

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Flirtation is Greatest Game in All the World

By DOROTHY DIX

One of the bits of freak legislation that was proposed last season was a law to prohibit flirting, and to make it a felony for either man or woman to bestow attentions that were without intention upon a member of the opposite sex. Of course the bill died a-borning, as it deserved to, for the son-of-a-bitch is not amenable to the statutes. Like the wind, it rolls when and where it will, and no legislative enactments can limit its power, or abridge its joyous freedom.



As long as men are men and women are women, flirtation will be the greatest game in the world, and any attempt to stop rambling in hearts will always meet with popular execration. So far as matters of the affections are concerned the "bid" will always be off, and people will be ready to take chances. It is better to have been made love to in sport than never to have been made love to at all. It is a sentiment which obtains among both men and women.

To eliminate flirtation would be to turn life from poetry into prose, and to do away with most of the visible supply of romance. If every man were required to file a schedule of his intentions with his attentions, if every woman had to give bonds that her smiles and her glances meant all they seem to imply, existence would be robbed of half its amusements.

Moreover, there would be no more mixed parties, society would be divided into hen clubs and stag gatherings, for there is, in reality, but one topic of discussion that men and women have in common, that they understand equally well, and in which their mutual interest never flags, and that is the eternal subject of love.

Bar this subject from conversation, and women would prefer to talk to women, and men to men. No man decoys a violet-eyed little debutante into a pale-shaded corner to discuss the financial outlook, or the foreign loan, or ... presidential possibilities with her. No woman could gossip about fashions with a man from 8 p. m. to 1 a. m. without yawning. It is the electric possibility of love, it is the playing with a firebrand that may at any moment leap into a blaze of passion that gives zest and spice to the social intercourse between men and women.

Of course, there are stern moralists who believe that flirtation is one of the

seven deadly sins, that a man should never make a tender speech to a woman unless he is ready to pop the question, and that a woman should never look sentimentally at a man, even when she has on a white dress and is sitting in the moonlight, unless she is ready to hot-foot it to the altar with him, but this is too strenuous a view to take of the subject.

A man may admire a charming woman, and enjoy telling her so without wanting to marry her, and a woman may equally enjoy hearing him say it without having any matrimonial designs upon him. It's a poor creature that looks a gift compliment in the mouth, and demands that everybody shall make good on their pretty speeches. It is enough for us when things are made pleasant for us, without inquiring too closely into how it was done.

