

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Oh! It's Great to Be Married!

Drawn for The Bee by George McManus



### Strength of William Faversham's Vocal Cords is a Great Anti-Cigarette Sermon.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. Copyright, 1913, by Star Company. William Faversham has been a successful actor for twenty years. From being known as a "matinee idol" for a decade, he has during the last ten years risen to the distinction of being one of the greatest interpreters of Shakespearean American stage ever held. Mr. Faversham has enjoyed good health, with the exception of a very sensitive throat. His voice has been called (like Bernard's) a "voice of gold." Its quality is remarkably beautiful.



Of course, the sensitive throat has been a serious drawback to his comfort and enjoyment in his profession. Besides which it has cost him dearly in doctors' bills. Now, Mr. Faversham, like most men of parts, has had his little vice. He smokes cigarettes. He was not a "fiend," but he smoked a great many cigarettes, and considered they were so nice to his nerves. They helped him, he believed, to relax after a strenuous evening, and helped him when he was studying his roles. Just before he produced "Julius Caesar" his throat was bothering him, and his wife, Julie Opp, begged him to drop cigarettes for two weeks. "I have an impression," she said, "that they irritate your throat."

Of course, no lover of Lady Nicotine ever believes she had an injurious influence, but Mr. Faversham, loving his wife more than Lady Nicotine, however, consented to please her by giving up cigarettes for two weeks. At the expiration of that time such a miraculous change had come to his throat, and, in fact, to his whole system, that no sensible man could longer question whether the habit had been harmless or not. Mr. Faversham has come to the conclusion that cigarettes have been slowly and surely poisoning his system and lessening his powers as an orator, and injuring his throat all these years. When he believed he was suffering from overwork and overstrain he was merely suffering from this nicotine poison.

He has gone through the tremendous strain of this great performance of "Julius Caesar" with less fatigue and less weakness in any part of his body than in any previous undertaking. And with less expense in the way of doctors' bills. Therefore, it seems to be only just to the world of boys growing up today to become actors or men of affairs to tell this story to the world at large. It contains a greater lesson and a more practically useful than any sermon or lecture which could be delivered on the evils of tobacco. Another result which has come to Mr.

Faversham looks five years younger, women who date on their cigarettes, and insist on their being harmless. Mr. Faversham looks five years younger since he gave up the habit. No woman can become a regular devotee of the weed and keep three great feminine charms—a clear color in the white of her eye, a perfect complexion and a sweet breath. And smoking invariably adds a peculiar look of maturity, which is not becoming to the feminine face. No woman believes this, and few of her friends will tell her that it is so. Yet the fact remains. And the change in the personal appearance of the handsome actor since he gave up cigarettes should be warning to women smokers, as well as a lesson to smokers of both sexes. Give up your cigarettes for three weeks, young man and young woman, and see what result follows. Of course, no one who studies human nature expects a man, and especially a man of "artistic temperament," to be logical and sensible—not persistently so. Therefore, neither Mrs. Faversham nor the writer of this article (who has known him long and well, and with increasing respect and admiration) really expects Mr. Faversham to cut all ties forever between himself and Lady Nicotine. Like others of his adorable but weak sex, Mr. Faversham will no doubt flirt with the brown-skinned fascinator, even after he has fully proved to himself that he is free of her chains, and after he has proved positively to himself that she is injurious to his best interests. But, at least, he has learned his lesson, and he has been able to show what he has been able to show, that the difficult and cord-straining role of Mark Anthony in "Julius Caesar" can be played continuously, nine performances a week for two months and leave the throat of the orator in perfect condition and the voice stronger than ever, if no cigars or cigarettes are used. And this is a great anti-cigarette sermon in itself.

### William and Mary College

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

William and Mary College, one of the earliest and, in its influence, one of the most important educational institutions of our country, received its charter 221 years ago, February 10, 1692.

