

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Why We Quarreled

No. 8.—This Wife's Story of Trouble Concerns a Husband in Love with His Own Cleverness.

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

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My husband is an artist. He also writes essays on art. He is clever in his line and is considered by many to be an authority on matters pertaining to his profession.

He knows all this, and that is why we quarrel.

Not because he is clever, but because he knows he is, and is, therefore, conceited.

His talk about himself and his work sounds fearfully blatant to me. I actually suffer as he boasts of his accomplishments. I feel my face grow hot and I can hardly raise my eyes as I listen to some of his assertions.

Again and again I have asked him not to talk so much about himself.

"Let other people discover your cleverness," I say. "You do yourself an injustice by blowing your own trumpet."

"You are the only one who does not appreciate me," he accuses.

But I do appreciate him and I love him. Therefore it hurts me to have him show his worst side to the public.

I recall one dreary evening when we were invited to meet a well known novelist, whose name is familiar to every intelligent reader. We were among the few people asked to dine with him at a friend's house. The novelist was modest and said little of his own work.

After a while my husband turned to him with some remark about an article that he himself had written for one of the magazines. The novelist showed polite interest and asked some perfunctory question. This was enough, and my husband revealed him for at least ten minutes with his theories with regard to sculpture and painting.

"The art magazines are willing to pay me almost anything in reason for my papers on these subjects," he said.

"I shouldered," for I remembered that I heard that this novelist got 30 cents a word for his stories. I do not know whether this is true or not. But I knew that my husband never got more than 2 cents a word for the little papers he has written. Art is not popular enough for me to try to bring exorbitant prices.

"I tried to change the conversation by making some remark about a loan exhibition I had recently attended. The novelist followed my lead, but my husband was not to be checked.

"I was amazed," he remarked, "at some of the miserable daubs in that exhibition. They were actual travesties."

"Were his hearers thinking, I wondered, of some of his 'daubs'?" For no artist makes a masterpiece every time he puts his brush on canvas.

"I thought the whole collection very fine," I ventured, thinking to draw the fire.

But it was useless. "Speaking of the specimens that remind me," my husband said, "of the bust of Dr. Blank which I did last year. Did you see it?"

He looked at the guest of honor. The author shook his head.

"No," he said, politely regretful, "I did not."

"You have doubtless heard of it," my husband asserted. Then, as the other made no reply, he went on:

"It is really quite as good as, if not rather better than, anything of Rodin's. Yes, he actually said that. I know that people will not believe a man could be so conceited—yet this is the truth. And I did a dozen deaths of shame. Our hostess did not smile, but I saw her quick glance at her husband. Then she began to talk very fast about something else.

This experience was too strong for my discretion, and on our way home that night I asked my husband if he did not think it was in rather poor taste to make such a statement as that to a whole tableful of people.

"They may not all agree with you," I added.

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed. "If not, then they don't know enough about genuine art to be worth consideration. My dear, you forget that if a man does not speak well of his own work, nobody else will. The world takes one at his own valuation."

"Perhaps," I admitted slowly, "but it is mortifying to one who loves you."

"What?" he ejaculated.

"Yes," I said, determined to speak the truth now that I had begun. "I know how clever you are, but others must think you fearfully conceited. What would you think if another man talked of his work in the terms that you use in talking of yours?"

"If he did the same kind of work that I do—I mean as good work—I would think that he was justified in saying anything laudatory that he pleased about it. I tell you—as I have told you often before—most advertise oneself."

A few weeks later, when I had sat through another such ordeal as I have described, I attempted—for, I hope, the last time—to make him see things as I saw them. I tried a different prelude to my timid suggestion.

"Dear," I said gently, "your work is so well known now that there is no longer any need for you to advertise it by talking of it as you sometimes do."

He turned on me in anger.

"You have told me that often enough!" he burst forth. "For a while I could not understand your attitude. Now I have come to the conclusion that, because you are ignorant of every rule of art yourself, you are jealous of me and my thorough knowledge of the subject. That's it—you're jealous!"

