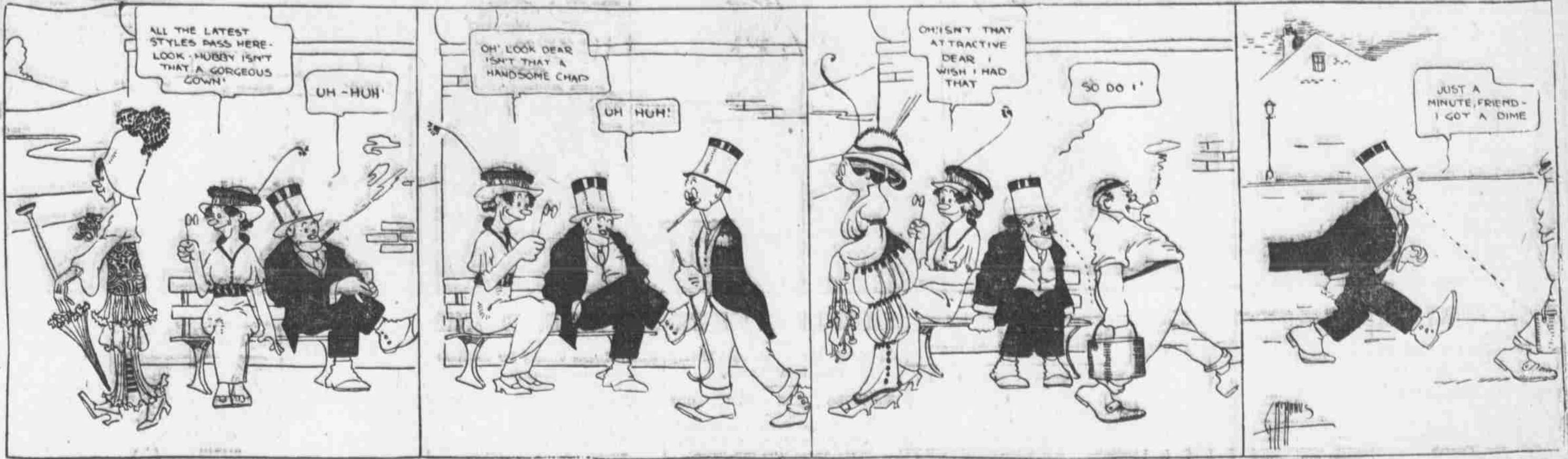


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Bringing Up Father

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Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



The Girl With a Married Sweetheart

Tears and Sorrow Are the Price She is Bound to Pay

By DOROTHY DIX.

A young girl writes to me that she is very much in love with a married man, who tells her that he is devoted to her, but that he does not intend to divorce his wife in order to marry her. She says that she has lost all interest in her young companions, and is very unhappy and she doesn't know what to do, and she will take my advice as to whether to give her married sweetheart up or not.



I am afraid that it is too good to be true that this poor, silly child will be guided by my counsel in this matter, but in case it should be possible that any word of mine could influence her or any other girl in such a dilemma, I urge her with all the earnestness that I can possibly command to break with the man before another hour rolls over her head.

Time and again I have written on this subject, trying to make girls realize not only how wrong, but how foolish they were to waste their youth, their sweetness, their chance in life in love affairs with married men. Again and again have I pointed out to them what a sorry bargain it is when a girl gives all and gets nothing in return.

I ask this girl who writes me to sit down and to calmly figure out her case. On one side of the page let her write down Morality, A Clear Conscience, A Good Name, Self-Respect, The Respect of Friends and Neighbors, Duty to One's Family, Husband, Home, Children. These are things that she forfeits if she continues her affair with the married man.

She may not think much of morality, but a gnawing conscience is a bad companion to have with you night and day, and what about self-respect, and the respect of one's circle of acquaintance, and the black mortification of knowing that one has brought dishonor on one's name?

Do you believe that the love of any man on earth ever pays a girl for knowing that her family is ashamed of her, or that any dagger could pierce a soul with such an agony as seeing other women draw their skirts away from her? And do you think that any worthy young man, the sort of a young man you would like to marry, would care to marry a girl, whose name has been bandied about as the former sweetheart of some married man?

Morality, a clear conscience, a good name, self-respect, the respect of friends and neighbors, duty to one's family, husband, home, children—these are pretty good things for a woman to have, little sister. You throw them over the window if you continue your love affair with a married man. What are you going to write on the other side of the ledger?

