

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

—OR—

## "The Journey of Life"

Every Woman Should Live Her Own Existence and Fill Her Own Sphere as Wisely as She Knows How

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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As we speed out of youth's sunny station The track seems to shine in the light. But it suddenly shoots over chasms Or sinks into tunnels of night. And the hearts that were brave in the morning Are filled with repining and fears As they pause at the City of Sorrow Or pass through the Valley of Tears.

But the road of this perilous journey The hand of the Master has made: With all its discomforts and dangers, We need not be sad or afraid. Paths leading from light into darkness, Ways plunging from gloom to despair, Wind out through the tunnels of mid-night To fields that are blooming and fair.

Though the rocks and the shadows surround us, Though we catch not one gleam of the day, Above us fair cities are laughing, And dipping white feet in some bay. And always, eternal, forever, Down over the hills in the West, The last final end of our journey, There lies the Great City of Rest.

'Tis the Grand Central point of all rail-ways, All roads unite here when they end; 'Tis the final resort of all tourists, All rival lines meet here and blend. All tickets, all mile-books, all passes, If stolen or begged for or bought, On whatever road or division, Will bring you at last to this spot.

If you pause at the City of Trouble, Or wait in the Valley of Tears, Be patient, the train will move onward And rush down the track of the years. Whatever the place is you seek for, Whatever your names or your quest, You shall come at the last with rejoicing To the beautiful City of Rest.

You shall store all your baggage of wor-ries, You shall feel perfect peace in this realm, You shall sail with old friends on fair waters, With joy and delight at the helm. You shall wander in cool fragrant gar-dens With those who have loved you the best, And the hopes that were lost in life's Journey You shall find in the City of Rest.

A woman writes: "I wonder so much if I am good enough to go to heaven when I pass out of this life. I so hope I am. The great longing of my heart has been for a happy home life, but I have never had a real home. Fate has been rather un-kind to me in that way."

If this woman is dally and hourly doing all she can to make every place a home, and to give the home-spirit to each home she occupies, if she is making her own atmosphere home-like and sympathetic to every one who comes near her, then she may rest assured she will find a home such as she has longed for when she leaves the body; and that will be heaven.

There is no regulation heaven any more than there is one regulation manner of life on earth. Take the very good, simple, kindly farmer's wife, whose whole joy of life lies in preparing food for her household, and in attending the church, and in retiring early and rising betimes, and place her in the home of the duchess of Marlborough, in London, and she would be very miserable, indeed.

Her ideas of life and pleasure and duty are wholly different from those of the duchess. Yet both are good women; both are filling their spheres here on earth as unselfishly and wisely as they know how, and both will unquestionably go to heaven when they pass on; but their heavens will be unsimilar. Yet, no doubt, they will be less un-similar than now, because the farmer's wife has often wished for more of this earth's goods, wherewith to enlarge her sphere of usefulness, and the duchess has no doubt wished for a simpler life and simpler joys; and so both have made corresponding changes in the heavenly mansion not built by hands.

The woman who longs for a home and for love as its keynote, if she has sent out love vibrations to all the world, and envied no woman who had more than she here, but rejoiced in all the blessings which have fallen to the share of others, she will surely find her mansion wait-ing. And she will enjoy it and the society of those she loves until it is time for her to pass on to other regions in the worlds beyond; and to reincarnate again and return to earth; where, no doubt, she will then be given the home life in a material form.

The "fate" which she says has been unkind to her was only her old self in past lives, where she failed to appreciate home life and domestic affection. For as we sow we reap. Otherwise there would be no justice in the universe. A great religious teacher tells us there are four important steps in self-improvement: the self-improvement which will enable us to build good karma for the future (good causes, and therefore good results).

Observation of what is going on about us, accurate observation, will enable us to gain health and longevity and to sleep peacefully. People who see, hear and understand the daily happenings of life accurately are very rare. Discrimination is another quality to be cultivated. We must learn to dis-criminate between our needs and our desires, our wants and our necessities; between our physical tool—the body—and our master mind. The teacher tells us this will develop the intellectual soul and give spiritual life new impetus.

