

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Life

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

On bleak bold hill, with a bold word under,  
The dreary world of the common-place,  
I have stood when the whole world seemed a blunder  
Of dotard time in an aimless race.  
With worry about me and want before me,  
Yet deep in my soul was a rapture spring  
That made me cry to the gray sky o'er me,  
Oh, I know this life is a goodly thing.

I have given sweet years to a thankless duty,  
Where cold and starving, though clothed and fed,  
For a young heart's hunger for joy and beauty  
Is harder to bear than the need of bread.  
I have watched the wane of a sodden season,  
Which let hope wither and made care thrive,  
And through it all without earthly reason  
I have thrilled with the glory of being alive.

And now I stand by the great sea's splendor,  
Where love and beauty feed heart and eye,  
The brilliant light of the sun grows tender  
As it slants to the shore of the By and By.  
I count each hour as a golden treasure,  
A head time drops from a slender string,  
And all my ways are the ways of pleasure,  
And I know this life is a goodly thing.

And I know, too, that not in the seeing  
Or having or doing the things we would  
Lies that deep rapture that comes from being  
At one with the purpose that makes all good.  
And not from pleasure, the harp may borrow,  
That vast contentment for which we strive,  
Unless through trouble and want and sorrow  
It has thrilled with the glory of being alive.

## Pin Money Frocks

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## Parents and the Child

By Virginia Terhune Van De Water.

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"Shouldn't raise a scare or curl a child's ambition?"

A Bee reader has written this question. It is not an easy one to answer. Much may depend upon what the ambition is. We remember the various ambitions of our childhood. They were wonderful. I fancy there are few small boys who have not determined at some stage of their early career to be engine drivers. Many of them at one time or another have planned to become soldiers.

Parents have no need to curb such ambitions. As years pass, wild fancies are replaced by dreams of other kinds. "I hate to see my boy making a fool of himself," complained one father. "He is planning a career that is absolutely impracticable. His every thought and effort tend in the direction of one idea."

"Is the idea one that interferes with his usefulness?" asked an elderly friend. "Well, no. I'll tell you what it is. He plans to make enough money in his regular line of work to buy a ranch in the west and settle out there to spend the rest of his days by the time he is 45."

"I think it's a mighty good thing," the friend remarked gravely. "Can't you see that everyone works better with some objective in mind, with some cherished idea for which he works? Let the lad alone."

"It is not unworthy ambitions that I am afraid of," a certain mother declared. "But I'm afraid of losing my child."

She is a widow with one daughter, for whom she has sacrificed much. The mother has always hoped that she and the girl might spend many years together. Now the young woman wants to follow a certain line of work that will put thousands of miles between the parents and herself. She is a loving daughter, yet she insists that she has a "career" before her. The mother will be left at home alone.

"The girl is selfish!" disinterested relatives exclaim. "She owes a duty to her parent. Think what that woman has suffered and renounced for her."

"But," the girl pleads, "mother may live for years—and how about my career? When she is gone it may be too late for me to take it up. I must live my own life."

"The mother must not be considered in such a matter," said one woman to whom I spoke of this case. "She has had her youth and her life. Would she dwarf her daughter's existence?"

Yes, we echo, and try to keep a note of sadness from our voices—it is the rule of the ages.

## Do You Know That

Turkish baths are unknown to the Turks.

Bucide is most frequent in large cities.

The Salvation Army originated fifty years ago.

The Great Wall of China is over 1,400 miles long.

## Epicurean Episodes: The Gentle Art of Dough Making

By DOROTHY DIX.

There is much complaint nowadays among women because their husbands do not know how to make dough like father used to make. Nor is this to be wondered at, because there is nothing which is such a comfort in a home as plenty of dough. Therefore, it is naturally a source of keen disappointment to a girl who has been brought up in a family where the head of the house was an expert dough maker to find out that she has married a man who is totally unskilled in this useful domestic accomplishment, upon which rests so much of the peace and happiness of matrimony.



Before the introduction of golf, and country clubs, and especially before the middle-aged men took to tangoing, practically every American man was a good dough maker, and dough making was the great national pastime. Men found their chief joy in making dough, leaving it to their wives to distribute it as they saw fit among jewelers, milliners, dressmakers, etc., etc., and so the division of labor in the family was complete, and peace and harmony reigned in the home, and we heard little of divorce.

