The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Way to Eden

By CLARENCE PORTER CRANE.

I lost the way to Eden: Oh the way lay fair to trace-I left my guide a-standing in old Yarrow's market place,

Her eyes they held the mirage of Elysium where we fared, But I went thimble-rigging, where the gypsies' torches flared.

The stained dawn led me further to forget, and then regret, But Yarrow's Square was empty when the second sun had set.

Perchance the way to Eden lies across the waste land, west, Perchance by dreamland, rose paths where the woodlands wisper rest.

But scent of Summer leafage and the murmur of the sea. Or Eden, with its glory never more may call to me.

I'm waiting at the crossways, where the highroads pause for grace, For heart's desire that wandered from old Yarrow's market place,

Glory of Large Achievement

I babyhood, and with no feeling at all bu

what it is the thing for a man to do,

that the universe is to be known, and

that man is here to know it, to ransack

it, to compel it to tell itself out in

court, well, there is a titanic audacity

He may have failed in a good deal thre

about it all that is to me superbly un-

he attempted; a good many diary memo

randa he may have entered under the

wrong day of the month, or even under

the wrong month, but there is a hugeness

in the very venture that betrays titantic

fiber. There are certain heights of

audacity which the fool may essay to

scale, but there are cloud-piercing pin-

nacles of audacity that there is not room

in a fool's mind even to conceive, of

In-Shoots

tension to adventure.

joke,

By DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST

The most interesting thing about wireless telegraphy covering a distance of 4,500 miles is that man is so marvellously constructed as to be able to discover the

means of achieving it. Humility and meekness are well enough in their but man ought to be proud of himself, if he can be so without being conceitedand the bigger the man the less likely

he is to be concetted. We may not be able, many of us, to do great things and make immense discoveries, but a little of the glory

of large achieve-

ment scatters down upon us by being of the same human race with those who

can do such things. There is a hymn in one of our hymn books the first line of which runs. "Can such a worthless worm as I." Choirs are not invited to sin- it as much as formerly. We do not make God any greater by calling ourselves worms and ally brings in more honor than cash. treading upon ourselves. The mother who calls her boy a little fool is not nearly as likely to rear him up to be president of the United States as by telling him that there are the makings

of a great man in him. And we see how magnificent is the stuff that goes to make man by observing what results that stuff works out into. Every large achievement is fitted to enhance respect for the race and for our-

selves as part of the race. It is a great thing to be able to say "I." Man is the only thing on earth, animate or inanimate, that can do that. That in itself makes him higher than the mountains and wider than the sea. On the strength of it we are able to stand up in front of the world and commence asking questions of it; and if, like a refractory witness, the ground and the sea and to answer, we simply say, like the judge on the bench, that we are here to find out, and that it will be just as well for you and more convenient for us if you will drop your reserve and come down

promptly with the facts. There is a good deal of human kingliness curled up in the assured way in which scientific investigation intrudes into nature's sanctuary, leans against its altar, lunches on its mercy seat, studies the designs wrought into its holy hangings and calculates the weight of metal in its consecrated utensils. It is man's way of saying-"this is a big world, but I am bigger. It is a mystically written book, but I can read it"

Discovery engenders the talent for discovery, and so, like a child learning to walk, it wanders from its own doorway more and more widely. Distance that seemed at first a difficulty, is converted into a facility. Man girdles the earth with his thought, and the mathematician with his figures builds a more audacious tower into the sky than ever the Shinarites undertook to do with their bricks, and the triumphant astronomers are blessed in succeeding in doing what the Babelites were cursed in their failure

And so genius packs its gripeack and goes voyaging and exploiting off through the spaces, It seems as though mind were born with the rudiments of omniscience, and so were bound to be made impatient that declined to be known; and born ikewise with the rudiments of omnipresence, and therefore bound to be disquieted by the sight of any frontier not yet transscended.