Devotion is another important factor in our growth. To let no day pass in which we do not turn our thoughts reverently to higher powers and invisible helpers, and give thanks and love to the Creator for our blessings, and ask for more light and greater opportunities for usefulness. Then comes the fourth step—persistence in all the good things. When we use continuously all these four ways of self-development, we are equipped to build our heaven here on earth and in the world to come.

How to Make the Best Cough Remedy at Home. A Family Supply at Small Cost, and Fully Guaranteed.

Judicious use of Advertising Brings Big Returns

Dessert

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By Nell Brinkley



Eros—and he, you know, is that hard-working young gentleman who has long ago discovered and drank from the "Well at the World's End" where bubbles the water of Eternal Youth—is a great fellow to hold forth on the affairs of Men and Maids; he lectures; he's written books; cook books full of strange recipes; and he's even dabbled in making up menus for young people, rich and poor—"What to eat on Tuesday; what to eat when the pay envelope is flat and hungry-looking." Just like the magazines now-a-days, don't you know? And this is his

pet recipe for a great feast when Poverty sits loafing beside a young couple's hearthstone, when they are up to their adoring eyes in love, when they are very young—"Bread and cheese and kisses." Kisses for dessert! Now Love—that same Eros, alias Danny—is my side partner; he sits on my couch on a wildcat skin every day of the year and mixes into my work; his own face gets into it; he tells tales out of school to give me ideas of how things go with chaps and girls the wide world over. I like him; so I'm not cynical about him or any-

thing he believes in! But—although with all my heart and head I try to think with Love and all his Romances that careases are dessert enough—somehow my fancy goes a-wandering off and sails around, and around, and straight to pumpkin pie; or English plum pudding with sauce made of brown sugar and butter and run flowing over it; or home-made apple pie with nutmeg inside and whipped cream outside! Kisses for dessert make a pretty picture—but wouldn't you like it better to have both? Me—I do! NELL BRINKLEY.

## Three Women and Their World Lessons

By ADA PATTERSON.

They are not pleasant stories I will tell you today, my readers, but I hope they will be good for you in the reading as they were for me in the watching. All reached their climaxes in the recent holidays.

There was the woman who tried to kill herself. She was a woman in the early forties who had been pretty and who would still be attractive had not her face grown so hard, her eyes so cold, her voice metallic; all symptoms of a hardening heart.

She had never worked in her life. As a girl she had been supported too luxuriously, living beyond her father's means. As a young matron she had plunged into extravagance, alienating and nearly bankrupting her husband. As a divorcee she had lived as a spendthrift and in dubious ways.

During the holidays she had tried to kill herself. Brought back to consciousness she said life bored her. She promised to avoid another attempt at suicide provided she could find "some entertainment." If she found nothing to amuse her she would try to shuffle off again and the next time she wouldn't bungle. That night she went to a tango ball, returning home in high spirits.

In this big hurrying world, with work crying out to be done and other work crying out to be better done, with shoulders bent by their burdens and hearts aching with their hurts, a woman tried to die because she could not find any thing to "amuse" her.

Another woman did the work of self-extermination better. The janitor found her with a gas tube in her mouth, her face livid, her eyes staring. Five years ago the woman had been seized with a fancy to go upon the stage.

The fancy became an obsession. That she was the beloved wife of a good husband, the mother of three bright, healthy, beautiful children, that she had a good home and many friends, weighed not at all in the scales.

Up, up soared the end of the life scales in which she had placed these, and down, down, as that which had the only real weight to her, went her ambition to become an actress. She left the home and the husband, the children and the friends, and came to New York. Of course since she had a few thousand dollars she found an unscrupulous manager who was willing to "star" her. His mental reservation "as long as your money lasts, your fool," he kept to himself until later.

She went on the road with her company that laughed at her behind her back. The audiences laughed but more openly, but the woman would not learn the lesson in that laughter. She went back to New York, beset by dramatic offices for five years and as the holiday time, a happy time to most hearts, was paying its cheerful visit to the metropolis, the woman who had given everything for nothing, and who knew it at last, was crushed by the realization.

