

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Why We Quarreled

No. 10—The Man's Side—
The Husband Who Objected to Hair Dye and Rouge Tells His Story.

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE VAN DE WATER.

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It is said that men are vain. Perhaps they are in a way, but as I told my wife once you do not see a man watching his mirror to discover if he is beginning to look old.

"No wonder!" Laura jeered when I made this remark. "It makes no difference to a man like he is no longer young. Gray hair gives him an air of distinction. If he has lived properly the years refine and improve his face. But with a woman the case is entirely different. Why, here are you—over 45—yet, were you single, any young girl would be proud to have you court her. You would be as eligible for marriage as when you were 25—in fact more eligible. But as for me!"

I interrupted her with a laugh. I could not help it. "Great Scott!" I exclaimed. "Is that what's worrying you? Are you thinking of getting married again? Well, my dear, I don't mean to give you a chance. I hope not to shuffle off this mortal coil for some time yet."

"Oh!" she ejaculated. "How mean you are to make fun of me when you know that is not at all what I mean! I only said that to illustrate what I was trying to prove—that age does not make a man less attractive. It makes a gag of a woman. And I'm going to fight it as long as I possibly can."

To this end she takes swimming lessons, physical culture, Turkish baths, facial massage, etc. I acknowledge that all these things keep her in good condition, but they use much valuable time and money. And in spite of them all she still sees the dreaded crows' feet at the corners of her pretty eyes and the gray threads in her abundant hair.

At least she saw the gray threads until a year ago. Then she went to a hair specialist and consulted him. She told me of his verdict.

"He says," she explained with a rapidity of utterance that betrayed her nervous fear of my disapproval, "that if I go to him regularly he can restore my hair to the color it was in childhood."

"It's very nearly that color now, isn't it?" I asked. "It was always dark brown of course."

"Oh, no, it wasn't!" she denied. "It was a kind of reddish chestnut shade."

I looked skeptical. "I am surprised to hear that," I observed. "For with such dark eyes and such a brunet skin as yours one would not expect light hair, even in a child."

She ignored this, and went on to tell me of what the "specialist" had said. I saw that she intended to take his treatment and I offered no objection just then.

The "treatments" certainly changed the color of Laura's hair. Reddish and bronze streaks soon appeared among the brown locks, and at the end of a few months she had rich auburn hair.

"Just exactly what I had in my girlhood," she told me proudly. "So many people admire it now that I am glad to have it restored to me again after all these years. Jacquet is surely a wonder."

I gazed often at those Titan tresses and always with a lingering doubt in my mind. I did not tell my wife then that this striking shade of hair was absolutely unsightly to her skin. It made her complexion look pasty and faded. At last I decided to ascertain the truth of my suspicions. Jacques was not the only fashionable hair-dresser and specialist in town, and I went to another whose reputation was equally good.

"Is it possible," I asked him, "to restore dark brown hair to the color of its youth—a dark red shade?"

"But certainly, monsieur," the volatile Frenchman declared with a twinkle in his eyes. "We have wonderful compounds now—and peroxide and henna will work marvels."

I did not smile. "I mean just what I say," I told him. "Can hair be restored by any natural process to a lighter color—without being bleached or dyed, for instance?"

He ceased to grin. "Indeed, no, monsieur. It is absolutely impossible without the use of art. That is why our excellent and unexpected coloring preparations are so valuable."

I had heard enough. It was henna then that gave my wife's hair its beautiful hue.

She knows now that I know this. Yet such is my loyalty to her that I uphold to our friends her statement that she has "restored" her hair by massage, etc. If she fibs I must fib, too.

Nevertheless, such is also my disapproval that, not long ago I broke the silence that had kept me from open criticism of her complexion, and told her that her renovated tresses made her look pale and old. She was startled. I saw, and an expression of determination came to her lips. I did not understand it then, but I understood it a few evenings later when she appeared at dinner, at which we were entertaining some friends, with an exquisite pink flush in her cheeks.

At first I attributed this glow to the fact that she had been walking briskly that afternoon in the cold air. But when I remained throughout the evening I changed my ideas. When our guests had departed I asked her what she had been doing to her face.

"I had a facial massage, this afternoon," she replied, turning away hastily. "It always brings the color to my cheeks."

"You allowed the masseuse to put on artificial color, too!" I accused.

"Well, what if I did!" she exclaimed. "Won't you let me make myself look decent—even if I am growing old?"

"I'll let you make yourself look decent—but not indecent!" I declared. "As I do not care to have my wife look like the type of woman who dyes her hair and paints her face, I forbid your doing so any longer."

She pretends to have obeyed me—but at times, when we are in company, I still see an unnatural pink tinge on her cheeks, and her hair still retains the "restored" color of its youth."

