

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Life

By LILIAN LAUFERTY.

The leaves turn sere and brown and old
That once were young and green,
When Winter sets her fingers cold
On Autumn's painted screen.
But Spring returns, and branches dry
Wave wee green flags up to the sky,
While sap and life run clear and high.

So life grows grim and dark and gray,
When Hope and Faith lie dead,
Sad heart! throu Winter grope thy way,
Tho' joy and youth seem fled
For lo! All life is like a tree,
That sleeps and grows, Awake to see
That Winter gave new strength to Thee.

The Way to Win a Woman

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"Is it possible for a young man who is not so very handsome, but who holds a good position and has a splendid future before him to be loved by a pretty young girl. I have a fine position and am capable of providing a good home for wife and family, but I am not good looking and have no confidence in myself. I feel that girls do not care for me, and I have about abandoned hope of ever winning the love of a woman. Is there hope for a man who is not attractive?" writes "Hackensack."

What a splendid husband is going to waste in this remarkably modest young man!
Is there hope that he can win the love of some charming young girl? Plenty of it in spite of what he considers his handicap of not being a Phoebus Apollo in 1914 Fifth avenue tailored clothes. Plenty of it—men he were blind or halt or maimed, or even a weakling who could not support a wife when once he had won her, instead of being a capable chap who is well able to support a wife and home. For any handicap may be overcome in the love race.

There are various ways to win a woman. Let us consider a few of the accredited and successful methods.
There is the world-old method of the coxswain. He looked about for the lady who most pleased his fancy and, knocking her senseless with one well-directed blow, dragged her off to his cave. On waking from her swoon the lady promptly became an adoring wife. So the story goes. I question whether adoration and subjection can go hand in hand.

Now, in spite of all modern novelists and playwrights may say, methods akin to those of the woman appeal to the woman of today. She is a highly organized nervous system—the first need of her nature is sympathy and understanding, and the best way to win her interest is to give her both.

Sympathy and understanding! These are two qualities that cannot fail to make an impression on the heart of any woman. They will give her a comfortable feeling at first of being of sufficient importance to a man to be worth his studying and attempting to please and then they will come to be too important to go without.

Of all the gifts that a man can give a woman, there are none that will awake interest and affection as will those qualities.
There are numberless delicacies of attention that will arrest any woman's fancy. It is not the man who sends a girl American Beauties because he likes them who wins her real affection. The man who appeals to a girl's heart is the chap who brings her a bunch of lilacs because he remembers that she once expressed a delight in the delicate fragrance of those old-fashioned blooms. The ruthless individual who enforces his own will and thinks that because he enjoys a given pleasure the girl to whom he is supposed to be giving a good time must be thrilled by it too, is not the man to win her real love. The selfish man who takes a girl to the movies when she wants to go to a tango and takes her a-tangoing when her one longing is to see a good motion picture is not the man who really wins a lasting regard.

The way to win a woman is to study her desires and preferences, to put yourself in sympathy with her ideas and ambitions and to have a tender regard for her feelings. Be gentle and kind without being weakly subservient to passing whims and fancies.

There is nothing more attractive to the feminine heart than the thought of power held in check. Sympathy, understanding and tenderness must never take on the guise of weakness. They must appear to be the wonderful gift of a strong nature to the one being in all the world it particularly desires to honor.

The man who is not handsome may make himself attractive to the feminine eye by means of neat dressing and careful grooming. If he is thoughtful and polite in his manners, that will make up for a vast deal of mere beauty. A girl is delighted to be seen in public with any man who knows how to conduct himself so that waiters and ushers and conductors join in respecting him, while other women envy her the polite escort who knows how to take such good care of her.

Study the particular girl you want to win. Meet the needs of her nature. Give strength and sympathy for her weakness, yielding generously for her strong characteristics, consideration of what she wants, rather than merely of what you want, and you must impress yourself on her mind as a dependable friend on whom she can rely. Reliance grows easily to dependence and dependence grows in turn to habit. It is a very wonderful and satisfying thing for a girl to feel that there is some man on whose interest she can count. It makes her very happy to know that some one cares enough for her to really want to serve her and make her happy.

Devotion becomes almost necessary to a woman once she has known its protecting charm.

