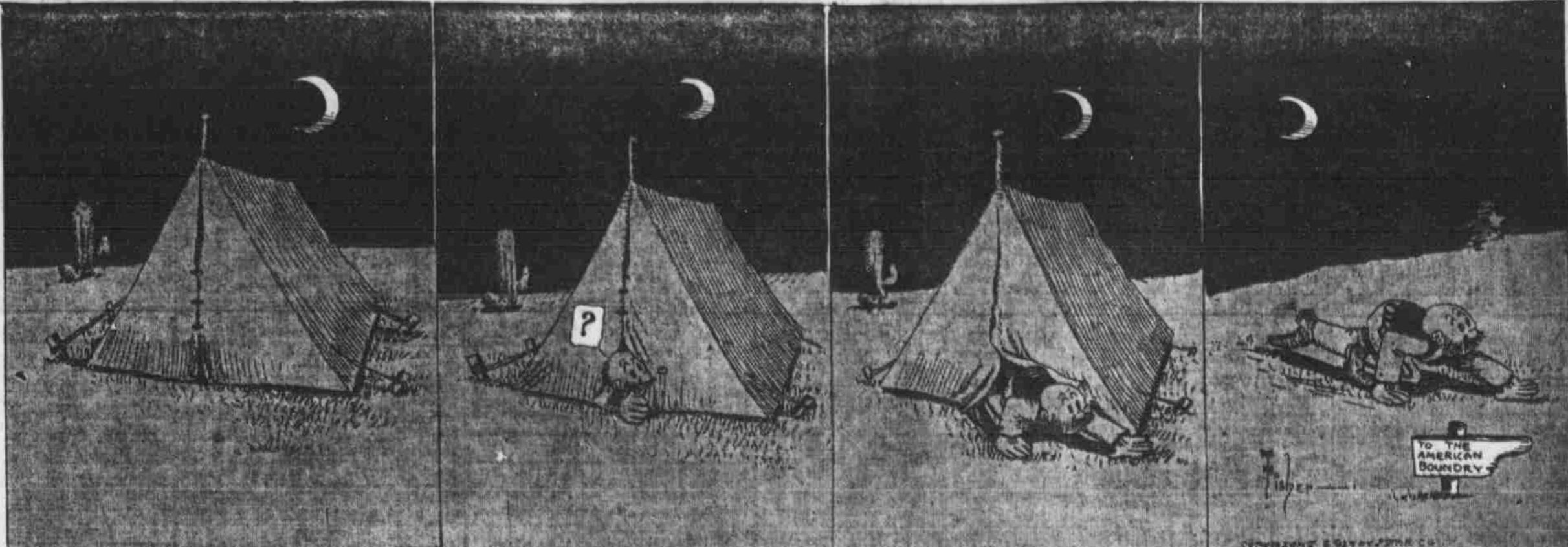


# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Jeff Thinks a Live Coward is Better Than a Dead Hero

--- Drawn for The Bee by "Bud" Fisher



### Love Alone is Not Enough

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"But love can hope where reason would despair."—Lord Lyttleton.

"We are a couple with matrimonial intentions," writes S. H. E. "Do you think we can live on \$16 a week?" "Is \$22 a week enough to get married on?" asks J. E. S.

Love has a way of forgetting rent day and the price of meat that makes love charming. One sails through a love affair as oblivious of the landing and reality that await as if one were sailing down a moonlit stream in a dream. The two in the boat, the man and the woman, are dreaming. Occasionally one awakes long enough to dreamily ask the question asked by S. H. E. and J. E. S., but the dreamer is afloat again in his dream boat without pausing for the reply.

Or if he waits to hear it he smiles incredulously at the argument that one cannot live on bread and cheese and kisses, the price of the first two having gone up and the taste for the latter diminishing in proportion as the necessity grows for making it the sole means of subsistence.

"But love can hope where reason would despair," and it is doubtful if every zealous friend who wished to prevent the necessity of calling out a wrecking crew by exhibiting a list of every day's needs and prices would be so successful in spite of his array of figures, and wrecking crews and relief expeditions follow each other in close succession ever after.

Would it be possible for a man and his wife to live on \$16 a week? Put them in some little country town where he pays \$10 a month for rent, and ekes out his income with the aid of a little garden patch, and not only is it possible, but if they are made of the right sort they will save enough to own that little home, and know rent day no more.