Scandal? Oh, yes, you are. Don't think you can keep it hidden and secret. Such things always come out. Don't think

Simple Way To Darken Gray Hair

You Can Prepare a Mixture at Home That Does It Nicely

If every person knew what a simple matter it is to darken their gray hair this sign of advancing years would be a rarity. The ordinary dye or stain is not at all satisfactory and is easily detected, leaving the hair sticky, rubs off or colors the scalp, but this simple recipe, which you can make up at home at little cost, overcomes all these objections and is certain to give splendid satisfaction. To 1 oz. of water add one small box of Barbo Compound, 1 oz. of bay rum and 1/2 oz. of glycerine. This makes a mixture that gradually darkens the hair or beard to a rich, glossy brown, removes dandruff and other ills of the scalp and promotes the growth of the hair. Apply once a week and when it is sufficiently darkened use once every two weeks. You will find if you try this excellent formula that there is nothing that can take its place.

people won't talk about you. Gossip has a thousand tongues, and not one of them will spare you. The first time a girl goes out to dinner in a cafe with a married man, she leaves her good name behind her.

A guilty conscience? Yes, no matter how you lie to yourself, you will always have that on your soul, that will wake you up in the night with a cold sweat on your forehead. You know that you are doing your best to rob a woman of her husband, and little children of their father. You are breaking up a home and slaying the happiness of another woman, and beside those crimes, burglary is a commendable pastime and murder a trifling misdemeanor.

Perhaps the man is tired of his wife and untrue to her, anyway. That isn't your affair. You don't have to steal and kill because there are degenerates that do. Be sure of this, little girl—no woman ever built any secure happiness on another woman's misery.

Then write down waiting. Years and years of hopeless, aimless waiting for a man who has no right to love you, a man whom you have no right to love, one who can give you only stolen minutes of his society, who only stolen minutes of his society, who only stolen minutes of his society, who only stolen minutes of his society.

Then write fear. Fear of desertion. The hideous fear that gnaws at the heart of the woman who has given everything to a man and has no way by which she can bind him to her side. The wife has the bond that the law and society has forged, that holds her husband to her. He cannot break this tie with impunity, but between the married man and his unmarried love there is nothing but his fickle fancy.

No other woman knows such torturing jealousy, no other woman knows such deadly fear as the woman who realizes that nothing but her beauty and her youth and her charm holds her married sweetheart, and that some day these must go, and that then he will turn to a fresher and fairer face.

Morality, a clear conscience, a good name, self-respect, the respect of friends and neighbors, duty to one's family, husband, home, children, on the one side. On the other, scandal, a guilty conscience, waiting fear, no home nor husband nor children of one's own, no settled place in society, to be looked at askance instead of being welcome among the people one would like to know. How does the account balance, little sister? Don't you think that you will have to pay a pretty high price for your romance with a married man?

And look at the man squarely. Don't you think that any man, who would win the heart of a young girl when he knew that he couldn't marry her, is about the most consummate cad that ever came down the pike? And doesn't he deserve a medal as the most selfish man on earth when he asks you to do a thing that will make you the target for all the mud slinging in your circle?

It won't hurt him to take you about in his automobile. People will simply shrug their shoulders and say that he's a devil of a fellow, with women, and that last little girl he has got a flirtation with is a peach. But it will ruin you, and as long as you live there will always be a cloud of scandal on your name.

That's the price you will pay for your married sweetheart's attention. That's the price every woman pays, and she pays it in tears and sorrow. Have nothing to do with any married man who makes love to you, such romance as the toboggan slide to perdition. Beware of them.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY

Propose to Her. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am keeping company with a young lady who is 27 years of age and I am 25, and I have known this girl for the past five years. Lately I notice that you company with one of my friends. Do you think that I should give her up? She told me that she loves me, but she made an appointment with me and went out with my friend.

WALLACE. It seems to me that if you have been devoted to her so long and have not asked her to marry you, she does not accept invitations from others. Make her a proposal of marriage and, if she accepts, this will give you the right of objection.

Beauty Secrets of Beautiful Women

"Cultivate Harmonious Surroundings," Says Doris Keane



By LILLIAN LAUFERTY.

Witchery, charm incarnate, the lure of "the eternal woman," are to become living and tangible qualities through Doris Keane's portrayal of Margarita Cavallini in "Romance"—made real at Maxine Elliott's theater.

Of course you have often read a book or seen a play in which earnest author and striving characters tell you again and again how charming is the fair heroine. All their insistence never makes it true. For the witchery of moonlight and the appeal of lovely woman are subtle things you must feel in stirring heart the while you see with rapt eyes.

But the Italian prima donna of "Romance" fascinates and bewitches even when you disapprove of the saucy lady—and at last she wins you heart and soul as with brimming eyes you sit rapt and thrilled the while she rises to the sacred realization of her woman's soul and pledges with her adorer. "Let me be good."

The curtain fell on an old man's dream of youth—or romance—and I was whisked back to the realm of glaring lights, of rouge pots and cold cream jars, of wigs and trifles, to visit our new star in her non-twinkling daylight environment—the dressing room.

All around me were flowered curtains and draperies of quaint old chintzes and everywhere, on stray shelves, on the dressing table, in free corners were glowing, fragrant flowers. And in the midst of this beauty and light sat Doris Keane still pulsing with the emotion she had felt the while she portrayed it.

