

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Why We Quarreled : No. 5—The Wife with a Nagging Spouse Tells Her Story. . . .

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

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I wonder if many women have fussy husbands. I am married to a man who nags—and that is the chief cause of our quarrels.

I have always thought that a woman who nags and fusses is bad enough, but a man who has these habits is a hundred times worse than the woman who has them.

My housekeeping and management of my home are the things about which my husband worries. Perhaps the difference in our ages has something to do with this. He was 49 when I married him and I was 28. I did not realize then that he might be what the country people would call "set in his ways." He had lived at home with his mother, who was a model housekeeper. The year after her death we married.



He Went Softly Out Into the Kitchen at Night.

I mention these facts simply by way of explanation of the truth that he is more particular than I.

When we settled in our house I did not suppose that he would ever trouble himself as to how it was run. My father always left that kind of thing to my mother. But Andrew, my husband, is different.

We had been married only a month when we had our first quarrel on this score.

"My dear," Andrew said reprovingly at breakfast, one morning, "as I came downstairs just now I noticed some cobwebs in the corner of the hall, close to the ceiling. Will you have them brushed away, please?"

His tone irritated me slightly and I replied, "Why, yes, of course I will, when I get around to them. I noticed them myself yesterday and meant to attend to them this way."

"I am surprised," he remarked, "that you did not brush them down as soon as you saw them."

"I had other things to do at the time," I told him.

He folded his lips in the thin line of disapproval with which I have since become familiar, and I knew that inwardly he was criticizing my housekeeping. I pretended not to see this and began to talk of other things.

Now, however, I have become accus-

tomed to his constant criticisms—accustomed, but not reconciled to them. He is, in slang phrase, "a regular Betty." Last week he actually mentioned that he had observed I had let something interfere with my cleaning the silver. He had always supposed I had a regular day for silver-cleaning. His mother always had. Yes, I said, I had a regular day for it, too. But as he knew, my maid had been ill last Wednesday and so I had let the silver alone.

"If you took more interest in your home," he suggested, "you would let something interfere with your household duties. A man cannot afford to neglect his business in that way."

"For a moment I did not know just how to answer, and he continued:

"While we are on the subject I want to ask you to be more careful about the amount of provisions used, or wasted. Last week we used a pound more butter than the week before. Why was that?"

"We had a good many fresh vegetables," I said, "and they take a great deal of butter for their proper preparation."

"That hardly accounts for a whole pound extra," he objected, "you should keep your eyes on such matters and exercise more care."

The habit of nagging and fault finding grows on him until I sometimes feel that I can stand it no longer. I often hear him go softly out into the kitchen at night after the maid has gone up to her room and the sound of the opening and closing of the box and pantries comes to my ears. If he finds nothing amiss he says nothing to me of his investigations. But if anything is out of place

and something usually is out of place in every kitchen—he tells me of it gravely and reproachfully.

A few nights ago, I was very tired and went to my room early. I was just falling asleep when he opened my door and spoke my name sternly.

"What's the matter?" I queried, startled.

"That maid of yours went out and left on the kitchen table the cake plate with the sliced cake on it, just as it came out from the dining room after dinner."

His tone was so portentous as if he had informed me of a national calamity.

"Well, what if she did?" I rejoined. "I cannot help it."

"You ought to help it," he declared. "I have put the cake away in the cake-box myself. Not only is such carelessness untidy and extravagant, but it attracts mice and water bugs."

I said nothing, but turned over with a sigh, and closed my eyes. Yet Andrew lingered.

"You will speak to the maid about it in the morning, of course?" he persisted.

"I was weary and nervous and the last vestige of patience deserted me.

"Oh, Andrew!" I exclaimed. "For goodness' sake, don't be so petty! I wish you would run your office—which is your job—and let me run the house."

"Then it would never be run," he remarked dryly.

"And I don't care if it never is!" I exclaimed. "All I do care about is to have you let me alone and stop nagging!"

Many wives will think—perhaps with reason—that I was inexcusably rude. But let those who condemn me try for only a little while to live with a fussy and nagging husband.

