

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## The Evil Done by Gossip

Have You Ever Tried Passing an Entire Week Without Uttering an Unpleasant Comment? You Will Find it Not an Easy Matter. . . .

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.  
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Time looked me in the eyes while passing by  
The milestones of the year. That piercing gaze  
Was both an accusation and reproach.  
No speech was needed. In a sorrowing look  
More meaning lies than in complaining words,  
And silence hurts as keenly as reproach.

Oh, opulent, kind giver of rich hours,  
How have I used thy benefits! As babes  
Unstrive a necklace laughing at the sound  
Of priceless jewels dropping one by one,  
So I have laughed while precious moments rolled  
Into the hidden corners of the past.  
And I have let large opportunities  
For high endeavor move unheeded by,  
While little joys and cares absorbed my strength.

And yet, dear Time, set to my credit this:  
Not one white hour have I made black with hate,  
Nor wished one living creature aught but good.

Be patient with me. Though the sun slants west,  
The day has not yet finished, and I feel  
Necessity for action and resolve  
Bear in upon my consciousness. I know  
The earth's eternal need of earnest souls,  
And the great hunger of the world for Love.  
I know the goal to high achievement lies  
Through the dull pathway of self-conquest first.  
And on the stairs of little duties done  
We climb to joys that stand thy test. O Time,  
Be patient with me, and another day,  
Perchance, in passing by, thine eyes may smile.

THE FASHIONS FOR CHILDREN are causing the mother as much thought as they do for her debutante daughter these days. Her mind is now centered on beach frocks. The wee lad no longer wears the baggy knickerbockers of other seasons. He wears smartly cut little trousers and even little tailor cut coats. Young girls' frocks, too, have the same smartness in cut and original design.



Now that summer vacation plans are in the air the question of the proper outfit for children occupies the mind of the mother who wishes to see her small son and daughter suited and frocked for out-of-doors. Children's seashore frocks are alike in two essentials—they must be simple enough in design and sufficiently durable in material to withstand frequent tubbings. To satisfy the small boy's partiality for his winter sweater this suit of white repp has been designed for him on sweater lines, with the blouse buttoning down the shoulders. The collar and cuffs are trimmed with bands of blue and white striped lines to suggest the contrasting borders used in knotted work-steds. The trousers, like those of all small boys' today, are made on straight and tailored lines. Even the wee lad who is still at the romper age no longer wears the baggy knickerbockers of other seasons. He also boasts of a little coat of darker linen that achieves a childish air by a front lacing of braid. Decidedly more grown-up is this young girl's coat dress that would serve equally well for traveling. The skirt of large checked green and white gingham is pleated, of course, like her older sister's. The Eton coat is of plain green linen, trimmed with dainty batiste collar and cuffs. A white plique vest, falling straight from the shoulders takes the place of her gumpe of other days.

## The Old House

By JANE McLEAN.

A straight walk fashioned with a border prim  
Where lavender and stately hollyhocks  
Grow with some ragged robins blue and trim,  
Sweet William and a bed of pink-tipped phlox.  
Across the door sill straggling grasses stray  
And on the door the knocker hangs forlorn  
And many feet that one time found their way  
Over the steps have left them faintly worn.  
Seen through the diamond window panes, inside  
The candle sconces droop, the horsehair chairs  
Ranged close against the wall, display a wide  
Stretch of rag carpet to the dusty stairs.  
The old clock stenciled now for many a week,  
The quaint stitched sampler hanging unaware,  
Are mute reminders of the past, and speak  
Of loving hands that once were busy there.

## Pancakes and Harmony

The Bookkeeper and the Stenographer Discuss the Art of Cooking. . . .

By DOROTHY DIX.

"Did you read in the paper about that New Jersey divorce suit in which a young wife names a German pancake as the co-respondent?" inquired the Bookkeeper.