"Love begets love." If you feel for some girl a tender and overwhelming love, your own feeling must kindle in her some return feeling.

Have faith in yourself. Cultivate the habit of thinking "I am a man, capable

of loving and being loved. I shall deserve love and win it. I am strong. I shall not fail to win what is mine." Repeat this as if it were a magic formula. It will be magic, for as you come to believe it—as it comes to be part of your thought—you will radiate strength born of self-reliance.

And when sympathy and understanding and tenderness and devotion and consideration and attractiveness of appearance and manners are all thrown into the balance they do more to woo the feminine heart than does the strength of primitive masculine nature.

Not the brute strength of the cave-man, but the strength that is held in leash by the still stronger mind and personality, win a woman today. Success in the business world often seems to a woman to prove it, and so many a woman who appears to be marrying for money is really marrying because she was won by the strength and power it took to make that man a success.

To win love a man must be worthy of it. The accident of your physical appearance may affect your popularity with silly little maids who are not worth a real man's love. But a girl who is worthy of a man's true love can be won if he expresses the natural concomitants of that love—loyal devotion, tenderness, affection, sympathy, understanding, strength to govern her and himself, ambition to be worthy of the best she has to give and a self-respecting demand that he be given the best in return.

"The way to win a woman?" It is just to love her so faithfully and so deeply and so unselfishly that her love will wake to answer yours as the flowers hear the call of life and come to greet the sun in the springtime.

Advice to Lovelorn

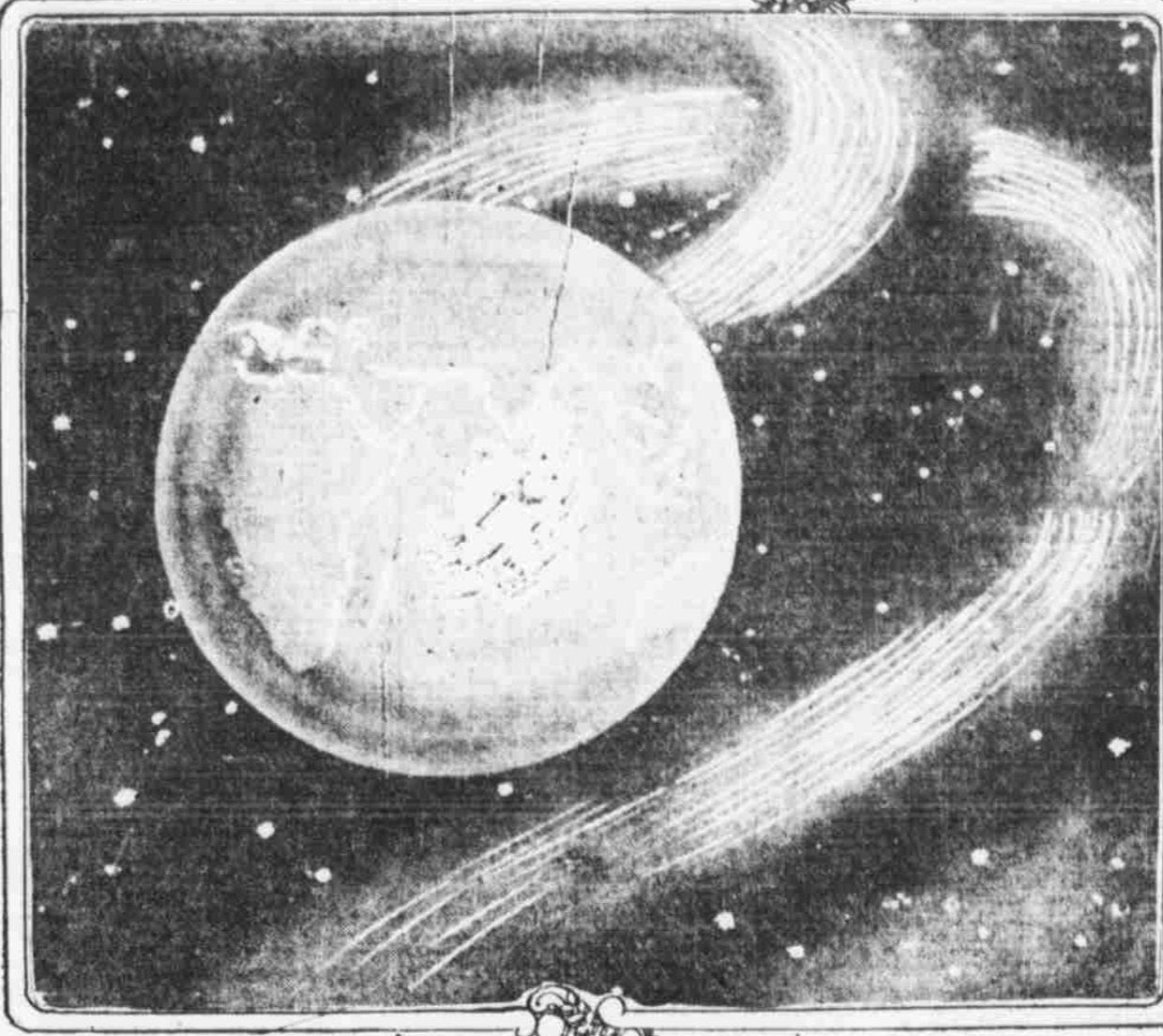
By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Dear Miss Fairfax: When a young girl is giving a birthday party is it correct to open her gifts in front of her guests or should she lay them aside and open them after they leave. In giving a farewell party for a friend should the hostess buy a gift? If so, what should it be? Could you please give me a list of some inexpensive favors for a birthday party?
A CONSTANT READER.

