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#### Europe

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

(Copyright, 1914, by Star Company.) Little lads and grandsires, Women old with care; But all the men are dying men. Or dead men, over there,

No one stops to dig graves: Who has time to spare? The dead men, the dead men; How the dead men stare!

Kings are out for conquest-Oh, the sport is rare-With dying men and dead men Falling everywhere.

Life for lads and grandsires. Spoils for kings to share: And dead men, dead men, Dead men everywhere!

#### Poetry and Its Universal Influence

"You do poets and their song
A grievous wrong
If your own soul does not bring.
To their high imagining
As much beauty as they sing."
A pessimistic critic who has recently

died declared that nothing was poetry

which was easily understood or which

appealed to a large class of readers.

Real poetry, he contended, appealed only

to the few. He branded as "trash" what-

ever caused the reader to exclaim "Why,

that expresses my idea!" But this critic

was only one man, and his idea had only

just the weight of one man's idea. In-

numerable other critics may be found

who declare that real poetry must ap-

peal to the heart as well as to the brain.

OLD RHYTHM AND RHYME,

They tell me new methods now govern the Muses.

The modes of expression have changed with the times;

That low is the rank of the poet who

uses The old-fashioned verse with intentional

rhymes. And quite out of date, too, is rhythmical

I sat by the side of that old poet Ocean.

And counted the billows that broke on
the rocks;
The tide lilted in with a rhythmical

And back in the woodland

types but universal in its influence.

Poetry is like beauty, varied in its

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

(Copyrigt, 1914, by Star Company.) What is scenery? There are great mountain ranges-the Alps, the Himalayas, the Rockies, the Green and White nountains, the Blue Range of Jamaicaall with their spe-

cial features of grandeur. Yet were cial object of secing all the glorious mountains of earth that would not comprise all of its beautiful scenery.

There are oceans and rivers lakes and seas, bilowing beauty: there are fields of grain, of wild popples, of lush grasses; miles and

And quite out or case.

The critics declare it an insult to art.
But, oh! the great awing of it, oh! the clear ring of it,
Oh! the great pulse of it, right from the heart.

Art or ne art. vated land in Texas and in northern Africa as beautiful as rare Persian carpets, with the mixture of wild flowers growing luxuriously under semi-tropic suns. There are deep caves and blue grottoes; there are curious contortions of nature to be found in forests, and beauty incomparable in the heart of great woods and in the jungles.

There are petrified trees; there are superb vines and magnificent orchids making glorious old stumps and dying trees. There are vast deserts, naked of verdure. desolate, with gusts of blowing sand and beautiful beyond words.

And there are made lands in Holland, trim and green, with their background of windmills and their borders of neat homes, each a flower box of bloom; and

these, too, are beautiful. All are scenery. How senseless and absurd it would be were some mountain climber to declare mountains only were meant by the word "scenery;" how ridiculous for the mariner to say, "Only marine views are meant by scenery," or for the tourist in the caravan to claim the word for his beloved desert alone. Equally limited is the view of the critic who says there is only one kind of poetry in the world of literature.

There are as many kinds of poetry as there are intellects in the world. History tells us that the first form of

poetry was the hymn, originating in the sanctuary. Hymns to the sun, the moon, the stars

and the unknown gods. Then men turned to descriptions of nature; and then began the narratives of warriors and songs of their praises. So was the epic born. These spics were first transmitted from generation to generation, and naturally underwent many changes before they were finally written down. The "Lais" (lays) were sung by wandering musicians to the accompaniment of the harp, and from these troubadours, singing their songs of love and chivalry, sprang the first ideals of courtesy and the protection of the weak by the strong. So great is the power of song. Annie Lemp Konta tells us in an inter-

esting manner how, between the periods of lyric and narrative poetry, a great school of didactic verse came into existence. Learned literature written by ecclesiastics began to filter into popular literature. In the fifteenth century knighthood waned; allegory and romance in literature waned with it, and meledy was born.