I dared not confess the truth—that I was not jealous, but ashamed of him!

Mothers Should Know

No meat should be given to a child under 4.

Pieces of raw potatoes clean an infant's feeding bottle better than anything else.

An insect in the ear may be floated out by putting in a few drops of warm olive oil.

Why Do So Many American Women Grow Old Quickly? Due to the Lack of Repose, Declares Famous Model

Miss Audrey Munson, who has prepared a series of articles on health and beauty for this newspaper, is the most famous model in America. Known as the *Parsons Girl*, her calm, Madonna-like face and her figure of almost the exact proportions of the Venus de Milo, are reproduced in most of the statuary that adorns the buildings of the exposition at San Francisco.

While an American girl, having been born and reared in the state of New York, she enjoys an un-American repose. In this article she tells American women of their greatest lack and how to remedy it.

By AUDREY MUNSON.

While the women of our country have many charms, regular features, well kept figures, smartness in apparel, and, most of all, a keen and alert intelligence, there

is up the dainty lingerie of a weary-looking woman of drawn face, who is of the same age, but looks ten years older. If you asked the laundress the reason, she would answer simply: "I guess it's because I get my rest," and she would be correct.

Repose means careful conservation of energy. We cannot have the quality of repose, which is the twin sister of good breeding without learning the art of rest. The secret of the art of rest is relaxation. I have invented a definition for relaxation. It is "shaking oneself loose."

We must go to the animal kingdom, to where our little brothers and sisters of the four-footed world dwell, to learn relaxation.

If you were so fortunate as to spend the summer on a farm, you must have seen a horse arise from sleep, stretch, shake himself as though he were shaking the sleep out of himself, stretch and stretch again. At your own hearth-

MISS AUDREY MUNSON, famous model, who has posed for many of the most beautiful figures in Statuary Hall at the San Francisco Fair. This picture shows her in a characteristic attitude of repose.



The Love that is Only Self Love

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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The idea of love is oddly expressed by many people.

I heard a mother once upon a time say that she loved her children next to her God, yet within twenty-four hours I heard her fret and scold at her daughter over a mere trifle, and argue with her son over a difference in opinion regarding a matter of no importance.

When her son tried to change the conversation to more agreeable topics, she still pursued the theme, determined that he should agree with her, and finally succeeded in driving him from the house in a temper.

Then she assumed the expression of a martyr, and complained that her children were ungrateful and did not appreciate her.

A man says he loves his wife and cannot live without her. Yet he uses the most abusive language at the slightest provocation, complains of the necessary expense which living in the most careful manner entails, neglects her in every way, and has more than once dealt her blows in the heat of anger.

If this is love it seems to me a platonic friendship would be a restful experience for a change.

A wife insists that she loves her husband, yet she neglects his comfort in a score of ways. He is the wage earner, and provides for a well-ordered home, yet he is constantly irritated by late meals, negligent domestics and a lack of system in every department of the house.

The wife weeps, blames her servants and thinks her husband unappreciative of her love for him. She declares she would die for him, but she proves herself unable to live for him.

A father says his whole existence is bound up in his children, yet he provides no amusement for them at home, does not permit his daughter to receive the attentions of young men, and expects both sons and daughters to be satisfied in their teens with the sedate existence he himself follows at 60.

All love of this kind is self-love. No other word in the language is so terribly misused as the word love. Love worthy of the name cannot exist in a heart which does not seek the highest and best good of its object.

No man uses oaths, abuse or blows toward a woman he loves. He does not torment or torture or humiliate her.

No wife neglects the husband she loves, nor does she allow the domestics to fall in their day and spoil his comfort.

No father or mother who loves a child scolds, nags, or frets at it constantly nor fails to understand its needs or to sympathize with it in joy or sorrow.

The parents who really love their children try to give them a happy home.

The fellow which does not express itself in tenderness, consideration, generosity and patience is not love! It has no right to be called by such a sacred name.

What Work Means to Women

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Her pay envelope is not all of a working girl's salary! It just begins there—and there are splendid perquisites attached.

