

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Favorite Recipes of Favorite Actresses



"Except the kettle boiling on,
Filling the teapot spoils the tea."

And after I had treated my fellow workers under the Shubert banner in "The Five Frankforters" to my idea of iced tea during our first warm spring days, they were ready to subscribe to that quotation or any other tea-lore I wanted to claim as my own!

See how you like it, fellow readers of The Bee.

Steep one and one-half (1 1/2) teaspoonful of good green tea in one pint of boiling water; strain this over the juice and rind of three lemons, which have been sliced and left standing, in one cup of granulated sugar. When cool, strain and add one quart of good sherry. Serve over cracked ice in small punch glasses.

Truly, this is a most delicious summer drink.

Habit, the Master

By ELBERT HUBBARD

Industry is intelligent action, motion, movement. And now science tells us that thought also is a physical action, a movement, a vibration of the cells of the brain.

Wandering, dreamy thought is merely bad habit, or, more properly, lack of a good habit, for it leads nowhere.

To carry bricks back and forth from one side of the street to the other is not industry, because it lacks intelligent purpose.

To think and make no headway is simply to carry bricks back and forth.

To play the devil's tattoo on a chair, monkey with the forks and spoons at table, adjust your necktie forty times a minute, stroke your mustache or hitch your trousers—these things are not industry. Gents do these things, but gentlemen never.

And the difference between the gent and the gentleman is the difference between the man and the master man. The master man is simply a man who is master of one person—himself. When you have mastered yourself, you are then fit to take charge of other people.

The master man is a person who has evolved intelligent industry, concentration, self-confidence until these things become the habit of his life.

Industry in its highest sense means conscious effort and intelligent effort. Carried to a certain point, industry is healthful stimulation—it means active circulation, good digestion, sound sleep. The sensible man will ascertain his limitations and not carry his industry to the point of exhaustion. Before he is tired out, he will turn his attention to something else. The ability to concentrate requires the ability to relax. In order to work you must know how to play. Men who carry great burdens and responsibilities are always those who are able at times to lay down the burden and be a child with the children. They can laugh. And there is no medicine equal to the merry laugh.

It is the intermittent current that makes the telephone possible; the man of power is the man who changes his work—he does one thing at a time, but he does not do the thing all the time.

To cultivate concentration practice relaxation. Lie down on the floor for three minutes on your back, breathe

HOW ARE YOU FEEDING YOUR CHILDREN?

Are you giving them nourishing food—food that will develop their muscles, bones and flesh—food that is easily digested and cheap?

Ever thought about Spaghetti? Faust Spaghetti! Do you know that a 10c package of Faust Spaghetti contains as much nutrition as 4 lbs. of beef? Your doctor will tell you it does. And Faust Spaghetti costs one-tenth the price of meat. Doesn't that solve a big item in the high cost of living?

You probably haven't served Faust Spaghetti as often as you should because you don't know how many different ways it can be cooked—write for free recipe book today and you'll be surprised at the big variety of dishes you can make from this nutritious food. In 5c and 10c packages.

MAULL BROS.
St. Louis, Mo.

In B Flat



The Teacher of Singing—Now, children, give us "Little Drops of Water," and put some spirit in it. The Head (whispering)—Careful, sir, careful. Remember this is a temperance school. Say—"put some ginger in it," if you must.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

On Unfit Mothers—Poverty Does Not Make Them So, as Many Are Rich—Criticism Committees Should Be Established Everywhere.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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"The unfitness of mothers of dependent children, complained of by organized charity," is in my opinion all caused by poverty.

"Too much of the pension law recently enacted by the legislatures of eighteen states, will, to a great extent, make the unfit mother fit, because the pension removes the cause of her unfitness, which is her poverty."

"It is the common observation that the very fine and very fit mother becomes comparatively unfit to take care of her children after a few years of hopeless struggle with poverty."

"The mistake of organized charity is their allowing good mothers of dependent children to be made unfit by the poison of overwork, the poison of trying to earn the living for their children at hard work and give proper care to their children at the same time."

"Organized charity contends that a mother should have her children taken away from her because poverty has made her temporarily unfit."

"The real friends of the poor, the advocates of the mother's pension, believe that the mother should have the cause of her unfitness removed and not her children."

"HENRY NEHL,"
Mothers' pensions now extend from coast to coast. One can now travel from the Atlantic ocean to the Pacific ocean going through mothers' pension states only, starting on the coast of New Jersey and going through Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Colorado, Utah, Nevada to the coast of California.

Other mothers' pension states are Washington, Oregon, Idaho, South Dakota, Minnesota, Massachusetts, New Hampshire—eighteen in all.

Three cities that have local mothers' pension laws are Kansas City, St. Louis and Milwaukee.