In his "Old Virginia and Her Neighbors," John Fiske remarks: "Everybody knows that the College of William and Mary is the oldest in the United States, after Harvard." "It is not so generally known that the former was planned and all but established in 1622, eight years before Winthrop and his followers came to Massachusetts Bay. Politics, Indian massacres and other things postponed the project of the Virginia school for seventy years, when it was revived and carried through by a Scotchman, James Blair. With the grit that is characteristic of his race, Blair began collecting funds and presently succeeded in getting together a considerable sum, but nothing like enough to make the scheme a success. He then went to England to get more money and to obtain a charter. Appealing to Sir Edward Seymour for government aid, Blair was given to understand that inasmuch as England's chief business at that time was to beat down Louis the Fourteenth, rather than promote education in the Old Dominion, he need not look for any financial assistance from the government. "But you must not forget," said Blair, "that people in Virginia have souls to save as well as people in England." "Souls!" cried Seymour. "Damn your souls! Grow tobacco." But in spite of the profane rebuff from Seymour, Blair persevered. got more



### "Java Playground of Venus, but Beware!"

## Love Scorned, Deadly Poison Girls' Revenge



MME. BLANCHE ARRAL.

hers, while the lady of Milo looks here. The Javanese beauty is also sweet as to disposition. She is docile. She is very affectionate. Indeed, she is everything that modern and ancient man could fancy. But, as I have said, don't take the next boat. Because—well, wait and I will tell you. Madame Blanche Arral, the well known singer, who has traveled all over the world and seen the beauties of the harem as often as we have seen the fair ones of Harlem, told me about the Javanese women and though she agrees that they are as beautiful as the greatest Greek statues and as charming as kittens and altogether adorable—still— "I lived in Java for some time," said the singer, "and I had a good chance to study the character of these children of the sunny East. They are altogether charming, and I don't blame the men who emigrate and become attached to these sweet, affectionate creatures. The Javanese woman is essentially a primitive woman. Men admire the type, I'm told. Well, it's dangerous for with all her sweet and lovable nature the Javanese woman has a killing little way with her! "For many years the Dutch government has noticed that men returning from Java after several years stay frequently die of a mysterious disease one or two years after they reach home. Soldiers who have served in Java fear this dreadful and unknown disease, which never attacks them until they get back to Holland, and no physician has yet been able to diagnose the trouble, or cure it. Women are never troubled with this sinister malady and only men die of it. "Because of my close association with the Javanese women I learned the secret

of this slow and dreadful disease. It is the revenge of the Javanese woman upon the faithless European man who has gone through the native marriage ceremony with her, only to forget her as soon as his years of foreign service are up and he is allowed to return to his native land. "Not long ago, right here in New York, I accidentally met a young French couple, whose apartment I was about to take, as they were going back to France. I was renting the apartment furnished, but my friends warned me against this, as they insisted the young husband had tuberculosis and there was possibility of infection. "His wife assured me that he did not have consumption, however, and as I was interested in them I called upon them, and had a chance to talk with the young man. He said he had been in Java for several years, and at once my suspicions were aroused. "Were you ever married to a Javanese?" I asked. "Naturally he was both embarrassed and offended; but soon admitted that he had a family in Java, whom he had left only a year ago, and that he had married his wife in France six months ago. "Then hurry back to France—perhaps there is hope for you. They are making a special study of these cases. You have been poisoned by the woman you deserted. She knew the secret of the bamboo fiber, which is dried until it is as brittle as glass, dyed, then finely ground and put in the food. It does not affect the victim for a long time; but it is sure and certain destruction. "To make a long story short, I hurried that couple back to France. But I was too late. The glass-like particles had done their work and perforated the linings of stomach and intestines. He died before he reached the other side. "That is the vengeance these beautiful primitive women take on the treacherous European. They would rather have them die than know that they are happy with some other woman. "Artists, as well as physiologists, agree that the women of Java are the most beautiful in the world. Their figures are poems of harmonious lines and curves. Their slender hands and feet are grace itself, and ankles and waists are delicate and fine. Their soft brown eyes and laughing faces are full of seduction. "They never grow very fat, as they keep their perfection of figure by drinking a tea made of tala leaves and bark. And their amiable, affectionate natures make them attractive to men and women. "My maid, who was a Javanese, would weep passionately, even months before I had any idea of leaving her enchanted island, at the mere thought that she might some day lose me. But for all that, if I were a man I think I should prefer less physical perfection. I would feel safer. "The Javanese woman is a true daughter of Eve in every way, and you know they are very direct descendants of our first mother, because Paradise is supposed to have been located near Ceylon. "Civilization has not destroyed their perfect physique or improved their self-control. They are still primitive, undamed, delightful in their affection and deadly when they hate."

