

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Night Before Christmas

By THOMAS J. KELLY.

Oh, the Christmas Bells, how they're ringing tonight,
As they did in the nights gone by;
And the choristers all are singing tonight
To the winds their happy souls flinging tonight,
As they did in the nights gone by.

And St. Nicholas, how he is driving tonight
As fast as in nights gone by,
And the little reindeers are striving tonight
To be on time in arriving tonight,
As they have been in nights gone by.

And it's many a stocking that's hung tonight
Just as in nights gone by;
And it's many a carol that's sung tonight
And many a bell that is rung tonight,
Just as in times gone by.

There is many a soldier asleep tonight,
Just as in nights gone by,
But his sleep is not heavy nor deep tonight
As he lies in a comfortless heap tonight,
Praying that he might die.

For he dreams of a terrible fight tonight
That was fought in the hours gone by,
And not of the message of Light, tonight
Which was borne by the angels so bright, one night,
In the centuries long gone by.

Ah! The Star of Peace is so dim tonight,
(How it shone in the nights gone by!)
There is nought but a sickening glim tonight,
And no Christmas message for him tonight,
As there was in the nights gone by.

In the trenches there's no Christmas Bell tonight,
'Neath the cheerless and wintry sky,
For the message is shrapnel and shell tonight,
Machine guns and horrors of hell tonight
And War, with his hideous cry.

There are lads on the ocean wave tonight
Just as in nights gone by,
And the sailor's young heart is so brave tonight—
(Though some have a watery grave tonight,
And the billows moan and sigh!)

There are sailors who watch on the deep tonight
With a wakeful and anxious eye
For they know not where perils may creep tonight—
(And at home there are women who weep tonight
Though they know not the reason why).

There's many a soul that doth mourn tonight,
Who rejoiced in the nights gone by,
And many a heart that's forlorn tonight
For a loved one who from it was torn one night,
One terrible night gone by.

There's many a heart without glee tonight
Which was glad in the nights gone by;
For there's one less gift on the tree tonight
And one less loved one to see tonight,
That there was in the times gone by.

Oh, there's many a wail in the streets tonight—
(And she wasn't in nights gone by.)
But her steps are not nimble nor fleet tonight,
For her heart is all snow and all sleet tonight,
As you see her, and pass her by.

There are some who are hungry and cold tonight
Just as in nights gone by;
All the sheep are not yet in the fold tonight
(Though the Bethlehem story is old tonight,
And the stars still shine on high).

God pity the hearts that are sore tonight
Just as in nights gone by;
Who are wishing that Christmas was o'er tonight—
For it is not the Christmas of yore tonight,
Well! The Christmas soon go by!

The Best Present---"He'll Be Home for Christmas"

Drawn for The Bee by Hal Coffman.



Little Mary's Essay (Cats)

By DOROTHY DIX.

Cats are animals when they aren't folks. A cat has four legs, one on each corner, and a fur coat that it wears both winter and summer, and a nose inside of it that sounds like a dollar watch.

Cats have almost human intelligence, for they purr when you rub their fur the right way, just like people do when you jolly them and tell them how wonderful they are. Also they will hang around a place as long as you will make them warm and comfortable and give them something good to drink, and in this also they resemble man.

Cats are very useful for carrying about diphtheria, scarlet fever and tuberculosis germs from house to house. These they secrete in their fur, so that the baby can easily find them when it plays with kitty.

There are a great many different kinds of cats. There are Angora cats, and Manx cats, and Maltese cats, and Tabby cats, and Thomas cats, and the cat of nine tails, and the woman next door, who is the biggest cat of all.

Angora cats are large, fat, white cats, that look like a set of furs that somebody gives you at Christmas, and hopes you will think is fox. Angora cats have millions and billions of hairs which they shed continually, and after you have visited a place where they have a pet Angora you spend the balance of your life plucking the hairs off of you. People who have Angora cats are hated by their fellow creatures.

I do not know anything about the other kind of cats, because our cat is just a plain stray cat.

Mostly old maids keep cats, and they do this for purposes of defense so they can talk about the smart things their cats do when mothers begin to tell about the cunning things their children say.