Meantime the statement of Mr. Nehl that the unfit mothers are caused by poverty is open to doubt.

Some of the most unfit mothers to be found on earth are women of wealth.

Two little girls on board a large ocean liner were the daughters of a New York banker, and their mother was an educated woman, and their father was a man of parts; yet these were not seen on earth more inausurably disagreeable children than these. They were ill-mannered, impertinent, unkind and ungracious. The chief steward in the dining saloon was obliged to rebuke them for

their impertinence and their annoying treatment of other passengers.

The children she had should have been taken away from such parents and placed under wise and worthy instructors.

A woman who has been reared with excellent opportunities for culture, is the mother of four children. There is no financial strain upon the family, yet the children have never been taught any of the gracious and lovely traits which help to build a worthy character and a pleasing personality.

Lord, harsh voices, flat contradictions, continual quarrelling, and the most disagreeable qualities distinguish this family.

Such parents are certainly unfit to bring up families.

A fund for the erection of a large scientific institution, such as Dr. Elmer Gates has always longed to see established, would be a benefit to the world, an institution where the brain cells of vulgar and disorderly children, as well as the perverted and viciously inclined, could be developed into constructive qualities.

Every school and church in the land ought to have a "criticism committee."

such as existed in the Onondia community.

To this committee every person who had a complaint to make of the manner and conduct of another member of the community went, and the committee called on the offending person with the complaint, and the whole subject was calmly and thoroughly investigated.

And reproof was administered where it belonged, and if it was proven that any personal or selfish or jealous feeling prompted the complaint, he was the one reprimanded and placed under ban, and made to see how unworthy was his action.

Unselfishness was the religious keynote of the society, and had it let sex problems alone it would have been one of the greatest factors for bettering the world which ever existed in America.

If our schools and colleges and churches could adopt this excellent idea of the Onondia community and established the "criticism committees" and then carry Dr. Elmer Gates' dream of a brain-building institution into realization, the children of the idle rich might stand as good a chance of becoming agreeable and useful citizens as do the children of the poor today.

The Holy Roman Empire

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

One hundred and seven years ago, August 11, 1806—Francis the Second, twelfth of the imperial dignity, retired to his hereditary dominions under the title of "Emperor of Austria."

And what was the "imperial dignity" that Francis that day resigned? It was none other than the civil headship of the ancient and once august institution known in history as the "Holy Roman Empire," a combination of church and state.

It is all very romantic—the unceremonious pulling down of the Holy Roman Empire, with its degrees and hierarchies, its royalties and sanctities, by the little white, dimpled hand of the "Charity student of Brienne." It was necessary to the accomplishment of Napoleon's political plans that the institution which had saved the world for 1,000 years should come to an end; and a few lines from his pen scrawled diagonally across a single sheet of note paper sent the venerable affair into nothingness.

A few days after the act had been signed there appeared at Regensburg a French envoy, who coolly informed the Diet that his master had become protector of the confederation, and that he no longer recognized the existence of the empire.

And who, pray, was that "Master," who no longer recognized the existence of the Holy Roman Empire—the solemn creature of the divinely-guided Otto and John? It was none other than the little yellow-faced, black-eyed adventurer from Corsica, known to fame as Napoleon Bonaparte. It was Napoleon who had ordered the confederation of the Rhine, and it was Napoleon's note to his envoy at Regensburg that caused Francis to step down and out. There is a dash of humor in Francis' resignation. He finds it "impossible in the altered state of things to fulfill the obligations imposed, etc.," and so descends from the imperial throne, he is directly commanded to do so by the "Man of Destiny."

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Beauty

The Care of the Hair as Told by Evelyn Carlton



MISS EVELYN CARLTON

"I shampoo my hair fortnightly."
"Don't wear false hair."
"At night and in morning, loosen your scalp."

By LILIAN LAUFERTY.

"If I had \$1,000,000," began Evelyn Carlton, "I know exactly what I would do—Whereupon the hand of the beauty editor, attuned unto lotions and garments of rare texture, and 'cures' and all the adjuncts of beauty—which is so seldom beauty unadorned—began to vision jewels rare, and creations from Parisian artists. But Evelyn Carlton went on seriously, 'I would adopt all the poor, dear, little kiddies I could find, and I would take 'em all out in the country and let them kick up their heels in the long, cool grass, and pick posies and get dirty and clean again, and grow up with some of God's sunshine in their little hearts.'"

Ahem! "The Follies of 1913" were being exploited down on the stage of the New Amsterdam theater. In a dressing room on the third floor the beautiful girl who thrills you with loveliness when she sits in a gold armored figure on the gold horse of Jeanne d'Arc was telling me of an ideal that is greater to her than all loveliness. Do you wonder that Evelyn Carlton is a beautiful girl? Most women who are normal, and sweet and sane—and womanly with the full heritage of the Maker meant them to be attractive with the sweetness of expression and the charm of the eternal femininity that the Germans call "Die ewige weibliche."