But no American-born girl and boy of today are made of the right sort. This is not a libel, unless facts be such. What American girl marrying these days receives a wash tub in her wedding gifts? How many American girls really know which comes first: The starching of the blouse? Do you, S. H. E. J. E. S., know if the girl of your dreams knows how to make Monday's soup of the scraps of Sunday's roast? Can that little hand you like to hold pattern the simplest garment?

Suppose she is a paragon of every economical virtue, are you a good match for her? Will you give up your cigars without a murmur? Will you wear old clothes and patches and find them glorified by the light of love? Will you continue to love her when the burdens, the privations, the sacrifices, the monotony of a bare existence have made her old and ugly before her time?

That little dream boat, you are in will soon bump against the landing, and that landing we will call reality.

Every ailment that would weaken love awaits you there. And once attacked, love soon sickens and, alas, love soon dies.

With the loss of love all happiness ends. The faded garments you will thereafter wear are not more faded than your life.

Don't expose anything so precious as love to such unfavorable treatment. If you cannot give each other up and, of course, you can't, go into preliminary training for meeting just such hardships as marriage will bring you.

In that way you will answer your own questions, and they are questions that no one can answer for you.

## The Bacchanals First Threw Dancing Into Disrepute by Their Excesses

Story By Margaret Hubbard Ayer. Sketch by Michaelson



The ancients paid homage to Bacchus, the Deity of the Vine yards, by singing hymns and by dancing.

It is undoubtedly due to Bacchus, the God of Wine, that dancing came into bad repute with the stern old Roman, and has remained so with certain members of our own republic until this day.

For the feasts of Dionysus, as he was called in Greek mythology, at fits a yearly celebration only, finally degenerated into revets of the most frenzied character.

When under the name of Bacchus the same divinity was worshipped in Italy, the ancient Roman, who was an expert wine grower, thought it only fitting that this especial god should be appeased by long festivals and celebrations of a semi-religious character lasting for days and in which wine and dancing played the main part.

These dances were executed by the priests and priestesses of Bacchus, who, under the influence of wine, music and the odor of strong incense, burnt before the statue of the god, worked themselves into a state of mad frenzy.

While the priestesses of all the other deities were held in reverence the Bacchantes and the Maenads, as they were called, soon fell into disrepute, and during the festival of Bacchus the Roman matron saw to it that her young daughter did not leave the house.

The festival of Bacchus was at first only a thanksgiving celebration. Hymns were sung in honor of the god who had filled the gourds and leathery bags with wine.

Then the first "story dances" were performed and the entire town stopped work and all turned out to join in the hymns, dance, drink and pay tribute to the protector of the vineyards. And so frolics

arose as they do today. With the influx of oriental luxury and ideas the Roman matron stayed away from the hired dancers to perform her share of the entertainment, and the whole thing became a Bacchanalia, which is the worst thing one can say of any party.

These orgies have never been equalled, though many so-called modern and enlightened people have tried to do so.

To the Roman woman they were unspeakable, and the first Christian women

in Italy naturally looked upon the heathen revels as wicked and immoral.

Several of the great dancers of early Christian days embraced the new faith and left the stage for a life of repentance in the desert or the nunnery later. Theodora, a circus dancer, became the wife of the Christian Emperor Constantine.

The story of Thais, the Greek dancer, who, at the height of her fame and beauty, became a Christian and died in a state of sanctity, is founded on fact, as

is the figure of Pelagia in Kingsley's "Hypatia."

These dancers were the great solo dancers at public festivals and private entertainments of the rich. They took the part of one of the goddesses, generally Venus, at the religious ceremonies.

For them the skirt dance was introduced, and the dance of the veils, which came to Rome by way of Greece and Egypt. The rhythm of the flowing drapery was studied even more carefully

than it is today, for the greatest artists were not above aiding and teaching these women, whose influence was often supreme, at least for a moment. For the skirt dance a tunic and skirt of finely pleated material were worn. The pleats looked like accordion pleating, as many statues and some frescos at Pompeii show quite plainly.

Except for the very celebrated dancers, who won their freedom by their art or came from lowly but free parents, the performers were generally slaves, and this added to the prejudice of the high-minded matrons against them and influenced the Christians of the first centuries after Christ, who forbade dancing in their homes.

