

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Girl in Love With a Married Man

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Dear Miss Fairfax, I have come to you for some of your good advice, which I think will help me a great deal. I am a young girl who will be 17 in a few months and I am meeting a man who is eighteen years my senior. He is a married man and has two children; but he says he is going to get a separation from his wife within a few months. I love him dearly, and know that my love is reciprocated, and it would break my heart to give him up. Do you advise me to continue my acquaintance with him? BLUE EYES.

What a foolish letter, Blue Eyes; what a foolish, touching, ridiculous, pathetic letter, to be sure.

In love with a married man, and thinking that you're going to be happy?

It will break your heart to give him up, you say. Well, I doubt it. Perhaps it will; but I doubt it.

And even if your heart is broken; it's a kind of break that is very easily mended. But, oh, the broken heart that comes if you do not give him up—that can never, never in all the world be cured again.

You're 17 and the man is 35; he has two children and he says he's going to get a separation—just for you.

What about the wife? What about the children? How can you care anything for a man who will throw aside a woman who has borne him children, just as if she was some poor, worn-out old shoe—just because he happens to take a fancy to a pretty, new face?

Do you suppose you are the first one this man has told that fairy tale to?

Do you think for one minute that you will be the last one?

What is there about you so wonderful that one look into your eyes could change a decent man into a cowardly sneak all of a sudden?

For that is what this man you're so dead in love with is—a coward and a sneak.

You don't believe it—of course not—poor little foolish thing—you don't want to believe it.

But some day you will—some day you'll come to it, and then—

Why not learn the lesson right now before it ruins your life?

I'll tell you how.

Is there a man in your family—a brother, a father, or even a brother-in-law?

Well, then, you begin to talk about him to this man you think is so dead in love with you. Tell him you want him to meet your brother. Tell him your brother loves you and is proud of you and wants to know every one that you know. Make an engagement to introduce the two men, and watch your romantic sweetheart sneak out of it, like the coward and thief that he is.

Why, he'll turn white at the very mention of your brother's name, and it won't be two weeks till you see him making love to some girl who has no man in the family to protect her.

Try it and see, Blue Eyes—try it and see. Some day you'll shudder to remember how cruel and selfish and wicked and foolish you came so near to being.

Finish Right.

Some men prefer to be cheap than to sell out at any price.

There are conceited men who even brag about the bluntness of their troubles.

A cheerful disposition also covers a multitude of faults.

Every knight sooner or later discovers that the possession of a Stilson wrench doesn't make a plumber.

Neither do a hammer and saw make a carpenter.

Often the best way to do your own work is to have the other fellow do it.—Detroit Free Press.



Hundreds— of dentifrices have come, and after varying periods of success, have gone. Only one has moved steadily forward, gaining popular and professional esteem through three generations—

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

Prepared for almost half a century by a Doctor of Dental Surgery.

Good Teethkeeping means the habitual night and morning use of Dr. Lyon's—velvety, smooth, gritless. The safe dentifrice. Teach your children to use it each night and morning—especially at night.

Why Dr. Lyon's does not do only your dentist can do. Are you reading Dr. Lyon's magazine advertising?

* The Gold Witch

The Adventures of a Golden-Haired Heiress—A Charming Illustrated Series by a New Artist

By Stella Flores

From the Quiet of the Convent to the First Perplexities of Life



When she leaves the convent school the sisters warn the little "Gold Witch," as she is called, because of her gold hair and great fortune, that she would find the world cold and indifferent.



But in her first experience, when changing, late at night, to a crowded sleeper, she finds it is sometimes disconcertingly interesting, and—well, not at all cold. A young man with nice eyes gave up his berth to her.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

On Being a Success as a Husband—Know Wife and Children—Make Place Where You Live a Home—Don't Haggle Over Money

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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What are you doing in the line of making a success of yourself as a husband and father?

Accumulating a fortune, perhaps.

But just how far does that go toward making a satisfactory home life?

In this material age and plane of existence, financial independence is necessary for a foundation of a home.

There can be little happiness or contentment where there is worry over debt, and "where petty economies drive out every impulse toward beauty and growth.

But this talk is not meant for the man burdened with such anxieties.

It is meant for the myriads of men in comfortable homes, whose wives move in cultured circles and whose children attend good schools and colleges.

You who know that these words apply to you are on the witness stand. (Tomorrow your wives take the stand.)

Just what are you doing to make your home life a success?

Are you giving any time to becoming acquainted with your wife or children?

What do you know about your children's thoughts, and ideas, and occupations, aside from the report of teachers?

What do you really know about your wife?

If you are leaving her to find pleasure with her friends, providing her with a motor car, and freedom to come and go as she pleases, perhaps it might be well for you to investigate a little further.

