

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## The Answer

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.  
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Up to the Gates of gleaming Pearl,  
There came the spirit of a girl,  
And to the white-robed Guard she said:  
"Dear Angel, am I truly dead?  
Just yonder, lying on my bed,  
I heard them say it; and they wept.  
And after that, methinks I slept.  
Then, when I woke, I saw your face,  
And suddenly was in this place.  
It seems a pleasant place to be,  
Yet earth was fair enough to me.  
What is there here to do, or see?  
Will I see God, dear Angel, say?  
And is He very far away?"

The Angel said, "You are in truth  
What men call dead. That word to youth  
Is full of terror; but it means  
Only a change of tasks, and scenes.  
You have been brought to us, because  
Of certain ancient karmic laws  
Set into motion, aeons gone,  
By us you will be guided on  
From plane to plane, and sphere to sphere.  
Until your tasks are finished here.  
Then back on earth, the home of man,  
To work again another span."

"But, Angel, when will I see God?"

"After the final path is trod;  
After you no more long, or crave,  
To see, or hear, or own, or have  
Aught beside—HIM. Then shall His face  
Reveal itself to you in space.  
And you shall find yourself made one  
With that Great Sun, behind the sun.  
Child, go thy way inside the gate,  
Where many eager loved ones wait.  
Death is but larger life begun."

## Singing and Winning

By IRENE WESTON.

"The girl who sings to herself at her work is the best worker," declares a physician in a newspaper. He has been going into the question of the effects of singing on man and woman, and says that if you want to be "happy, wealthy and wise," you should have at least one song and sing it at least twice a day. It is one of the most potent tonics.

His letters arose out of the stories we have been reading of soldiers. A British officer wrote him that "Tipperary" warmed his very heart. When he heard the fellows singing that he felt everything was going right. He didn't care what it was they sang so long as they sang something. He was not at all particular as to "selection."

One of the most exhilarating concerts, he said, he had ever heard was that he came across one day when he discovered a troop of Indian soldiers—who didn't understand English—singing "Teaparo-roo." One of them with an ear for music had "picked" up the words, as he imagined, and passed them on. He had not got them very accurately, and his pupils had got them still worse, but it was "a row." And it evidently did them an enormous amount of good.

The French troops sing "Tipperary" as a compliment to Britain, and British soldiers return the compliment with the "Marsellaise." It is, of course, a well known fact that a regiment marching with a band or singing covers the ground faster than if it had no such accompaniment. It goes farther with less fatigue.

"People might do well," says the physician, "to study the question of singing and music as a tonic."  
It is cheap—"within the means of all." Joseph Hatton, the novelist, once told me of a man who was the head of a big commercial concern, and who was generally known as "Old Up Skies." He was not particularly old. The term was applied to him as we speak of "Old Jones" or "Old Smith"—men we admire because they know a good deal more about things than many. "Old Up Skies" was always bright and cheerful. Nothing cloudy about him.

One of his acquaintances declared that if you met "Old Up Skies" in the morning before setting out, it would probably lead to your going out without your umbrella whatever the weather threatened. He filled you with the idea that there was a heap of sunshine about. Yet he had occasionally very bad luck.

When the news spread around amongst his friends that things had gone wrong with him, people who didn't know him well received a shock when they crossed over the street, suitably arrayed in their most dismal faces, and were greeted by him with a hearty, "Good day, old chap. How are you? You're looking dismal. What's the matter?"

The secret of his perpetual cheerfulness, he told Hatton, his singing a song every morning as he dressed. "It was a cheerful song to a cheerful tune, and by the time he came down to breakfast he was in a mood to 'take everything as it comes and make the best of it.'"

"Try it, my boy," he said, "try it. Only take care to get the right song. Don't sing 'The Last Rose of Summer' or 'Oh, Where Are the Once Happy Days that Have Flid,' or stuff like that kind. If you live in an apartment house and are afraid of the fellow in the next room, sing it sotto voce. Even a hum is worth a lot."

Some time ago an Italian physician made experiments on a number of men and women to find out what effect music had. He found that cheerful, stirring pieces sent the blood circulating more rapidly in the listeners, while sad music

had just the opposite effect. There was only one man whom the music had no effect upon at all. Nothing would disturb the sluggish flow of his blood. A jig or a waltz did not add a single beat or take one off. He informed the doctor that all the music was the same to him. He couldn't tell one tune from another. He applauded at the end "because it was over."

If music without words will send the blood coursing faster or slower through one's veins, music with good words will do the trick a thousand times better. But take "Old Up Skies'" advice and be careful as to setting both right.

