

WOMAN'S SECTION OF THE BEE

As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair,
And when love speaks, the voice of all the gods,
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
—Shakespeare.

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on,
Pipes to the spirit ditties of no tone.
—Keats.

How to Meet Dull Quiet Of Life

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Who occupies a unique position as a writer on topics of life and love.

"These are the gifts I ask of Thee, O Spirit of Strength for the daily task, Courage to face the road, Good cheer to help me on the traveler's road."

"I can't always live in big moments of emotion. Life isn't all high spots or high lights. The steepest mountain slopes away to foothills. The most mountainous country has its passes and ravines. Great stretches of level plain lie across every land."

So the most tumultuous life has placid moments. The most eventful career has its quiet hours. And of course there are lives which have no high lights, no moments of emotion, no vividness—nothing. There are lives which seem doomed to remain in a backwater, without tides or storms or radiant sunshine. Neither sorrow nor joy visits them. Only a vast loneliness.

Every day letters come to me from city and country from village and town. And the burden of many of them is something like this: "Nothing ever happens to me. I'm so lonely I don't know what to do. I don't seem to have opportunities for meeting people. I just go on and on until I'm desperate. Can't you help me to meet the right people?"

And, sadly enough, in most cases I can't. Stop and think about it. My correspondents are unknown friends who write to me from the great spaces of a busy world. Our paths don't cross. They can't. There aren't enough hours in the day for me to see or write personally to all the dear unknown friends I long to help. And just because we aren't going to meet and suffer the embarrassments of adjustment one to the other, those dear friends out in space can write me with all the greater frankness. We're spirits to each other, and aren't hampered by our human prejudices and attractions.

Nor can I risk making these unknown known to each other. Human nature isn't safe enough for that. All I can do is give counsel out of my own experiences, and the first word of advice to all lonely souls is embodied in this little bit of verse:

"Patience a little. Learn to wait. Years are long on the clock of fate."

If only youth would be patient. If only it would wait the good and true and not seize rashly on whatever life presents. So often youth takes a cheap substitute for the companionship and love it craves, and just when it is too late to be free of the ugly entanglement and its consequence, along comes Life offering its best gifts.

There are so many things to tide us over the drab and quiet days. First, there's the strength to do what the day requires and to do it so well that the mere doing gives deep satisfaction. Then there's the courage to smile and believe that the longest road must emerge from the woods at last and come out into God's sunshine. There's kindness, which looks about and sees chances to help others. And there's the joy which finds beautiful refreshment in the sparkle of sunshine on snow, the shadow of trees seen through fog, the radiance of light coming to disperse pale dawn.

Joy of the soul is the supreme gift of the Spirit Serene. Please don't laugh with the arrogance of youth, and decide I don't know a thing about it. I do know. Satisfying the body can never give the fine radiance of feeling which comes from satisfying the soul.

Satisfying the soul satisfies the body, too. There's a radiant warmth, a sense of well-being, a feeling of uplift to be found in spiritual joys. And bodily ones depart leaving nothing but a dull thud of reaction.

How do you feel when you've eaten too much dinner? Heavy, laggard, desirous of nothing but to slip away somewhere and sleep off your after weariness.

How do you feel when you've piloted a poor old blind man across the street? Uplifted, pleased with yourself, inclined to believe that there's a lot of kindness in the world.

If you're lonely and bored, just remember that you are one of a vast company, and that probably most of the others are worse off than you. If you don't know what to do with yourself, go out and seek someone who's more in need of kindness and help than you are.

Most lonely folks seek nothing in the world but a mate. They're flattering themselves that they have a unique and interesting problem, when the only problem they present is the age-old one that is also the problem of the wolf and the bear.

But when man learned to walk upright and look at the stars he developed a few qualities beyond the primitive instincts. And who wants to confess himself nothing but an animal?

So don't go whimpering through life about your loneliness—the mating instinct, no more—but march around with your head up and seek a human chance to do someone else a good turn.

There never was a better idea than the requirement made of the Boy Scouts—namely, to do a good deed every day. It would be a wise plan for us all to adopt. Then we'd all be good scouts. And we'd have something to do with our lonely hours.

One of the finest private collections of pearls is that in possession of the Dowager Queen Margherita of Italy, whose birthday present from her husband, the late King Humbert, was always a string of these gems of the loveliest kind and perfectly matched. Her majesty wears eight rows round her throat and four long ropes, representing 21 strings, one for each of the birthdays during her married life.

CLUBDOM President's Statement Women's Roosevelt Memorial

Mrs. John Henry Hammond, president of the Woman's Roosevelt Memorial association, authorizes the following statement on the aims and purposes of the association, the national organization of American women that is restoring the birthplace of Theodore Roosevelt in New York City:

"The Woman's Roosevelt Memorial association was started almost immediately after Colonel Roosevelt's death with a permanent object in view. Later the Roosevelt Memorial association was formed, but at no time has it been connected in any way with our association. Unfortunately there has been some confusion in the mind of the public owing to the similarity in the names of the two organizations. While both associations are, I am sure, entirely sympathetic with the purposes of each other, it is important for the public to know they are entirely separate and distinct."