Motor cars and freedom some times lead to "joy riding" with men whose occupation lies in this line. It is all very innocent at first; but familiarity breeds contempt of conventions; and the wife whose husband is too busy to take a few hours each week or a few days in the season to accompany her on her drives, and who feels he is quite liberal and kind in allowing her to take her car and go where she chooses, some times lives to find he is walking under the shadow of an ugly scandal.

Are you giving your wife an independent purse or check book?

Or are you making her ask for every cent she receives and expecting her to account for it afterward?

No woman can be happy under such conditions.

They are the conditions of a slave.

Every wife should have her own purse for her personal uses; for dress; for en-

tertaining friends; for charities; however small the sum accrued upon, she should train herself to live accordingly and she should no more feel called upon to render an exact account of its use than should the husband to account for his daily expenditures.

Many men of wealth are generous in allowing their wives to run large bills; to dress well; to entertain well; to travel, and buy expensive things; yet these wives are not allowed to have a check book, or a purse of their own.

Men of this type have produced the suffragettes and militants.

The moment there is any haggling or arguing over money in a home love dies. It cannot live in such a sordid atmosphere.

Are you amiable when at home, and do you look for things to praise in your family? Or are you silent about everything which pleases you, only mentioning matters which are not satisfactory?

Do you make the same effort to be agreeable to your wife and children that you make to the guests you entertain?

Or are your best manners all for the transient comer?

Have you stopped to consider that there is nothing on this earth plane so important as making your home the very brightest and most agreeable spot on earth, and that by conserving all your best qualities for such a purpose you will inspire your wife and children with a

desire for co-operation?

It is not necessary for you to give all your leisure time to your home; you can have your club life, and your outdoor sports, and still be king of "home circle."

When you are at home, be all there, in mind and heart and body.

Enter into whatever interests your wife and children; and let them enter into your outside pleasures by talking about them.

Husbands and wives may be very happy with separate tastes and interests oftentimes, so long as they keep close in heart and do not show a bored or jealous spirit regarding these matters.

You may be devoted to golf and your wife to music, but you can take pleasure in her pleasure and she in yours if you know how to use tact, the tact which comes from unselfishness and love.

Is the hour when you reach home the best hour for your family or the worst? Do they anticipate your coming or dread it?

Is your conversation pleasant and agreeable to the table?

Would your children seek you for a confidant, or would they hide their troubles from you, fearing your lack of sympathy?

What sort of a husband and father do you think you are?

And what is the use of life anyhow if you are not making every effort to succeed in those important roles?

Do We Sufficiently Guard Young Girls?

From EDWIN MARKHAM.

"Young Working Girls," a volume sent out by the National Federation of Settlements, is introduced by Jane Addams and issued by Houghton Mifflin company, of Boston. Many questions are here opened up from a practical point of view:

"Women in particular have not only had to meet the general moral uncertainty of the age; but, in addition, have had to face the serious moral problems forced upon them by the reorganization of their sphere of life through its invasion by modern industry.

"Chief among such is the pronounced deficiency and weakness of family life. The average working-class home in the city is so physically inadequate that it automatically produces ill health, nervous tension, and a desire to escape, all of which are predisposing causes of moral laxness. Even more serious is the fact that mothers and fathers often fall in appreciation of their larger responsibilities.

"Industry, too, in requisitioning the young life of the nation to its service, and in failing to safeguard it properly while so engaged, its at fault. Young girls are herded into overcrowded, inadequately lighted and badly ventilated workrooms

and stores, made to assume taxing muscular positions, forced to spend their strength beyond reason.

"The intensity of desire with which the adolescent girl craves pleasure, and the conditions under which it is gratified, are further potent causes for confusion of standards. The working girl necessarily seeks her recreation in the evening and thus unduly prolongs the hours during which strain is placed on muscles and nerves; contracts bad emotional habits, and weakens body and spirit alike.

"The widespread commercialization of every form of recreation, and its transference from the restraints and guardianship of the home and neighborhood to that no-man's land which in every city is devoted to commercialized pleasure resorts, further emphasize the evil results of ineffective home life and badly organized industry.

"The purveyors of recreation exhaust all means of awakening the desire for their wares; and the young girl naturally craves a share in the profession of pleasure which she sees everywhere on sale; and, as such participation only too often calls for the more ample resources of some man, the way is opened for moral compromise."

Seven Deadly Mistakes of Matrimony

No. 5—For Husbands and Wives Not to Be Companionable

By DOROTHY DIX.

The fifth deadly mistake of matrimony is:

For husbands and wives not to be companionable.

Outside of the countries in which women are shut up in harems, there is no place where husbands and wives have so little in common as in America.