Too, the actor, knew a man who was fearfully timid at seeing strangers. In some remarkable manner he became a commercial traveler, of all things in the world, and tapping at an office door he did so with terror in his heart.  
He composed a little song of two verses for his own private use. What that song was he would never reveal. He described it as "the kind of stuff to make one chirpy." I suspect it was something about "facing the foe," "charging" and "onward we go," and that kind of thing. However, he told Toole that, humming that song of his, he found he could charge at a possible new customer without feeling his legs tremble. A good idea!

There is the old proverb that "What's well begun is half done," and it has a larger amount of truth in it than many proverbs. The day we begin in a cheerful spirit is the day in which we are going to do great things. But the morning is just the time when most people are depressed and gloomed. Breakfast is the most dangerous meal of the day. There is more grumbling at the breakfast table than at any other. Ask the proprietress of a boarding house as to which meal it is that her boarders are most sore-headed at.

"We are most inclined to find fault with our people at breakfast," a woman writer on household matters wrote the other day. "It is the time when people appear to be the most querulous and irritable. But they don't exactly quarrel. They just grumble. They haven't the energy for more than that. There is not the slightest doubt that most people begin the day in the very worst manner possible. Wouldn't it be worth while to discover some way to alter such condition of affairs?"

It would, Prof. Laissalle, the distinguished French scientist, declared that it was most important to cultivate, immediately on rising, the mood which would be most useful during the day—and certainly irritability is by no means the most serviceable. Start on the right note. Start on the wrong one and things mostly grow worse and worse.

If you want to start on the right note in the morning, it is necessary you should sing on the right note the night before. Nothing, according to the physician who prescribes singing as a way to mental and bodily health and success, is more important than the mood in which one goes off to sleep.

"People who wake up in the morning unrested and unrefreshed don't know what is the matter," he declares. "They don't remember any dream they have had. They tell themselves they have been sound asleep—'slept like a top'—all night. Yet here they are fagged out. The simple explanation is their minds have been running on all through those hours in the mood in which they dropped asleep. If you are very anxious, you may sleep and find after some hours that you have rested very little. That is because the mind has not dismissed its cares. It has been occupied, worried, perplexed. You dream without knowing it. Drop asleep feeling happy and confident, and the mind will still continue on those lines and allow you to wake up happy and confident."

## Paris at the Spring Openings :: Reproduced by Special Arrangement with Harper's Bazar



Plaited bands of black satin insert in the sleeves and in the short, full skirt give the demure 1856 air to Worth's blue serge robe tailleur, the characteristic white organdie points flaring over the satin stock. The veil toque is of black faille, the white veil being drawn into a soft bow on top.

The military suits are seen everywhere in Paris. Paquin designed this model expressly for Harper's Bazar. Of blue check cloth, the four pockets are bound in black braid. A silver tassel weights the belt of black satin and a smaller one hangs from either side of the collar.

The Zouave jacket shown by Worth is of dark, dull, brick-red army cloth, with a waistcoat of cream cloth extending below the jacket. To the close-fitting yoke is gathered the full skirt, the bottom of which is turned up and attached to a knee-length lining, giving the effect of Zouave trousers.

## Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Wife, sed Pa to Ma last nite, do you remember that yung man all of your club wimmen was raving about last year, that yung poet named Sylvester Sylvania or sumthing like that?

Yes, sed Ma, he rote sum divine poetry. We used to read it at our wimmen's meetings. He was up here at a restaurant one nite if you remember, Ma sed.

Yes, sed Pa, I remember. Just befor he went he nicked me for a ten spot. You toald me that he was not the kind of a poet that wud think of getting pay for his entertaining, but I notis, sed Pa, wen I asked him out in the hall if I didnt owe him a littel sumthing for his recitations, he was quick enuff to say Ten Dollars.

What about him now? sed Ma.  
Well, sed Pa, he has gone crazy. I have jess been reading a pece about him in the Sunday paper. He is in Middletown in a booby hatch, sed Pa, & he is ritening moar poetry than he used to rite wen all you club ladies thought that he was the divinest thing ever. Sum of the peeces he rites now are the limit, sed Pa. The moar I think of it, the moar I reckon that he was bugs when he came here. I didnt think his poetry sounded sane in them days, sed Pa.  
Oh, how can you say that? sed Ma.  
Dident he rite the most beautifol stanza about viletts, the one that went:

Viletts! I kiss yure purple bloom  
Here in this ghost encircled room  
And fare me forth into the gloom.

How cud anything be moar divine than that? sed Ma.

Well, anyhow, sed Pa, he is a plain loon now. This is sum of the poetry he is ritening in the asylum. Here is one to his keeper:

Oh, keeper of mine,  
With yure bald spot,  
Why shud I whine  
At my sad lot?  
I see a shad  
Doo-you-a floa.  
I am not mad,  
But soon shall be!