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measures. This is the contribution of money, and also the charter from William and Mary that founded the college ever since known by their names. "Thus was established the institution of which Fiske thus writes: "The college founded by James Blair was a most valuable center for culture in Virginia and has been remarkable in many ways. It was the first college in America to introduce teaching by lectures and the elective system of study; it was the first to unite a group of faculties into a university; it was the second in the English world to have a chair of municipal law; it the first in America to establish a chair of history and political science, and it was one of the very first to pursue a thoroughly secular and unsectarian policy. "Though until lately its number of students at any one time have never reached 150, it has given to our country fifteen United States senators and seventy representatives in congress, seventy-two governors of states and thirty-seven judges, three presidents of the United States—Jefferson, Monroe and Tyler—and the great Chief Justice Marshall. It was a noble work that was done for America by the Scotch parson, James Blair. "A profound student of American affairs says: "All of our popular institutions came from New England, but Virginia

### Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

I Admire You Both. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am acquainted with a girl two years my junior. I have met her many times in my place of employment and have spoken to her, but when we meet outside we are too bashful to speak. I know she loves me and I love her. Such an old-fashioned beginning of a romance is both refreshing and promising. You must overcome your bashfulness before some man more bold wins such a nice girl away from you. Forget yourself, think only of her, and you will be on friendly terms before you realize it. Ask Her, by All Means. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man

of 22 years of age and in business for myself. I took a fancy to a young lady whom I have known for quite some time, but cannot speak of my love for her because she has an elder sister who is still unmarried. Circumstances show it would be unwise to wait for an opportunity to speak of my love for this young lady or to look for one who must not wait until an elder sister marries? ANXIOUS. Ask her to marry you. If she loves you, the existence of ten older spinster sisters will make no difference. This ancient custom of marrying off the oldest first passed away many centuries ago. You Certainly Should. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young man of 17, and love a girl one year my senior. She went to the country last summer. Before she left she told me that she loved me. After she came back she acted altogether different. Two weeks ago I told her a word in a joke. At first she took it up as a joke. At our next meeting she would not talk to me. Should I start to speak to her? I love her dearly. B. M. K. You offended her; you owe her an apology. Be sure you make it, and don't offend again. If she treats you coolly, undoubtedly your behavior has warranted it. Also look to that, if you want to win her.

### The Wonderful Triumph of the Motor Car Has Transformed Life

New Elements for Exhaustless Human Imagination to Puzzle Over Introduced by Its Invention.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Seldom has so powerful an imaginative element been added to human life as that which the motor car has brought. It has enormously increased the fascination of great cities, even for those who never ride, by the change it has produced in the aspect of the streets and squares. Its speed, its swift turns, its sudden stops and starts, its brilliant, glittering appearance, the sense of mysterious power that it conveys and its look of super-mundane intelligence as it bears down upon you, with its two huge staring eyes, like some good-natured demon which will not hurt you, if only you keep your head and trust it, make it seem like a new inhabitant of the earth that has come to quicken and enliven life upon our staid old planet, which was growing somewhat humdrum in its ways before this novel arrival made it rub its eyes and set its nerves a-tingle. At night the motor car is a wonder. Without it "the Great White Way" would lose half its attraction. It makes any city that it invades twice as brilliant as before, for it adds the vivacity of swift movement, without which the glittering lights would be but a dumb show. There is a picture of a street scene in New York at night in the February Motor that tells the story of the fascination of the motor car as no words can do. The whole scene is transformed by the presence of those strange, powerful, brilliant, all-capable machines, which can whirl you from place to place almost with the ease and speed of the Baghdad dreamer's magic carpet. Imagine them replaced by the old horse-drawn vehicles, which were all we had a few short years ago, and the charm of life would seem to have vanished and the world would appear to have suddenly gone centuries backward. Never did any invention win its way so rapidly and so triumphantly. The marvel of the motor cars never grows less. The more familiar we become with them, the more they impress the imagination. To start and stop, and steer and guide one, to make it fly like the wind by a mere turn of a handle, and to come quickly to rest at your will, seems to be the exercise of more than human power. It responds to your slightest wish; it obeys you as willingly as Aladdin's slaves



