

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## The Last Word in Smart Hats and Furs for Winter Wear

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### Necessity of Treating Animals with Both Sympathy and Kindness.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The crying sin of omission with our clergymen today is their silence regarding the inhumanity of men to animals.

Henry Bergh did more toward enlightening the world than all our ministers of the gospel are doing.

He set people to thinking in the right way and saving the right Christians.

Love and sympathy were what made Christ divine. No man has a Christ in his heart who can see animals abused without protest.

A clergyman came to call on a lady, and she saw from her window that he left his horse tied with his head checked cruelly high. She sent a servant to uncheck the animal and gave the "man of God" a sharp reproof besides.

Another clergyman sent his coachman with a basket of kittens to leave in a strange doorway. It would be easier to find salvation blindfolded than through such a man's teaching.

Did you ever look into the faces of the horses you see on the street and note their different expressions? They vary as much as do the faces of human beings.

Well-groomed, well-cared-for carriage horses have an alert, proud, spirited expression. A horse which is driven with a short check carries a strained, restless, impatient look in his eye. The absolute hopelessness, the dull despair in the faces of the street-car horses and those attached to delivery, baggage wagons and trucks, is enough to touch the heart of a sympathetic observer.

It is like the look of the worn-out laborer or overburdened old woman one seems scrubbing public stairways.

Occasionally, but rarely, one sees an absolutely happy-looking horse. One smiled at me as I passed him the other day. He belonged to a public cab and I saw no coachman near.

I was so pleasantly impressed by his amiable, contented look that I walked back to see him again, and I found the cause of his happiness.

The cabman had returned and was patting him in a gentle, friendly way. The horse felt he was his driver's friend. He lived in an atmosphere of affectionate kindness, and work became pleasure and life was worth living.

I believe there are hundreds of horses in this city today whose hearts are breaking for a little sympathy and kindness.

Meantime, man is devising cruel machines to tear their delicate mouths, arch their tired necks and chop their beautiful tails. And not a word is said against it by the clergymen.

There ought to be a Sunday set apart called "Animal Sunday." Ministers ought to talk to their congregations about the duty we owe to animals.

Cats are the most sensitive, nervous, cleanly animals in the world. They are, too, intensely affectionate and devoted to people they love, as well as to places. When a cat which has a good home is left to run in the streets and alleys, or is dropped in some field or straggled doorway, its mental sufferings are beyond description.

Its affectionate nature is wounded, and it feels all the humiliation of a soiled, starved existence which a delicate human being would feel if similarly situated. And it has not the reason, the faith or philosophy which helps people in such cases.

Of course, there are cats who are born ingrates and tramps, just as there are men of this sort. But after careful observations of animals and people, it must be confessed more two-footed ingrates are found than are found among the quadrupeds.

I wish the Salvation Army people, who are so full of the real spirit of Christ, would introduce the thought of consideration toward animals into their work. It is a great pity that kindness in their conduct dumb beasts is rarer among Christians than the followers of Buddha.

There are many things we can teach the Orientals, but there are also many important things they can teach us, and one important thought they need to teach our orthodox people is that human beings do not monopolize all the "souls" created by God.

Everything which exists is possessed of the divine spark, and when we learn to think of horses, dogs and cats as our "brothers" who are handicapped in the race of life, the world will be the better for it.



To the left, a Talbot black taffeta hat with green chinchilla, and a black velvet hat by Guy, with melon-shaped muff of fox.

## Respect for Older Generation

Its Viewpoint May Seem Narrow, but Its Object is Invariably Praiseworthy.

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"My folks never want to let me go out and have a good time," writes Jennie. "They seem to think that a girl can go to business all day, then come home and help get supper and go to bed at 9 o'clock perfectly contented, without having any fun or going out with any young folks. I can't stand it, so I think I'll leave home."

Of course, if Jennie is a sensible girl she hardly needs me to tell her that she must not leave home—but a little review of the why and wherefore of the conditions she meets at home help all the little Jennies to a happier understanding of and with the older generation.

Jennie's parents are, in all probability, hard-working people who either come from a country where freedom is practically unknown or who still hold to the ideas of forebears who came from such an environment.

Suppose Jennie's parents came to America when she was a little girl. In whatever land they dwelt, freedom for girls was an unknown thing.

The 30-year-old German or French or Italian or Russian girl who chances not to be married is shut in and protected and guarded just as she was when she was 15 and approaching the marriageable age of her land. Her marriage was an arranged affair in which the parents selected her husband for her. She was supposed to have no experience or knowledge of the world on which to base any judgment of her own in regard to the arrangement of her life.

Under these circumstances it is scarcely amazing that Jennie's parents should fall to assimilate the standards of liberty and independence for young womanhood prevalent in our own country.

Suppose Jennie's parents are American born and come from hard-working stock to which pleasure was hardly known, and through whose thrift and frugality Jennie is able to enjoy a good home and some of its comforts. They live in their own youth and cannot understand the pleasure-loving butterfly living standards of today.