The poor boy, sed Ma; isent it sad to think of so much geenyus going rone? I dare say sum woman break his part & that is why he had to go & git crazy. I feel sad enuff to weep, sed Ma. Jeet, wotiz, she sed, how he hasent forgot his wonderful gift of meter, seven if his words seem a littel incoherent.  
Yes, sed Pa. Here is another of his latest masterpieces:

They say that I am mad, keeper!  
& yet I am not  
I feel the rain beat on my brain  
As when I was a lad,  
I smell the tender fragrance  
Of garlic and wild leeks,  
And hope to be discharged from here  
Inside of a few weeks.

The poor boy, sed Ma. He is reely off, isent he? Lots of poets get that way dont they?  
No, sed Pa, not if they dont recite poems at wimmen's clubs.

## How Old is the Earth?

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

"Please explain the methods of determining the age of the earth. From what point in the evolution of the earth, from the vaporous to the solid-encrusted mass, is this age calculated?—J. H. V., Scotia, N. Y."

There are two different ways of calculating the age of the earth, the geological and the astronomical. Their results do not agree, whence the vast cloud of uncertainty that covers the whole subject. Moreover, the results vary enormously, in each way of calculating, according to the different assumptions adopted as bases for computation. The astronomical results are nearer in accord with one another than the geological ones, but this arises from the fact that the astronomical method is simpler and based upon a smaller number of assumptions.

The astronomical calculations begin with the assumption that the earth can not be older than the sun, since, whatever precise theory of the origin of the solar system is adopted, the sun has to be regarded as the generator of the system. Treating the sun as a heated body (at present in a compressed gaseous state), which is gradually cooling off and condensing through radiation, it is possible, on physical principles, to trace its history backward as well as forward. This has been done by Helmholtz, Newcomb and others, with the result of showing that probably not more than 25,000,000 or 25,000,000 years ago the sun was a vast mass of rare nebulous matter, expanded over the entire space now included within the orbit of the most distant of its planets—Neptune. If that is so, and if the earth was formed out of a portion of the same nebulous matter that eventually condensed into the sun, then the earth's total age cannot be greater than 25,000,000 years.

The same method of calculation shows that within from 5,000,000 to 10,000,000 years to come the sun will have grown so dense that it can no longer radiate heat as it has been doing hitherto, and when the sun is extinguished the earth will be uninhabitable.

So much for the astronomical aspect of the problem. The geological aspect is quite different. The geologist cannot for a moment be content with the exceedingly limited number of million years which the astronomer allows to him as representing the utmost possible duration of the earth.

He demands at least four times 25,000,000 years, and some geologists demand even ten times 25,000,000 years, as a comfortable and suitable chronological stage for the

development of the earth. And that does not cover the entire period of the earth's existence, either.

It only begins where geology begins, that is to say, with the first recognizable rocky crust of the globe. Geology, properly speaking, knows nothing of the earth before it began automatically to record its history in its solidifying rocks. All the fiery ages which preceded that time belong to astronomy, not to geology. And yet astronomy, adding its quota of earth history to that of geology, makes the sum total a quarter, or a tenth part, of the amount that geology demands for its part alone.

And then, paleontological evolution, or the doctrine of the gradual development of living species out of remote ancestral forms, backs up the demands of geology for time, and yet more time, until, in some instances, the requisitions call for not less than a thousand million years. Through all that illustrious expanse of ages, they say, the earth must have been "growing up in might"; it could not have got along so far with less.

Occasionally there is a concession made, or a screw relaxed, in the calculation on one side or the other. Thus the astronomers have sometimes been willing to stretch their calculated limit out to fifty million, or even a hundred million, years, and, on the other hand, the geologists have, on occasion, cut down their estimates within the hundred million limit. Thus J. J. Joly, basing his calculation on the quantity of salt contained in the ocean, and the time that would be required for it to get there, leached out of the rocks, has estimated the geological age of the earth at 80,000,000 years, and Prof. G. F. Becker, using a similar calculation, has reduced the age to 16,000,000 years.

There was a great brightening up of consciousness among the calculators of the earth's age a few years ago when the amazing properties of radium were discovered. The disputing astronomers and geologists approached each other smiling, with outstretched hands, and congratulations were exchanged, because the former thought that a way had now been found to give the latter all the time they could possibly think of asking for, and the geologists were rejoiced because all the while they had been keeping half of their claims up their sleeves.

The great reconciliator was thought to be the agent radium, unsuspectingly existing in the sun from the beginning of time and unostentatiously but most effectively supplying radiant energy from no visible or calculable source, thus secretly filling the solar pockets and enabling the prodigal god of day to stretch the period of his squanderings over hundreds of millions of years. During which he would otherwise have lain chained in the dungeon of absolute physical bankruptcy.

But the radium hypothesis of solar radiation has been sleeping of late. It may have a good basis, but before it can be accepted a larger proportion of fact to theory will have to be offered.

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