## How to Loosen the Grip of Heredity

Infinite Patience and Scientific Teaching Will Cure the Child With a Tendency Toward Natural Depravity. . . .

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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With a child begotten of criminally depraved parents, if brought up under the most moral environment and surrounded by the most elevating conditions, develop any of the traits of character of the father and mother by reason of the influences of heredity?

It all "depends." Such a child may go back three, four or five generations and give to the world the sterling virtues of noble ancestors, or it may go still farther back to its own former incarnations and carry out some long-suppressed tendency for good or ill or it may prove to be what its parents were.

But, scientifically reared, such a child, no matter what its inheritance, in itself or from its parents, could become a power for good in the world.

It would naturally require more care and greater effort to produce such a result than if the child started with moral tendencies, just as it requires greater effort to build up a stolid, anemic infant into a robust maturity than to carry a strong, virile child to the same result.

But both can be done.

It would not be sufficient merely to give the child of depraved parents a good education and Christian influences. He must have more than all the libraries of Mr. Carnegie or all the churches of the land are giving to the growing generation.

He must have very nearly as constant and persistent and patient training as that which has been given to Helen Keller, the blind and deaf wonder of the century. Hour by hour, day by day, week by week, year by year, the unfolding mind must be led to think tender, loving, kind, protecting thoughts.

The moral brain cells must be developed as the sense of touch is developed in the blind. He must be taught to think that he inherits all of God's qualities—love, generosity, goodness, truth, kindness, protection, justice. He must never be told that he has a vicious origin, or be made to think that he possesses any unfortunate trait.

Stories of noble conduct and of courage, kindness and benevolence should be told him in his early youth, and he should never be allowed to think or ponder over tales of vice or crime.

Extreme care should be exercised over his choice of associates, books and pastimes. He should not be taught to shoot or hunt, but instead should be interested in natural history, and made to realize the dependence of animals upon the kindness of man to protect all weaker creatures from the cruelty and injustice of the stronger.

Very early in life the important lesson of self-control should be taught the child and the power of the focused thought and the unswerving will.

Some time there will be a great scientific institution where all these things will be taught to perverted minds and to the offspring of the vicious, just as there are institutions now for teaching the deaf and the blind and the idiotic, and then we will need no prisons, no reformatories, no electric chairs.

God and man speed the day.

## The History of Perfumes



Vases Used for Perfumes and Toilet Waters.

Faenza Vases Used for Toilet Essence Bottle Made in the Urbino Vase of Pitcher Form Used for Toilet Waters.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Small is perhaps the most occult sense that man possesses. Among other animals it is often much more highly developed than with us, and its purpose is apparently, more utilitarian. It is sufficient to recall the marvels accomplished by the dog with the aid of his nose. Among men this sense seems to serve principally to give pleasure, although it also serves the opposite purpose of exciting disgust, which is often a kind of warning.

Upon the keenness of this aesthetic sense depends the whole art of perfumery, which has, in all times, played a great part in human affairs—much greater than most persons imagine. In the first place, perfumes are aphrodisiacs, and that is true not only among men, but even more among some of the lower animals. The orient, says Dr. George William Askinson, in his book on "Perfumes," may be regarded as the cradle of the art of perfumery.

The ancient Hebrews developed it highly in connection with their religious observances. Athens was famous for its exquisite perfumes, and especially for those carrying the scent of the violet. One of the names for Athens was "the violet-crowned city." Solon, the Athenian lawgiver, found it necessary to forbid the sale of fragrant oils to his masculine fellow citizens, although he refrained from interfering with the women's fondness for perfumes.

Among the luxuries Romans, when they began to rest from the conquest of the world and turned to the enjoyment of its most delicious fruits, the art of perfumery reached a wonderful stage of development. In Capua there was a whole street given over to the perfumers. Roman gentlemen anointed themselves with scented oils three times a day. It is averred that when Nero buried his wife, Poppaea, he used as much odorous as Arabia could produce in a year.

