

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

EVERYBODY'S COOK BOOK



The high cost of living has made turtles, husbands and various other luxuries prohibitive in price, has forced many housewives to find substitutes for these once familiar articles of daily consumption.

Happily, however, many women have learned to concoct a delectable dish called Mock Husband, which is economical, agreeable to the taste, and can only be told from the genuine article by divorcees who have spent two or more seasons in Reno, and have thus become connoisseurs.

There are several ways of preparing Mock Husband. Some women make this dish by taking a small and mealy looking man of the human shrimp variety, and dragging him up to the altar, after which he is never heard of again, except as his wife's husband and the children's father.

Another variety of Mock Husband is made by selecting a man for a husband who was born too tired to work, and who does not mind seeing a woman labor to support him.

That is quite as good as real husband and of a much more pleasant flavor.

The difficulty, though, with this plat is that young Mock Husband is exceedingly indigestible, and sure to disagree with old maids and widows, and cause them trouble.

The best way to prepare Mock Husband, and the way followed by our leading Suffragettes and Pure Food Experts is as follows:

First, begin by seeing that your kitchen for preparing this dish is thoroughly in order. Put sufficient money in your purse, and see that you have a nice, comfortable place to live.

Then buy a parrot that swears. Get one, if possible, that has a large vocabulary of words that begin with a big D. See also that it is instructed to use the phrase "any fool ought to know better than to do that" continually. If it repeats this martial catchword over and over again all the evening, so much the better.

Next, get a dog that growls when you speak to him, and that snaps at you when you set a nice plate of food before it, and try to pat his head. Be very careful to see that the dog is a good growler, because most of the success of the dish depends on this ingredient.

Then add a rusty cash register that shrieks, and moans, and threatens to break into a thousand pieces when you try to get a nickel out of it, and that hands out a penny when you punch the quarter lever.

Next stir in a cat that stays out at night, and that you have to get up and open the door for about 3 o'clock G. M., then add a chimney that smokes, and that blows the smoke in your face.

Step these ingredients in a sauce made of one barrel of miscellaneous objections to everything you want to do; one gallon of acid criticism of everything that you have done; one quart of ridicule of your opinions; a bushel of chestnutty jokes that you have heard a million times, and that are only brought out when company comes, and throw in plenty of knocks of your family and friends, and caustic remarks about how much it takes to support a family, and what a fool a man is to get married.

Flavor this mixture with a beery breath, and spice it with poker, games and a little side-stepping, and get the whole away in a cool place in the house to congeal, and you will have a dish of Mock Husband that ninety-nine wives out of a hundred could not tell from the genuine one they have at home.

Mock Husband is a favorite article of diet with Bachelor Girls, many of whom prefer it to the real article on the ground that Mock Husband never disagrees with them, or causes them any heart burning, or other symptoms of indigestion of the affections. Also it is much cheaper than real husband, and more nourishing. In proof of which they point to the fact that the women who live on Mock Husband are generally much better dressed, and sleeker, and have a much less careworn and haggard expression than those who derive their subsistence from the genuine article.

Another advantage of Mock Husband is that you do not have to partake of it at every meal, but can vary it with other things, whereas the housewives who have invested their entire budget in real husband are forced to consume it daily, no matter how monotonous it gets, nor how tired they become of it.

Mock Husband can be highly recommended as a good substitute for real husband, which is fortunate, as it becomes harder and harder to get the genuine, and doubtless the time will soon come when the only specimens of bona-fide husbands will be preserved in museums in alcohol.



Ravings of the Koresh

By EDGAR LUCIEN LARKIN.

Q.—"While reading your article I discovered the word 'Koresh,' but could not find the meaning in our dictionary or three encyclopedias. Please give the meaning."—Inez Felix, Redwood City, Cal.

A. Cyrus R. Teed (deceased) signed to his name the word Koresh and wrote a series of treatises, and called the whole "Cellular Kosmogony; the Universalogy of Korshanthity, or the Earth a Hollow Sphere."

To quote from Teed: "The earth is a concave sphere, the ratio of curvature being eight inches to the mile, thus giving a diameter of 8,000 and a corresponding circumference of 25,000 miles."

The entire Copernican astronomy, now based upon the most rigid mathematics and proved to be true in minute detail by predicting eclipses, transits, oppositions and conjunctions for centuries to come, and then beholding them take place to the minute, and even second, is totally disputed by these diseased men.

Literature, ancient or modern, does not contain the equal of this. Many thousands of surveys from the time of Eratosthenes of Alexandria, B. C. 260, until now, in 1914, have been and are being made.

Modern geodetic surveys began with Picard in France in 1671. Then the most eminent mathematicians founded national geodetic societies. Arcs of the earth's meridians have been measured from Hammerfest to Austria. Europe was surveyed with microscopic precision; an accurate line eighteen degrees long was measured in India, and in the western hemisphere many more.

Do You Know That

In 1901 there were only twenty-six Esperanto societies in the world; ten years later there were over 2,000. Their literature has increased from twenty-five books in 1889 to 2,500 in 1914.