of the lamp. It is a dream turned into reality. Your guiding hand seems to have been endowed with the "virtile power" of Bulwer's romance. The uncomplaining machine, trembling with hidden forces, executes your unspoken wish as if it were a great jinn that had come out of Soliman's bottle and placed itself at your command. It stops, it turns, it reverses its course, it flies, without a word, at the simple touch of your finger or the pressure of your foot! Magic! What magic could be greater than this? It exalts the rider and the driver. It gives them a sense of power and of independence of material things such as they never imagined that they could possess. Almost gravitation itself is defied. The long hills have lost their terror. You throw on a little more power from a seemingly inexhaustible store and up you glide, swiftly, smoothly, as if in a dream. You look back to the time when your perspiring, half-blown horse dragged you laboriously and slowly up that hill, and a magic change seems to have come over the world. Even the grumbling of the machine as it swiftly mounts the slope conveys a sense of weariness, but rather one of reserve power brought into play. You feel its strength and rejoice in it. It is the g-r-r-r of the bulldog taking his hold. The hills are conquered, the dust and mud of the plains are left behind, the mountains themselves can be surmounted and you almost feel that with a little more encouragement from human genius, with a little more of the exhaustless energy of the human brain put into it, your machine might transport you to the very clouds! Never was such another marvel of mechanical genius produced, such a veritable Frankenstein, full of power and will, but obedient as a slave. And the end is not yet. The time is coming when the best motors of today will be as far out of date as the poor, overworked horse is at present. In exalting his imagination through his achievements man exalts his power. The higher he rises the higher still he can go. The imagination always leads. It has opened the way to every great discovery and every advance. Edison imagined the electric lamp before he made it; Napoleon imagined the conquest of Europe before he achieved it; Newton imagined the earth holding the moon in its orbit before he proved that it actually did so and in every one of these cases the unimaginative multitude sneered at the suggestion of the master mind that dared to treat its imagination and to follow its lead. Twenty years ago how many foresaw the motor car at the door?

### Resinol will stop that itch

No matter how long you have been tortured and disfigured by itching, burning, raw or scaly skin humors, just put a little of that soothing, antiseptic Resinol on the sores and the suffering stops right there! Healing begins that very minute, and your skin gets well so quickly you feel ashamed of the money you threw away on useless, tedious treatments. Prescribed by doctors for 18 years. Try it at our expense. You can try Resinol free, for skin eruptions, pimples, dandruff, stubborn sores, boils, or piles. Sold by all druggists, but for trial, write to Dept. 19-B, Resinol Chem. Co., Baltimore, Md.



Brooklyn, N.Y., Nov. 1, 1912.—I about that itching. At first little red spots were seen on my arms and body, which I noticed were getting larger every day. They itched me so much that I scratched myself until I bled. There were times when I stood up all night and scratched. I was troubled about three weeks, during which time I used whatever I could get, but to no good whatever. Then, finally, I thought of trying Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. As soon as I applied Resinol Ointment I felt much relief. After using it a few times, I noticed the sore spots slowly fading away, and in about a month I was cured completely. (Signed) Adolf Schoen, 742 Shepherd Ave.

### CONSTIPATION

Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are unlike all other laxatives or cathartics. They coax the liver into activity by gentle methods, they do not scour; they do not grip; they do not weaken; but they do start all the secretions of the liver and stomach in a way that soon puts these organs in a healthy condition and corrects constipation. Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves. They invigorate instead of weaken; they enrich the blood instead of impoverishing it; they enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. These pills contain no calomel, no dose, they are soothing, healing and stimulating. They school the bowels to get all-out physic. Price 25 cents. If you are nervous, can't sleep and are weak and run down and need a wine stimulant use Munyon's Paw-Paw Tonic. For sale at all Drug Stores.