"All the pancakes that I ever saw, German, ali-let or neutral," were calculated to turn love's young dream, or any other kind of a dream, into a nightmare," replied the Stenographer. "If I fed my husband on pancakes it would be because he had a juicy little insurance policy or I thought that black was becoming to me."



Instead of being light and flakey, a poem of flour and eggs, and whatever else pancakes are made of, it is a cold, sticky, flabby concoction, more suitable for solving shoes than for human consumption. "The inevitable result is utter disillusion on the part of the husband. He sees the grave yawning for him if he eats wife's pancakes, and the years stretching before him full of dejection and without comfort if he eschews pancakes, for of what value, I ask you, is a pan-cakeless existence? So he deserts wife and returns home to mother and her incomparable pancakes."

"But this man has a heart, as well as a stomach. He was generous and for-bearing. He offered to go back to his wife if she would take a three months' course in cooking. She did. He returned to her, but her pancakes were still below par, and he's gone back to mother and her cooking for good."

"I guess that when you separate a man from his food you've got a genuine case of alienation of the affections," remarked the Stenographer, cynically. "The grounds in the coffee pot have furnished the grounds for divorce before now," replied the Bookkeeper. "As long as you keep a man well fed and comfortable, he will purr under your hand. That's why it's such a mystery to me that women don't spend their time learning how to cook instead of trying to learn to play on the piano. Believe me, canned music goes better in the home than canned cats."

"You can't picture a blissful ending to a romance as saying, 'and they lived happily ever after out of the delicatessen store,'" admitted the Stenographer. "Right-o," responded the Bookkeeper. "A man who loves to eat is delivered, bound and tied into his wife's hands," said the Stenographer, reflectively. "she's always got a way to work him." "True," replied the Bookkeeper, "but you don't see many girls nowadays that can make pies like mother made." "And you don't see many young men who can make the dough like father made it," retorted the Stenographer.

## The "Know-It-All"

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

The only people who are deluded into the belief that they know it all are those who learn nothing as they proceed onward through life are those who are sure that they have nothing to learn. If Michael Angelo were to come back to earth, he would be willing to learn a bit about color from a poster artist and a bit about sculpture from a modeller in the sand at the seashore and a bit about line from a newspaper cartoonist. But if all three of these knew little enough they would know also, too little to learn anything from Michaelangelo. The courage to say, "I don't know" or "I have never heard of that" or "I don't understand that" never brought down scorn upon your head if it was addressed to intelligent people. Children learn by asking questions. Education is more than drawing out what you have in you to become. It is giving you knowledge and information on which to react. And education does not stop with school or book training. Every day of life ought to educate you and leave you wiser than yesterday found you. Know-it-all people, who sit back with an air of profound wisdom and smile superiority upon the questionings and questings of other folks are sooner or

later revealed as the bluffs they are in truth. Knowing it all is one of the many forms of ignorant self-satisfaction that is so maddening to the nervous, and so pathetic to the sane. It shuts the door of wisdom fairly in the face of its sad and foolish possessor. It is made of two parts or smug conceit that is satisfied with its own shortcomings, one part foolish pride that can not bring itself to confess to any lack of knowledge and one part fear or ridicule. Now truly wise and well educated people will only respect your desire to know. They know that when you confess "I don't know" you fairly request "inform me." They know that in acknowledging your lack of information on a subject you are on the road to collecting knowledge about it. They won't patronize you—they will tell you what they can and feel that the thing about which you ask enlightenment is simply out of your line and that you have probably the habit of collecting useful information and so may be well versed in other departments of life. Of all the absurd weaknesses of human

nature, none seems to me more pathetically inexcusable than pretending to know what you don't or dreaming that you just naturally are wise enough to know about everything. Surely, if you could not swim you would not merrily plunge into a mountain lake without ascertaining whether it sheered from the shore at a depth of five feet—or a hundred. Why plunge with equal boldness and

uninformed stupidity into the waters of life? Why take it for granted that wisdom has come to you ready made? Why not acknowledge the superiority of each specialist you meet in his own department? Why not try to learn by humility? Here is an old rhyme I think it would be well for all of us to learn:

## In-Shoots.

The widow of the henpecked man can look as sad as any. Do not expect to live forever on the fruits of one victory. Men who follow high calling often display subway instincts. One way to become a satisfactory guest is to postpone the visit. Platonic love and the soul kiss never travel in the same company. Gossips and busybodies seldom stick to clean subjects of conversation.

