

# 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 fared.

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

By DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST

The most interesting thing about wireless telegraphy covering a distance of 4,000 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 way, but man ought to be proud of himself, if he can be so without being conceited—and the bigger the man the less likely he is to be conceited.

We may not be able, many of us, to do great things and make immense discoveries, but a little of the glory of large achievement scatters down upon us by being of the same human race with those who can do such things.



babynood, and with no feeling at all but 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 about it all that is to me superbly uplifting.

He may have fallen in a good deal that he attempted; a good many diary memoranda 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 titanic fiber. There are certain heights of audacity which the fool may essay in scale, but there are cloud-piercing plinths of audacity that there is not room in a fool's mind even to conceive, or tension to adventure.

## In-Shoots

The wise public official seldom courts newspaper notoriety after election.

A little praise will often destroy the prospects of the amateur musician.

The office that seeks the man generally brings in more honor than cash.

Even the gentleman of courtly manners is liable to growl at soggy biscuits.

If you expect applause you must occasionally laugh at the other fellow's joke.

When a fellow has not much real talent the ability to hang on will often help some.

The man with a red nose is not always a snob. It is better to judge him by his breath.

The man who has the last word in an argument is not always the winner. But you cannot call him a quitter.

If young people could only distinguish the difference between love and passion there would not be so many matrimonial failures.

People who indulge in extravagant talk are apt to be economical when handing out coin.

## 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 called the wallaby, a humble member of the wonderful kangaroo family, has the uncommon honor of furnishing a phrase to human speech. It is slang, but a very effective and unobjectionable kind. To be "on the wallaby," or "on the wallaby 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 kangaroo 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 amused his companions and set the captain on the lookout for it. "He was as big as a hog," said the sailor, "and looked like one. He had horns and wings, but he crept so slow through the grass that if I had not been afraid I might have touched him."

The marsupials arose in very ancient geological times, somewhere in the most remarkable branch of the order of the marsupials, or pouched animals, the pouch, as already explained, being a kind of pocket in which the young are nourished and protected for a long time after birth. The opossum is an example of a marsupial inhabiting America, but it bears no outward resemblance to a kangaroo.

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The Wallaby on His Native Heath.

When Cook and his officers set a grayshound after a kangaroo they were astonished to see the extraordinary animal outstrip the dog by making tremendous leaps in swift succession—a sort of living projectile. Then, when they found that the female kangaroo carried its young ones in a pouch, their astonishment increased.

In fact the kangaroo family is unique and is found only in Australia. It is

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## A Lesson for the Stage-Struck

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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I wish all stage-struck young women could have heard a young actress' conversation a few weeks ago.

She went on the stage at the age of 16. She is perhaps 25 or 26 now. She married an actor who draws a good salary and never lacks an engagement. She has appeared in excellent companies, and has been given leading roles in good and successful plays.

Yet her face was gray with despondency, and in her eyes there dwelt a look akin to despair as she 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 spent last night in New York. The play he is in scored a great success and will run there several months. Then it will go on the road. I shall go out with some company later. I fancy I shall spend a portion of the winter in New York. But I do not expect to see much of my husband.

Yes, it is too bad, because we are quite happy together, and the one thing we desire 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 companionship.

The rehearsals and the night and matinee 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 success—that is, I have always been in demand by managers, always received a good salary, and always have my share of applause and certain calls.

"But what does that amount to if one 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 beautiful, brilliant and successful actress. They command a handsome salary and have been able during several years to appear in the same companies. They have played long seasons in New York and have then made a tour of the states. Applause, admiration and a good in-



## What Makes a Girl Attractive?

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

As "beauty is in the eye of the beholder," so also is charm. No human being can write down a set of rules and regulations whereby a Mary shall appear lovely and gracious and desirable to all the world, nor yet is it possible to conceive of a Jane who has nothing of charm or loveliness or sweetness for any in the world.

Human chemistry makes it absolutely imperative that some of the qualities 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 simple enough to accept the fact that the only smoothness of one nature and the steaming forces of another will not combine.

And so it goes through a long list of humanity's chemical combinations. So of course there can hardly be such a thing as an irresistibly charming woman who shall be equally charming in the eyes of all men.

But fact itself ought to cheer many of my doubtful correspondents who write me such little pleas as the following: "My chin and I are fairly nice-looking girls, who dress well and try hard to be pleasant and amiable, and yet we are passed by for loud, ordinary girls, who are flashy 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 today care anything for refinement?"

Of course, the man of today cares for 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 boisterous 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 fall entirely to attract.

Externals mean nothing to one soul and

everything to another. One man passes by a beauty and becomes enamored of a little gray mouse of a woman, simply because 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 charm in women. Sweetness of disposition, reliability, well-poised common sense, capability for sane, loyal affection, quiet tact, unselfishness and a sturdy willingness to play fair, added to feminine sweetness have a charm for most all men. If to them are added cleverness, vivacity and beauty one has, of course, visioned an almost irresistible creature.

But the point to remember is that while all women are potential mothers, men are not always in some essential boys. Men need to be understood, but not driven by unwelcome advice; they want to be sympathized with, but not interfered with; they crave woman's friendly interest, but they don't want her ever to suppose that she is controlling or regulating or making over their lives.

There perhaps lies man's greatest boyishness—he loves to think he is doing it all himself, but he wants you at his side to admire him and encourage him while he is doing it.

Men want affection, but they don't want to be sufficed with it. They hate to be taken for granted or nagged at because they fail to come up to expectations.

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 stimulated by himself, but the natural, unselfish affection that dares to give loyalty 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 fail 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.

The girl who conquers her selfishness and hysterical desire to become morbid and unhappy over trifles, who teaches herself not to demand as a right the gifts of admiration and love which have to be won and deserved, is in a fair way to be attractive. And to her attractiveness she may add actual charm if she is sweet, amiable, equable, loyal, merrily willing to play the game of life, to take what comes to her and to offer to men understanding and sympathy instead of demanding it from them.

## Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Don't Protest.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 30 and employed by the same firm for eight years. Recently my employer has shown me personal attention, waiting until closing time, instead of going earlier (as he usually does) 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 us) saw him taking leave of me. We were laughing and talking, and as I left to get my car we both waved good-bye several times, which, of course, she saw. Now I am told by my employer that that scene has caused so much domestic unhappiness that I will have to change my position after the first of the year. Is it fair for me to lose my position just for that? ANXIOUS COUNTRY GIRL.

You are paying for folly and wrongdoing, which is all the more inexcusable because you are a woman of 30 and should have had better judgment. Be a "good enough sport" to take your medicine without whimpering. Go and seek another position, and don't stay in the office of a married man whose attentions you confess you were foolish and even wicked enough to encourage. Be glad that you are getting away before the affair means too much to you.

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