Time for His Luck to Change.
He was very angry when you told him of our plan.

She—not particularly. He said he had been rather fortunate in the stock market of late figure it was about time for his luck to turn.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Smart Pin Money Frocks

Republised by Special Arrangement with Harper's Bazar

This would make a charming suit in green velours. Four yards of velours would cost \$14; three yards of satin to line the coat (\$4.38); findings, \$1.25. Total, \$19.63.



From the November Number of Harper's Bazar.

Our Wonderful Reserve Power

How the Human Body Stores Up Surplus Energy for Use in Emergencies.

By Woods Hutchinson, A. M., M. D.

Nature can be economical to the verge of penuriousness on occasion; but she likes to conduct her main operations upon a liberal scale and a wide margin. She believes with George Eliot that any intelligent calculation of the expected must include a certain amount of the unexpected.

In most of our transactions a little too much is just enough, because you never can tell what may happen.

For instance, in the important and enjoyable matter of food and work the balances accounts like an expert bookkeeper; so many pounds of food containing so many heat units (calories) eaten on the one side, on the other, so much work done with arm and heart, so much heat given off, so much waste, so much weight gained or growth made. Add up the two columns and they balance to an ounce or a per cent of a kilowatt.

To keep one's self fit, in good working condition, without loss of weight or strength we must eat just as many pounds, so many calories, or "run into the red" in our body bookkeeping and suffer the consequences.

But when it comes to the broader and far deeper question of keeping alive, holding soul and body together, upon scanty or insufficient rations, nature displays unexpected resources and an astonishing power of reserve.

We need, unquestionably, a liberal amount of food every day to keep up a good head of steam and prevent deterioration of the plant. But if we don't get it and obtain only three-quarters, or half, or even a third of that amount, we do not immediately fall ill and die; on the contrary, we pull ourselves together, do rather less work or poorer quality, draw upon our internal reserves, live on our fat, as the saying is, and make the best we can of the situation. And that "best we can" may endure not merely for months, but even for years, otherwise, two-thirds of us would not be here.

For, as one of our best known economists bitterly and tersely puts it, "Up to seventy-five years ago three-fourths of the population of Europe never knew what it was to have all they could eat at any one time in the course of their lives, and were never comfortably warm from November to May."

We cannot only continue to live on very insufficient amounts of food, but we can even live for a very considerable time without any food at all, providing that we have plenty of water to drink and can remain at rest in moderate comfort and warmth.

This wonderful survival power of ours has just been dramatically brought to our attention by the reports which have filled the newspapers of the happy rescue of a group of Pennsylvania miners who had been buried for nearly a week by a cave-in. After they had narrowly escaped drowning by the flood of water which caused the cave-in, they remained

huddled together for warmth in the wet clothing for six days, during which time their only food was a portion of a roast chicken and some pieces of bread left over in their dinner buckets, and a few "cookies" of a composition of fish oil and wax used in miners' lamps.

This strikes us as a remarkable feat of endurance, but, as a matter of fact, it was probably only a third or fourth of the endurance of which those sturdy miners would have been capable if the rescuers had been longer delayed in reaching them, and was well within the limits of what any one of us, even city dwellers, in a state of reasonably vigorous health, would have been able to endure and survive without permanent injury. The only reason why it strikes us as so remarkable and strange is on account of the very fortunate rarity of instances of any sort of complete deprivation of food in this present day of civilization.

In this sense, "Blessed is the nation that has no history," as the shrewd old French cynic remarked. But any one

of us can easily succeed in accomplishing the astounding boa-constrictor-like feat of going sixty days without a particle of food all mere thirty or forty-day fasts were out of the running entirely and could hardly draw a crowd at a county fair sideshow.

In the frightful earthquake at Messina, for instance, a few years ago, there were a score of instances in which not only men and women, but ponies and dogs, who had been buried alive, uninjured, but with good air and moderate, in some cases very small amounts of water, just the leakage along the moist upper surface of a ledge in one instance, survived two, three and even four weeks and were ultimately rescued without permanent injury. In fact, surprising as it may seem, there are comparatively few cases on record of death simply by deprivation of food in such circumstances under three weeks. And life in human beings, horses and dogs has been known to be preserved for, in some rare instances, as long as six weeks without a particle of food.

This extraordinary reserve power of ours is also shown by the feats of the professional fasters, of whom Dr. Tanner, the Italian Succi and others are familiar recent examples. These men attained a tremendous amount of notoriety by undertaking, usually for a bet or wager, to live a certain number of weeks without food.