That is one of the startling proofs of the vastness immanent in our nature that, put a man in a room, no matter how large the room, he wants the windows up; every place cramps, and we want to move out. Not only are we irritated by limitations of place, and try to be ubiquitous, but are similarly annoyed by limitations of time and attempt to explore and to map the centuries that prefaced recorded history, and even the ages that thresholded the present era of

the earth and the heavens. We are so accustomed to this habitual intrusion into untraversed domain that it can easily escape us what a certain irrepressibleness immanent within us all

this betokens. And this skipping out among the stars and then coming home for a little while to make a book of what we saw there what the stars, are made of, how large they are, how much they weigh, whether they are young or old, and this crowd ing back into the old years of our universe toward the primeval days when the morning stars first sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy, tracking the progress of events, or trying to, deciphering the wheelmarks made in old strata, or in cosmic star-mist, by Corner 15th and the giant car of ouward movement when the coming quietly back to us today, and in an easy chair by the fire complaceively penciling diary notes of the world's Geo. E. Mickel, Mgr.

An Odd Animal That Coined an Odd Phrase

Being "On the Wallaby" in Australia Means Looking for a Job

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The queer little Australian animal the wonderful kangaroo family, has the uncommon honor of furnishing a phrase very effective and unobjectionable kind. to a kangaroo. To be "on the wallaby," or "on the wellaby trail," signifies in Australia to be hunting a job or looking for work, It is based on the wandering habits of the wallaby, which goes eagerly searching about in the bush for its living.

Being small, the wallaby excites laughter, but its giant relative, the kangaroo, is too formidable to appear very amusing. It is as tall as a man, and from nose to end of tail may be nine feet. The first white man to see a kangarco was a sailor belonging to the crew of Captain James Cook, one of the first circumnavigators of the earth, and his description of the extraordinary animal he had come upon while ashore amazed his companions and set the captain on the outlook for it. "He was as big as a hog," said the sailor, "and coked like one. He had horns and wings, but he crept so slow through the grans that if I had not been afcared I might have touched him."

When Cook and his officers sent a grayhound after a kangaroo they were astonished to see the extraordinary animal outstrip the dog by making tremendous leaps in swift succession-a sort of that the female kangaroo carried its young ones in a pouch, their astonishment increased.

In fact the kangaroo family is unique

the most remarkable branch of the order of the marsupials, or psuched animals, the pouch, as already explained, being called the wallaby, a humble member of a kind of pocket in which the young are nourished and protected for a long time after birth. The opessum is an example of a marsuplal inhabiting Amerto human speech. It is slang, but a lea, but it bears no outward resemblance



The Wallaby on His Native Heath.

appeared, except in Australia and neigh- since been abandoned. boring islands, where today they constitute the characteristic native fauna.

living projectile. Then, when they found | kangaroo which appears all the more antiquity of the order of the marsupials. it almost looks as if this extraordinary and is found only in Australia. It is of a style of animal architecture which arising from their movements.

Mesozoic age, and later on nearly dis- | was once a favorite with nature, but has

The frames of both ares characterized by an enormous development of the There is one curious fact about the posterior parts, including gigantic tails and massive thighs and hind legs. If singular when we reflect upon the great any of the dinosaurs had a teaping kangaroo the terror inspired by their Australian animal represents a survival forms must have been matched by that

What Makes a Girl Attractive?

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

As "beauty is in the eye of the besolder," so also is charm. No human being can write down a set of rules and regulations whereby a Mary shall appear ovely and gracious and desirable to all the world, nor yet is it possible to con-

iny in the world. which appeal to me in Mary shall repel you, Since we are all used to the knowledge that oil and water won't mix, it is the oily snavity of one nature and the creature. steaming forces of another will not com-

And so it goes through a long list of eyes of all men.

my doleful correspondents who write me lating or making over their lives. such little pleas as the following: "My who dress well and try hard to be pleasby for loud, ordinary girls, who are flashy the while he is doing it. in dress and who aren't dignified or in any way worth the while of the men who prefer them to us. Doesn't the man of to be taken for granted or nagged at

today care anything for refinement?" Of course, the man of today cares for tations. refinement and dignity. But he cares also for spontaneous friendliness, for good comradeship, for unselfish interest in what appeals to him, for sympathy and understanding of his nature. And a loud and boisteous young woman who gives him these things totals up a combination that appeals to the chemistry of his nature and combines with it when the sweet, dignified, but self-centered girl may fail entirely to attract.

