

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Europe

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX
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Little lads and grandfires,
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 grandfires,
Spills for kings to share;
And dead men, dead men,
Dead men everywhere!

Poetry and Its Universal Influence

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.
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What is scenery? There are great mountain ranges—the Alps, the Himalayas, the Rockies, the Green and White mountains, the Blue Range of Jamaica—all with their special features of grandeur. Yet were one to make a special object of seeing all the glorious mountains of earth that would not comprise all of its beautiful scenery. There are oceans and rivers and lakes and seas, billowing beauty; there are fields of grain, of wild poppies, of lush grasses; miles and miles of uncultivated 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 arid woods and in the jungles.



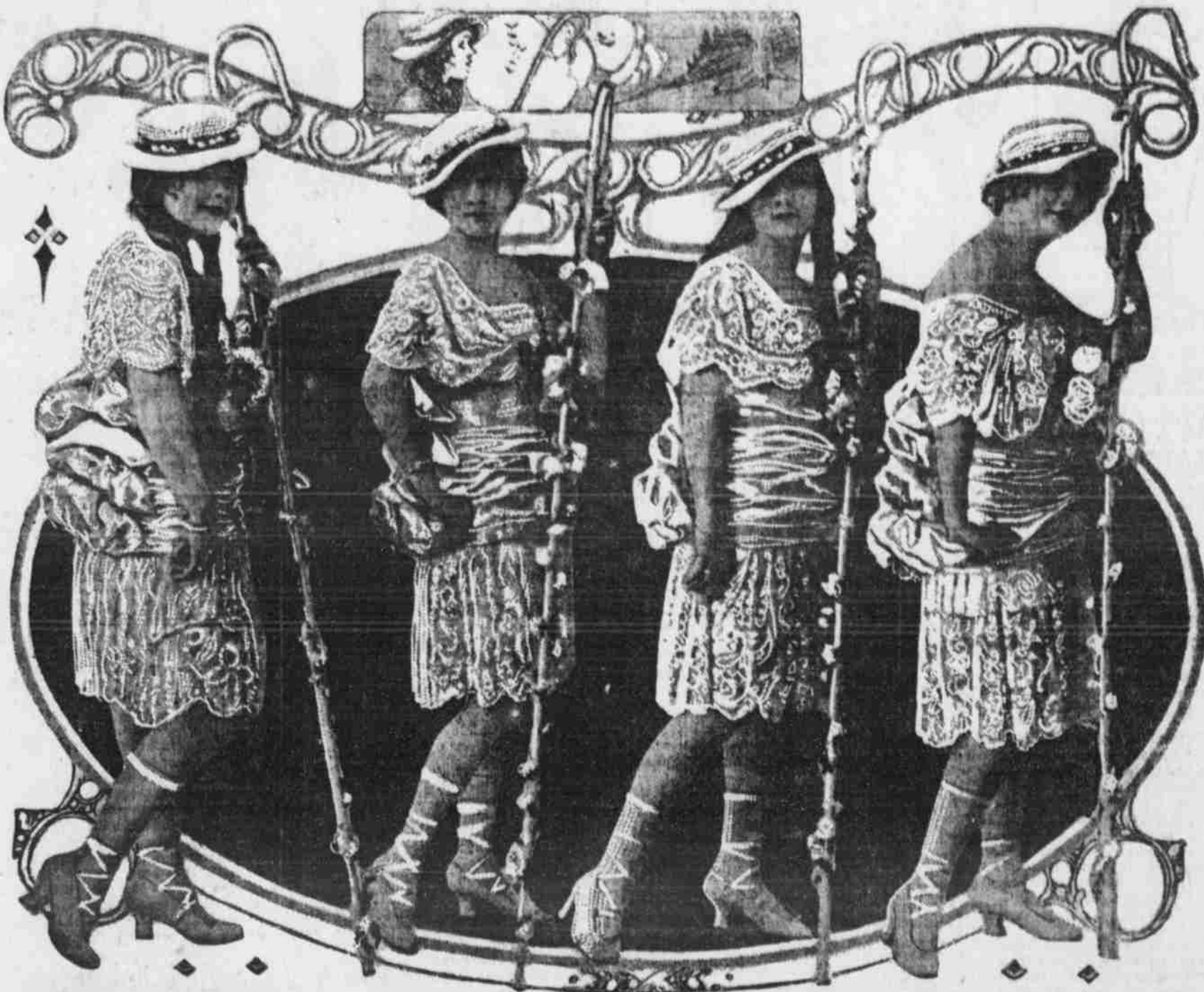
"You do, poets and their song
A grievous wrong
If your own soul does not bring,
To their high imaginings
As much beauty as they sing."

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" whatever 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. Innumerable other critics may be found who declare that real poetry must appeal to the heart as well as to the brain. Poetry is like beauty, varied in its types but universal in its influence.

OLD RHYTHM AND RHYME.
They tell me new methods now govern the Muse.
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 rhyme.
And quite out of date, too, is rhythmical metre;
The critics declare it an insult to art.
But, oh! the great swing of it, oh! the clear ring of it,
Oh! the great pulse of it, right from the heart.
Art or no art.

Who Wouldn't Be a Shepherdess?

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



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 signature, for years, have, in Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia, that they are directed by a force that knows. This force, because it knows, is mind. And no human argument can convince me that it is not. Only right fact, not argument, can possibly convince me that electrons are not assembled into atoms by mind. And this mind displays amazing mathematical powers.

changed to light by systems of nerves connecting with a brain connected with what in abject ignorance we call a person.
Prof. H. H. Turner of the observatory in Greenwich, passed rays of the sun through a lens-shaped container filled with liquid air, cold beyond imagination. This drew the energy to a focus, and the heat of this focus burned paper. And light was also seen in the burning—that is, sensed by the personality. That is, mystery deepens daily.

Q—Is there any means, scientific or otherwise, of locating gold coins buried at a depth of three or four feet in the earth, supposing that you know where the gold is within a radius of twenty feet?
A—Magnetism will not attract gold as it attracts iron or steel. For alleged findings of buried gold electrically, accounts of which have been published, the quartet should write to the United States patent office in Washington for methods employed.

Exception to the Rule.
"What a chronic grumbler than man is! He has his hamster out on all occasions."
"Oh, no. Not when there is a carpet to be put down."—Baltimore American.

Energy the Cause of All Life.

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Question—"Is it true that all things are due to energy, and that sunlight is not light outside of our atmosphere, but utter darkness; that the energy exerted by the sun in penetrating our atmosphere generates light and heat?"—J. H. Livingston, Bennington, Vt.
Answer—Over and over again have I replied to this question during forty-seven years. Yes; all things are due to energy. Nothing exists but electrons. And two great, all-including, all-astronomical, all-overpowering truths, to even the most vivid imagination, have been discovered concerning them.
First—They know how and when to act.
Second—They are directed by a force that knows.
One of these must inevitably be truth absolute.

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