

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

The Mind of Man Who Can't Keep Away from an Actress

By DOROTHY DIX

Thackeray's famous dictum that any woman can marry any man she wants, provided she hasn't an actual hump on her back, ought to have a modern amendment to read, "especially in this case if she is an actress."



Of course, serious minded men fall in love with actresses and marry them all quite properly and happily. But why do married men lose their heads in the presence of actresses, while the rest of womankind do not upset their usual balance?

About the daughter of the footlights hangs a mysterious and fatal fascination that few seem able to resist, and they go down before her like ripe wheat before the sickle. Callow Johnnies stand in line for the stage door for the privilege of seeing a star pass to her automobile, and send bouquets of orchids, with jewels hidden in them to dressing room doors. Happy he, and envied among the fellows, who can hire a box at the theater and point to the third spear carrier in the second row of the chorus and boast that he has a bowing acquaintance with her.

This phenomena of the obsession of men about the actress is beyond accounting for. It is merely to be recognized as a fact. It is all the stranger because actresses are not, in reality, the flowers of their sex. Far from it. With her wig off, her make-up washed off, and the habiliments of every day living substituted for the fluffly ruffles of the stage, the average actress is no whit better looking than the ordinary domestic woman. She is even less interesting and companionable, for the stage life is the narrowest and most egotistical existence on earth, and it is the exception rather than the rule, to find an actress who either knows or cares for anything but the little-tattle of behind the scenes, or who can tear her thoughts long enough away from her own genius and how she "stood 'em up" at Oshkosh to even consider anybody or anything else.

Nevertheless, the actress has only to smile and crook her little finger and the sons of Adam get up and follow her where she lists. This would not be so curious if only the thousands of dopes and the gay old runder about town were allured by the painted faces of the stage, but sober men, hard-headed, practical

business men are not immune to that glamor either. They also fall before it, and a man may be a deacon in the church and a pillar of society. He may be as domestic as the house cat, and apparently contented with the kind of a wife and children that Providence has vouchsafed him, when here comes along some perky little actress, who gives him a glance out of the corner of her eye, and a smile over her shoulder and, voila, the man is done for.

His head is turned hind part before, and he sees all life crossways. His wife becomes a clog upon him, all her virtues and sacrifices, and hard work for him are forgotten. His children, formerly his boast, are tiresome little brats. His home that he had once thought comfortable and attractive, is unbearable. He begins to think longingly of divorce and to speculate about how little alimony he could buy his wife off with, and all for the sake of a woman that his reason, when he stops to think, must tell him is outside of his sphere of things, and with whom he has nothing in common. It is the never to be explained attraction of the flame for the moth, and in a world where justice isn't done as often as it should be, if it is a comfort to know that the moth generally gets its life.

Why is it? What is the secret of this subtle fascination? No one can answer. Probably as good an explanation as can be offered is that some of the glamor of the romance that she depicts on the stage lingers about the actress like the faint perfume of a garment laid away in lavender. Perhaps, also, men can never quite get out of their eyes, when looking at an actress, the dazzle of the footlights over which they first saw her, and which gives her always to them a radiance that ordinary women do not possess.

Then, too, the actress is bound to be a woman of temperament. She is a creature of moods, sharp contrasts, and this keeps a man's interest continually piqued. Compared to the domestic woman, she is like highly spiced food to bread and butter. Above all, she has that charm of charms that we call magnetism.

Add to this the fact that it tickles the vanity of a certain class of man to be seen with women whose names are on every lip, and you have a tolerable working diagram of why actresses fascinate men.

It is, however, the condition and not the theory that interests us, and, inasmuch as it is true that every actress seems to possess the whole kit of tools with which she can burglarize the hearts of men, the balance of women have reason to be thankful that the woman on the stage commit so few depredations on the home.

The Conquest of Mont Blanc by Cableway

Ascending the Monarch of Alps with Ease and Without Fear of Accident



The taming of the Alps proceeds apace, and now a cableway has been built on the flank of Mont Blanc itself, so that the tourist can reach the Col du Midi, 11,880 feet above sea level, leaving a mere trifle of some 4,000 feet to be ascended on foot before the summit is attained. The aerial journey takes twenty minutes, each car accommodates twenty passengers, and the cost of a ticket is seven dollars. The ascent in the ordinary way costs, on the average, about sixty dollars.

Is Planet Mars Trying to Converse with Us?

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

If Planet Mars is inhabited, according to the belief of astronomers, and its dwellers are far superior to us, because of their great advantage over our modern scientific improvements, how is it that its inhabitants are unable to communicate with us?—D. E.



Possibly they are not unable to communicate with us! Why not assume that the fault is ours—that we are too stupid, or too undeducated, to understand interplanetary language? Some bright, though eccentric, minds among us have detected what they suspect to be signals transmitted through the ether from Mars or Venus, and other specially addressed to the earth or else flung out into space on the chance of their being picked up somewhere, but such persons are generally regarded as impractical dreamers.

Yet nothing can be surer than that a race of intelligent beings, capable of doing what Prof. Lowell and others aver that the inhabitants of Mars have done, would not only wish to communicate with other planets, but might possess the means of realizing that wish.

Light signals have been suggested as a method of interplanetary communication, but as far as our present knowledge serves as a guide it would seem that electric waves, like those employed in wireless telegraphy, offer the greater promise of success.