Many of us remember the excitement a young man had and a row with him about a year ago. He then became engaged to a young woman and gave her a nice ring, which she said was too small, so he broke the engagement. After a while he asked me if I would go back to him again. I said I would, because I liked him. We sat down and I asked him if he would be engaged. I suppose he is going to give me the ring he gave the other girl. I like him too much to hurt his feelings. I carried the stone with me, small, or that he gave me, and I will not tell him if he feel bad is to think that the ring was not got for me; she got it before me.

D. W.

Don't make yourself miserable over such a trifles as this. There is no reason why you should not be perfectly contented with the engagement ring that was bought for someone else. Nor, on the other hand, is there any reason why you should not suggest your fiance that for sentimental reasons you would be happier with a ring he had bought specially for you, and that if it won't cause him any inconvenience or extra expense you would be much happier if he would exchange this ring for another one which you would feel was purchased with you.

We cannot only continue to live on very insufficient amounts of food, but we can even live for a very considerable time without any food at all, providing that we have plenty of water to drink and can remain at rest in moderate comfort and warmth.

These suspicions, however, were improbable on the face of them, for the simple reason that repeated experiments have shown that animals deprived of food lose strength much more rapidly and starve quicker if given moderate amounts of alcohol or beer tea or any of the so-called vegetable stimulants and endurance givers, such as cocoa, mate or tea, than if they are given nothing but water to drink. Besides, the tests in Dr. Tanner's second fast were so carefully supervised and controlled by competent physicians and scientists as to leave little reasonable doubt that his abstinence from food was genuine and complete.

Indeed, what really happened was that a score of local imitators of the great fasters sprang up in different parts of the country and many of them, in the language of the day, "beat him to it," equaling and a few exceeding his fast.

So that the edge and the distinction were quickly taken off his reputation; and

Velveteen is well suited to this simple suit; four yards forty inches wide are required (\$14); three and one-half yards of satin to line the coat (\$4.38); findings, \$1. Total, \$19.38.

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Making a Fuss Over Nothing

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Most women are potential heroines. In emergency, in danger, a woman who is worth the name is self-sacrificing and brave. Many a woman who shrinks at sight of a mouse or a beetle will climb three flights of stairs in a fire to carry out a sick child.

But, after all, life isn't made up of emergencies. Few of us ever have the chance to prove ourselves heroines. And the judgment of the world is based on how we face the mice of life rather than on what we do when we meet its lions.

In keeping with the tendency to face great dangers and shrink at little ones, woman bears great sorrows and frightful tragedies nobly and well and agitates herself to the point of a nervous breakdown over negligible pains and trifling sights.

My grandmother actually went out as a nurse during an epidemic of cholera in a little western city. And she fairly made my youth a nightmare with her hysterics over the thunderstorms that so frequently visit the middle west.

Woman has a certain pioneer quality that makes her face bravely all tremendous emergencies and fuss and fume over things unworthy to take any of her energy.

How many women make their husband's lives miserable by their insistence that all sorts of trifling dates be remembered. I have a friend who has gone to bed with a nervous headache for no more overwhelming cause than the fact that her husband forgot the anniversary of the first day he ever saw her.

She expected a man who had a business to swing and large affairs to manage so that he might give her luxury and elegance, to do all that, with one lobe of his brain and with another to remember to call her up every day at noon to tell her what his whole life was proving—that he loved her. Because he couldn't remember such things, she nagged him to the point where everyone expected separation or divorce to put a period to their love story.

And then came a crash. Mr. Smith lost practically his entire fortune and with it most of his credit. And neurotic, nervous Mary Smith rose from her bed, put on a gingham apron, went into the kitchen she had not visited in ten years and set to making jam.

The Smiths are on the high tide to fortune again because Mary, who could not bear to have her lightest wish neglected and her lightest whim forgotten, could bear the loss of everything that had previously made the whole of her self-life.

Women are like that. And men will never fully understand it. Without a whimper Eve bears things that would almost justify her in shrieking to high heaven. She either endures them with a tragic passiveness that commands respect, or she gets up and, with Amazonian force, conquers them.

But no woman who ever lived failed to suffer when the man she loved promised to telephone her at noon and had not summoned her by 1 o'clock.

Perhaps because so few of us have anything better to think about, we think about trifles. Perhaps, as we go out into a world of larger interests, we will conquer the selfselves that makes us demand constant proof of reality.

Until we do, until we learn not to make

a fuss over trifles, we are bound to suffer needlessly. Loyalty, friendship, love itself are all proven in large ways. No failure in trifles undermines or disproves the beauty of any large devotion. And until we learn not to demand constant proof or affection, not to fuss over trifling omissions in attention and thoughtfulness we must indeed be "the weaker sex."

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Liber up! Get a small trial bottle of old-time, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" from any drug store, and in a moment, you'll be free from pains, aches and stiffness. Don't suffer! Rub rheumatism away. Advertisement.



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