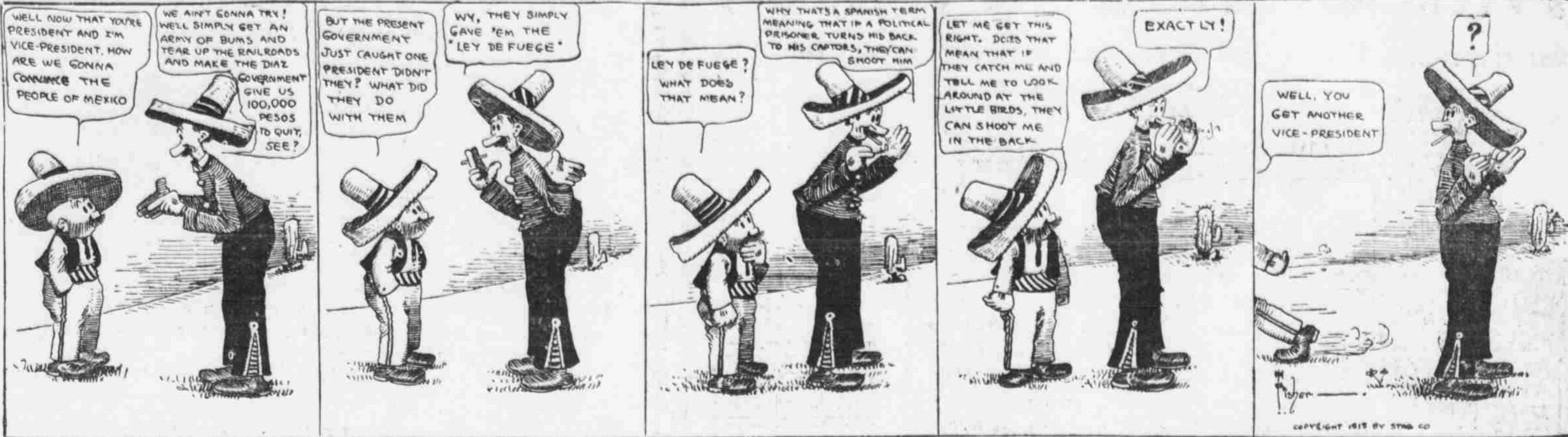


# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Another Mexican Administration Goes on the Blink

Drawn for The Bee by "Bud" Fisher



### The Deadly Ink Bottle

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.  
 "Dear I tried to write you such a letter as would tell you and all my heart today: Written love is poor, one word were better, easier, too, a thousand times to say."  
 —Adelaide Anne Procter.

I am in receipt of a letter from a young man who complains because the girl he loves, and who has confessed her love for him, addresses him in her letters as "My dear John." He thinks she should at least call him "Sweetheart."

And undoubtedly she does—in her heart, and in his ear, many, many times, and her refusal to put this word in black and white doesn't indicate a cold heart, but a remarkably cool head.

No one expects the love he gives, nor that which he receives, to ever turn cold. That is the charm of loving—the firm, immovable belief that at last two hearts have met that neither time nor eternity may estrange.

It is the one supreme experience in life when one does not question fallibility. Laboring under such a hallucination, lovers say such things, they do such things, they write such letters, as were never said, nor done, nor written before.

They forget that many things outlive love, and among its many survivors is the Written Word. A look, a word, a sigh too often, something so fragile it has no actual existence, puts an end to love, but the Written Word goes on.

"Burn-tilt" makes no imprint on the brain of the one receiving the letter. The furnace is away down cellar, and the letter is thrown carelessly into a drawer, to be lost, or hidden, but never so completely that it does not work its way to the surface at the time when its appearance would cause the greatest embarrassment.

The fervor of a love letter depends solely on the imagination of the one to whom it is addressed, and the one to whom it is addressed when, if the recipient is doubting, there is sure to be one too few, or if the recipient is trusting, the word is inserted many times where it is never written.

The ink bottle should be regarded with as much fear as a loaded gun, for in the hands of the thoughtless it carries a charge that is as deadly. One should approach it in a cool, dispassionate frame of mind, remembering that the condition of one's mind and heart today may not be the same tomorrow, and that "the written word never dies."