Living on \$8 a week is hard sledding. You have to get up to ten before you are decently comfortable and free from the haunting demon of "What will happen if I get sick?" and its twin, "Suppose some one comes along and gets my job away?"

And even when you get up to \$10 a week in your pay envelope life is a series of going without lunches, so you can have a pretty new collar on your coat when Jim takes you out on Sunday—and going without collars for your coat so you may eat nourishing enough lunches to get over your tiredness of appearance and the hollow cheeks that won't attract a Jim for you.

And you are pretty likely to get bitter about the necessity of your working your youth away while rich girls play reality into the word youth and other girls—like you once—dance merrily down the

primrose path. And you feel that no one gives you credit for sticking to your job and earning your bread and butter by straight, honest toil—when cake and jam might be had more easily.

Well, think of this—"Work means the chivalry of womanhood."

Work means keeping your garden weeded and the house of your soul trim and fresh and clean inside and out.

Work means choosing the hardest instead of the "easiest way."

And how hard that easiest way would be in the end all the makers of statistics and workers in social settlements and hospitals might tell you with a wealth of gruesome detail. But it means choosing what is at first the hardest way, indeed.

To me the meaning of work for woman is this—the keeping alive of all the white fine things of life valor and honor and courage that make belief in human nature survive any other shattered ideals.

And the glorious perquisites that go with your pay envelope are these— independence, self-respect, freedom of body and soul, and the hope of growing into fitness to know all the finest, most sacred of life's secrets.

The fate of the innocent bystander proves that it is better to keep moving in this world of trouble.

In-Shoots

The kicks of the chronic kicker are necessarily feeble.

Some grass widows seem to drive men to taller grass than others.

The man who tries to live on his past reputation will soon go to seed.

A little knowledge judiciously applied will give one the reputation of a sage.

Good intentions will not save the man who is careless about using the money of other people.

The fate of the innocent bystander proves that it is better to keep moving in this world of trouble.

is one charm of which they show a serious lack. It is, to my mind, the greatest of all charms in women—repose.

For lack of repose they grow old pitifully early. The spirit of American women is dynamic, not static. They are "ever on the go." An English woman who came to this country several years ago to teach a valuable system of physical culture, said she was appalled by the activity of the women of the United States.

"The term women of leisure is a joke in New York," said Miss Christian. "There is no such woman in America. The rich women seem to work the hardest of all. They are up early consulting their engagement books, and they fly to their dressmakers and the shops, and their charitable work and luncheons, matinees, teas, dinners, theaters and operas and suppers, and tumble into bed in the early morning exhausted. And no wonder! For they are hard at it all day for eighteen hours a day."

My views are thoroughly in accord with Miss Christian's. The society woman, so-called, by which we mean the woman of large means and a correspondingly large acquaintance, who has many dollars and just as many responsibilities, works harder than the laboring class. For at least the laboring class know how to rest—when they have the chance.

That is the reason we sometimes see a fresh-faced, clear-eyed laundress doing

side you have seen your dog stretch himself out for sleep and have seen his muscles loosen their tension until they become as soft as cotton.

But the cat is the finest example of relaxation. When she is at rest she is so completely relaxed that you can drape her body over your arm without discomfort. I have seen a pet Angora hang loosely about her mistress' neck as though she were one of the fashionable boas of white fox.

When you rest be sure to rest. Untie those tangled-in-a-knot nerves. How? By stretching your body to make yourself as tall as possible while lying down or half reclining. By lifting each foot, imagining that it is a heavy weight, and letting it fall. By lifting your hands as though from the wrist and letting them drop as though they were heavy stones that you were casting forever into a pool.

Sometimes, if you are exceptionally weary, by toasting your arms loosely in a straight line above your head.

By, when preparing for sleep, dispensing with all pillows, or all save a small, flat pillow. By lying on the back, which is the most restful posture for the spine. And, when tired of this posture, by turning on the right side. By letting your fancy picture yourself as uncurling all the tight little nerves in your body and stretching them out also to sleep.

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