Open your gifts as they are handed to you if your party is a small one, but at a larger and more formal party this, of course, would be impossible.

Rather than to remember your guest of

The Mysteries of Space



Celestial Dust: The Earth's Encounter with Shoals of Particles Which Are Almost Incessantly Falling

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

One of the mysteries of space is the vast quantity of dust that it contains. This dust is sifting down upon the earth out of the open sky continually.

"Star dust" it is sometimes called, because at least a portion of it may really come from the stars. A very large part consists of the smoke of burned-up meteors, which have been consumed in the atmosphere; but these meteors themselves may, in many cases, originally have been shot out of the stars. Others, and perhaps the larger number, have come from the sun, which is only a near-by star.

Comets undoubtedly contribute their quota to the silent storm of dust that is

honor with a gift, when she is really ready to go away, a book, a box of candy, a dainty basket of fruit, or a more intimate personal gift if you know her well enough, is a very graceful and courteous way of showing your liking.

There are almost numberless inexpensive novelties you could use for favors—book-plates (fifty in a box), memorandum cards, character booklets, vases, pin trays, sachet filled with lavender flowers, a dainty box or basket filled with homemade candy with a smart bow of ribbon to match your color scheme, small photographs, stamp boxes and the thousand and one trifles that girls like.

increasingly drifting over the earth. Superheated by their approach to the sun, and disrupted by electric tension, they scatter dust and gases for millions of miles along their tracks, and a portion of these substances is drawn in by the attraction of the earth.

But one of the most wonderful sources of the dust that encounters the earth in its ceaseless journey through space is the cloud of electrified particles that the sun drives off from its outer envelope. Streams of these particles are projected in all directions to distances of tens and hundreds of millions of miles, and not only the earth, but all the other planets that circle around the sun are exposed to their continual bombardment.

Many physicians and astronomers believe that the electricity in the atmosphere is derived from these vast currents of charged dust sent forth from the sun and that the magnificent displays of electric illumination, called the aurora borealis and the aurora australis, according as they are seen centering about the north or the south pole, are solely due to the electrified streams from the sun.

As the earth voyages onward it also picks up scattered dust distributed throughout space, and it is possible that at times it passes through a region of space where such dust is especially abundant. It is then like a traveler on a dusty highway who suddenly finds himself involved in the pulverized wake left

by a speeding automobile, only the "scorchers" that stir up the dust of interstellar space are never caught and never even seen.

In view of all these sources of dust outside the earth, it is not to be wondered at that our planet should present, to the mind's eye, such an appearance as is represented in the picture. Its immense journey through the universe is subject to the incidents of all journeys; it has to submit to the toil and grime of the road, and careful inspection reveals the story of its progress almost step by step, as a keen detective might read the wanderings of a captured fugitive in the varying character of the mud and dust clinging to his garments.

