

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Gardener

By JANE McLEAN.

There was a magic garden; in it grew
Tall hollyhocks and pink phlox, dewy wet,
And canterbury bells of azure blue,
With clove carnations and some mignonette.

And in one corner bloomed a splendid flower—
A rose, with close, sweet petals folded in;
Like other flowers she had her short, sweet hour,
Away upon a green stem, long and thin.

A stooped old gardener came at early morn
To tend the flowers. He loved the rose the best.
And while he pruned he noticed not how worn
And pale and drooping faded all the rest.

One morning as he passed on down the way
He saw the crusted earth, the flowers all dead,
And Autumn winds were rife, the skies were gray,
While clouds were scudding wildly overhead.

"But there's my rose," he said, "my favorite flower—
I'll tend her petals, prune her tender stalk."
But it was Fall—the rose had lived her hour,
And fluttering petals strewed the garden walk.

Habit as a Deadly Drug

By DOROTHY DIX.

Millions of essays have been written about the force of habit. There is no other fact of which we have such daily and hourly proof as the power of habit. We all know that the chief guiding impulse in our lives is habit.

We speak about being the slaves of habit, and it is true. The drugtaker finds it as easy to break the fetters that bind him to his drug as we do to break the habit that binds us to our little "ways."

We get up and lie down at certain hours; we eat certain food at certain times; we are sober; we are industrious or lazy—just because of the habits we have formed.

Most of our affairs we do not even reason about. We act in the particular way we do because of a habit which has become instinct with us.

This being the case, and these bromide truths being matters of common knowledge and experience, it is the strangest thing in the world that parents do not take the trouble to teach their children to form good habits, and thus turn the mighty power to their advantage.

They do not do it, however. They think that it makes no difference if little Johnnie and Susie rush to the candy shop with every penny the minute they get it; or if they start to build a block house and stop this in the midst of it on one thing to another all day long; or if they get a message twisted in carrying it from one room to another; or if they give way to violent bursts of temper every time they are crossed.

These are small matters, think Johnnie and Susie's parents, and they have not vision enough to see that children are men and women in the making, and that before they are 19 years old they have formed the habits that nine times out of ten mold their character and decide their destinies.

What a child does with its pennies is a trivial matter, indeed, in itself, but it settles whether Johnnie is going to be a rich man or a poor man when he is 50. If he is given a toy bank and taught to save most of them, if he is made to understand how we must deny ourselves little things in order to get bigger things after awhile, and if it is impressed on his youthful mind that money in the bank means independence and freedom, and the ability to command other people, instead of being commanded by them, why, you have formed the habit of thrift in Johnnie, and never so long as he lives will he be a waster and a pauper.

On the other hand, the child that is permitted to spend every cent that he gets, and in whose pocket money burns a hole, the child who is brought up to gratify every fleeting desire will be poor to the end of the chapter. He will have formed extravagant habits that will be his ruin.

Spending habits are made in the cradle and you will never find a successful self-made man who will not tell you that he learned the habit of saving while he was a child.

A child's fickle fancy is jumping to a dozen different things in half an hour in its play, seems also a very unimportant thing until you reflect that by so doing it is forming the habit of vacillation and irresolution, of giving a thing up the instant it palls upon his tastes.

Now success is 99 per cent just plain perseverance and stick-attiveness. The people who arrive are not the brilliant mercurial geniuses who have flitted from profession to profession, and job to job, but the plodders who, having selected their life work, have toiled on through disappointments and discouragements, learning more and more about the one thing they had elected to do, until finally they stood at the top of their class.

"Most of the failures are the quitters," a very successful man once said. "My father realized that, and when we were children he never let us stop anything until we had finished it. If we started to spin a top, we had to spin the top before we could stop and play something else. That formed in me the habit of going on with whatever I undertake. No matter how trivial it is, I have to bring it to a conclusion. When other men get tired and stop fighting, I've just got roused up to the fighting pitch."

Whether a child does a thing rightly or wrongly may also make little difference, except that it is forming the habit of accuracy and efficiency, or of inaccuracy and inefficiency. And that also means success or



failure. There are so many people who do things half-way and so few who do them the right way. There are so few people who can be depended upon, from the highest to the lowest, to turn out a real workman-like job.

The child that is allowed to leave its playthings laying all over the floor, that is permitted to slight every little task and abandon it unfinished, that is never taught to do things on the minute, forms the habit of shiftlessness that will follow it through life, whereas the child that is brought up to be prompt, accurate and efficient has those habits inbred in him which carry him to the goal every time.

A little boy of eight said to me not long ago, "I'm going to be some account in the world." "How do you know?" I banted. "Because," he answered, "I am particular about everything I do, and I do it right. When my mamma sends Billy to the kitchen to tell the cook something, he forgets it on the way, but I don't. I tell her just the words my mamma said."

That child was justified in his boasting. He will be some account in the world, and he will be successful because he has already formed the habit of being efficient.