"You love beauty?" I ventured. "I love beautiful surroundings and the personality they must develop," said Miss Keane. "You see, I have a sister—ever since our childhood I had known and felt and admired her radiant beauty. I knew I could never be like that—and one accepts the impossible serenely after

spite of her well-bred poise, in spite of the keen power to analyze and appraise life that glows in the deep fires of her great brown eyes. Miss Keane is a girlish and appealing little figure.

In her Junoesque costume in "The Affairs of Anatol," early this winter, she managed to look tall and stately, in her present play she is an exotic Italian, but in propria persona Miss Keane is a brown-haired American girl, whose earnestness of purpose and ambitious willingness to work add to the fervor of artistic inspiration and make her beautiful with a charm that surmounts mere prettiness of feature in a way that affords a little sermon all its own.

"Surroundings are so important," went on Miss Keane. "One evening recently a party of friends took me to a restaurant all done in heavy plush hangings and oppressive gilt. My personality was smothered, and I became a quiet, depressed creature quite different from the animated person I had been just before.

"That made me finally sure of my theory. Surround yourself with fresh, clean, airy, wholesome surroundings. For purposes of stimulating mind and spirit a day in the country far surpasses a glass of champagne. The outdoors—trees, green growing things and a chance in nature and solitude to know your own soul are the most wonderful tonics I know.

"Isolation, solitude—a chance to 'ventilate my soul' are the things I like best in the world.

"Since I was 6 years old I have known what I wanted to do in the world. That is young, perhaps—but ever since I can remember I have been working toward a

Doris Keane, One of America's Most Popular Actresses.

a time. I accepted beauty and did not analyze it. I began to think more about personality and the power that brings.

"Ah, is not personality a wonderful thing? That almost all women can develop—the force, the magnetism that a rare and evenly developed personality brings are to me more lovely than beauty. Though, of course, the daughters of Eve do try to look as well as possible, to make that quick little appeal that gives personality a hearing.

"The most charming women have varying personalities. Do you know when I am most popular with myself? It is when I have a sudden realization that I looked like a girl of 15 in the morning, and that now in sophisticated evening clothes I look suddenly 'grande dame'—elderly even."

Of course Miss Keane would have some difficulty in looking "elderly," for, in

The Devil on the Stump

By MARIE G. JONES.

My great-grandmother used to say The Devil, with his wiles, Was sitting on the worldly stump And crying out for styles.

Now when I see the hobble skirt, The light-back and the slit, I think the Devil's wiles enough: It's time for him to quit.



With gauzy hose an décolleté, Undress and peek-a-boo, I think the Devil's got the styles, And got the women, too.

Alas! Alas, the sad, sad fact: When Women fall his prey, Through them he knows its easy To lead the men astray. (work)

Just now the Devil sits enthroned



The Head Waitress

By HANK.

"I'm sure gettin' to be some popular with all the advertising you're giving me," said the Head Waitress to the Steady Customer in the Cafe d'Enfant.

"Yes," he replied, "a newspaper man, Louise, is a good friend to have. I am glad you appreciate that fact."

"I don't know whether I do or not," replied the Head Waitress. "I'd like to know what your object is. There ain't nobody now-a-days that does anything without an object. Every kind of word has its sting in these parlor times."

"Parlor times," corrected the Steady Customer.

"If you knew what I meant you didn't have to correct me," snapped the Head Waitress. "You newspaper guys are always showing off. And let me tell you something, Marie, the cashier is gettin' sore at you. You had her in the paper saying 'bloke' the other day. She don't call no guy bloke. She comes from Indiana, where they don't use them kind of expressions."

"What does she call them?" asked the Steady Customer.

"Fellers," said the Head Waitress, "and that's proper, too. You wouldn't say, 'I'm going out with my best bloke tonight,' would you? No, you'd say, 'my best feller.'"

"I am duly crushed and chastised," replied the Steady Customer. "Anything else?"

"Yes, me and Marie would like to know where you and your dark friend go every day after lunch," said the Head Waitress. "You don't go right back to your office, because me and her seen you walk the other way every day."



Upon his "stump" in France, And through styles he pulls the string That makes the people dance.



I wish the women would refuse To bow and bend and jump To Satan's whims, and then, perhaps, He'd abdicate the "stump."

And then maybe we would be free From Satan and his wiles, And once again intelligence Would give us simple styles.



First thing in the morning— Last thing at night—

Good Teethkeeping

—a vital habit that your boy or girl cannot cultivate too soon. See that your children visit the dentist twice a year and rely on the night and morning use of

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

Prepared for nearly half a century by a Doctor of Dental Surgery. Preserves and beautifies the teeth by keeping them polished clean. Prevents the formation of tartar and the beginning of decay. Imparts a natural fragrance to the breath. Dr. Lyon's is a velvety, pleasant, gritless powder that is safe. What Dr. Lyon's does not do only your dentist is competent to do. ARE YOU READING DR. LYON'S MAGAZINE ADVERTISEMENTS?