It takes the poorest of ink so long to fade I hope this young man will realize that in having a sweetheart who approaches the ink bottle with discretion he has found the rarest of pearls—a girl of uncommon good sense.

### Take Off the Fat Where It Shows



Most women suffer much humiliation because of great quantities of fat, so located that, no matter how they dress, everybody sees that they are abnormal. This is the day of the slender figure, and fat women are simply not tolerated either in business or social affairs. Women may not know it, but when they see a fat woman pass them on the street or in public places make all manner of sympathetic remarks about her. They do not mean to be unkind or to seem unkindly, but it is natural for a man to dislike fat on a woman. Where fat shows the most there is where it must be removed, and as quickly as possible. This season's dresses seem to be made for the fat woman's misery, and the slender woman's delight. They expose all the charms of woman and her ugliness as well. Exercise and diet will not remove fat. This has been proved. The famous Marmola prescription which has met with such phenomenal success and has so many of our society women as its sponsors, is now being sold in tablet form to meet the demand of the public for this style of treatment. These little tablets go into your system just like food. They stop the stomach and digestive apparatus from producing fat and reduce the fat upon the body at the rate of about 12 to 15 ounces a day. They are harmless and can be carried in your purse and taken even after you have indulged in a hearty meal away from home. They are sold at all drug stores at 75 cents a case, or if you prefer you may write the Marmola Company, Farmer Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

## The Ancient Greeks Gave First Cabaret Show

Story by Margaret Hubbard Ayer. Sketches by Michelson.



The Earliest Greek Dances Were Like Our "Ring Around a Rosy." Girls and Boys Dancing Together in a Big Circle to the Music of Their Own Songs.

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.  
 The Greeks were the first to invent the now celebrated cabaret shows.

No, they did not turkey trot, for they probably knew that they had a reputation for art and culture to hand down to future generations.

But every Greek of fashion or importance gave dinner parties which were even more costly than those we read about today, and the main part of the entertainment was the cabaret, the singing and dancing by paid entertainers which went on during the meal.

The Greeks paid an immense amount of attention to dancing, as they consid-

ered it one of the finest methods of physical training and all the great educators and statesmen of the golden age advocated dancing for the young people of both sexes.

Plato demanded in his "republic" that every child should be trained systematically to the highest physical development of which it was capable, and he considered dancing the best possible method of attaining this degree of perfection which was the ideal of every Greek youth or maid.

Children were trained from the fifth year and danced at all great festivals in public.

The earliest Greek dances were like our

"ring around a rosy," girls and boys dancing together in a big circle to the music of their own songs. These dances are often mentioned by Homer.

Later, when the dance became part of the education of all Greek youths, the accompaniment was played on the flute and dancing included a knowledge of music, poetry and all arts. Greek dancing, while it looks easy, was not the simple happy-go-lucky thing it seemed. A professional dancer was trained many years before he or she appeared in public. They had to know their own art thoroughly, and the poetry of motion was the embodiment of all that was beautiful, a thorough musical training was

necessary and the best dancers had to be well up in all the great poetry of the time, as well as the very intricate symbolism of the religious ceremonial.

There was no occasion when dancing was not an expression of the Greek personality, and great dancers enjoyed unbelievable popularity.

The Flower Festival of Argos was one of the most beautiful of the springtime dances symbolizing the awakening of nature. It was danced by the aristocratic youths, who tried to outdo each other in beauty of movement, grace of body and pose.

One of the differences between our dancing and the antique lies in the

straight foot of the classic Greek dancer and the pointed toe of the later French and Italian schools, which seems to have come by way of the far east.

The Greeks, who wore the thinnest of sandals, or none at all, placed the foot in its natural position, straight on the ground. The American Indian still does this, and so do all aboriginal races. The pointed toe, or foot that points out from the body, was originally an affection of dancing teachers. It was unknown to the Greek dancer, whose physical pose had to conform to the laws of nature embodied in the highest forms of sculpture, which are still the ideals of artists and have never been surpassed.