Now that the earl of Wemyss has passed away, the distinction of being the oldest peer in the House of Lords falls upon the duke of Grafton, who just recently entered his ninety-fourth year.

'U. S. Styles for U. S. Women'

This Is the Slogan of the Paterson Style Show of American Designs



American dressmakers are now being given a chance to prove the merit of their designs. In Paterson, N. J., there is a style show at which models from the best American houses are being shown. And the Paterson silk, which has been used for so many gowns that are supposed to be French in material as well as in style, will now be employed in exclusively American costumes.

There is a military suggestion about the top of the blouse, which is on Eton lines, caught at the throat with a few upstanding collar bands veiled in dull gold lace. This miniature Eton continues over the shoulders in a loose cape that conceals the high girder in the back.

of home manufacture. A distinct military note is sounded in the jacket front and position back of the basque, which is set over sleeves, and a vest of the face on a foundation of white satin. The collar is high and lies under two throat bands of the crepe. Military braiding is employed about the armholes and to outline top and bottom of the waist, and again appears on the patch pockets, which are set below the hips on the long.

The Object of Life

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

A very woolly old woman once said that the object of life was to love her husband, to preserve her figure and to enjoy life as well as she might.

And that seems to come fairly near the ideal of every one of us, does it not, girl? Only you must find your Darby and make sure you are his Joan.

Some girls think that the most unjust thing in the whole mismanagement of the world is that a man can go about looking for a mate, while a woman has to wait for one to find her. Probably this is the greatest blessing Providence has bestowed upon us. The men exhaust all their perceptions hunting, hunting, hunting—and all the while the game is likely to turn about and capture the hunter without his having any idea what has happened to him.

The United States government maintains the highest geodetic society in the world. The accuracy of measurement attained has awakened the admiration of the entire scientific world. These eminent geometers have measured great arcs with an accuracy down to millimeters, and levels above the sea with equal precision.

The most delicate pendulums have been used in all parts of the civilized world; in jungles, on remote mountains, on islands, in distant seas, in the Arctic, in canyons and in mines. The variation, and, therefore, the exact shape of the earth, are known with microscopic precision.

is the lot of women to be wives and mothers. Many women are happy and useful who are neither, but life probably so shaped their lot, and they did not, like you, withdraw and set money making as a goal.

Any woman who has the power to judge life broadly and logically will tell you that the finest thing in life is to be properly mated with a noble man. This does not mean that you must grow to be a husband hunter or a scalp-hunting flirt. The truth is that men and women need each other to complete and fill their natures. Home-making is still the chief department in life for the normal woman.

And the normal woman marries because by her sheer womanliness she charms and wins whatever power she has, and goes about with a contented and earnest spirit, but do nothing that will unfit you for woman's supreme destiny of noble wifehood and motherhood.

And don't fear that you will have to be an old maid, whether you like or not. If you are sweet and wholesome and womanly, when the man for you comes across your horizon you will know it. And your natural womanliness will enable you to do as much toward attracting and winning him as his privilege of asking the question and actively wooing you permits him to do.

Man without wife are hopeless, helpless creatures—and they know it. And the object of life is happy marriage, toward the realization of which wise nature has decided you must do your full share.

Don't water your gifts. Don't get into an unfeeling frame of mind. As the sunlight draws the flowers, two natures that are properly mated will attract each other, and you, will so play your part in the great stream of life.

When an honorable man tells a girl he loves her, it is understood that he wishes to marry her. Unless your employer makes his honest intentions clear you should be on your dignity. Don't let him feel that you are his inferior or that he is undeciphering to you.

Religion and Love. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl and I am going with a young man two years my senior. We love each other dearly, but there is a barrier between us. I am a Catholic and he is a Protestant. I won't ask him to become a Catholic, but I do want to be married by the priest. If he wouldn't compromise with me and take enough instructions to be married by a priest, should I try to forget him?

Your case is not peculiar, but one of frequent occurrence. Religion should not be permitted to defeat your love. I know that there is a divergence of opinion on the point, but the fact is generally admitted that the marriage is binding and valid, no matter whether it is performed by Catholic or Protestant minister, or by a civil officer. Nor is there anything in marriage that ought to require one or the other of the contracting parties to give up his or her religious belief. If the Christian religion teaches anything it is that there are many roads leading to the same heaven. Try to arrange the matter with the man you love, but do not let a mere difference in belief separate you.

How to Progress. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man. Have been going with a young lady for some time and wish to ask her to marry me, but don't know just what to say. Could you post me a little along this line?

Tell her what you have told me, be frank and earnest about it, but do not attempt any set of flowery speech. You will never be able to recall in after life just what you did say, but it will make no difference if you get the girl you love.

Madame Ise'bell

"Fashion Often an Exaggeration of Ugliness," says "The Aesthetic Sense Needs Better Cultivation"



What is meant by "fashion"? When did fashion begin? Is it a law imposed on the many by the few or is it a law of human nature? These are interesting questions.

The instinct to improve on nature, or at least to change nature is easily traced back to the savage or primitive races. The African tribes, according to the reports of travelers, enlarge the size of the lips by mutilating the savage or primitive races. The American Indian painted the face of the Chinese compressed the feet of their women, and so on.