Externals mean nothing to one soul and

Advice to Lovelorn

BY BRATRICE PAIRFAX

Don't Protest.

You are paying for folly and wrongloing, which is all the more inexcusable because you are a woman of 20 and herself not to demand as a right the should have had better judgment. Be a gifts of admiration and love which have good enough sport" to take your medi- to be won and deserved, is in a fair way cine without whimpering. Go and seek to be attractive. And to her attractiveanother position, and don't stay in the ness she may add actual charm if she is office of a married man whose attentions | sweet, amiable, equable, loyal, merrily you confess you were foolish and even willing to play the game of life, to take wicked enough to encourage. Be glad Unless one or the other is satisfactory that you are getting away before the affair means too much to you.

everything to another. One man passes by a beauty and becomes enamored of a cause something in her calls to something in him, and combines with or becomes the complement of his nature

But there is possible a certain amount of generalizing as to what makes for ceive of a Jane who has nothing of charm in women. Sweetness of disposiharm or lovableness or sweetness for tion, reliability, well poised common sense, capability for sane, loyal affec-Human chemistry makes it absolutely tion, quiet tact, unselfishness and a imperative that some of the quaities sturdy willingness to play fair, added to most all men. If to them are added cleverness, vivacity and beauty one has, of simple enough to accept the faxt that course, visioned an almost irresistible

But the point to remember is that while all women are potential mathers, men remein always in some essentials boys. humanity's chemical combinations. So Men need to be understood, but ner of course there can hardly be such a driven with unwelcome advice; they want thing as an irresistibly charming woman to be sympathized with, but not interwho shall be equally charming in the fered with; they crave woman's friendly interest, but they don't want her ever to hat fact itself cught to cheer many of suppose that she is controlling or regu-

There perhaps Hes man's greatest boychum and I are fairly nice-looking girls. Ishness-he loves to think he is doing it all himself, but he wants you at his ant and amiable, and yet we are passed side to admire him and encourage him

> Men want affection, but they don't want to be surfeited with it. They hate because they fall to come up to expec-

> Some girls have a cynical little theory that the way to keep a man's affection is to "keep him guessing" about their own. Any man worth having desires some response in friend or sweetheart or wife-not a mere artificial response atimulated by himself, but the natural chemical answer of nature to nature, the unselfish affection that dares to give loyally without fear that it belittles itself in giving.

> Charm in woman is not an entirely elusive thing, nor yet is it quite so tangible that it may be bought over the counter of life. But it springs primarily from a richness of nature that makes woman give out to life instead of merely drawing in from it.

Charm is a sort of a perfume that a sweet, fine, loving and lovable woman exhales. To some it is the free gift of the gods. By others it may be cultivated and cultivated most largely in the very way in which most women fall to strive for it.

Here is its little open secret; not by wondering "How I may be lovable?" shall you become lovable, not by thinking in terms of yourself shall you become desirable. But by looking on some one for whom you care and thinking, "What does he want of life? What does his nature need of friendship and understanding?" and then trying to fulfill the understood wants of another nature, shall you most easily cultivate charm.

and unhappy over trifles, who teaches what comes to her and to offer to men demanding it from them

A Lesson for the Stage-Struck

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

(Copyright, 1915, Star Company.) I wish all stage-struck young wome The wise public official seldom courts could have heard a young actress' connewspaper notoriety after election versation a few weeks ago.