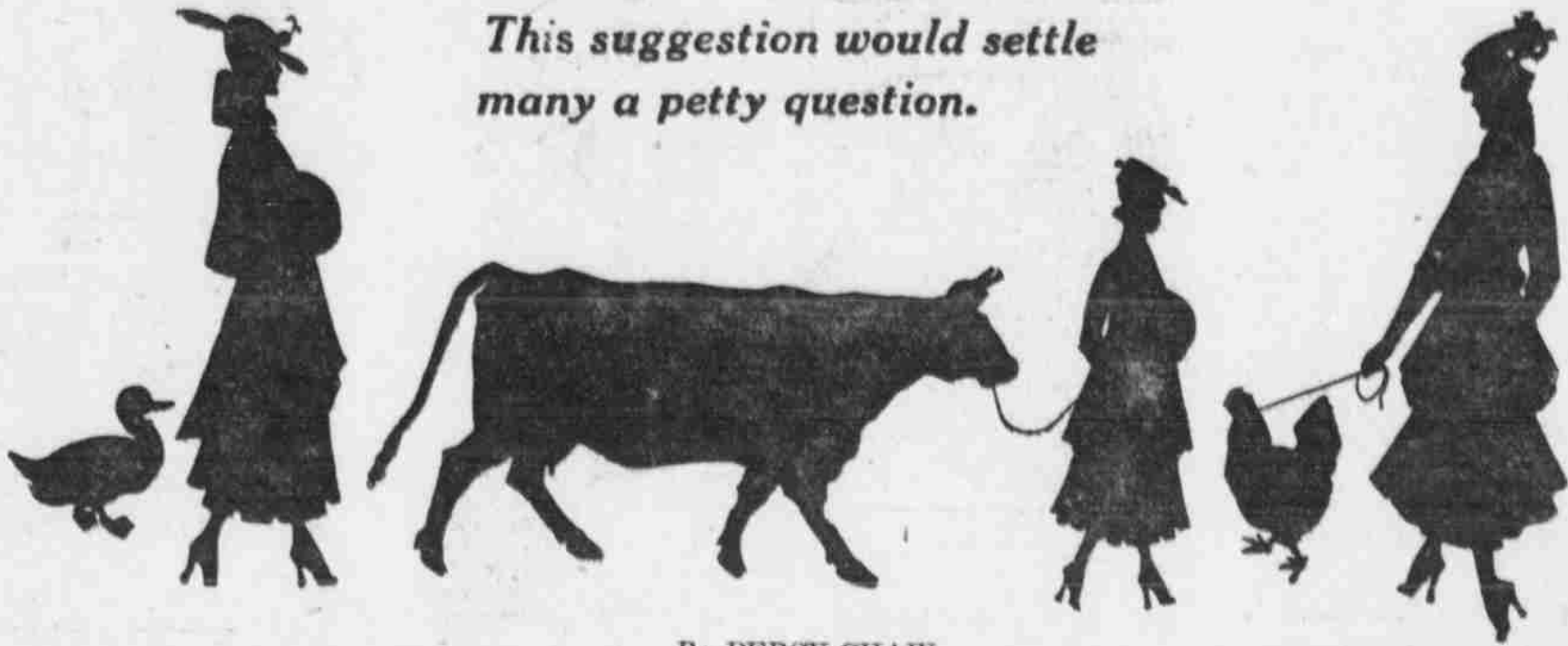
Just what class the law against flirting was designed to protect is not clear. Not women, surely, for coquetry is a woman's best friend. It is the weapon with which she protects her own heart, and by which she secures a husband, and keeps him after she gets him. As long as a woman practices the fine art of flirtation, she keeps a man's interest piqued and alert, and he never grows tired of her, and it is because so many wives grow tired of the game of hearts and throw down their hands that so many husbands drift off to other women who are experts at playing it.

So far as men are concerned, to protect them from being flirted with would be to deprive them of a most educational opportunity. In the "Dolly Dialogues," that eminent philanthropist, Lady Dorothea Mickleham, referring to the work of her heart & her hand, pointed out that a young man who, when he fell in love with her, was a simple country lad who wore his trousers too short and his hair too long, and played the fiddle, emerged from the flirtation a thorough man of the world, a credit to his tailor, and a source of pride to his friends. Lady Dolly was, of course, an artist, but all of us have seen lesser miracles happen, and there is, in reality, no better cure for the bumptious, cocksure youth, with a swell head and an inflated sense of his own importance, than the enlightening experience of being well flirted.

Naturally, there is some danger of a heart being occasionally hurt in a flirtation, but the risk is so little that it is scarcely worth considering. It takes a very stupid person not to recognize sincerely when he or she sees it, or to be fooled by pretence, and as long as an imitation fire starts no conflagration, we are justified in ranking flirtation among the comedies of life and not its tragedies.

## "If Pets, Why Not Useful Ones?"

This suggestion would settle many a petty question.



By PERCY SHAW.

I wonder how 'twould be if cows  
And hens and ducks were household pets,  
And banished far were growls and meows,  
As witness in these silhouettes!

Mere man would look aghast no doubt  
And voice a thousand vain regrets;  
But though these ladies ne'er come out,  
They look well in these silhouettes.

## Romantic History of California and West for Visitors to the Fair

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

At this moment, when the subject is before the minds of so many millions of Americans who have never been across the Rocky mountains, I want to add a note of dithyramb to the praise of California, the Pacific coast and the way thither.



To cross this great continent is a far richer experience than to cross an ocean. Instead of being lost in a monotonous and vacant immensity you are constantly in contact with the stirring homes of men or amid the most varied scenes of living nature.