Perhaps Jennie's mother and father are country folks to whom city ways are new; perhaps they are poverty-stricken souls who want Jennie to devote herself to work so that she may rise out of the tenement environment where they have to keep her. Any of these suppositions is far more likely to be true than the one that lurks in the back of Jennie's mind.

What does Jennie think? She imagines that she is cursed with tyrannical elders who hate to see her have a good time and who enjoy boasting her around and showing their authority. Or she imagines they are stupid old fossils who can't understand the world of today.

Perhaps they cannot quite understand today's thirst for pleasure and excitement—but they understand all too well today's dangerous longing for pleasure and excitement. They are Jennie's friends.

Rose, sacrificing all her youth and innocent sweetness for a little brief gaiety, and they long to protect Jennie and assure her of lasting happiness instead of momentary joy. Their love makes them inarticulate. They hardly know how to explain themselves to Jennie. They take it for granted that the fifth commandment must mean something to her.

And Jennie, with her superior education and with the better chance than had the older generation, judges them impatiently and thinks they begrudge her youth and joy.

Trust your parents, Jennie. Try to convince yourself that it is just as important for you to understand them as for them to understand you. Have a little faith in the love that brought you into the world and protected your youth.

Respect the experience of your parents rather than the worldly wisdom of tawdry little Rose. Don't toss your head and take the dangerous "youth will have its fling—I am only going to be young once" attitude toward life.

The older generation has the wisdom of its age and suffering and experience. Convince it that the joys you seek are innocent joys. Make it realize that you do take life with a certain amount of seriousness. And live at home where the conservatism of the older generation may guide you rather than the dangerous flightiness of the untutored, new generation.

## "Dr. Haiselden Wise and Humane"

By ROSE PASTOR STOKES.

Wife of J. C. Phelps Stokes, the Millionaire Settlement Worker.

When a woman brings into the world a hopelessly imbecile child, such as the Bollinger baby, that is doomed to live, why is it a crime to keep hands off while a naturally doomed abnormal infant, that can be said barely to have been, ceases to be?

If I had been the mother of that child, and it had been, not my fourth, but my first and only one, I should still have been in absolute agreement with the physician who decided to "let nature take its course" rather than save the life of the infant, if I trusted his judgment, and if in his judgment the child bore the stigma of hopeless imbecility.

In the circumstances they were, to my mind, a wise and humane mother and doctor. However, had they been a mother and doctor (in time) they might, perhaps, have prevented these circumstances. But mothers and doctors, like charity workers and philanthropists, are exceedingly slow to learn that prevention is better than cure. Better than doing out alms to the poor would be to remove the cause of poverty.

## Epicurean Episodes : Intimate Home Recipes: CHICKEN Town Style.

By DOROTHY DIX

The great national dish of our country is not, as is erroneously supposed, turkey or pumpkin pie, nor even baked beans. It is chicken. It is true that in other lands chicken also may be had, but no other chicken in the world has the pep, and ginger, and flavor of American chicken.

Indeed, it is our chicken that has made America famous, and it is not only the favorite dish among our own people, but it appeals to the jaded palate of the effete aristocracy of Europe. Especially is this the case when the chicken is fat, and served garnished with plenty of the long green. In such cases impoverished, but epicurean lords and dukes can never get enough of it, or the trimmings.

There is much discussion as to what part of America grows the finest variety of chicken, and connoisseurs are divided on this point. Each section raises a bird that has some peculiar merits of its own. The western variety is large, handsome and showy, but inclined to be a trifle muscular, and for this reason it is generally roasted, especially by anti-suffragists.

The southern species is plump, and is particularly delectable when caught at the frying size.

The New England breed of chickens is, on the contrary, rather thin and runs a little too much to neck.

The middle western variety is very fresh and sweet, and when raised in a barnyard full of corn or wheat, or in the shadow of a brewery or stock yard, is noted for its fine plumage. These western chickens, especially the variety known as herefords, form the staple diet

of fashionable schools and dressmaking establishments in the east, who live upon them. They are also, in much request among young men of the smart set, who are too proud to work, and are thus enabled to feather their nests by the simple process of going through a marriage ceremony.

The consensus of opinion, however, among bon vivants is that, whatever may be the merits of the poultry of other sections of the country, the great and unparalleled chicken run of the world is Broadway. Nowhere else can such perfect specimens be found as here, and here are produced the celebrated champagne fed squab chickens, for which New York is noted.

Having decided upon the variety of chicken you prefer, the next step is to chicken that you prefer, the next step is to catch it. Here again, we see the difference that climate and environment have upon the different varieties. The western chicken is exceedingly wild and hard to catch. The southern variety, being more domestic and less sophisticated, can easily be captured by throwing the chaff of a few pretty speeches before it, while the middle western chick is so tame it will come and set out of your hand, and the New England variety will run after you.