Oliver Basselin, native of a small town in Normandy, in 1380, was the poet who created the word "vaudeville." At least his songs created the word. They were first called Vaux de Vire, meaning the worth of his native village Vire. And from "Vaux de Vire" came the corruption vaudeville. This poet introduced the custom of singing after repasts. His songs made a new era in verse, and were first put into print in 1576. And so on down through the centuries, poetry has come to us in many new forms and shapes, with many new purposes and ideals, and with each new form and new purpose the critic rises with his dissenting voice and cries, "This is not poetry." Without doubt every poet who ever dared wander into new paths has heard

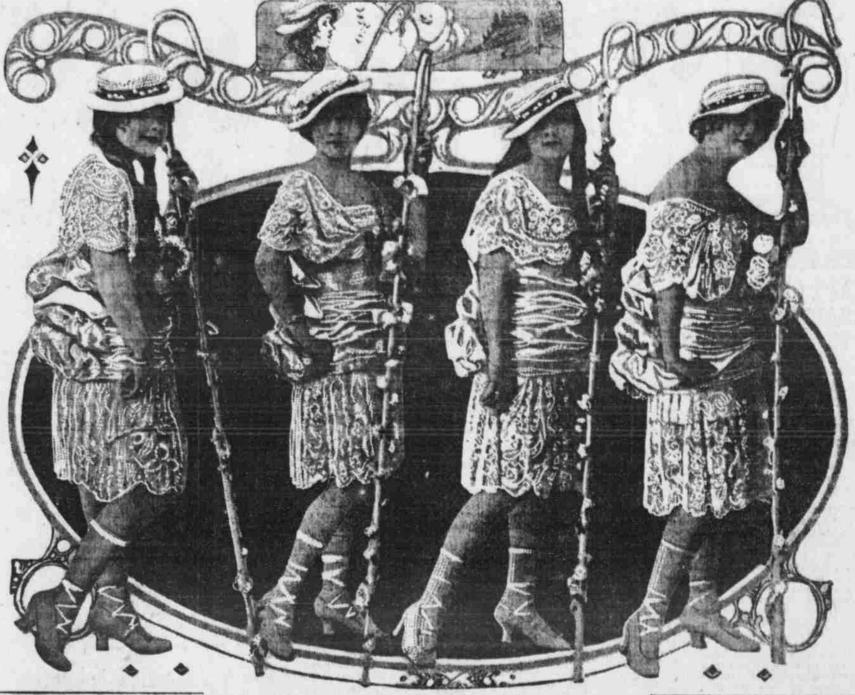
this cry. But the true poets have continued to sing; otherwise the world would still have only its odes and hymns to the sun, as in the dawn of poetry. "First and forever," says one critic. "poetry must be beautiful; it must dea! with beauty." But even that is not true. Nature in the awful upheaval of an carthouske, or a volcanic eruption, is not beautiful. But it is terrible in its exhibition of power and contains sublimity and grandeur. A deserted cabin on a lonely marsh is not beautiful; yet it may be a fascinating picture-one which haunts the memory. The twisted old lightning-blasted tree is not beautiful, nor the old well-curb on the farm, nor a thousand and one other bits of scenery which the eye retains and the heart re-

nembers despite their lack of real And poetry may express power and continent and feeling in the same way as these scenes do, while being quite spart from beauty.

Thomas Patley Aldrich says to the critic in his poem "Appreciation."

## Who Wouldn't Be a Shepherdess?

At Least if One Could Be as Attractive as Those Now Playing in the "Dancing Round." : : : : :



Energy the Cause of All Life.

he tide lilted in with a raythinical motion;
The sea gulls dipped downward in time-keeping flecks,
watched while a giant wave gathered its forces,
And then on the gray granite precipice And then on the burst;
burst;
And I knew as I counted, while other waves mounted,
I knew the tenth billow would rhyme with the first. By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN. Onestion-"Is it true that all things are due to energy, and that sunlight is not Below in the village a church bell was light outside of our atmosphere, but utter

And, doubt it who will, yet those two sounds were rhyming.

As out o'er the hill tops they echoed and rang.

As out o'er the hill tops they echoed and rang. The Wind and the Trees fell to talking seven years. Yes; all things are due to together, And nothing they said was didactic or energy. Nothing exists but electrons. terse; But everything spoken was told in un-And two great, all-including, all-astonishing, all-overpowering truths, to even And beautiful rhyming and rhythmical the most vivid imagination, have been discovered concerning them.

So rhpthm I hall it, though critics as-sail it.

And hold melting rhymes as an insult
For, oh! the sweet swing of it, oh! the
dear ring of it.

Oh! the strong pulse of it, right from
the hear.

Art or no art. First-They know how and when to Second-They are directed by a force that knows. One of these must inevitably be truth By JANE M'LEAN.

A dainty costume, I confess; An odd confection, too, in dress, And one that's met with great success-The dainty Dresden Shepherdess.

Like maids from out a story book, Each with a dainty shepherd crook; What costumes for a masquerade-A boon, indeed, for any maid.

