

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge's Kelly Almost Got a Boob in Trouble

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Dorothy Dix Writes of The Married Man and the Girl Again, and Also a Few Letters from the Girls

By DOROTHY DIX.

A few days ago I wrote an article for this column in which I tried to show girls not only how wrong, but how silly, they were to indulge in love affairs with married men.

I tried to prove to them that, aside from all questions of morality and of the cruel wrong they did in robbing a wife of her husband's love and children of their father, and breaking up a home, they made a losing bargain for themselves.

I pointed out that they compromised themselves and ruined their good names for nothing; that they wasted their youth and the freshness of their hearts on men who could not marry them; that they jeopardized their chances of ever having husbands and homes of their own, and that the end must be disappointment and disillusionment, either the tragedy of the dragging on through years of a hopeless passion, or else the grimmer tragedy of a woman forsaken when her youth and beauty are gone for a fairer and younger face.

In response to this article I have received more than thirty letters from young women who are indulging in this peculiar form of foolish sentimental folly. They defend themselves with warmth and eloquence on the ground that they can't help loving as they do, and that the man is tired of his wife, anyway.

In one of these letters a girl who says she is 21 years old, but "with a world-wide experience"—God help her—writes that I am mistaken in thinking that all married men are selfish who win the hearts of young girls. She says that the married man with whom she had had a love affair for the last three years is the noblest, the most honorable and the most unselfish knight in the world, and as a proof of his unselfishness he often says to her: "If the right single fellow comes along I shall be perfectly willing to see you married to him, but till then you have my watchfulness over you."

One could weep over the unsophistication of this simple little girl, who thinks she knows so much of the world, and who doesn't understand that such is the watchfulness of the wolf over the lamb. He tells her that he will be "willing" to see her marry the right man when he comes along, and she gurgles with gratitude at his generosity.

Poor little goose, not to realize that her kind protector has established a quarantine that will effectually keep any desirable man from ever coming along. Another girl writes that the married man that she fell in love with did, at first, honorably advise her for her own good, but she refused to listen to his wise counsel, and with her eyes open embarked upon her career of folly.

She says that she does not expect or want anything for herself, but just the mere knowledge that this man loves her and an occasional scrap of time that he can give her.

For this she is willing to put aside all thoughts of ever having a husband and home of her own, and to occupy an equivocal position in society.

This young woman is very sure that she is going to find perfect happiness and contentment in the mode of life she has chosen for herself, but she will not miss what she has lost. She will find nothing but misery.

Human nature, and especially the heart of woman, would have to be made over again before any woman could rest satisfied, knowing that the man she loved belonged by right to another woman; that his interest was centered in a home in which she had no part; that another woman bore his name and his children; that the most of his time, the most of his money, the most of himself went to this other woman.

Soon jealousy will eat out her very soul, and that will be her punishment for the wrong that she has done another woman.

But these letters from weak and self-deluded girls, yielding to their own impulses and seeking to justify them, are only part of the replies to the question I raised. There have been others, written in the clear, cold light of experience, that

have told how such folly must end. One comes from a little girl who says she is 22 and feels as though she were 20, so old is her sorrow. She also fell in love with a married man and lived for a few months in a romantic dream of bliss.

Now the man is tired of her and she spends her days running after him, haunting the places where she is likely to see him, calling him up on the telephone, humbling her pride to beg for even a visit from him and knowing that he is weary of her and wishes that she would let him alone.

That's the common end of the romance with the married man, for the man who has been faithless to one woman is seldom loyal to another.

Then here is another letter written by a mother: "Seventeen years ago my daughter became acquainted with a married man. I entreated her not to receive his attentions, but she was so infatuated with him that she refused to listen to me. She said she loved him so much she could not give him up."

"The affair has continued all of these years, during which they have waited for the man's wife to die, and now she is in better health than she has ever been. My daughter was twenty-four when this affair began. She is now past forty-one. Her sisters are all married and have happy homes and children of their own. But this daughter, has sacrificed her chances of being established as they are, she can only look forward to a lonely old age, during which she must depend on her own labor for support. I know the signs is vain now for the years she has fooled away, the chances she has thrown away for one of the most selfish and unselfish men. I do not blame him any more than I do her. She deliberately did wrong, and now she must pay the penalty."