Unfortunately this happy state of affairs is changing. Even the older men seem to have lost much of their slight hand at dough making, and the present generation of young men, especially city bred young men, seems to be totally ignorant of the art, and to lack the necessary energy and bustle that are required to turn out even a passable article of the staff of life.

They prefer to live upon father's dough, or to marry a girl with enough dough for two, instead of making their own as their fathers and grandfathers did. Indeed, some of our gilded youths, especially such as have traveled abroad, turn up their noses at the ancient and honorable pursuit of their forefathers, and declare that nothing would induce them to soil their hands with such menial occupation.

Poets and other men afflicted with the artistic temperament also speak contemptuously of dough making. These seldom have any dough, but it is to be observed that those who most despise dough making have the least compunction in subsisting upon that manufactured by others. People who live upon the dough made by other people are called spongers.

Every man who is a good dough maker has his own special recipe for doing it. These differ in detail, but the secret of all successful dough making is work. No matter how you start, if you'll just work it hard enough you can turn out an article of dough that takes the prize at any pure food show.

The kind of dough which has always been our national boast has been the famous American brand known as self-raising. To make this, take a poor young boy, preferably one who has been raised on a farm, or in some small hamlet, and mix him up thoroughly with dough that our fathers used to make, and on which so many American families have grown fat and aristocratic.

It takes time, labor and incessant watchfulness to make dough, and many men lack the industry and patience for this, so they attempt to hasten the process by injecting a lot of water and so air into it, thus making what is

known as aerated dough. This, however, is not nutritious, and seldom keeps for any length of time.

The only wholesome dough that can be recommended for daily consumption is made by using a mixture of honest brain and brawn, that is set to rise in the warmth of opportunity, worked until it is light, and shortened by plenty of elbow grease.

Dough that is sweetened is called cake. In the making of this American men excel, and they delight to feed their families upon it, although its effects are most injurious, for it almost invariably gives the children the swelled head, and the wife hardening of the heart, complicated with social aspirations and symptoms of neuritis, which carries her off to Europe or fashionable health resorts for about eleven months of the year.

To make cake dough American family style, take a large amount of dough, the more the better, add to this a barrel of unselfish devotion, mixed in equal parts with loyalty and pride, and flavored with a desire to give one wife's and children all the good things in the world.

Work this mixture through winter's colds and summer's suns until you are ready to drop with exhaustion, and then bake it brown by long hours in stove or office, and serve up either at the family table, or send by express to the wife and children where they are enjoying themselves away from home.

The making of this usually results in the funeral of the husband and father, but the family can still make many full meals on what remains of the dough.

Occasionally, when the wife and children are particularly unappreciative of the cake that is served to them, the dough maker gets careless and lets the dough sour, or else he turns to making dough for some other woman with a sweeter tooth, but this does not happen as often as might be expected.

Probably, the most expert professional dough makers in the country are to be found on Wall street. Here the dough makers sometimes have mimic battles in which they throw dough at each other, but this is very naughty conduct, and is sternly discouraged by the attorney general at Washington, who is always belaboring them with a big stick.

All wives should encourage their husbands in dough making. It keeps them out of mischief and promotes domestic felicity.

## Advice to Lovelorn

By BRADDOCK BARRACK

Make No Apologies.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 22 and the only support of my home is extremely humble and for this reason never invite my friends here, as I have been told a man doesn't care about a girl unless she has a nice home.

Do you think I ought to tell them my home is humble before I invite them, or should I let them find out for themselves. My home is clean and neat, but very sensitive about it. M. T.

Don't have any false pride about a home that has the two great qualities of being clean and neat. Friends who are so snobbish as to value you less because you're a mere girl of 22—have bravely gone to the task of keeping up your home, and are worthy of admiration. Invite your friends home and show them the true spirit of hospitality that offers what it has and expects courteous appreciation of its best—however "humble."

Powder.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young girl, engaged, and I powder my face. My fiancé is much opposed to my doing so. Would you advise my giving up the habit? A. CONSTANT READER.

A bit of powder dusted over your face to take away the slightly unpleasant "gloss" the natural oil gives to many skins is perfectly unobjectionable. Use either a simple rice powder or talcum and do not coat your face with it in the day. He kept his eyes open in the hope that a reward would be offered for their return. None was, and presently, in his usual happy-go-lucky way, he had forgotten all about them.