"But since you—supposedly—have not

The Price He Paid

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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I said I would have my fill, And do what a young man may; And I didn't believe a thing That the parsons have to say. I didn't believe in a God That gives us blood like fire. Then flings us into hell because We answer the call of desire.

And I said: "Religion is rot. And the laws of the world are nil; For the bad man is he who is caught; And cannot foot his bill. And there is no place called hell; And heaven is only a truth. When a man has his way with a maid, In the fresh keen hour of youth.

"And money can buy us grace, And money can nearly erase Each sign of a sinful smirch. For I saw men everywhere, Hotfooting the road of vice; And women and preachers smiled on them As long as they paid the price.

So I had my joy of life; I went the pace of the town; And then I took me a wife, And started to settle down. I had gold enough and to spare For all of the simple joys That belong with a house and home And a brood of girls and boys.

I married a girl with health And virtue and spotless fame. I gave in exchange my wealth And a proud old family name. And I gave her the love of a heart Grown sated and sick of sin! My deal with the devil was all cleaned up, And the last bill handed in.

She was going to bring me a child, And when in labor she cried, With love and fear I was wild— But now I wish she had died. For the son she bore me was blind And crippled and weak and sore! And his mother was left a wreck. It was so she settled my score.

I said I must have my fill, And they know the path I would go; Yet no one told me a thing, Of what I needed to know. Folks talk too much of a soul From heavenly joys debarred— And not enough of the babes unborn, By the sins of their fathers scarred.

a million dollars," said I, "won't you please tell me how you make life—and yourself—as attractive as possible? All the little means to the great end of feminine humanity—beauty."

"Oh, but I am not a beauty," said Miss Carlton with misguided enthusiasm. Excuse me, Miss Evelyn, for remarking it here in open meeting and in such wise that you have no chance to talk back—

"You are a beauty."

On with the conversation of the evening. Said Miss Carlton: "I have rather nice hair—no credit to me, it runs in my family. It's long and thick, you see. I shampoo it at least fortnightly, and some times once a week. About a shampoo—if you cannot get some one who is an expert at the art, wash your own hair. Buy a bottle of liquid green soap and shake some of the liquid into the masses of your hair, rubbing away till you get a foamy white lather. Then wash and wash and wash some more until your final rinsing water is clear as Croton water ever can be. Just don't leave a bit of soap in your hair if you mean to have it pretty and fluffy and tractable. Don't wear false hair, don't jam your head full of combs and hairpins, don't burn your hair off in search of a curl that the first damp hour will steal from you. Shampoo it as I have told you, brush it faithfully, and often open it to the benefits of sun and wind as often as you can. All growing things like sun and air as well as those little kiddies of my million-dollar dream, you know.

At night and in the morning loosen your scalp by giving it a rotary massage with your finger-tips; this will stimulate the flow of blood to the scalp veins and blood vessels and feed the roots of the hair. For a tonic my mother used to recommend breaking a few quinine capsules into bay-rum and applying this on alternate nights.

"Tonic should always be applied from a bottle with a shaker top, or dropped into the partings of the hair from a medicine dropper. The idea is to get it into the skin from which the hair is deriving its nourishment—and not to get the hair oily or greasy and so ready to attract a coating of dust. To sum it all up, keep your hair and scalp clean, stimulate the flow of blood to the scalp, and feed the roots of the hair, and I am sure the results will justify you for 'taking pains'."

"All I can add to my 'beauty interview' is to go back to my beginning again and recommend that grown-ups try my dream-for-children—living out in the golden sunshine. It is good for hair—and figure and disposition."

"Whereas he it added that outdoors surely offers you some of the health and beauty with which it has no generosity dowered Evelyn Carlton. Next time you shampoo your hair, dry it out in the golden sunlight—and when you behold with joy the vital glowing mass into which the sun has transmuted your locks, just register a vow to try a little sunshine tonic on your nature.

COMFORT YOUR TORTURED SKIN WITH RESINOL

No matter how long you have been tortured and disfigured by itching, burning, raw or scaly skin humors, just get a little of that soothing, antiseptic Resinol Ointment on the sores and the suffering stops right there! Healing begins that very minute, and your skin gets well so quickly you feel ashamed of the money you threw away on useless, tedious treatments. Wherever drugs are sold, you can be just as sure of finding Resinol Ointment as court-plaster or a tooth-brush. This is because doctors have prescribed it so regularly for the last eighteen years that every druggist knows he must keep it constantly in stock. Try free: Dept. S-F, Resinol, Baltimore, Md. Works wonders for sunburn.