The house of a rich Roman always had many jars and vases filled with perfumes and with the dried blossoms of sweet-smelling flowers. At the sports of the arena the air in and over the great amphitheaters was often impregnated with the aroma of the flowers and prepared perfumes which were used with prodigality. Not only the Romans, but

there are other flowers having a more delicate scent than that of the rose.

First stands the violet, Athens' chosen flower. Then comes the enthusiasm-praise of Charles Dickens, who called it "the opthalmos of the floral world." Orange blossoms, mignonettes, tuberose, are among the other most valued flowers producing perfumes.

Then there are perfumes artificially developed or combined, and aromatic oils, like lavender and peppermint. The most mysterious of odorous substances used in perfumery is ambergris, which is sometimes found floating about on the surface of the sea, or cast ashore, like a divine gift, as in Andrew Marvel's lines:

From Lebanon he stores the land  
With odors chosen by his hand,  
And makes the hollow seas that roar  
Proclaim the ambrogis on shore.

Ambrogis is a grayish white substance occurring in masses rarely as large as the fist, and believed to be formed in the intestines of the pot-whale. When dissolved in alcohol it gives forth a pleasing odor so persistent that a handkerchief will retain it even after being washed with soap. A word of warning need not be given about the use of perfumes, because many of them affect the entire nervous system.

## The Healers

By ADA PATTERSON.

Once I thought the builders are the most useful persons on earth. I still think that no class of the world's dwellers can surpass those who build bridges across spaces that were deemed impossible, who cause cities to arise out of deserts, and who link cities by those beneficent parallel bands of steel we call railroads.

But there is a class that equal them in doing the world's work well. I had my first clear vision of their when one hot afternoon I stepped from the green shade of the park and crossed the street to a square building, whose dark front was broken by a balcony on which were stretched a row of little white cots.

Within the cots lay little white-faced children, their heads in odd metal hoods that looked like ancient helmets, or their feet fastened to the end of a bed by a pulley that slowly stretched the little limbs to the length and shape nature had intended those limbs to be.

And as I went in at the big hospital gate I closed after a rosy-faced child of 3 who was being led out by a mother whose face was transfigured by a great gratitude.

Poorish folk spend most of their hours pleading for things they want, and when they get them they at once begin wrestling with fate or Providence for something else they want. This humble clad mother was one of the wise folk on earth. It was plain from that illuminated face that she would give at least half her time to thanksgiving for the great, unexpected good that had come to her. For the busy, white doctors hustling about in their white linen coats had wrought a miracle for her. Her rosy child with the happy eyes, who walked lightly beside her, had been pale and sombre-eyed, with twisted body, even as that row of little ones on the balcony. The doctors had cured what had been believed incurable.

Only this morning I passed in and out of the office of one of the famous surgeons of New York. On his desk were three small significant words, in white letters on a dull brown background, "Life is Service." The man with the graying hair and the kindly face and hurried manners by his life answered all the questions that puzzle the philosophers. "Why are we here?" What shall we do with this unasked-for gift, life? For what purpose were we born? Why should we have to bear existence?" He answered all the puzzling queries propounded by Hamlet. It is simple when you have the vision. Life is service. And life is of especial service if you are one of earth's healers.



## Advice to Lovelorn : By Beatrice Fairfax

She Seems to Have Lost Interest.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 19 years old and have kept company with a girl nine months my senior. We have been going together for eleven months and love each other dearly. Now, last week Wednesday, I asked if it would be agreeable for me to come up Sunday evening at 5 o'clock, as I was to go out with my mother Sunday afternoon.

At first she said it would be all right for me to call, and then when I saw her Saturday afternoon she said that she couldn't see me, as she was going out with a girl friend and wouldn't be back in time. I said "all right" and left her, saying "good afternoon" in a quite sarcastic manner. I have since found out that my friend was out with another

young man instead of the girl friend with whom she was to go. I met her Monday evening coming from business and asked her when I could call, and she would not answer me. Please advise whether you think she is worthy of my company after such treatment.

J. A. V.

From the way this girl has treated you I question her "loving you very dearly." She has been rude and dishonest, and since she did not reply when you asked her when you could see her I question whether she cares for you any more. Try to have a talk with her and get an honest expression of opinion.



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