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If you travel across Europe, when you have gone but a few hundred miles, and sometimes hardly more than a hundred, you hear a changed tongue, and see a different people, with other manners, principles and masters. Another day's or half-day's journey, and another variety of man is before you. These people spring from various historic roots, and have differentiated themselves through many generations and many centuries. As you go from one to another the moral atmosphere changes.

All this, of course, is interesting and educating to the traveler, but he learns only half his lesson and fails to catch the true inspiration of the modern age if he does not look upon the opposite of this European picture of disunion and of moral and intellectual diversity as presented by the continent-broad unity of America.

In going from New York to San Francisco you pass through the home of 100,000,000 people, inhabiting a land where there is abundant room and productivity to maintain at least 500,000,000. And the one overwhelming impression that you get is that of complete, fundamental concord. It is veritably a patriotic duty for every American who can to see for himself, and show to his children, this magnificent spectacle of the union of hearts and union of minds which its immense country presents.

On your way to California and the Pacific you will be following the footsteps and reliving the romance of the pioneers, the explorers, the marvellous hunters, the De Sotos, the Coronados, the mission-founders, the gold-hunters, the "Argonauts" of glittering memory, the Pikes, the Kit Carsons, the Fremonts, the Lawlenses and Clarks, the miners, the modern Aladdins, the men who picked nuggets out of the golden sands of marl streams and struck packed lodes in the mountains of fortune; the home-seekers, the emigrants, the wayfarers of the Santa Fe and Oregon trails, the gamblers,

the civilizers, the Colonel Starbottles and Jack Hamlins, the heroes of "Poverty Flat" and "Roaring Camp," the Mormons and the black-robed priests who set the sweet bells of the Angelus ringing on the shores of the farthest and mightiest ocean.

You will see where the buffalo ranged by millions, perhaps the strangest chapter in animal history. You will feel the unvanishing wonder of the limitless plains and prairies. You will cross the mighty Mississippi, king of rivers, and some of its immense tributaries. You will find where the "deserts" were before science had begun to transform them and make them bloom. You will behold the ineffable splendor of the snow-gauntlet peaks of the Rockies and the Sierras.

You will stand amazed at the matchless spectacles of the great canyons and the enchanted mesas, things unparalleled on this planet. The wonderlands of the Yellowstone and the Yosemite, whose names are magnets to old world travelers, lie beside your pathway. You may, if you will, look upon sites of ancient lakes and seas, now only beds of sun-dried rock, where lie imprisoned the fossil skeletons of the most astonishing monsters of the age of the Dinosaurs. You will see prehistoric forests metamorphosed into giant jewels.

And everywhere you will meet things which you had never imagined to exist, all belonging to your own wonderful country. And finally California, Oregon and Washington, the three great states that front the Pacific, will greet you with an atmosphere so clear, pure and beautiful, and scenes so fresh, inspiring, and indescribable that your heart will swell with pride because they are wholly, unchangeably and magnificently American.

## The Poison Ivy of Life

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Have you ever seen the poison ivy? It is a beautiful vine and the leaves are artistic and glossy. Yet if you pluck one of them you suffer misery and discomfort for weeks, and sometimes lasting effects remain.



Temptation is a poison plant on which grow flowers of flaunting beauty, but if we gather one its virus may scar our lives for years to come. Thousands of young men and women who read these words may be gazing fascinated on some flower of temptation. Before you touch it, stop and consider just what it means. Perhaps it is a money temptation.

But once this temptation is yielded to the flower will begin to burn your fingers and poison your blood.

Years and years and years you may toll in honesty and patience and prayer, yet the scar will make itself visible when you least think it and shame and torture you anew.

Perhaps it is the temptation of unbridled pleasures. You think you are young, since youth is brief; but once you attempt to find happiness by cutting the flower of license, and wearing it into halls of dissipation, you are inviting sorrow, despair and premature old age to dwell with you.

One night a few years ago with a party of friends I sat for an hour in one of the "gayest" and most brilliant rendezvous of the New York Tenderloin district. All its habitués were men and women who had broken free from social laws and moral obligations in search of a "good time."

There was not one happy face, not one joyous eye, not one merry voice. Thinking over my whole life, it was the most depressing and joyless evening I ever passed.

