

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Lorothy Dix

Writes on a Pretty Girl's Troubles

By DOROTHY DIX

A young woman writes me a letter in which she says:

"Will you please tell me why it is that a pretty girl is insulted at every turn? I cannot work in an office without my employer falling in love with me. I cannot walk on the street without being followed by men. Isn't it terrible?"

It certainly would be awful, Mabel, if it were true, but methinks you flatter yourself. The reptile of the masher species is far too common in this city, but the entire masculine portion of the community does not belong to that loathsome family. The flirtatious employer is also unhappily still found in our midst, but he is a rather rare bird. Most men have all they can do to hold their own with their competitors, and have to hustle so hard in business hours that they have no time for flirtation, and are more interested in whether their stenographer can spell than they are in the size and color of her eyes.

Likewise the statement that a young woman can't walk the streets without being followed is not convincing as they say in the law, because pretty girls are far too common in this city of beautiful women. Any maiden whose pulchritude would draw a train of Johnnies after her could afford to be whisked about in a taxi, because she would have all the managers of musical comedies fighting to see which one could pay her the most money as a drawing card for his show.

Of course, I am not denying that there are leering, ogling men on the street that do speak to pretty girls, and who are as offensive and insulting as possible. In every such case it is a woman's duty to herself and every other woman to turn the offender over to the nearest policeman, and appear against him in court so that he may get the proper punishment. This course of procedure would soon exterminate the street masher breed of vermin.

Also, occasionally, but not very often, a working girl has the ill luck to get into the employ of a man who expects her to throw her soul along with her work, to hold her job. Fortunately there are not many monsters of this caliber, and when a woman finds herself in the clutches of such a one her only safety is to flee, as she would from any other danger.

However, all of these perils to young womanhood are not half as menacing as they sound. The street masher is a cur dog with a yellow streak in him, who quails before the contemptuous glance of a steady eye, and who slinks away at the slightest intimation that he is going to be punished for his offense. As for the flirtatious employer, any girl with an ounce of discretion in her head can sidestep his obnoxious attentions, or, if this can't be done, she can put on her hat and go out and look for another situation.

Beauty doesn't have to be sacrificed to the beast unless she is willing to be a victim. Nor does she have to be continually crying, "Unhand me, air!" as the persecuted heroine in the melodrama does when the villain pursues her. There are plenty of ways by which, without speaking, every woman gives every man to understand just exactly the sort of a woman she is, and how far it is safe to go.

There are exceptions to every rule. Occasionally innocence is betrayed, and virtue is persecuted, but generally speaking, the girl, whose employer makes love to her, and the young woman who is followed on the streets, have only themselves to blame. They have at least looked willing.

The girl who is always rolling her eyes at her employer, and looking sentimentally at him, and who sits on the desks and swings her feet, and gives the office, as far as she can, an atmosphere of a boudoir, hasn't any right to complain when her employer checks her under the chin and calls her by her Christian name and begins the day's work with a kiss.

She has brought it all on herself. If she had been strictly businesslike, and con-

cerned only with the work in hand, he would have taken the cue from her, and their conversation and conduct would have been kept down to brass tacks. You are not inspired to demonstrations of an affectionate nature when your thoughts are settled on hardware, or law cases.

And what right has the girl who dresses flashily and conspicuously on the street, and whose eyes are roving hither and thither in search of admiration, and who giggles and laughs loudly in public places to complain if some man mistakes her for the sort of woman she looks like instead of the kind of woman she is? The girl who dresses quietly, and who conducts herself with dignity, who keeps her eyes steadily before her and goes sedately about her own affairs, can go unmolested from one end of the country to another.

There are a few Sir Galahads in the world that try to protect every woman they meet. There are also a few Lotharios that have no conscience toward any woman. But the great majority of men take a woman at her own valuation and they would rather help her than hurt her. If a girl is foolish and flirtatious, and weak, they will tread the primrose path with her, but if a girl is straight and strong, and honest, and good, they will respect her for it, and back her up in her effort to lead the right sort of life instead of try to pull her down from it.

In bewailing the danger that a girl is in from the men she meets my correspondent overlooks the fact that this peril is frequently imaginary. There is nothing more common than for a woman's vanity to make her think that men are in love with her when they are not, and that she is pursued by those who, in reality, have never given her a second thought.

Therefore, I advise my correspondent to pluck up her courage. Perhaps she is not as beautiful as she imagines, nor so ravishing to the masculine fancy, and she may even exaggerate the danger that she is in when she daily takes her walks abroad. At any rate, I will warrant that if she will dress sensibly and act sensibly men will not further molest her.

Fashion Hints

By LA RACONTEUSE.