"I intend to kill myself," she said to the janitor, who seemed to be her only acquaintance in the great apartment house, where neighbors live as aliens, enacting the drama of life on the other side of the partition of but never speaking to each other when they meet in the hall.

"I didn't believe she'd do it," said the janitor. The husband and children she deserted never spoke of her, not even since the news came in a laconic telegram which they read in silence.

"While one stands, ten thousand fall" were the dying words of another wreck of one whom nature had designed to be a good woman, wife and mother. They have taken her back to the home from which she ran away seven years ago. She had found her home town hum-drum. She wanted to see the garish splendors of a great city. For a brief time, a few months at most, she was seen on Broadway in sumptuous gowns and blazing jewels. But soon she dropped out of sight and one who set out to find her located his unhappy quarry in a miserable room bestowed upon her in charity by the wife of a saloon keeper. She was wearing a ragged frock and a pair of men's shoes that had been thrown into an alley.

Three women and their lesson to the world. You have already guessed their lesson. The beginning of their downfall was selfishness. Its progress was in weakness, the inability, or unwillingness to turn back when they found they had taken the wrong road. Girls entrenched in their homes, in honest work, in upright principles and thoughtfulness of others, stay behind these as behind a barricade. Better the so-called "narrow" life than deaths such as theirs.

An introduction should be easy to secure since you have mutual friends. Ask one to introduce you. I am pleased that you respect her too much to attempt to flirt with her.

Not if You Truly Love. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 24 and deeply in love with this girl, as we have never been introduced. I have known her for over a year, but it seems we are never to meet. Once in a while when I see her I smile at her and she smiles also. Would you kindly advise me how I could meet her without flirting, as I know a few girls with whom she is acquainted.

Old-Time Cold Cure—Drink Tea! Get a small package of Hamburg Broom Tea, or as the German folks call it, "Hamburger Brust Tee," at any pharmacy. Take a tablespoonful of the tea, put a cup of boiling water upon it, pour through a sieve and drink a teacup full at any time. It is the most effective way to break a cold and cure grip, as it opens the pores, relieving congestion. Also loosens the bowels, thus breaking a cold at once.

It is inexpensive and entirely vegetable, therefore harmless. — Advertisement.

## Jealousy on the Stage

BY WILLIAM GRAY.

Actors and actresses of all grades are admittedly the most generous people in the world. Strangely enough, at the same time, almost without exception, they are deadly jealous of one another.

The green-eyed monster is responsible for much misery and unfairness in the profession, and I have often marvelled at its prevalence. I have in mind the case of a star who, in staging a very fine number with chorus and lighting effects, was assisted by a young girl in the refrain. The latter was a light and a very graceful dancer, and she worked well up to her principal, thus contributing largely to the success of the item.

The star's mother was "in front" at the first performance, and immediately the curtain descended she rushed to her daughter, gasping: "Oh, my dear, you must not permit it. That girl draws all attention from you. She's lovely and she must be suppressed. See the stage manager at once about it."

That official was called to the dressing room and heard the star's complaint. Five minutes later an ambitious little chorus girl was sobbing bitterly at the back of the stage. She had been told her work was excellent but that in future she must not do her best because her best easily overshadowed the star's efforts.

If there is anything to choose between them I think jealousy exists more among the ladies and gentlemen in musical comedy than in the case with vaudeville folk. The sobriety usually starts with the management and is slavishly copied by every one down to the chorus.

I know one West End theater where the following notice was once displayed at the stage door: "Notice—Ladies of the chorus are requested not to notice Mr. — on the street."

In their turn the "show ladies" frequently decline to talk to the chorus "girls," and once I was present at an end of a squabble between three of the chorus over a line that one of them had been given to speak. Each claimed it had been given to herself, and as each of the young ladies bore a striking resemblance to the others the producer himself had a hard task to decide which of them he had originally chosen for "the part."