Materials for the school girl's tailored suit of serge or velours may be procured for \$21.50, and the suit made to the measurements of the individual may be purchased for \$40.

This negligee in crepe de chine requires five yards (\$7.50), and in cashmere five yards (\$5), and \$1 for satin and embroidery silk. Made to order in silk, \$25, and in cashmere \$21.

The evening frock requires 2 1/2 yards of taffeta for drop skirt (\$3.75), 4 1/2 yards of chiffon (\$4.50), 7 1/2 yards of taffeta (\$11.25), 3/4 yard of shadow lace (57 cents), taffeta for sash (50 cents), and incidentals (\$6), making a total of \$26.57. Made to order, \$50.

Read It Here—See It at the Movies

# The Goddess

The most imposing Motion Picture Serial and Story ever created

By Gouverneur Morris and Charles W. Goddard

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### Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

John Amesbury is killed in a railroad accident, and his wife, one of America's most beautiful women, dies from the shock, leaving a 17-year-old daughter, who is taken by Prof. Stuller, agent of an insurance company, to the Adirondacks, where she is reared in the seclusion of a cavern. Fifteen years later Tommy Barclay, who has just quarreled with his adopted father, wanders into the woods and discovers the girl, now known as Celestia, in company with Prof. Stuller. Tommy takes the girl to New York, where she falls into the clutches of a noted procuress, but is able to win over the woman by her peculiar hypnotic power. Here she attracts Freddie the ferret, who becomes attached to her. At a big clothing factory, where she goes to work, she exercises her power over the girls, and is saved from being burned to death by Tommy. About this time Stuller, Barclay and others who are working together, decide it is time to make use of Celestia, who has been trained to think of herself as divine and come from heaven. The first place they send her is to Hittman, a mining town, where the coal miners are on a strike. Tommy has gone there, too, and Mrs. Gundorf, wife of the miners' leader, falls in love with him and discloses to him the whereabouts of Celestia. Celestia saves Tommy from being lynched, and also settles the strike by winning over Kehr, the agent of the coal miners, and Barclay, Sr. Mary Blackstone, who is also in love with Tommy, tells him the story of Celestia, which she has discovered through her jealousy. Kehr is named as candidate for president on a ticket that has Stuller's support, and Tommy Barclay is named on the miners' ticket. Stuller professes himself in love with Celestia and wants to get her for himself. Tommy urges her to marry him. Mary Blackstone bribes Mrs. Gundorf to try to murder Celestia, while the letter is on her campaign tour, traveling on a snow white train. Mrs. Gundorf is again hypnotized by Celestia and the murder averted.

### THIRTIETH EPISODE.

One thing was sure, Freddie mustn't be discovered in the morning. So he made his way forward to his own quarters, his teeth knocking together with fear of Prof. Stuller, but encountering nothing more dangerous than a number of negro porters sound asleep.

The next morning Prof. Stuller recovered the leather case which he imagined to contain what was now his one remaining pair of extra glasses, and without opening it slipped it into his waistcoat pocket.

The glasses themselves were, of course, in the Ferret's possession; throughout the day he kept his eyes open in the hope that a reward would be offered for their return. None was, and presently, in his usual happy-go-lucky way, he had forgotten all about them.

Through the night, now standing by the hour on sidings, now at water tanks, now crawling forward, the snow-white train had covered the few miles which separated its last stop from the chief city of the north woods, which was to see the finish of Celestia's "upstate" campaign.

An energetic tramp walking the ties could have covered the distance in about a quarter of the time.

Less than midway between the last stop of the snow-white train and the chief city of the north woods was Tommy's old stamping ground, and the cave in which Celestia had been brought up.

Tommy, traveling through the night, at first on a bicycle, along the ties, and then on foot, knowing now that there was a cave to be found, and about where to look for it, had discovered the entrance thereto, just at dawn, and had penetrated deep enough to discover certain traces of human habitation and deceit.

Of these last three he selected a tarnished metal star that had once shone like gold, and put it in his pocket.

Further into the labyrinthine system of caverns he had not dared penetrate, for fear of being lost. "When I bring Celestia," he said, "to show her the proofs, I'll bring a ball of twine, like people in fairy stories, so that after exploring we can find our way out."

