ambiguously expressive countenances are wreathed with joyous smiles or distorted with sardonic grins; but the derivation of the name "dryptosaurus" would seem to settle the question, for it means "the tearing lizard, and surely no animal to which science feels justified in attaching such a name as that could be expected to smile in any other wise than as two bull-necked pugilists "smile" when they batter each other's faces out of shape in the glorious ring!

It is an interesting fact that many of the huge beasts called dinosaurs, i. e., "terror lizards," were, at least, relatively, peaceable creatures, living upon a vegetable diet, and probably never getting into a fight if they could avoid it. All of them, it is true, were more or less armored and some carried armament so formidable in appearance that the mere sight of the lumbering over the ground,

with their tons of flesh and bones, smashing through a thicket, or rooting in a swamp, may have been sufficient to put most of their enemies to flight. It hardly seems likely, however, that a dryptosaur would have hesitated to at-

tack anything living in his time. His flying leap alone, as Mr. Knight has so graphically represented it, must have been enough to give him an aggressive initiative altogether irresistible. He came down on his foe like a bursting shell,

Q.—"When a person gains eight suddenly, like the girl we read of in the papers, does she have a sense of perspective? A young man suddenly gained his sight, but had not this sense. On looking through a window, the landscape appeared to be close up against the window, appearing to him as a painting of a landscape would appear, the window frame acting as a picture frame."—J. A. Graves, 35 William street, New York.

A.—"And he looked up and said: 'I see men as trees walking.'"—Mark Twain. The sudden appearance of sight to the blind finds nerves and muscles of the eye and retina, also the optic nerve, totally unprepared for this new work. The effects are various and many different effects are noted in works on anatomy, physiology and optics. And the optic thalamus in the brain is taken all un-awares, and the entire optical mechanism cannot at once accommodate parts to correct vision, with result—distortion of images on retina and brain nerves. The parts usually fall into harmony and develop true vision.

Q.—"Is the noise of thunder due to the collapse of the air in upon itself, and into a partial vacuum left by the spark, or due to the intense heating of the air, which sends forth a rarefaction or expansion?"—Anxious Subscriber, San Francisco, Cal.

A.—Not rarefaction due to heat, but intense condensation of air in front of the lightning. Uniting of opposite charges of

every tearing claw a shrapnel in itself. There is in the National museum at Washington a pair of horns of the triceratops, or "beast with three-horned face," which bear marks of a fearful battle. The triceratops had the most remarkable armor of any creature of prehistoric times. Over its great skull, seven or eight feet in length, it had a mighty shield in the form of a hood of heavy, solid bone, covered with knobs and horns. Yet it was a vegetable feeder, and very stupid, possessing, according to Prof. Marsh, the blindest head with the smallest brain on record.

It has been thought, accordingly, that the triceratops was not built for aggressive fighting, but simply for passive defense. It had to defend itself against the more active carnivorous saurians, like the dryptosaurus, and although F. A. Lucas, a great authority, the director of the American Museum of Natural History, thinks that the marks on the horns in Washington were probably made in a contest for mastery between two male triceratops, yet it is possible that the wounds were inflicted by a fighter of another species.

The triceratops, the brontosaurus (thunder lizard), the diplocodus, "two-beam creature," because its enormously long, heavy neck and tail resembled huge beams, the ategosaurus (plated lizard), and other monsters which varied from thirty to eighty feet in length and weighed many tons each, were slow-moving, awkward animals, which could not do much more, if attacked by agile enemies, than stand fast and trust to the strength of their armor and the effects of their dead weight if only they could get a chance to apply it.

But the dryptanur was evidently remarkable for speed and might have beaten a kangaroo in jumping. At the same time he was not merely armored, but armed for conflicts. He was like a cruiser which carries a light armor but huge guns and engines of the highest possible driving power. "The dryptosaurus," says an English writer on geology, "must have appeared like an ogre in seven-league boots to its inoffensive neighbors."

Do You Know That Mauritius has on an average only one storm every eighty years.

Before the introduction of soap clothes were cleaned by being trodden upon in water.

The Swiss reckon that their cupola fort on the St. Gothard, manned by 200 artillerymen, could easily hold the pass against an army of 50,000.

Always scrub a floor the way of the grain of the wood.

If a chimpanzee is wounded it stops the bleeding by placing its hand on the wound, or dressing it with leaves and grass.

## The Star that Will Not Fail

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Friends may fail you, love prove untrue and those united to you by ties of blood may grievously disappoint. But none of this makes life a thing of desolation that is not worth the living. When you fail your own ideal of yourself—then only have you been hurt. But then you can again and readjust yourself and try again.

The ideal that will not fail you is the ideal of growth. The goal from which no one can turn you is the goal of achievement—the mark you set yourself. Help from others will never really avail you unless to it you add your own efforts to make it count. Others may set you on your feet—but you must walk.

Suppose you have come to the city counting on a friend from home who has preceded you by five years and is firmly established in high places. John once told you that if you ever needed help he would give it to you. You come to town. For a whole morning you cool your heels in the outer offices that guard John's sanctum from the rabble. At last you are admitted to his presence, and the august and insincere being a little success has made of John tells you sadly that times are hard and that there isn't a thing in his office, but that he'll give you a letter to Jones, and Jones to Brown, and at last some one sends you back to John, whence you started, and in a sudden access of fury, you tear that letter up.

And in that moment you are started on the highroad to success. In that moment you get an ideal of yourself as a being capable of doing a few things for himself instead of trotting around carrying letters from one magnate to another like an idealized beggar.

Now you set out on your own merits. You are conscious of things you can do, things you want to do, of a goal of achievement you want to reach on your own efforts. And when you become conscious of it—when you get that ideal of success—you are as surely started for it as if one of those magnets had given you a position, which you might have failed to fill well.

No secure is a real job. A real job is the thing you can do and want to do. To get to the position of editor of a magazine, a college man I knew once was a waiter in the cheapest of restaurants. But when he was serving ham and eggs he was on his way to success. He didn't despise his work. He regarded it as a stepping stone, and stepped firmly so he might leap to the next and bigger boulder that should carry him across the stream of discouragement.

He did his mental job well, and saved a bit of money from the "demeaning tips" he had to take—and could "take fairly cheerfully because he was serving well enough to merit them. Then he wrote his story, and wrote it well. It was impressive enough to shove its way into the seventh paper he tried to sell it to—and then our hero was a reporter.

And from the position of reporter to editor took him ten years of hard work—but of work with a goal in view.

No friends had helped this man. He had an ideal of himself as a being capable of work and of success. He had an ideal of the goal for successful achievement. He reached it. No disappointments counted—none could count to his daughter's soul.

And a daughter's soul is about the best gift of the fairies. If you are unafraid of work—unafraid of failure—unafraid of unkindness and afraid only of falling yourself, that fear will never be realized.



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