### Robust Figures Are to Be Preferred in Women, Artist Declares Experts Bar the Thin Beauties

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

Prof. Max Nordau, German writer and scientist, has passed long enough in his study of race deterioration, megalomania and other joyful topics to glance at the woman of today, and he finds that she is thin, very thin.

"It is the reign of the thin woman," announces the scientist. "To be liberally endowed with fleshy fortune is no longer considered beautiful."

"Modern woman has not only decreased her diameter. In the social class which submit to the empire of the mode the feminine stature has decreased by several centimetres.

"Women and the medical profession appreciate the dangers of fat," continues the philosopher. "Fat clogs the tissues and impedes their work. It diminishes the vital energy and renders the organism old." And he ends by saying that the persons who inspire respect are thin.

While we are grateful that there is something in the world that Prof. Nordau approves of, especially in the feminine world, it is whispered that the loss of those graceful curving lines occasions some regret to artists who were the first to insist that there was no beauty in fat, and now see the earth peopled with lead pencil figures, straight up and down shapes of their own drawing.

were among the first to draw and paint the thin and wisp-like creatures who now have become so popular. The "Kinneys" are Mr. and Mrs. Troy Kinney, artists and illustrators whose pictures, whether of society folk or of characters in stories, always have that vivid characteristic charm which stamps them as the "Kinneys" work even without the scrawly signature.

Mr. and Mrs. Kinney, in their painters' blouses, were snatching a bite of lunch when seen today and asked about fat and thin women. The Kinneys work together, play together and have traveled together extensively. They are both young and enthusiastic.

"The thin woman is the product of the cities, and chiefly of Paris, London and New York," said Mr. Kinney. "You won't find that country people consider a very thin woman beautiful, because the very slender woman would not look as if she had the capacity either for work or enjoyment; in other words, she would not appear to have a perfectly healthy organism."

"Undoubtedly the vogue of the slim silhouette came from the artist, along with all the other eastern fashions. Women had a mistaken idea that the oriental woman was thin. That is wrong. She is always fat."

"Not to mention the slight figure and the terrific effect which all

women are making to get thin at any cost."

"I think they are beautiful," Mrs. Kinney put in, "but sometimes I wonder where they get their bones."

"Most women want to be thin because they think it is more youthful," Mr. Kinney went on. "Now to a certain extent that is true, of course. But there is and there should be a difference between the youthful, immature figure of a girl and the figure of a woman."

"None of the great actresses or singers who have done really big things are very thin. And there is a good reason for that."

"The thin silhouette does not express power, and it is power that the modern woman wants, and that any great personality must want to express. So the very thin body is not a proper expression for the woman, though it is right for the girl."

"The thin woman isn't admired in all parts of the world as she is here in America. In Spain, for instance, the American type is considered too attenuated, too brittle. The Spanish woman even when she is young wants to be well covered, well padded with fat."

"To illustrate, Mrs. Kinney and I spent some time in Spain and met two young girls, one of them coming to this country about a year after our visit. We inquired after her sister.

"Oh, you will be so sorry to hear

Nita is the same as ever. She has not gained a single ounce," said the sister. Both girls were under 20 and not too thin according to our standards."

"Did you find the Spanish women more beautiful than our country women?" the artists were asked.

"No, indeed," they agreed almost in unison, and Mr. Kinney, being the man among two women, was questioned especially as to his opinion.

"I think the most beautiful women in the world are to be found here in America," he said, "but they are often carried away by fashions and vogues like the present one for the thin figure. Of course, it has done a great deal of good in some ways, because we seldom see the very fat women who were such objectional features of the lapidages."

"Fat weighs down the tissues," as Nordau says, and makes the skin sag. Behind too much fat there is generally a diseased organism or a lazy mind. But on the other hand I think the thin women are overdoing it."

"The fat woman suggests disease and decay, but the very thin woman doesn't look healthy, either."

"But tell me, will you, why is it that sociologists describe their heroines as having 'boyish figures'?" was asked.