All through that night another person had been journeying through the north woods; but with a different motive. Tommy had hastened toward something which he hoped was ahead; Mrs. Gundorf had been fleeing from something which she feared was behind.

Having made a great circle, she came out on the railroad track, and walked the ties. But she did not reach that city to which all were bound until the middle of the afternoon. Then inquiring the way, and hiding her right hand (because of the blood stains which she had not been able to wash off), she sought and found a certain quiet hotel of which Mary Blackstone had given her the address.

It was to this same address that Tommy, fresh from his discoveries, had hurried for a bath and rest. The rest turned into the same kind of rest that a fallen tree enjoys. He slept like a log on his narrow bed, and was aroused late in the afternoon by a sound of voices.

The partitions of the little north woods' hotel were of thin pine boards. The occupants of room No. 1 could hear the snoring of room No. 5—four rooms away. Mary Blackstone had the next room to Tommy's, and to this room came Mrs. Gundorf with the hand she dared not show and her story of murder done in the night.

To Tommy it did not matter who had murdered Celestia. She was dead. He listened in a kind of trance to the story of the killing. He heard Mrs. Gundorf

rejecting the pearl necklace, and he overheard a violent struggle in which Mary Blackstone prevented Mrs. Gundorf from killing herself, and got the knife away from her—and a little later he heard Mary saying, "Take this, it's only a quarter of a grain. You'll sleep and forget."

Then he left his room and burst open the door of theirs, and in a voice so weak with passion and horror that it could hardly be heard, he whispered to them the things that they were—and was gone.

A moment later he was running at full speed toward the railroad station. And a few minutes later the two women, in an automobile which Mary had commandeered, were fleeing, as they imagined, for their lives.

To get away—to hide in the woods—to escape to Canada—anywhere for a respite—nothing else seemed to matter to them.

Some man tried to oppose Tommy's entrance to the observation end of Celestia's car, only to be thrown so violently to one side that he realized he had encountered a force with which he could not cope. And Tommy, half dead with grief and rage, burst into the car and found himself face to face with Celestia.

She was standing and appeared to be in the best of health; but she had a dazed look, or rather an inattentive look. She did not seem to resent Tommy's violent intrusion in the least, nor to be surprised at it, nor to express any other emotion. The clock in the car indicated a few minutes to 6.

During the day Celestia had spoken to half a dozen audiences. Many who had heard her first speech had heard the other five. And the culmination of her upstate tour had been a triumph.

"It's so wonderful!" exclaimed Tommy, "I heard—but you're not even hurt, are you?"

"I am going for a drive," said Celestia, in an expressionless voice. "Is the car there?"

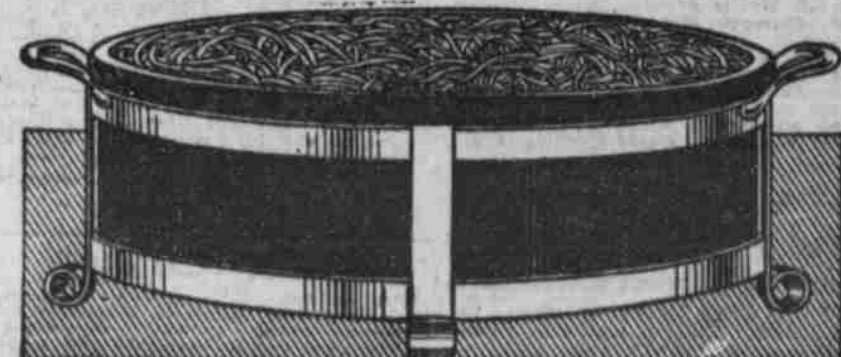
"Yes, the car is there," said Tommy.

"I have to go at 6 o'clock."

She neither looked at Tommy nor spoke to him, but as the clock began to strike 6 she hurried out on the rear platform, descended to the ground, and crossed the down track to a large black touring car that was waiting at the side of the road, the engine turning slowly.

The driver of the car, a dark man, heavily goggled, sprang to the door for Celestia. Freddie, the Ferret, who was hanging about, also sprang to perform the same office, with the result that this small service for their Goddess fell to the lot of Tommy. At least he was the one to get his hand on the doorknob. But he did not at once open the door. Celestia's behavior was so strange that he thought she must be ill. While he hesitated, the driver said, "Here—one side!"

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)



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