It is our habits that make us or break us. Remember that, you fathers and mothers, and give your children good habits. They are the lever of Archimedes with which they can move the world.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Tell Her the Truth.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 21 and have been going out for the last two months with a lady of the same age. I visited her house and her parents treated me as if I were one of the family. She asked me whether I called out friendship or whether we were going to be married in the future. I do not think that I can support a wife, but in the course of a few years I think I could. This struck me very funny after only going out two months. Do you think this was a bit hasty in asking that question?

JACK W.

I regard it as distinctly forward for a girl to take such a course as the one you describe. The only thing for you to do is to be perfectly truthful in the matter. Tell her of your affection for her and of your inability to marry for the present. I do not believe in long engagements, but you and the girl you love may differ with me, and the matter is personal to you, so if you want her to wait and she is willing you need not lose her, but are you quite sure that you do want her to wait?

Presents of Clothing.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been going steadily with a young lady for the last four months and we both think the world of each other. She is an actress, and this last week she decided to take a partner in her act. In revising the act it required several new costumes. There is one dress she has to have made, and her partner suggested that his mother make it for her. She accepted this offer. About two months ago I said I would buy her a shirt waist and she told me she wouldn't allow it. Kindly advise me whether she was right in accepting his partner's offer.

ANXIOUS.

Undoubtedly your friend paid for the materials for her own costume and availed herself merely of the kind services of this young man's mother, to whom he will probably make some gift in token of appreciation. This is a very different matter from accepting a gift of clothes by a man.

Tell Your Finances.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am engaged to marry a young man within a month. He has a good position and fine prospects. Last month I was introduced to another young man, and since then have fallen in love with him, and I know he loves me in return.

His salary is much less than the first young man's, and his prospects are not very bright. What would you advise me to do?

ANXIOUS.

I am afraid you are a very fickle young woman whose love is not stable enough to be worth having. Don't do any man the grave injustice of marrying him without love, particularly if you fancy yourself in love with some one else. Tell your fiancé the whole truth and come to a decision after he has expressed himself in the matter.

No Harm at All.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 and fond of dancing, so attend many dances given by the Young Women's Christian association. Kindly advise me if there is any harm in going to them if I am home by 10:30 p. m. My mother does not object, but I have an aunt who is constantly telling me that I will be sorry some day.

MADGE.

The Young Women's Christian association is a splendid institution and can hardly fail to be a splendid influence in a girl's life. With your mother's approval you may surely go to early dances—and if you want my hearty co-operation in her sensible opinion, you have it.

Shimmering Fabrics Fashion for Evening Garments

Attractive Effects in Black or White Are Covered with Beads and Crystals



Bright green velvet composes an evening mantle encrusted with metallic thread embroideries interspersed with rhinestones.



The pajama negligee is illustrated in a two-piece model of yellow kabo crepe elaborated with hand embroideries.



Very attractive in its long-waist lines and its subdued sparkle of jetted net is a frock exploiting a modish evening model.

By GERMAINE GAUTIER.

All manner of scintillating, shimmering fabrics are in demand for evening garments, and chief among these is the dance frock and evening gown, which are, in many instances, literally covered with paillettes, bead embroideries, crystal ornaments and jet bugles.

Speaking generally, the dresses are most attractive either in all black or all white. They lose some of the garishness and theatrical note one associates with fish scale effects in green, purple, rose and royal blue. Nevertheless, such are to be found for those who have a veritable passion for color and whose personality becomes pale and subdued when expressed through the medium of rich sombre black or cool white.

Many of the fabrics employed for evening dresses have a basic fabric of fine net, chiffon cloth of mousseline, and these are encrusted with floral or other designs wrought in the bead, embroidery. The marvel is that the filmy foundation can sustain the weight imposed upon it. It is necessary to mount these beaded tissues over satin or silk, and it sometimes happens that between the satin and the scintillating superstructure there may be three or four layers of maline. This treatment gives a soft bouffant effect without adding materially to the apparent width or bulk of the garment.

This idea is illustrated in an evening gown cut en princess with a long bodice line accentuating the slender contour of the figure. The skirt is composed of triple flounces of black maline, each

flounce edged with a narrow band of jet. Over the shoulder there are passed three bands of jet in brettelette suggestion. The entire bodice from the décolleté neck to the hip line is of sparkling black jet on net. At the sides, just below the hips, there is a cascade arrangement of the beaded fabric.

Another use of beaded garniture is found in a youthful model made on Moyen Age lines, of cloth-of-silver and pearl embroideries. The shape of the gown is simplicity itself, being cut in unbroken line from shoulder to skirt hem. About the waist, just below the hips, there is a girdle of the pearl-embroidered tissue simply knotted in front and with tasseled ends hanging well to the hem of the skirt.

The neck of this frock is comparatively high, being cut off in a straight line from shoulder to shoulder, both back and front, and then banded with straps of the pearl. A feature of the model, which is an adaptation of a

Jeanne Larvin original, is the sleeveless coat made of the cloth-of-silver in three-quarter length and is bordered with white fur. The upper garment is easily slipped on or off, but it is intended to be a worth-while accessory.