"Why should a grown woman have a boyish figure? What is there beautiful about that?" replied Mr. Kinney. "Personally I want a woman to look like a woman. I want to know whether she is coming or going. I think that as a purely physical specimen the Spanish dancer, Guerrero, for instance, is a magnificent type of beauty, expressing strength and power, while the woman with the boyish figure that is all the fashion just now may look youthful and elastic, athletic if you like, but if the

woman is no longer very young the slim figure makes her look almost sexless, to my mind.

"Guerrera is a type of youthful Spanish beauty. Here, of course, she would be called a mature type. Mrs. Phil Lydig is an example of the slender woman—a splendid example, for she is thin and attractive."

### SAVES ELDERLY PEOPLE FROM KIDNEY AND BLADDER MISERIES

Stops Disturbing Bladder Weaknesses, Backache, Stiff Joints, Rheumatic Pains Disappear After Few Doses Are Taken.

While people along in years are naturally more subject to weak kidneys, they can avoid the tortures of backache, and rheumatism, and be saved the annoyance of getting up at night with disagreeable bladder disorders, for the new discovery, Croxone, quickly relieves the most severe and obstinate cases.

Croxone cures these conditions because it removes the cause. It is the most wonderful remedy ever devised for restoring the system of uric acid. It is entirely different from all other remedies. It is not like anything else ever used for the purpose. Croxone makes the kidneys filter the blood and sift out all the poisonous acids and waste matter that cause these troubles.

It soaks right in and cleans out the stopped-up, inactive kidneys like water does a sponge, dissolves, and drives out every particle of uric acid and other

### Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

I am going to the club tonight, sed Pa this morning when he went away from the house.

No, you aren't, sed Ma. I have company for tonight, my aunt is coming heer from Ulster county. It is the one that you never had a chance to meet & she has toald all her friends that she is going for to meet you.

I don't care if you have a unkel cumming heer from Sullivan county, sed Pa. I am going to the club. The Mens League is going to have a meeting & dedde whether it mite not be better after al, to letter the witten vote. Bless there deer harts, sed Pa, why shuddent they vote of they want to?

Oh, sed Ma, if that is the case, you can go to the club. I thought maybe that you had a idee that you cud go to play bilyards or poker or some of those horrid gains that talks all yure sleep away from you & the munny that I need so bad for a new gown.

So Pa went to the club & Ma's aunt came to dinner with us. I never saw her in Ulster county, but the scenery must be awful hoanly there, if it looks like Ma's aunt.

The first thing that she sed when she came in the room was Ware is yure husband?

He went to the club tonight, sed Ma. Mercey, sed Ma's aunt. I wud jest like to see my husband go to a club. When he does I will quit him. I always like to go half way with him about things, & be broad, but he can't to out at nite & he has to work daytimes.

My husband is a grate big child, sed Ma. I have to humor him a lot, especially the day he gets his pay, but I find that it pays to be nice to him. He doesn't go to the club many times, & I like to think that he is getting a littel relaxashun. He & his man friends are going to vote tonight to dedde whether or not the wimmen shud vote, & he sed that he thought wimmen had a perfeck rite to vote of they wanted to, the deer boy.

Oh, then he is a deer boy, sed Ma's aunt. Most of the men up in Ulster county thinks that a woman's place is at hoam, & they do thare best to keep her there. I am sorry now that yure husband isent at hoam. I shud so much like to meet him.

I wish my husband had cum down to New York with me, so he cud meet a man that has sum brains & understanding. He sed that rather than see his wife vote he wud tie a millstone around her neck & throw her into deep water. He is awful crule sometimes, wen he gets to talking about voats for wimmen, but you bet that in our family I am the captain & he is the first mate. That is the way to get along with yure husband. Teesh him his place. My husband's place is at hoam.

Then Ma sent me ogver to the corner to get sum ice cream, & on the way I looked into the back room of the Dutchman's ware Pa goes a lot, & I saw Pa there with a happy looking old man. They was having a grate time.

I suppose I ought to be at hoam & help entertain yure wife, Pa was saying. My wife thinks I am at the club.

Ha, ha, sed Pa's friend, & mine thinks I am in Ulster county.

I can't see why wimmen want to voat; they will git fooled anyhow.