She went on the A little praise will often destroy the stage at the age of 16. She is perhaps 26 or 28 now. She The office that seeks the man genermarried an actor who draws a good salary and never Even the gentleman of courtly manners is liable to growl at soggy biscuits. lacks an engagement. She has ap-If you expect applause you must ocpeared in excellent casionally laugh at the other fellow's companies, and has been given leading roles in good and successful plays. Yet her face was

When a fellow has not much real talent the ability to hang on will often gray with despondency, and in her The man with a red nose is not aleyes there dwelt ways a soak. It is better to judge him look akin

The man who has the last word in an argument is not always the winner. But ou cannot call him a quitter. If young people could only distinguish

the difference between love and passion the sky, with all there is in it, decline there would not be so many matrimonial

People who indulge in extravagant talk are apt to be economical when handing of the winter in New York. But I do have then made a tour of the states. out coin.



talked to me of her plans for the future. "Oh, I have been offered some very good roles," she said, "by several managers. I am not quite sure which I shall accept. My husband opened last night in great success and will run there several months. Then it will go on the road. I shall go out with some company appear in the same companies, They have later. I fancy I shall spend a portion

Yes, it is too bad, because we are quite happy together, and the one thing we de- Yet so monotonous has this life of travel sire in life is a home.

I am so very, very tired of travel and separation and homelessness. It is useless to try and have a home when your work is on the road. A few weeks in summer is all my husband and I see of each other. Even when we are in the same company-which happened one season-we have but three or four hours, rarely that, of the twenty-four which can be called

"The rehearsals and the night and matinec appearances consume the time not given to sleep. Then the travel and the hotel life are so unpleasant. I often wish I had chosen any other work in the world. But I was only 16, and full of illusions, when I began. Yes, I have had ruccess-that is I have always been in demand by managers, always received a good salary, and always have my share of applause and curtain calls.

"But what does that amount to if on has no home and sees no hope of a home in perspective?" Here is another object lesson for the

stage loving-maiden. An actor who is famous in two worlds and who is a great artist, married a New York. The play he is in scored a beautiful, brilliant and successful actress. They command a handsome salary and have been able during several years to

played long seasons in New York and not expect to see much of my husband. Applause, admiration and a good in-

become, so wearlsome and unbearable the dwelling in hotels, that the handsome and gifted young woman has absolutely refused to pursue her career. And as there are more than two dependent upon this couple for support, the charming artist. whom multitudes in all parts of the civ-

come from their work has been theirs

whom multitudes in all parts of the civilized world have given curtain calls, has, in the flower of their youth and career, stepped out of the ranks of "professionals" and—opened a fashionable boarding house.

"I so want a home," she cries. "I am willing to work and endure all sorts of cares and anxieties if I can only have a home. Life is not worth living if my hushand and I must go on eternally in this awful treadmill of a theatrical career, with no fixed habitation. There are no compensations in this life which repay for the sacrifices we have been making."

Think of that, my stage-stuck damsel and ponder on it.

All Jeen howe to do its these such as a possible and ponder on it.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 30 and employed by the same firm for eight years. Recently my employer has shown me personal attentions, waiting until closing time, instead of going earlier (as his custom) to walk to the station with me (as I live out of town), and often stood and talked with me until I left him. In many ways he has shown he enjoys my company, and I have encouraged him.

Now, the other day his wife (unknown to several times, which, of course, she saw, Now I am told by my employer that that scene has caused so much domestic unhappiners that I will have to change my position after the first of the year. Is it fair for me to lose my position inst for that?

All Jeen howe for days and employed by the same firm for eight years. Recently my employer has shown me personal attentions, waiting until closing time, instead of going earlier (as his custom) to walk to the station with me (as I live out of town), and often stood and talked with me until I left him. In many ways he has shown he enjoys my company, and I have encouraged him.

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All I can hope to do by these words is to set some career-mad young woman to thinking seriously before she enters the most arduous of professions, to which she may devote her best energies and

years with no results. The value of life is determined by two things-the happiness we get out of it, and the influence we leave on others. life will be a failure.

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