Who knows and knows he knows is wise. Give that to him. And never forsake him. Who knows and knows not that he knows—he sleeps. Go thou to him and wake him. Who knoweth not and knows he knoweth not is a child. Go thou to him and teach him. Who knoweth not and knows not that he knoweth not is a fool. No light shall ever reach him. Most of us are children to knowledge. We ought to ask questions. We ought to seek enlightenment in our ignorance. The wise will give it to us gladly—and welcome us to their company in respect for our longing to know and see and understand. Don't be silly enough to think that you "know it all"—for thus indeed you will shut yourself off forever from light.

If anyone should call you a gossip or infer that you were addicted to gossip you would be indignant. It is a peculiar phase of human nature that not one individual ever has been found who would confess to a tendency in this direction. People are to be encountered who realize their sins and fallings in many directions, but the man or woman never yet has been seen who said: "Yes, I have the falling of gossiping and of relating unpleasant things about my neighbors." Perhaps it is because the habit is so universal that no one finds himself different from his fellows in that respect. Have you ever tried passing an entire week without giving utterance to an unpleasant criticism of anyone? Of course you will exclaim as you read these lines that you have passed many such weeks, but unless you were dwelling on a desert island, or in solitary confinement in a prison, or your food passed through gratings, it is questionable whether you ever allowed seven days to slip by you unmarred by some phase of disagreeable comment on others. If you set out in an undertaking of this kind you will observe that it is not an easy thing to do, no matter how amiable you may be, how broad in your judgments and how kind in your instincts. After you have passed the second milestone in this seven-day journey and lived forty-eight hours without a criticism you will be so set up in your own opinion that on the third day you will criticize somebody for criticizing somebody. This will be your downfall, and after that you will probably find something unpleasant in someone you encounter each of the remaining days of the seven, and mention it. Human nature is, indeed, prone to faults and blemishes which are easily discerned and impossible to approve. It is much easier to find fault than to praise. The unpleasant qualities in human beings strike us in the face, while the pleasant ones we need to search for. In the new year just beginning there can be no more important and no more difficult undertaking than this attempt to avoid spreading the unpleasant things of life by talking about them, and by increasing the pleasure of life and the good qualities of the people you know by discussing them. It would be an interesting experiment. Just before retiring each night take a mental survey of your conversation since you arose in the morning, mark in your diary with a red check each day which has passed with no disagreeable or unkind comment from your lips; mark with a black B each day wherein you have transgressed by such utterances. Be frank and honest with yourself; no one should see the book save the invisible helpers who are near you, and yourself, and you will gain nothing by self-deception; that is the worst possible thing to do in any effort at self-development—this yielding to self-deception. When you realize that you have failed, confess it to yourself and start anew the next day. Criticize yourself, but believe in your power to reform and recreate yourself. Do you realize that if each individual devoted all his power of criticism and fault finding to himself, and made continual efforts to be that which he desires others to be, how soon the world would be evangelized? That is the task given to each of us to do. It is good work for you to attempt this new year.

**Do You Know That**  
A deep-water diving suit has been tested in Long Island Sound, Connecticut, to a depth of 22 feet, which is probably a record for deep-sea diving.  
A lens made in France for a new 90,000 candle-power lighthouse in Hawaii is expected to project light forty miles.  
Ants can stand extremes of heat or cold. Forty-eight hours' exposure to frost will not kill them, and one sort has been observed to build its nest in chinks in a blacksmith's forge.  
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The albatross is the largest of sea birds.  
Lisbon is the chief cattle market of Portugal.



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