So if on fun and pleasure bent, Some figure you would represent-Just reproduce this dainty dress And be a Dresden Shepherdess.

I have asserted daily, over my signa-, mind displays amazing mathematical ture, for years, here, in Europe, Asia, powers, Africa and Australia, that they are di-rected by a force that knows. This force, energy meets matter. And this is un-it attracts iron or steel. For alleged find-

because it knows, is mind. And no human known to man until the sensation named ing of buried gold electrically, accounts argument can convince me that it is not. heat is conveyed to totally unknown, and of which have been published, the querist argument can convince me that it is not. heat is conveyed to totally unknown, and of which have been published, the queriet "What a chronic grumbler than man at present inexplicable personality. There should write to the United States petent is no such entity as is named light until office in Washington for methods emorgy capable of being translated or ployed.

"What a chronic grumbler than man is now that electrons are not is no such entity as is named light until office in Washington for methods emorgy capable of being translated or ployed."

"Oh, no. Not when there is a carpet to be put down."—Baltimore American.

changed to light by systems of nerves connecting with a brain connected with what in abject ignorance we call a per-

Prof. H. H. Turner of the observatory in Greenwich, passed rays of the sun the love of a butiful gurl? sed Ma. is, sensed by the personality. That is, used it, then or since.

Q.—Is there any means, scientific or otherwise, of locating gold coins burier at a depth of three or four feet in the earth, supposing that you know when, the gold is within a radius of twenty feet. What are the so-called needles used to locating gold? Is there any magnet that will attract gold as magnets attract steel?—Subscriber and others, Burlingame.

#### Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Last nite Pa brought a frend hoam with him from the club, & sed wen he caim into the door: Here, Oliver, here is my hosm, my all, my life. Wife, sed meet Mister Oliver Doolittel, the best fellow that evver lived & a frend that I think the wurld of Mister Doolittel, this is my beloved wife & this is my litnel son, Hebbie.

I am charmed, charmed, sed Mister Doolittel. How sweet it is to have a hoam & peepul to love you. You are a remarkable lucky man, sed Pa's frend-If I had a hoam & family like this I wuddent trade places with the King of England.

I wuddent trade places with him anyway, sed Pa, with all the Ulster trubbet to keep him awake, but I am giad you like by little fleet. I was telling Oliver, wife, sed Pa, that the club & outside life dident have any charms for me. This is my castle and here I spend my every spare minn't

& so wud I if I had such a heam, sed Oliver Doelittel. I wad reesine from every club to with I beeleng to, he sed, & wonder how I was evver satisfied to be a bachelor.

I am afrade my deer husband is exaggerating a bit wen he says that he spends all his time here or at his bizness, sed Ma. But I supons he is as devoaed to his hoam as the average gentleman of his circle. Ma was a little cold beekaus Pa haddent been hoam very erly the last three nites.

I have often droemed that I wud like to have jest such a hoam as this, sed Oliver Doolittel. What a fine view you have here, he sed, & what a fine sideboard. He was looking into the library wen he sed it, so Pa took him in to show hini his books & the aldeboard. They was gone quite a while & wen thay caim out Pa's frend looked vary happy. Yes indeed, he kep saying, this is a butiful hoam & after all, he sed, hoam is where the heart is & the alfeboard. You look like a vary brite littel boy, he sed to Can you tell me who discovered the Pacific Oshun?

I think his naim was Balboa, I sed. I guess he is right, sed Oliver Doo littel. I never knew myself that anybody discovered it, he sed, but he is such a brite looking littel feller that I am sure he must be rite, & how butiful yure wife looks, he sed. I was engaged to jest such a 'butiful gurl onst, he sed, but sumbody tould her that I liked my cold ten & wen I proposed to her she gave me the gate. It broak my hart, he sed, & since then I have never wed or asked anybody to wed. My dream of love was shattered, he hed, & now I am a lonely man, all alone & lonesome in my loneliness, sed Oliver Doolittel.

Doant you think you cud have given up yure cold tea as you call it, to win through a lens-shaped container filled I suppeas I cud have, he sed, but thay with liquid air, cold beyond imagination. was making vary good whiskey in those This drew the energy to a focus, and the days & a man knew what he was drinkheat of this focus burned paper. And ing. Still, I supoas I cud have stopped light was also seen in the burning—that had I used my iron will, but I nevver

> any iron will to use, sed Ma. You are a good deal like most of my deer hubband's

Ma, she used good hedwork when she

Exception to the Rule.

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