But any variety of chicken may easily be caught if you will scatter enough dough before it.

Chickens may be prepared in a great many different ways, but possible the two methods that appeal most to the popular taste are chicken, town style, and chicken, country style.

To prepare chicken town style, select a nice pretty young bird, either plump or attenuated, according to taste. Pay particular attention to its feathers, and see whether they are plentiful and of fine quality or not, for this will save you much money later on. Also take notice as to whether it looks lively and healthy, or appears droopy and melancholy, as nothing is less tasty than a hen with the plop.

Above all, be careful to choose a chicken with a red top knot, that ruffles its feathers at the slightest provocation and that shows fight and a disposition to use its beak. Many men disregard this precaution, and as a result receive hen-pecks from which they never recover.

Having acquired your chicken in the marriage market, proceed to dress it with as much silk, satin, millinery and jewelry as you can possibly scrape together. Then put it on the gridiron of domesticity, and let it cook until done. Chicken town style should always be served with a sauce piquant. Make this by mixing together, in equal parts, a shopping ticket, tango, tea, fox trots and theaters. A divorce a la Reno is often served with chicken town style, but while this is strictly de rigueur, and in accordance with the usage in most fashionable society, it is not necessary.

Chicken country style is a much wholesomier dish than chicken town style, but it lacks the flavoring and the taste. To make this dish, take a fresh young chicken, such as you find in the rural districts, and sew it in matrimony, without throwing in any seasoning. Serve this with a sauce mouseline, composed of a couple of weeks of moonlight nights in June, one white Swiss dress with blue ribbons, a pair of oxlike eyes, and a peaches and cream complexion. Dish up while piping hot.

City men fancy chicken country style very much on their vacations, but when they import it to town they seem to lose their relish for it.

N. B.—In selecting poultry, be careful that you are not deceived, and do not mistake a stringy old pullet for a spring chicken.

Part I—

## Are Children of Native Born Weaker?

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

The World's Best Known Writer on Medical Subjects.

An interesting and distinctly disturbing item has just been published in the report of Dr. William H. Guilfofy, registrar of the health department of New York City.

This is, that the death rate among children born in New York City of native American parents is higher than that of children of foreign-born parents. The preponderance is not great, only about 10 per cent, but it is in the wrong direction and disturbing, both to our proper pride and also because, on an average, the financial conditions and surroundings of native-born families are superior to those of foreign-born ones.

It falls into a flame of uneasiness at once our smoldering apprehension and half conviction, in spite of ourselves, that the race is actually declining and losing its stamina under civilization.

A similarly unflattering comparison was made some years ago between native and foreign born in the report of the Russell Sage foundation upon retardation in the public schools. Namely, that the percentage of retardation among native-born children was distinctly higher than in foreign born.

But there are several considerations to be reckoned with before we succumb to the luxury of pessimism and the doleful conclusion that the human race is going to the howl under civilized conditions. One of these is the prosaic, but quite important, fact that on account of their simpler and more primitive habits, a much larger percentage of foreign-born women nurse their own babies than of native-born American mothers.

And when we recall that the mortality during the first year of life is anywhere from three to five times as great among bottle-fed babies as among breast-fed, it can be easily seen that this single difference would go far to explain the higher death rate of American children.

So important is this following out of nature's method in the feeding of children that seasons of scarcity and distress, such as famines and sieges, notably, for instance, the siege of Paris, in 1870, have actually been accompanied by a lower infant mortality instead of a higher one, on account of so many more mothers being driven, either by poverty or by difficulty in securing cow's milk, to return to nature's method.

Another consideration of a local character, which must be borne in mind, is that of all foreign-born parents in New York City, nearly one-half are Jews, and one of the most striking and constant characteristics of the Jewish race, or religion, as they prefer to regard it, is its remarkably low death rate, not only in infancy, but in all stages and ages of life.

But probably the most potent factor in producing the uncomplimentary difference is one suggested by Dr. Guilfofy himself, and that is, that we are in the habit of taking ourselves too much for granted, when it comes to intelligence and sanitary care in the management of our children.

The poor, hightened foreigner, especially if he has not the blessing of a knowledge of the English language, we are quite sure would be liable to do all sorts of stupid, thoughtless and insanitary things in the way of feeding and clothing and caring for his children; while we ourselves, born in the "home of the free and the land of the brave," are, from that very fact, models of far-sightedness and hygienic practice.

## Do You Know That

There are 4,000,000 tons of stone in the Pyramid of Cheops.

Many of the theaters in Petrograd do not open till midnight.

After roasting, 100 pounds of beef only weighs 61 pounds.

French people eat 580 pounds of bread a head per year.

The wool on the back of a sheep is 1/3 shepherd's barometer. The more curly it becomes the finer the weather.

When a lion is frightened it trots away slowly until it thinks it is out of sight, and then bounds off like a greyhound.

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