Afternoon gown of "brick" supple moire with coat giving the "bolero" effect. The skirt hangs on five rows of braid, is caught up at half length in a draped effect making a pannier. It is fastened in front and has a cross effect and is very tight at the hem. A scarf grille of black silk moulin is trimmed with Bulgarian embroidery, hangs on the side, following the effect of the drapery. The blouse is trimmed with gauze black silk moulin and Bulgarian embroidery. The bolero, half loose in its lines, has a low armhole which shows three-quarter sleeves. It has small revers of black silk moulin, with plaiting of black and white silk moulin. Shawl collar of black silk moulin and small white piping with jabot on one side finishes the neck. The bolero is fastened in front by an ornament of Bulgarian embroidery. Its fulness is lightened at the waist line by two rows of gauze.

Ethel Barrymore Tells Girls Why

True Modesty Is a Real Aid to Beauty



"On the stage I am my part, I lose myself."

"If she as pretty off the stage as on"—haven't you often wondered that about your favorite star, or even some of the lesser lights who dazzled your eyes with their loveliness?

I know one stage beauty who is far lovelier in her little dressing room than all the glare and tinsel of stage illusion can make her. Ethel Barrymore's wonderfully expressive gray eyes, flower-like white throat and gracious manner are little private lovelinesses so fine and rare that you must miss them except at close range. And she is modest. That modesty adds a charm to her beauty such as little Miss Self-Satisfaction would do well to study.

"You want me to talk about beauty," said Miss Barrymore. "Beauty means Maxine Elliott to me. Maxine Elliott, with her wonderful face and figure, and the splendid brain that animates it all. Brains, brains—they are the inspiration and real spirit of true beauty."

"It is stupid not to know how to bring out your points or to let your prettiness fade."

"A frilly black ruff back of a long white throat, and a sparkling face animated by brains, will bring out the charm of the forehead. If you are wishing to look the prettiest, and look tired and drawn instead, plenty of cold water will bring the becoming flush of color to your face."

"You know there is nothing immoral about beauty, though some old fogies seem to think so. Think of making laws about the width of women's skirts, and whether two inches or two inches and a quarter of white throat should be shown by the low-cut blouse!"

"Good cold cream will do a lot toward ensuring you of a white throat. Good taste will tell you where to cut your blouse. Women ought to study these things, so men won't need to come out there sphere and agitate about them. I told one fat old hypocritical mayor out west, who when forced to have a vice crusade in his wicked town, began by making laws about the width of women's skirts, that what worried him was not having those feminine skirts wide enough to hide behind his own."

The star who is "headlining" this week in the Palace theater, laughed merrily. "You interest yourself in divers causes?" The interviewer was laughing, too.

"Oh, yes. Women must. Interest your-



"If you think about yourself you will be self-conscious."

self in things outside yourself, for if you think about yourself you will be self-conscious, and that means awkward and unbeatable.

"Now, I am shy." Think of that, you little blushing girls whose self-consciousness worries you to the point of tears. Beautiful, talented Ethel Barrymore is "shy." And her cure for self-consciousness is to be interested in things outside your own petty little self.

"On the stage I am my part, I lose myself. In society I am one of the guests, and I forget Ethel Barrymore. But if I am asked at a dinner to get up and recite, or if in a public place people stare and force self-consciousness, I am not happy. One never is happy if thinking of self. Posing and acting unconcerned won't help it; brains and hard work will.

"This brings me to the beauty of a happy home life. Now, I have my husband, my two children, my tasks and duties. The glaring restaurant life does not bring out contentment, self-forgetfulness—or a consequent sweet expression."

"For beauty—brains, modesty, self-forgetfulness, happy home life and good taste," I mused.

"Brains cover it all. You have to be

Ethel Barrymore Says

It is stupid not to know how to bring out your good points, or to let your prettiness fade. Brains, brains, they are the inspiration and the real spirit of true beauty.

There is nothing immoral about beauty, though some old fogies seem to think so.

For beauty—brains, modesty, self-forgetfulness, happy home life and good taste.

I've just one pet theory—two glasses of cold water mornings and evenings. Don't let fat accumulate.

"As pretty off the stage as she is on."

never omit my before-going-to-bed drink of water.

"I drink milk, too. Though it is not safe to take much of that if you are threatened with an accumulation of pounds. You see, brains come in again about not growing fat in these days of slyphs. Don't let fat accumulate. For in the process of losing it violently, you are likely to get a drawn and haggard look. That means you are going to appear old. Soft facial contours guard against the appearance of age."

I looked approvingly at Miss Barrymore's smooth, facial contour and wonderful skin. She smiled shyly.

"If you know you are thin and emaciated—or if you overhear a fat creature of about 200 pounds net weight, remarking: 'There's Ethel Barrymore at the next table. John. How stout she's grown—dear me, she is stouter than I am!'—why, then, in either case you are likely to become self-conscious."