And America leads the world in divorces.

In this country it is hardly too much to say that the separation of husband and wife begins on their wedding day. He goes one way. She goes another. He absorbs himself in business. She absorbs herself in her housekeeping or society, or her clubs. He entertains his friends, as a general thing, downtown, and she doesn't even know the names of his masculine cronies. She gives her parties to women that he does not know by sight. Each has a life distinct and separate from the other.

You will see the Englishman and his wife playing golf together, or riding to hounds together, or tramping together in long walks over the country. You will see the thrifty French bourgeois and his wife keeping the store together during the week, and then off together on Sunday on some little excursion, or to make a little feast. You will see the German and his wife spending their evenings together, happily and placidly, in some German beer garden, but the American husband and wife nearly always take their pleasure singly.

It is a distinctly American joke in which, when a man says that he is going to Paris, his friend asks him:

"Are you going to take your wife along with you?"

"Why, no," exclaimed the man in surprise, "of course not. Didn't I tell you I was going on a pleasure trip?"

One of the main reasons why marriage is a failure is because both husband and wife are bored stiff. The atmosphere of the average home is as heavy as lead, and the conversational range better fitted for the inmates of a feeble minded institution than for intelligent and cultivated men and women.

It is literally true that unless a couple have children they have nothing what-ever to talk about, no subject in which they are mutually interested, and so they sit up and yawn in each other's faces, and take to quarreling as a kind of life

saving station to prevent them from perishing of ennui.

This seems an exaggeration, but just note the domestic conversation at any breakfast table you know. Isn't it about Johnnie's new shoes, or Mary's going to school? Then about the cat? Then about the servant? Then a request for money? And when there are no children the repertoire is cut down by one topic. Thrillingly interesting, madly exciting, isn't it?

Yet, what else lags the husband and wife to say to each other? What else have they got in common except the children, and the pug dog, and the cook, and the household expenses? Nothing. The husband's work necessarily takes him into an environment of which his wife can know nothing, and when he isn't at work he goes off with other men to enjoy himself, for it is not the custom for American men and women to play together.

To give us due credit, we have blundered into this state of affairs through blindly following the line of least resistance. Men have taken their pleasures in the way they liked best—so have women, and it must be confessed the ideal of a good time differs in the sexes. There are a very few American women who really enjoy athletic sports, while the average American married man only attains, through fasting and prayer, to the pinnacle where he can endure teas and receptions with an expression that indicates joy.

Nevertheless, if a husband and wife mean to make a success of their life together they must learn to play together, for there are no ties stronger than those that bind us to the comrades of our happy hours, no society so dear as that which we can fill in with a succession of "Do you remember?"

That this is true needs no better proof than the fact that we never question the domestic felicity of that couple that we see setting out on their holidaying to-

gether. When we observe the Smiths packing their camp kit for a run down to Florida for tarpon fishing, or meet the Joneses at a suffrage meeting, we know that all is well in those two households.

But when we hear that Mrs. Smith has had forty new dresses made for Palm Beach, and that Mr. Smith has gone to Montreal for the tobogganing, or we meet Mrs. Jones at a hen club and Mr. Jones at a poker club, we aren't in the least surprised when we pick up the paper some morning and read that these couples, who didn't know how to play together, anyway, have decided to break away from each other and try playing in somebody else's backyard.

The moral of all this is that if husbands and wives would be happy though married, they must cultivate an interest in each other's pursuits. They must have friends in common, amusements in common, hobbies in common. And especially they should not be killjoys for each other. The woman whose narrow prejudice and business forecast her husband gives his stag parties at his club instead of in his home, or the man who never goes out to a party with his wife without looking like an early Christian martyr and being so grumpy that he destroys all of her pleasures, have laid the axe at the root of their family happiness.

For it is the beginning of the end when either husband or wife finds out that he, or she, can have a better time when the other one is absent. The only really married people are those who never truly enjoy anything unless their playmate is along.

So, young man, and young woman, starting out in matrimony, take this tip: Learn to be a sport and to play your partner's game. You may not like it at first, but you can learn to like it if you will. There are plenty of things that are caviar to us, but you can cultivate a taste for them.

Girls! Have Beautiful, Charming Hair and No Dandruff—25 Cent Danderine

Try this Doubles beauty of hair in few moments, and stops it falling out—Grows Hair.

you have doubled the beauty of your hair.

Besides beautifying the hair at once, Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp; forever stopping itching and falling hair.

But what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use when you will actually see the hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair and lots of it surely get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any druggist or toilet counter, and just try it.

Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after a "Danderine hair cleanse." Just try this—moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt and excessive oil and in just a few minutes