These letters that I have quoted are all genuine, bona fide ones. They are little bits of actual experience. Is there anything in them to show aught but the supreme folly and the certain wretchedness that is sure to come to a girl permitting herself to fall in love with a married man?

Don't do it girls. That way lies destruction.

THE MANICURE LADY

"George," said the Manicure Lady, "I was just wondering if you knew any Greek."

"A lot of them," replied the Head Barber. "I know a Greek florist on Sixth Avenue, and I know several Greek fruit merchants, and a lot of others."

"You are a awful stump, George," said the candid Manicure Lady. "When I asked you if you knew any Greek, I didn't mean any Greek person. I meant do you know of the Greek language?"

The Head Barber hesitated. "Not much, I guess, kiddo," he said finally. "I know a little that I learned at school, but not enough to be worth talking about."

"You don't need to let your neck muscles get all swelled up, George," said the Manicure Lady. "But speaking about Greek, brother Wilfred has been reading some translations of them old Greek tragedies, and the poor boy, who is getting to be more of a boob every day, the way it seems to me, thinks now that he can write one of them tragedies in good English and put it over with a wise Broadway audience. He spent all last night on the first act, and in view of the fact that his room is next to the old gent's room I think he wrote some pretty good lines, because the old gent is improving in his spelling every day. If he keeps on spelling, George, keeps on getting better, there won't be a chance in the world of hearing Gabriel's horn."

"But about the new play, Wilfred says that he has patterned it after a play which was written by an old Greek tragedian writer named Aeschylus, or some such moniker. He says that there is only two characters in the play—a lady and a gent. The lady's name is Clytemnestra, and the name of the gent is Jason. How do you like these lines, George? Listen: 'Ah, Jason, here in Attica we roam, And here our souls find happiness and peace. Since thou hast brought to me the Golden Fleece, 'Twill make a splendid rug for our new home.'"

"A lot of talk, I would call it," said the Head Barber. "And don't tinker off the key any more this morning. I got a swell earache the way it is. This chat, you see, is a splendid rug for our new home."

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Daffydils

YOU CAN SEE MORE OUT OF A STAINED GLASS WINDOW THAN YOU CAN OUT OF A GLASS EYE.

THEY COULDN'T POOL HENRY LUTYRES ON TOBACCO A BIT HE KNOWS MORE ABOUT CIGARETTES THAN CARL KNOWS ABOUT PALLS ONE DARK DAY AN AGENT CAME TO HIS STORE TO SELL HIM SOME "GIGGIES" THESE PIPED SAID "BEST CANARIE LEAF TOBACCO" HENRY FOR ONE, BROKE IT IN THE CENTER AND THERE ROLLED OUT A WAD OF PAPER ON IT WAS WRITING: IF SANDWICH IS WOOD IS COAL TAR? THE UNDERTAKER WILL NOW WARDLE "YOU MAY LINGER, BUT I'LL NAIL YOU AT THE FINISH"

IT WAS UP IN THE WILDS OF PORT WASHINGTON HANK MIZNER AND TUFFIE THE CLAM BIGGER WERE BEATING IT BACK TO THE PALACE IT WAS DARK BUT THE POLICE FORCE WAS ON GUARD HANK WHINED HIM GOOD EVENING THEY WERE KEPT ON STROLLING THERE CAME A WHOP AND A HOWL IT WAS HENRY JOE DONALD'S MERRY MULLIGAN PARLOR THEY STOPPED THE VOICE MOANED IF YOU HAD A \$5 BILL IN THE DICTIONARY AND THEN LOOKED FIND IT WOULD YOU, LOOK AMONG THE V'S?

HORACE - THE JIG IS UP - TOMKINS HAS CONFESSED.

IF YOUR AGE IS WRONG IS YOUR BIRTHDAY? TURNS FAIRIES TO ARMS - YOUR QUEEN IS IN DANGER.

I'M ONLY A KID AND I LIVE IN A JAMMILL TOWN - SEE I HAVE IT EVERY MORNING AT 5 I GET OUT AND BRING THE MORNING PAPER HOME ON MY WAY BACK I DRINK THE MILK, MAIL AND THE CHOPS FOR EATS THEN I GO 5 MILES TO SCHOOL HAVE A SANDWICH FOR LUNCH COME HOME AT 5 AND BRING UP THE KINGING, DO SOME MORE SHOPPING.