But no word about Lucknow, however full, would be complete without at least a reference to Sir James Outram.

In the previous November, as he was evacuating Lucknow, Sir Colin Campbell left Outram with 4,000 men to hold the Alumbagh, and for three months Outram held the perilous post right in front of Lucknow, his handful of men bearing a great revolted city with 130,000 fighting men.

Attacked no less than six times in front, rear and flank, by a force of over 90,000 men, Outram held his own, and was right there when Sir Colin returned to win the great triumph of March, 1858—a triumph that ended the great mutiny and re-established British rule in India.

### Little Bobbie's Pa

BY WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Do you know, wife, sed Pa to Ma, last nite, that I met a man today that is one man in a million?

No, I didn't know it, sed Ma. You are always meeting one man in a million, sed Ma, & wen he gits to the house he falls pritty short of yure reeming-dashun. Why dont you try reeming sun of the other '39,999? sed Ma. You wud prubly meet sum better fellows.

Uh, but this feller is defferent, sed Pa. He was down near the South Poles wth Shackleton & he was wth Doc Cooke & he fished Peary out of a air hole in the ice onst jst wen a Walrus was going to eat him.

How thrilling, sed Ma. Did he ever keep Roosevelt from getting ate up w a leashed lion?

You dont need to be so flip, sed Pa. This man is reely a wonderful traveler. He was one of the first of the allied forces to scale the Chinese Wall at the time of the Boxer trouble sum years ago. He has been thro so much ackshun in fact, sed Pa, that his hair is white & he

### He Encounters a Wonderful Man and Invites Him Out to the Flat

is only 10 years old.

That doesnt mean anything, that white hair sed Ma. Look at Jim Trudden. His hair is white as snow & he is only forty, & he has always lived at Spring Brook or around there. Sum peopul gits prematurely gray naturally, Ma sed. Well, I suppose you are going to bring him up to the house. That is what you usually do with the celebrities that you meet around at the clubs & chop houses. I will bet you a nice box of cigars, the kind that you always pick out for yurself, aggenst a pair of gloves & a dozen bank-erchiefs that I can cross examine this wonderful explorer friend of yures & tangle him up befoor he knows it.

I will bet you, sed Pa, if you dont examine him too cross, I know that he has been every place that he says he has been. There is a rink of sincerity in his voice. Pa, sed, like the words of a true adventurer.

You mite as well fergit about that rink of sincerity, dearest, sed Ma. There is a rink of sincerity in yure voice wen it cumes to me over the phone telling that the subway is stalled & that you aint

going to git hoam for dinner, but the next day wen I ask you to show me a account of the subway stall in the morning papers it aint there to show me.

Jest then Pa's explorer friend called. He was white haired all rite, but I didnt think that he was a man wch had been thro much hardshp. All of the picters of explorers wch I have seen showed men wth deep lines in thar faces & necks, & this gentleman that Pa was telling so much about didnt have a line on his face.

My husband tells me that you have travelled a lot, sed Ma.

There must be sum mistake, sed Pa's new friend. I have lived rite here in New York since I was born. I used to live downtown near the Bowery, & I now live up in the Bronx. I can ride as fast as the subway train can go, but that is all the traveling I ever did, sed Pa's friend. I guess yure husband must have got mixed up. I was telling him about a book I have at hoam called the Adventures of a Globe Trotter.

Then you ought to have seen Ma look at Pa.

## Hair Stops Falling, Dandruff Disappears—25 Cent "Danderine"

Save Your Hair! Beautify it! Invigorate your scalp. Danderine grows hair and we can prove it.

Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you cannot find a single trace of Dandruff or a loose or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you will actually see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp. A little Danderine will immediately double the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy. Just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, tak-

**RHEUMATISM**

Manxon's Rheumatism Remedy relieves pain in the legs, arms, back, stiff or swollen joints. Contains no morphine, opium, cocaine or drugs to debase the body. It neutralizes the acid and drives out all rheumatic poisons from the system.

Manxon's Doctors Free. Get the Manxon Remedy you need from your druggist. If he hasn't it we will send it to you postpaid. When in doubt, what to use, write our physicians for free advice. Not a penny charged. All correspondence confidential. MANXON REMEDY CO., Philadelphia.