All these men and women had picked the flower of temptation, and its poison was in the blood. I talked with one handsome girl, who seemed the gayest of all. How came you here? I asked. "What led you to choose this life?" "I was so tired of work—worn, dirty, hard work, and no pleasure, and no pretty clothes," she said. "So I came here. No, I am not sorry. I am always gay, as you see."

"And what do you look forward to as years go by?" I asked. "Oh, well, every morning you open your paper and read of a girl suicide," she answered, still smiling. "Some morning it will be me. I often think of it as I read my paper."

We cannot reconstruct the laws of the universe or change the motion of the solar system. And we can never alter the law which makes honesty, morality, self-control and decency the source of lasting satisfaction, and their opposites the source of misery.

## The Battle of Life

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

With ourselves rests the issue of living up to our aims.

"Did you tackle the trouble that came your way with a resolute heart and cheerfulness? Or did you face from the light of day, oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce?"

Or a trouble is a what you make it. And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts. But only, how did you take it?"

Most people fancy that this world would be a splendid place if, in the words of the Rubaiyat, they might "shatter it to bits and then remould it nearer to the heart's desire." But that cannot be done, and recognizing the impossibility of moulding life to suit themselves they face this choice: Either to remould their own natures into the ability to conform with life, to let chance shape them for good or evil, or weakly and peevishly to withdraw from conflict and become useless "quitters."

There is nothing in the world to stop any human being from guiding the bark of his life. To fail to do this means laziness, incompetence and despicable weakness. If you make no effort to guide your life you are nothing in all the world but a coward.

A step below the rank of coward is the weakling who quits. Blood brother to coward is he, since he does not make any struggle in the conflict of life, but he is worse than coward because he withdraws from life, acknowledging defeat, defaulting without ever entering the race. Hermits and suicides who struggle weakly to escape the life they are unwilling to face came from the ranks of "quitters."

Life is a burden to some, a problem to others and probably to almost no one is it pure joy. But the fight to make life worth while is in itself a splendid thing. Any trouble that is bravely faced becomes a thing observed through the wrong end of a pair of field glasses. Cowardice, through, or hopelessness will be as a magnifying glass to difficulties.

The man or woman who looks at life sanely and calmly has in that very point of view found beginnings of obedient good soldiership. Once you determine to march with life, to be neither one of those who stand still, nor yet of those who fall fainting by the wayside, you have in that very determination made the beginning that prementies your life shall be successful.

Every obstacle you overcome makes the next obstacle in your path a little easier to overcome. Every fight you make with external mischance or your own weakness gives you added power to make the next fight. Every time you conquer yourself and force yourself to face the difficulty bravely and competently you become better able so to face difficulty.

Almost every one of us is a soldier in the army of life; some are just privates and some are officers, but over all there is a "Supreme Commander."

About the first fact in life that it is important for you to face is that you will always be under orders. There is never going to be a time when you will be justified in regulating life to suit your own pleasure and convenience, nor will there ever be a time when it is possible to do this.

So first of all you must teach your-

## Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Be Careful in Your Conduct.

Dear Miss Fairfax: We are three girls, 14 years old, and we would like to know the proper length we should wear our dresses. We were asked by three boys to go out walking next Sunday afternoon. Should we tell them yes or no? Two of us are nearly 14, and there is a boy that is always asking us to go out walking with him. We do not care about going with him and have refused him many times. He still asks us. What should we tell him?

In the matter of dress take the advice of your mother or take your cue from

your sensible girl acquaintances of your own age. Avoid exaggerated styles. If you do not care to go walking with the boy this should provide his own answer. As a general proposition girls, especially of your age, should be very prudent as to time and place of taking walks with boys.

Be More Specific.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Our tenth grade school has organized a club and would like to have a name for it. Could you suggest some names that we could call our club?

You do not state object of club, and it would be difficult, therefore, to suggest an appropriate name.

# There should be music in every home on Christmas morning

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Hundreds of Omahans have awaited the following two Victor Records, exquisitely rendered in string music—"The Rosary," "Alohae Oe-Hawian" Any dealer mentioned in this announcement would be pleased to demonstrate these and other new Victor Records on the Nov. list:



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