SHAME POP'S SHOES - TAKE THE PUP OUT FOR A RUN RUN A PISH ERRANDS FOR THE NEIGHBORS GET SUPPER, WASH AND WIRE THE DINNER STOVE AND DO MY HOMEWORK THEN AFTER 10 O'CLOCK ANY TIME I'LL ALL MY OWN.

GEE YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY

YEP NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW

Not Always "All's Fair in Love and War"

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"I am twenty-two," writes "Heart Broken," "and in love with a girl of seventeen. I see her every day, but I have never spoken to her. I explained my love in an anonymous letter and received an answer of the same character. Then I received a second anonymous letter, in which she invited me to come to her house. I did not go because I am not sure she wrote that letter.

"It seems to me she favors me, but I cannot find any way to talk to her with her. May I talk to her on the street, not being introduced, or is it better to name place where we may meet each other?"

The old saying: "All's fair in love," has been responsible for uncounted follies. All is not fair. It is never fair in these modern times for a man to declare his love in an anonymous letter. Neither is the girl doing right when she replies. The anonymous letter was the invention of a coward. One who would write one, even when in love, would be tempted to use the same dishonorable subterfuge on less honorable occasions.

No man should ever write one, and to write one to the girl he loves insults her good sense. I wonder at this girl, who not only needed, but replied. She must have taken momentary departure of every bit of wisdom she ever possessed.

Love affairs do not have the right basis unless that basis is an introduction through a mutual friend. This may sometimes be difficult to secure and even impossible. But the world has yet to learn of a lover who plied away with his love untold for lack of an introduction. It is one of the many things that come speedily and surely to him who waits.

"Heartbroken" started wrong. The girl also started wrong when she replied. It would make matters worse if a third blunder were committed by arranging to meet on the street. If a man's intentions are honorable, his feet will take him straight to a girl's doorstep. Life offers nothing good to a girl in that which is told to her on the streets and cannot be told to her in her own parlor.

No circumstances ever justify such a meeting, and the girl should know that this irrevocable rule was made for her own protection.

There is, in many men, the untrodden spirit of the world. The girl knows what happens to the sheep that wanders beyond the fold. Its tragic fate will not be circumstances compared with the tragedy that will overtake her if she disregards the conventions.

And by "conventions" I mean the built-up guard that the social structure has built around young women.

"Heartbroken" isn't much of a man or he wouldn't go about the joy of winning a girl's affections in such an under-handed way.

I make him this suggestion: Forget this girl. It is best, because of the bad start that both made. Then, when he loves a second time (and men have been known to do this, though heartbroken), let him make the acquaintance of the object of his phantasmic affections in a conventional way.

Let him seek an introduction. Let him be above everything anonymous or hidden or petty. Let him treat her as he would want his sister to be treated. And, when he has become a manly man, I am sure he will not give his affections to the sort of a girl who would reply to an anonymous letter.

All is not fair in love and war. That which smacks of the dishonorable is never fair, and an anonymous letter never smacked of anything else.

A Saw Through Optimal.

"The late W. Bayard Cutting," said a member of the Century club of New York, "was an optimist himself and a firm believer in optimism."

"Once, during a disastrous strike, he rebuked my pessimism with a story. 'A Mississippi farmer,' he said, 'was inundated by the spring floods, and one day while his farm was under water a young friend found him laughing and joking in a barber shop. 'George,' said the friend, 'the flood's hit you terrible, hasn't it?' 'Oh, yes,' answered the farmer. 'The flood's hit me, there's no denying that.' 'Then he smiled and said: 'But, out in my wheat field this morning I landed eight of the finest young castfish Mississippi ever turned out. We had 'em fried for breakfast with waffles. Friends, can you beat castfish and waffles to begin a cheerful, optimistic day on?'—Boston Globe.

moving earthward, a hundred miles or more per second, while another is going in the opposite direction. They are not necessarily visible because they are thousands of billions of miles away, but the magic spectroscopic proves their existence by the shifting of the spectral lines in the light by which they shine. If they are approaching the lines are shifted one way, and if they are retreating they are shifted the other way. The amount of shifting determines the speed.