"So, you see, I have to avoid an emaciated face and over-weighted body as the modern Scylla and Charybdis—and so should all girls.

"You see, it is all a perfect circle, your 'sentinel brain' must guard you against the necessity of self-consciousness—and that is the best beauty secret I know."

Wilcox

on the Stage—It is a Painfully Hard and Monotonous Life—Actress Meet Many Adventures, but Few Real Temptations

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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There was a young woman who longed to go on the stage.

Her mother objected seriously; she felt the life was full of temptations and her daughter would not be strong enough to resist them.

Finally, however, the young woman secured an opening and became a member of a road company.

Having heard so much of the temptations of theatrical life, she began to look for temptations to resist; and, much to her astonishment, not one was presented to her.

No alluring young man stood the stage doors, asking her to dine where champagne flowed like water.

No bouquets with diamonds hidden in the center were tossed at her feet; and no one said or did aught that was open to rebuke in her presence. But the life was painfully hard, drearily monotonous and absolutely commonplace.

She was obliged to take trains at miserable stations in all hours of the night and in all kinds of weather; she was obliged to stop at wretched hotels and boarding houses; and she found the rehearsals tiresome, and the plays were very wearisome, and the life insupportable after a year.

So she left the ranks of the ambitious with a vacancy, and went home to live—disillusioned and disappointed and untempted.

This little tale is told as a preface to the letter which has been received. The letter says:

"Would you advise me to choose the career of an actress? I have talent, but hesitate about going into the life, knowing it to be so full of temptations."

The girl who fears for her good behavior under the stress of temptation in any walk of life had better avoid that path.

Without doubt the young unprotected actress is subjected to many unpleasant experiences not encountered by those in private life. Yet, from such accounts as I have received personally, from these young women the experiences would hardly come under the head of temptations. To my mind a temptation is a subtle, fascinating interior emotion—unless the thing offered appeals to us it is not a temptation.

The average young actress encounters brutal, rough and coarse adventures, which shock and hurt and anger her, but tempt her.

Men speak to her familiarly, and vulgar and mercenary propositions are often made to her in a purely business-like manner, which only serve to disgust and disillusionize her.

All aspirants for a theatrical career do not encounter such experiences, but many do.

A girl of any refinement could never be "tempted" in this way. She would be far more likely to meet real temptation in a ballroom or in a score of social situations.

The question of deciding whether to become an actress or not does not seem to me to be one of morals so much as one of financial satisfaction.

Unless great success results, the life is one of dreary drudgery and awful monotony of experience. Road life and one-night stands destroy all the pleasure in existence, so I have been told by scores of men and women of experience in that line.

And, at longest, the triumphal career of the greatest actress is usually brief. Then she passes from the public eye, to give place to a new star. Still, the soul born for this destiny will seek it. If it is to be, it will be, and advice is wasted.

Go A-Voyaging

By WINFRED BLACK.

I'm tired to death, and bored to death, and I know what I'm going to do, I'm going a visiting.

Hurrah! I'm going to Germany to-morrow—without getting seasick.

Won't it be a lark?

Why, it isn't far—just a mile or so the other side of town. Yet I've never seen the street even—I do hope they'll have a piano and a nutcracker who knits, and Unser Fritz, who plays the fiddle somewhere, and, oh, if they have kuchen for dinner and roast goose on Sunday, with apples—oh Himmel—I'll find life a joy again.

Maybe I'd find Italy more of a change. Not an ad from Italy in the whole paper. Let's see. I'll write one myself. "Wanted, room and board in respectable Italian family; references." There, my ship's at sea already. Giuseppe, die into what a pair of eyes, and whoever thought teeth could flash so, or his brother, Toni, what a white! has Toni, and what a light heart and light step, too. No wonder the girls all look out to see him pass spaghetti, ricotto, and on feast days,

perhaps, ravioli. Who said I had no appetite? Oh, that brown sauce, and oh, that spiced fragrance and the little bottle of red wine in its wicker cradle!

Or to sunny France—here's a row of them at the top of the column. "Quiet French family desired." Are there any quiet French families, I wonder. "Refined family from France wishes to learn English."

I'm the very American for you, Madame and Mesdames and Messieurs. I'll tell you things about the Stars and Stripes you never even dreamed of there in pretty Paris, and you shall teach me how to 'save' how to dress a salad, how to serve a bowl of soup that costs half a cent as if it were a banquet, how to make a joke when the sky is gray, how to wear a rose that will make your thirty over into sweet sixteen. Oh, I'm glad I came to live in France a while.

Tired, bored, down in the mouth!

How can we Americans be that when all we have to do to get an entire change of scene, environment, ideas and food, is to put a little ad in the daily paper and follow one of the answers into new land?