Cats have very musical dispositions. They love to get out on the back fence at night and sing, and if you had paid \$5 a seat for it you would think you were at the opera at a Wagner performance. When a lady says to another lady, "How young you look for your age," or "How splendidly you are looking this winter, you must have gained twenty-five pounds during the summer, didn't you?" or, "What a beautiful new brooch you have, I always think those little inexpensive diamonds are so refined," she is a cat. I know this because that's what my mamma said when the woman next door said those things to her, and then my father said, "What did you do?" And my mother said, "I clawed back," and my father said, "Mew."

A lady does not like to be called a cat, but she smiles all over when you call her a kitten, and it makes a man angry to call him a sly dog, but pleased if you call him a sly dog. I do not know why this is so. My mother says that no woman can make good acting kittenish after she begins to wear a hand painted complexion, and to hunt for a good straight-front corset. My mother says that when a 75 middle-aged woman tries to act cute, she looks like a performing elephant instead of a playful kitten. I hope I shall not be a cat when I grow up.



Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Wait a While.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man of 21 years and have been keeping company with a young lady who will soon be 18 years old. For the last six months I've been going with her. Now, she is always talking about other fellows and goes out with them when she has the chance and all she says she loves me

and cares for me only. Do you think we would be too young to get married? I am a little afraid she will go off with some other fellow if we do not get married soon. She is the only girl that I think my parents could learn to like and it is the same way with me too.

BLONDE.

You would be very foolish to marry the girl at this time, when she shows so plainly she is not yet out of her girlhood, and is far from being ready to settle down to the soberness of married life. If she says she loves you, rely on that,

and do not try to prevent her from knowing anything of the society of other men. This is Nebraska, not Turkey, you know. Keep on courting her, and be patient. Your parents will not like her any the less because you have waited for a year at least before you get married.

Don't Hurry It.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I met a girl Thanksgiving evening and have kept company with her since. She is a nice girl and seems to care quite a bit for me.

Should I give her Christmas presents of much value? A box of candy and handkerchiefs or two, etc., would be my idea.

D. H.

Your acquaintance with the girl is too short to warrant you in making her a present, and, if she is the right sort of a girl, she would think you presumptuous if you did. Wait until you have known her longer; next Christmas, if you are still on friendly footing, you may make her a suitable present, and she will very likely then thank you for it.

You Get What You Want

All You Have to Do is to Really Work for It

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Any one who knows exactly what he desires of life and who goes with reasonable directness straight toward that goal of desire is sure to make a success.

At first consideration, you may be inclined to dispute this fact, but when you consider it carefully you must see the fairness and truth of it. Suppose you honestly desire to be a power in the business world. Suppose you also desire to enjoy life in the way of dancing and drinking and dissipating your energies. You cannot do this and also keep the clear brain in the sound body that you must have to be a power in the world of finance. Now which do you honestly desire, "a good time" or business success? Be honest with yourself, decide once for all and then go unswervingly down the path you have chosen. And you will get what you want.

If Abraham Lincoln had not passionately desired an education and the strength of mind and character that made him a world figure, his endowment of mentality and character would have been wasted. If Julius Caesar had desired to enjoy the decadent pleasures that filled the lives of some Roman nobles he would never have been a great character of history. If all the great explorers and historians and scientists had preferred catering to people and enjoying the lesser pleasures of the senses, they would not have conquered worlds.

We are all torn by conflicting desires. Some of us allow ourselves to be pulled first in one direction and then in another, and by a series of takings and turnings in our course we keep ourselves from seeing what is our true course.

Of course, if you don't know just what you wish to make of your life, you can hardly hope to have it a strong and consistent thing. If you desire pleasure more than you do the close devotion to your work that all worth while work demands, you will choose pleasure. But don't whine about being unlucky and never having had a fair chance. You haven't given your work a fair chance—that's all. You wouldn't expect to solve a problem in algebra while you are memorizing "The Charge of the Light Brigade," would you? You can't divide your attention if you mean to make a success of any task.

If you want to succeed in the world, give your entire attention to keeping yourself efficient and doing your work. A machine does not run very well when one cylinder is not working. Neither

does the "human machine" work to any advantage when it is worn out from dissipating itself on non-essentials to the task at hand. Make up your mind as to what you desire of life—and then proceed to wrest it from life.

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