When we look at the history of modern civilization we find many cases of perversions from the lovely. The fact that the standard of beauty seems to differ in different ages and climes is often used as an argument to excuse freak fashions—we will like them when we get used to them. As a rule we rarely have time to get used to them, so quickly are they followed by some other phase of the changing modes.

There is, after all, only one enduring standard of beauty and that is healthful nature. We admire the rose because it is fresh, unadorned, without war or blenheim. Any taint of disease, of abnormality in beast or vegetation—and both are discarded.

The human figure in youth and health is the standard of beauty, and any fashion that does not develop so as to preserve and protect these lines is devoid of aesthetic qualifications. The corset, the bustle, the hour glass corset, the fashionable modern shoe are fashions that distort nature and are nothing more than examples of abnormality imposed on women by some invisible despot.

Is the civilized world in this respect very far removed from the savages? Crinolines and waist compressors have for the moment disappeared, but this last year women—not the best class certainly, but a sufficient number to attract attention—have worn colored hair and made up their faces with tinted paint and powder that did not in the least pretend to supplement nature. Barbaric and ugly, we all agree after the fact is over. But, until women develop a higher aesthetic sense in regard to clothes, we can never be sure that the next whim of fashion may not be equally ugly and abnormal.

Household Hints

When cooking apples always put a pinch of salt with them, they will then be most tender.

Pickles may be kept from becoming mouldy by laying a bag of mustard on the top of the pickle jar.

Water in which potatoes have been boiled is the best thing with which to sponge and revive a milk dress.

A very little glycerine smeared around the glass stoppers of bottles will keep them from sticking for a long time.

Knives can be cleaned in half the usual time if the knife board be thoroughly warmed in front of the fire before being used.

To render pork sausage more digestible thoroughly prick the sausage and plunge into boiling water for five minutes. Then fry in the usual way.

The Woman Who Wouldn't Be Happy

By ADA PATTERSON.

"She never would be happy," said one woman of another, and said it not in censure, but in pity.

The woman who spoke is a woman of many sorrows, but only those who had known her long and well would have suspected it. Poverty has until now, partially enough, and crotchety enough, crowded upon her heels. Her son and daughter have married unwisely, and, as often happens, not only the person who made a mistake must suffer for that mistake, but so do their families, immediate and remote. But worse than these is the fact that her husband had been for most of their thirty years together a drunkard.

The state differed in degrees, but always it was there, a heavy black pall upon her life. I think she would have gone mad if she hadn't tried to be happy. And she succeeded, partially enough, at any rate, to keep her face smooth and rosy, a pleasing, wholesome mask for the dread and anxiety within those tenants that never left her breast.

We were walking along the neat boulevard of a young suburban town. "Aren't those red leaves beautiful?" she said, smiling at them, as though at the face of a friend, and when a chubby checked babe passed us in a perambulator she tossed him a shrug and they laughed a gurgling little laugh together. This woman I noticed never talked about the past. I spoke of the trait once and she said: "No. I won't join the grave diggers." When we turned the corner where stood her home a shadow crossed the rosy face. The drad was stirring in her heart. Would her husband be at home and if there would his face have the tell-tale flush and his eyes the uncertainty that so often accompanied his return from the city? But it was driven away the next instant by my remark about his last case in court.

"I have heard that his plea was brilliant. You must be very proud of him." "Yes," she said, "I have always been very proud of my husband."

I watched her go in at the door and close it behind her, and I wondered whether the dread and anxiety had been realized. But at any rate she had enjoyed the stroll in the autumn sunshine. She had laughed for a happy moment with the chubby-faced baby. And she had dealt for an instant on the man, her man, at his splendid best. She had tried to be happy. She had been on a little vacation of the spirit and been for the time refreshed.

The other woman had not borne a tenth of the weight of grief of this brave soul. But she had chafed and fretted and scolded and whined away her strength to bear the load allotted her. At last the doors of a mad-house had closed upon her. Her friend's words were the epitaph of her sanity.

"She never would be happy," she had strained toward a goal of her ambition as wildly and as suffered as over-trained athletes do. They have runner's heart. She had runner's over-turned brain.

Happiness isn't a state of things that surrounds us. It is a self-formed habit. We can train ourselves to happiness. We can learn to enjoy the vividness of the leaves in autumn, the laugh of the passing babe, the best traits in the worst person we know. It is good to remember these sunshine spots when the final gloom engulfs us. Let no one say of you or me when the race has been run: "She never would be happy."



In a dry climate, or in dry weather anywhere, the skin becomes dry and parched, rough and wrinkled. To correct this condition I unhesitatingly recommend my Skin Food and Wrinkle Paste. It is ideal for massaging for it softens the tissues, filling out the skin and obliterating the wrinkles, and keeping the face plump and well rounded.

Mme. Ise'bell's Skin Food and Wrinkle Paste is soothing and beneficial to the tired and strained facial muscles, and after it is rubbed gently into the skin the complexion radiates wholesome freshness.

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