Rent the flat, send the key of it to your cousins in Jersey, who are crazy for a month in town, and can't afford the hotels—look up your love letters, pack a little trunk, forget the old you—the you that worries, the tired nerves and sore heart—but that up in the storeroom with the old-fashioned trunk, and the moth balls, wave a good-bye to care, and go a-voyaging—right here in our own big town in the United States of America.

Washington's Inauguration

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

The United States government is 124 years old. On April 26, 1789, at Federal Hall, corner of Wall and Nassau streets, George Washington was duly inaugurated, first president of the United States, and the great experiment of self-government on these western shores was fairly begun.

The beginning was most auspicious. Than Washington no finer man ever stood at the forefront of a nation's life. Of Washington America is eminently proud, and of Washington America has the right to be proud, for the "Father of His Country" was, in every sense of the word a whole man. Time has somewhat disturbed the halo that for a long while held the place about the great man's head. It has been proven that Washington was human, and all the more thanks for that. But after the closest scrutiny, from every part of the world, for a century and a quarter, it is still to be proven that anything mean, or mercenary, or dishonorable, or unpatriotic ever came near the head or heart of our first president.

Washington loved his country; with a whole heart. He was a patriot to the core. His first, last and only ambition

was to do what he could to promote the high ends to which the republic was dedicated. Politics, as defined by Aristotle, is the "science of government." Washington was not a learned man, and probably knew very little of Aristotle, but his head was clear and his heart was pure, and he, too, felt that politics was the science of government, and that the result of the government should be the "greatest good to the greatest number" of his fellow citizens.

From that high and sacred conviction Washington never once swerved, and when he quit his exalted office he did so with clean hands, and unsmirched fame, leaving behind him a name which is probably the most illustrious in the annals of the race.

Rapid and phenomenal has been the progress of Washington's country! It seems like a dream rather than the solidest of historical facts. The Romans, after fighting "tooth and nail" for 300 years, found themselves with a territory no larger than that comprised within the limits of Greater New York. In 124 years the Americans are the owners of a territory in comparison to which the Roman empire, when at the height of its glory, was but a small affair—a territory wherein are operant the greatest industrial, economic, moral and political forces that this old planet ever witnessed.

Not Only "Go," but "Stay."

It's all right to have plenty of go, but you also want to have some staying qualities.

Superfluous Hair Truths

DeMiracle

The Cheapest in the End

If you use a simple toilet preparation and it proves to be worthless, you only lose money. When you use a questionable depilatory, however, it is a very serious matter because you not only lose money, but you take the grave risk of permanent disfigurement.

If You Value Your Face

Use DeMiracle, the one safe, perfected hair remover of proven merit. Remember, the injury caused by the use of doubtful hair removers will either result in a permanent disfigurement or cost you many dollars because it will take months or possibly years to gain control of hair growing that have been stimulated by the use of such preparations.

Only Guaranteed Hair Remover

Others advertise "Guaranteed," but give no guarantee. DeMiracle is the only depilatory that has a binding guarantee in each package. Avoid permanent disfigurement by refusing substitutes offered by dishonest dealers merely for a few cents more profit. If your dealer will not supply you, send \$1.00 direct free information how to determine which depilatories are harmful and worthless sent in plain, sealed envelope.

New truths in next advt.

DeMiracle Chemical Co., New York

Sold and recommended by SHEPHERD & McCONNELL, ONE DRUG COMPANY, HARVARD PHARMACY, LOYAL PHARMACY

A JURY OF PHYSICIANS

Doubtless many who have read our announcements have said, "They were not genuine cases of Bright's Disease." Then how about cases like this?

R. C. Fall, corner of Broadway and Battery Streets, is the manager of one of San Francisco's big corporations. He had a son who had Bright's Disease. He was greatly swollen with dropsy and the United States Army surgeon was called in. He reported the case Bright's and incurable. Although Fall had great confidence in the physician, he called another. After careful examination he corroborated the Army surgeon's report. They told him he could not raise the lad. He thereupon put the patient on FULTON'S RENAL COMPOUND. He began to mend and in six months was well; but the father could hardly credit it. He took a sample to a third physician. He reported it normal. To be absolutely certain he called in a fourth physician for a last analysis. He also reported it normal.

As to the permanence of the results obtained in this case, this was eight years ago and the patient, now a young man, is in business in San Francisco. There is no escape whatever from the fact that Bright's Disease is being cured by FULTON'S RENAL COMPOUND. If you have Bright's Disease you owe it to yourself and family to try FULTON'S RENAL COMPOUND before giving up. You can get it at Sherman & McConnell Drug Co. For pamphlet on our investigation into the curability of Bright's Disease write to J. J. Fulton Co., San Francisco.