On the broad expanses of unpopulated snow about the polar regions explorers have found the dust of space, in places where its presence alone is a sufficient proof of its extra-terrestrial origin. And in the profoundest depths of the oceans, mingled with the ooze that covers the floors of these awful abysses, "star dust" is picked up by the sounding instruments let down from ships that undulate on the surface miles above.

But you should not jump to the conclusion that the earth is perceptibly "growing" on account of the influx of dust from without. It does grow a very little in that way, but it has been calculated that it would take a thousand million years to accumulate a layer one inch thick.

Knowledge

By CONSTANCE CLARKE.

Last night my thoughts were young and gay:
Into the dark they fled away
Like faery steeds that mocking me,
Who could not hold them, galloped free.
With eyes aflame and heads held high,
They tore across the tender sky,
Stepping for nothing in their flight,
That I might have the gift of sight.

And now they trembling come to me,
Looking for shelter. Can they be
These same wild thoughts that stormed their flight,
Star maddened, only just last night?
How valorous they were, and how
They bend their meek heads to me now,
How little from the path they stray
Beneath the yoke they wear today.

Optimism vs. Pessimism

Schopenhauer Was a Pessimist, and We Can Understand Him, but There is Optimism, Also

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

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Schopenhauer, the great high priest of Pessimism, when about 20 years old, wrote down in his commonplace book these words: "If we take out of life its few moments of religion, of art, and of pure love, what is left but a long series of trivial thoughts?"



Later along in life, as all the world knows, Schopenhauer vacated the upper stories of his being altogether and dwelt for the most part of his very lengthy life in the basement of existence, where, but little somniferous fell, and where his thoughts were anything but cheerful.

But we appeal from Schopenhauer old and sour and despondent to Schopenhauer young and sweet and hopeful; from Schopenhauer the logic-chopper and critic to Schopenhauer the unsmiling and trustful child of nature.

Before going further let it be said that there should be no quarrel between Schopenhauer and ourselves.

We understand each other perfectly, and between us nothing but the most beautiful good will obtains. The difficulties that Schopenhauer encountered we all encounter. The same ugly facts of life and the world that wrinkled his face have wrinkled ours also. We have all walked, heavy footed, along the same Via Dolorosa; we have all met the same uncanny spectres, we have all listened, with heavy hearts, to the same "low, sad music of humanity."

Therefore, we sympathize with him in his sadness, in his melancholy, in his despair. We have all "been there," and we know perfectly well what it means.

But, getting back to young Schopenhauer's dictum, let us bunch all of its terms under one word, and say, "If we take out of life its few moments of religion,

what is left but a long series of trivial thoughts?" But what is religion? Before attempting to say, however, what religion is, it might be well to try to determine what it is not.

And, first, religion is not creed or ritual. It is not the splendid vestments, nor the loud cathedral music, nor the pomp and circumstance of the act of worship. Religion is first of thought, a certain type of sentiment. It is the way you look at things from the innermost center of the mind, the way one feels about his life, and the great big universe of which that life is a part.

Now there are two ways—and only two ways—in which this sentiment or thought, or feeling which constitutes religion can manifest itself. It must take the form of pessimism, or it must take the form of optimism. There is no middle ground. In one or the other of these two camps every man of us must take his stand.

Now, what is pessimism? It is a state of mind in which one finds himself quite unable to accept the idea that, somehow or other, above and beyond the guesses and counter-guesses of the theologians, there may be a power that is caring for our little lives and shaping them toward some noble end. Matter and its forces are as far as the pessimist can go.

Optimism, on the other hand, is the conviction that, in a way that is unknown to us, we are being looked after by some sort of benevolent power that is larger than ourselves.

The optimist fully realizes the limitations of human thought. He knows what a lame duck logic is.

He understands perfectly well that the syllogism is a poor thing with which to work out the deep problem of our human aspiration. He is quite aware of the fact that the heart of the world's mystery will not be plucked out. And yet, for all that, he pitches his tent upon life's sunny side, and at night, when the sun has gone, he is somehow able to see twinkling above him the stars of hope and trust.

And right here, in this hope and trust, we have the pith and marrow of religion.

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