It is also known to astronomers that there are minor dark bodies, or extinguished stars, in space, for many have been found revolving around other stars, which like ours, are still brightly shining. It is an interesting question how these stars, which have dark companions, fell into their gloomy company, and a satisfactory answer has not yet been found. But every star, whether it is dark and invisible, or brilliant, is known to be in swift motion, and these motions of the stars are in all conceivable directions, and that meetings could easily occur. Our own sun, carrying the earth and other planets along with it, is moving in a northerly direction with a speed but little short of a million miles per day.

It is no stretch of imagination to say that the time may come when this beautiful solar system in which we dwell may become the victim of a gigantic collision between our sun and some huge wandering body in space. But the chance of such a collision is very small and if it were going to happen astronomers would probably become aware of it some time in advance, through the effects of the attraction of the approaching body upon the sun and outer planets.

Worlds in the Making



(Top Picture)—Two approaching dark stars, distorted and about to grasp. (Center Picture)—The two stars passing over of impact and formation of a new world or body. (Bottom Picture)—The Two stars passing on, leaving the new star behind them.

New Stars Fly Off Like Sparks from a Flint When Dead Stars Collide in Outer Space

By GARRETT P. SERVICE.

In the pictures which accompany this article three steps in the creation of a new star are shown. In the first are seen two great "dead stars," which may be larger than our sun, but which have faded and gone out in consequence of the cooling caused by excessive age—and these huge black masses are rushing together with a combined speed of 100 miles per second!

But before they crash together a strange thing happens. You will observe that each of them is beginning to glow with light on that part of its surface which is turned directly toward the other, and also that both of them are a little drawn out in form, or elongated, like two drops tugging at the same boss.

And, in fact, these two dead stars are pulling against one another, and both thousands of times larger and more massive than the earth, and the effects of their attraction upon each other are proportionately great. Even if they should not actually meet they would see each other afire through the enormous force of their attraction. Then, if they came very close, without striking, they would swell out, like stretched bladders, and immense masses would be flung off from them.

If they met head on they would swallow one another up in a cloud of flaming gas and vapor, or be turned into a gigantic whirling nebula. This would result from the sudden transformation of the energy of motion, or the mechanical energy involved in their swift flight through space, into the energy of heat, which would suffice to vaporize them almost in an instant.

But, probably in most cases, these immense bodies do not meet head on. A grazing collision is far more likely to occur and what then happens is shown in the second picture. A portion of each of the meeting masses has been scraped or torn off at the point of impact, as the iceberg tore out part of the bottom of the Titanic, and the flaming substance thus thrown into space between the two colliding masses becomes an independent body, ablaze with heat and whirling swiftly upon its own axis, until, in the course of time, it turns into a star. This new-created star may be carried off in the wake of one of the other of the original bodies, and may, as it cools, continue to revolve around it as a planet revolves around our sun.

Or, in certain circumstances, illustrated by the third picture, the flying bodies which were in partial collision may pass on, leaving the smaller star, which their impact has brought into existence behind them. Not only one, but a large number of small stars might thus be created by the grazing collision of two immense dark bodies. The latter would go their way, alternately brightening and fading to our eyes as, in rotating on their axis, they turned first their dark sides toward us and then the sides that had been set aflame by the collision. As long as the heat produced by the collision continued to produce a glow upon them they would appear as variable stars.

The reader may ask: "Is not all this purely fanciful?" No, it is not fanciful, for many new stars have suddenly made their appearance in the heavens where nothing was visible before, and not only does their appearance correspond with the theory that they have been caused by the violent collision of great dark masses, but some of them have actually been seen to turn into nebulae (that is, clouds of glowing gas), and all the phenomena which they present accord with the hypothesis that they are the result of the sudden transformation of the motion of flying mass into heat—heat so intense that at least a part of the meeting masses has been vaporized.

More than that, by the aid of the spectroscopic—an instrument which enables astronomers to detect the substances of which the stars are composed, and also to measure the velocity with which they are moving—the speed of the colliding bodies in such cases has been measured, and the presence of two, and sometimes three or more bodies has been demonstrated. Occasionally the spectroscopic shows that one of these bodies is