"The Woman's Roosevelt Memorial association had from the first a definite plan, namely, the restoration of Theodore Roosevelt's birthplace. The sight of the birthplace and the adjoining property on East Twentieth street have been purchased and completely paid for. An architect has been selected and the work of rebuilding and refurbishing the structures as they originally stood will be carried on actively this year. It is for this definite purpose that

the Woman's Roosevelt Memorial association, independent of any other organization, plans to ask the American people, especially the women of the country, for funds to complete this work and to provide sufficient endowment for its upkeep and operation as a shrine of Americanism which people from the entire country will visit in increasing numbers as the years go on.

"Just as the women of America restored Mount Vernon and assisted in the restoration of Lincoln's birthplace at Hodgenville, Ky., they have now set out upon this definite plan. In order, therefore, that this work might always be connected with the women of America, our association was incorporated as the Woman's Roosevelt Memorial association."

The new 1920 sweaters are far brighter than those of 1919.

Music at the Movies Must Improve to Satisfy Public.

"People will one day come to see that the movies are an institution and not a frivolous way for wasting money. But in order that those movies may become an institution, worthy of the name, they must be improved, built up, developed, made effective. You understand, of course, that I use the term 'movies' in the connection of the entire entertainment, not only the pictures, but all the things that go with it to make up an evening's program."

Hugo Riesenfeld, the author and finisher of the policy of the two most pretentious motion picture theaters in the country, sat hunched up in an obscure seat in a dimmed theater where his first venture in musical comedy was being given to the public. He lived up to no preconceived ideas that have been given an author on a first night. His hands were not clenched, he did not bite his nails. He did not snatch at his disordered hair. He couldn't. His hair was not disordered. He did not fidget about in his seat and make people near him wonder if his conscience troubled him. He did none of the things that books solemnly tell us are done by authors. The fact is worth repetition. And with his mind, for the moment, on the infant musical comedy, it was not to be thought that Hugo Riesenfeld would forget the elder child, known as "intelligent music for the moving picture theater."

They cannot say "We give them good pictures—that is enough. The music is of no importance, as long as there is sound." You say our audiences are composed, mainly of middle-class people, foreign-born shop girls—a foreign shrug of the shoulders conveyed the breadth of those audiences—and that they do not know good music from bad, or at least do not know it positively enough to demand the good. Ah! but that is where you are wrong.

Frequently after I have spent hours over my programs, hours drilling my orchestra in tone shadings and in proper rhythms, after I have speculated and experimented with lighting effects—proof—I go to my stand and before I have directed past a third of the first page, I feel an indefinable something that means unpleasant reaction on the part of

my public. They have been offended somehow by the music I have selected, or disappointed. Perhaps I have made it too gay, too sad—how can I know—but that they are hostile to it, I know quickly enough. I must work to change it.

There is progress in everything. Progress in art, in letters, in music, even in labor. We must keep abreast of the times. The public as no longer content to drift into some little, silly, darkened, close theater to see a badly done picture, thrown jerkily on a screen, one that is, perhaps, torn—it demands the satisfaction of its subtler senses. Its sense of beauty must be met, understood, satisfied. It must feel that it is receiving something good, not something merely haphazard—Christian Science Monitor.

Butter-Nut

"The Coffee Delicious"

For All Occasions Where Only the Best is Served

Delights Your Friends
Butter-Nut
"The Coffee Delicious"



MADAM, YOUR Butter-Nut Coffee is Delicious

The Sorority Beverage
Butter-Nut
"The Coffee Delicious"

Always Acceptable
Butter-Nut
"The Coffee Delicious"

YOUR MEAL IS AS GOOD AS THE COFFEE YOU SERVE
USE **Butter-Nut**
"The Coffee Delicious"

Gold Weather Enjoyed with Butter-Nut Coffee

Buy Butter-Nut Coffee

Butter-Nut
"The Coffee Delicious"

Butter-Nut is a coffee of sociability and good feeling.

Coffee has for centuries been the world's social drink. The first known was in A. D. 1470, in Arabia. Coffee was then imported into Turkey and later into England, France and the Scandinavian countries.

In Turkey, in coffee's earliest days, the Coffee House was frowned upon by the government because it became the meeting place of too much free speech. In England, the Coffee House became a great social club; different ones becoming favorites as the meeting place of different classes of people. The early writers congregated in one Coffee House, actors in others, and stock exchange operators in others, etc.

Coffee has continued, not only as a drink of sociability, but has become necessary to the home life and meals of nearly every family. Incidentally, the healthiest people in the world, the people of Scandinavia, use the most coffee. As a country, the United States consumes the most coffee.

Coffee in the early days, probably came from one country, was of one selection and likely ungraded.

Today, coffee is greatly improved and comes from many different countries, each growing a different type of coffee. For instance, there are eighteen (18) different varieties of coffee and eight (8) different grades, so that in our Butter-Nut Coffee we have a perfect blend, as the secret is in assembling the varieties of coffees of the best grades and blending them into one perfect drink, characteristic for its fragrance, richness and deliciousness.

PAXTON & GALLAGHER CO. Omaha