Lady Hollywood and Dolores are the two star lady parts in that delightful musical comedy, "Florodora." There has always been trouble between the ladies playing the two characters as to which of them should take precedence of the other. In one touring company with which I did business relations between the actresses became so strained as a result of this never-ending controversy that the traveling manager wrote a full report of the matter to the head office and asked for instructions.

A few days later a notice was affixed to the callboard stating that Dolores was the principal part in the musical comedy. The actress playing Lady Hollywood immediately handed in her resignation.

The actor-manager and the author are very jealous of one another. The latter is always accused by the former of giving too much "fat" to his other actor friends in the company, and the author invariably thinks and says that his patron's acting is on a level with that of an Italian organ grinder's monkey.

I once got a peep at a letter from a well-known actor-manager to an equally illustrious producer returning the M. S. of a new production with comments. It read something like this: "You don't get me on early enough. I must make the big entrance, not —. So-and-so has too much fat. I don't want to be on in the sixth scene. Put — there. Cut — a part. That bit of dialogue will do for me." The letter went on at great length in this strain.

The author got the better of it, in my opinion, when he replied: "I herewith return your check. You want a monologue—not a play."

There are always heaps of jealousy in all theaters and music halls respecting the way everybody is billed, seldom is everybody satisfied.

I think it is generally known by the public that in all contracts there is a clause which reads: "The management will bill the artist in type the size and nature of which they deserve to themselves the right to decide." Despite this, every week when new billings and newspaper advertisements matter is issued, there is an eager rush by every one to scan it. Then you hear comments like this:

"Billed me like a chorus girl. I won't stand it." "Classed with the pictures, am I? Well, I won't go on." "Great Scott, I'm not good enough to mention now." "She's bigger again this week. It's nice to be a friend of the manager."

Comedians are easily the most jealous men in the world at pantomime time. Their first endeavor is to appropriate the star dressing room in the theater, irrespective of any claims the lady principals may have. When a three-cornered fight has been fought between the management, the ladies and themselves about the distribution of "gags," "I won't feed him," is an expression frequently heard, which means that one fun provider distinctly declines to lend himself to working up a scene in order that his partner may speak in the line or lines that ultimately get the big laughs.

It is only human nature to feel exultation in "getting your own back." My friends of both sexes are adepts at this pastime.

It seems to be a case of—in the theatrical world, more than most there—kill or be killed!

derstudy was getting twice the salary of the principal on this occasion. Both women knew it, but the principal had an old score to repay, and so, before the playing company, she seized this opportunity to put the other "in her place once and for all."

The musical conductor of a theater once "got even" with the star, an arrogant individual, who made life pleasant for himself at the expense of every one else.

It was a gala night, and great things were expected from the singer. To every one's surprise he failed lamentably to get his top notes and left the stage in chilly silence.

Nobody could understand it except the singer and the orchestra. They knew that the orchestrations had been transposed half a tone higher, making it uncomfortable for the singer right through the melody, and at the finish an impossibility to reach the top notes that usually brought the song to a conclusion.

My stock of anecdote on this subject is well nigh inexhaustible. I have written enough to show that the path of the successful "pro" may look rose strewn, but there are many hidden thorns to dodge. In learning to avoid hurt for himself the old stager has to trample down all comers.

Sage and Sulphur Darkens Gray Hair. Brush this through faded, lifeless locks and they become dark, glossy, youthful.

Hair that loses its color and lustre, or when it fades, turns gray, dull and lifeless, is caused by a lack of sulphur in the hair. Our grandmother made up a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur to keep her locks dark and beautiful, and thousands of women and men who value that even color, that beautiful dark shade of hair which is so attractive, use only this old-time recipe.

Nowadays we get this famous mixture by asking at any drug store for a 50¢ Hair Remedy, which darkens the hair so naturally, so evenly, that nobody can possibly tell it has been applied. Besides, it takes off dandruff, stops scalp itching and falling hair. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; but what delights the ladies with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur is that, besides beautifully darkening the hair after a few applications, it also brings back the gloss and lustre and gives it an appearance of abundance.—Advertisement