Naturally the evening wraps employ heavier materials than those used for dress composition. Chiffon velvet, crepe satin, ribbed silks and novelty broades all have a place in the coat scheme. The application of unusual embroideries is an important part of the decorative beauty. It takes a master designer to know what to leave off in the ornamentation of this gala wrap. The great trouble is that many designers think that if a little trimming is good a whole lot is better, and the result is disappointing.

If one wants to be ultra smart, the correct sort of coat to wear is that made of kid. Such are to be had in pale gray, dark blue, dull brown, white and tan. They are lined with satin and trimmed with fur.

Automobile Revolutionizing Farm

By GARRETT P. NERVINS.

The automobile is revolutionizing farm life, and putting new zest into it. A few years ago, on revisiting my boyhood home in the Mohawk Valley, I was surprised and delighted to find telephones connecting the farms on all sides. This year, on going again, I found the farmers riding to church with their families in automobiles.

On one occasion I saw a farmer-chaffour extricate a half dozen touring parties who had got their cars into a hopeless tangle at the bottom of a muddy hollow, and the manner in which he did it showed the value of his familiarity with country roads and the potentialities of wheeled vehicles. He drove with fearless ease where nobody else had thought it possible to go.

The cheapening of automobiles is making travelers of the farmers. It is opening their eyes to the charms of their country. It is vastly widening their horizon, both as social beings and as citizens of a great state. Their circles of personal acquaintance are immensely expanded.

When they had only the old bugles, buckboards and "democrat wagons," drawn by worked-down horses, their social visits had to be confined to a radius of from three to five miles. All beyond that was foreign to their neighborhood. People who lived farther away were virtually strangers to them. To visit a market town ten miles distant was an event in the family life, looked forward to and prepared for days in advance.

The man who took his family to a Thanksgiving dinner, or a Fourth of July celebration, fifteen miles from home, was regarded as "a great goer." He had to start at daybreak and was fortunate if there was a "good moon" to light him through the thick woods on his way back. His caravan moved at a snail's pace up the long stony hills, and the stumbling, perspiring horses stopped on the upper side of every "thank-you-mam" to catch breath and fling files.

His wife and children surveyed the country through which they passed with curious, wondering eyes, because, for them, it was a visit to foreign parts.

But the automobile is fast changing all that. Now any enterprising farmer can take his family on an afternoon visit to friends thirty, or forty miles away and get home for supper. He, or his son or daughter, can run to a market town and back in an hour or so.

The automobile has at least quadrupled

his family's visiting list. It has made them feel that they are not inhabitants of a lonesome hollow in the hills, or a remote, isolated patch of high land, out of sight and touch of the rest of mankind, but that they are a part of the great world. The wider contact stimulates them, the broader acquaintance cheers them, the opening of farther horizons educates them, and they all become better, wiser citizens and happier social beings.

Without speaking of the immense achievements of automobile machines and engines in lightening the burdens of farm work and increasing the productive capacity of the land, it can be said that the mere substitution of the automobile for the horse-drawn carriage has brought the greatest stimulus to farm life that it has ever experienced.

It has made the farmer a champion of good roads. It has opened his eyes to aspects of the country which he never saw or appreciated before. It is developing the aesthetic side of his nature. It has brought to him the thrill of scientific mastery over forces which seem to transform human powers.

There is another way in which the automobile is revolutionizing rural conditions. It is the greatest force now in operation for the improvement of American cooking. There was a time not long ago when the meals served in the ordinary American country hotels or taverns were abominable beyond description. They are not by any means what they should be yet, but they are improving, and it is the automobile that has brought about such improvements as these.

Good cooking is not a difficult science. But, like all science, it is based upon criticism. The art of making food palatable and digestible can be acquired by an entire people. The proof of that statement may be found in France. The French are not an extravagant people, but are notably sparing in all that they do. Their good cooking is not the result of employing a great variety of costly spices and condiments. A little salt and pepper, a few flavors from the garden—that constitutes the French cook's store of munitions.

The use that he or she makes of them is the result of generations of critical judgment applied to the preparation of nourishing, satisfying food. If you make an automobile trip through France you will find in the humblest village hostelry a better meal than you can get in our most pretentious hotels.

It did not need the automobile to develop good cooking there, but it has needed that influence here, and forthwith the effect is promising. There is hope that before long the eternal choice between fried beefsteak and eggs-on-toast will no longer mark the limits of supper at an American country hotel.



Are Your Hands TIED By Rent Receipts?

Do your living expenses eat up your income? Do you feel that, though you work hard and persistently, you do not have a chance; can save nothing because there are always bills, demanding most every cent you bring in? So that you feel as if you are in a treadmill and forever doomed?

But there is hope! Even though your hands be tied by rent receipts—by rent, the greatest of living expenses—there is hope. You can, in fact, turn this expense into a saving. But it requires decision and action on your part. We of

The Omaha Bee

—will help you, but, after all, success or failure in your fight for freedom lies with you.

THE BEE does offer sincere and concrete assistance. You will find it in the Real Estate columns. There we place you in communication with reliable real estate men and builders of whom you can buy real estate on reasonable terms, and with competent builders, who will help you plan and erect the new home you have in mind.

Use THE BEE as Your Real Estate Guide



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