An electric signal would come from Mars to the earth when they are nearest to one another (about 35,000,000 miles) in something over three minutes. The same signal would take less than the sixtieth of a second to cross the Atlantic. We can drive the electric waves across the ocean, but to drive them 12,000 times farther would demand millions of times more energy, and that, at present, is beyond our reach.

It does not follow that such energy is necessarily beyond the reach of the supposed inhabitants of Mars. In fact, if we accept the conclusions of Lowell concerning the achievements of the Martians at home, it is only logical to think that they could construct a wireless telegraph plant capable of sending messages to us. It certainly would be no more wonderful than the gigantic system of irrigating canals, supplied with snow water pumped from the polar caps, which has been confidently credited to their engineering genius by the same optimistic observer.

If there are highly intelligent beings on Mars we can hardly doubt that they have long been speculating about our planet, which must be a very brilliant object in their sky. If, further, as inhabitants of an older world than ours, they possess vastly greater command over the forces of nature than we have yet achieved, it seems certain that they would make an attempt to communicate with us, or at least to find out whether we exist or not.

In that case what would they naturally do? They would send out some form of signal which their intelligence told them must be recognized by any corresponding intelligence as being of artificial, or intellectual, origin. Such a signal might be very simple, like a series of dots and dashes, varied in a suggestive way. It is now a considerable number of years ago since Mr. Nikola Tesla noticed, during some electric experiments on Pike's Peak, certain mysterious disturbances affecting his instruments, which he suspected might be just such signals from another planet. But, as far as I am aware, nothing ever came from his observation, and no systematic investigation was undertaken.

Contrary to the sentiment of the old Franciscan motto, one world is enough for most of us, for we are yet deeply buried in the ancient ignorance which regarded the suns and worlds around us as mere lights in the sky. If the Martians could transmit through space electric energy enough to curl the luminous banners of the Aurora Borealis into cryptic sentences hanging across the midnight heavens, then we might wake up and rub our eyes and say to ourselves: "Truly, we are not alone. Creation contains other intelligences and they are trying to talk to us."

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Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Pa brought Mister Dugan home with him last nite, & they had a nice visit. Ma didn't have a nice visit, becausa Pa talked all the time that he friend was talking, so Ma & me just kind of listened. Every time Ma listened at nite she talks to Pa the next morning.

Eddie here, sed Pa to Ma, was my best chum at school. We won a lot of fights wen we was kids, didn't we, Eddie?

Yes we did, sed Pa's friend, and we lost quite a lot, too. Do you remember and like that little red headed feller licked you & made you squeal?

Pa got kind of red in the face. I never squealed in my life, he sed.

You squealed that day all rite, sed Mister Dugan. But I am sure this fight talk won't be interesting to yore wife. This is nice wether we are havin, isn't it, he sed to Ma.

My wife always likes to have men entertain my friends, sed Pa, becausa Ma got a chance to say anything. After all, what is there in this life that is nicer than an amiable wife & a dear little child? As Shakespeare used to say, Hoam is where the hart is.

I suppose so, sed Mister Dugan. I haven't had a home since I was a boy & ran away to get. Wen I came back my dear old father and mother were ded & a German family was living in the house. It neerly broke my hart, becausa I was very fond of my parents.

Ma was just going to say something about that, but Pa sed, Yes, Eddie, I remember how good you were to yore mother. You used to tell her all of the warbin' that she done for the nabors. Do you remember the time that you held out 50 cents of her washing munny & you & me went & bought fishin' tackle with it? That was a hot sketch, wasn't it?

My mother never know'd, either, sed Pa's friend. I used to pinch a lot of the munny she earned washin', dear old mother. I can see her now!

I can see my mother, too, sed Pa. I never knew a woman of which I was so fond of, except my wife, of course. I know that it used to make me feel kind of sad when I thought of how I never answered her letters, she always made sure she came to me, like that I was busy, etc. Our dear parents, Eddie, it seems good to think that they was living we was always so fond of them.

I thought a good deal of my dad, too, sed Eddie Dugan. I remember how I

used to lay to set & watch him mark rings with his pipe. He used to set in the front room & snook, the bobkus the steam from the boiling water always bothered him wen mother was washing. He used to think moar of her than the nabors imagined, sed Mister Dugan, becausa one time wen she sed that he was lazy it neerly broke his hart. He was afraid that he was going to lose her love.

Then Pa & Mister Dugan went into the library. Pa sed that he wanted to show his friend sum of his books, but Ma & me knew what they was going in there for, becausa we cud hear the glasses wen they drank to their dear parents. Bobbie, sed Ma, men think women is queer & hard to understand, but I must say that men are the limit.

Race Suicide and Eugenics

By DR. SHIRLEY W. WYNNE.

Large families are fast becoming a rarity; the birth rate of the world is declining, and on the one hand we hear the cry of race suicide, and upon the other the cry of the follower of Malthus, that we are awakening to the danger of overpopulating the habitable earth.

The race suicide alarmists overshoot the mark in the enthusiasm of their cause, and the theory of old Malthus has been laid at rest with the old gentleman himself.

If we inquire into the causes that are responsible for the lowering of the birth rate we find them complex and confusing, intimately interwoven with the social and economical problems of the day; briefly they may be stated to be: late marriage; easy and early divorce; the mad pursuit of pleasure and growing distaste of home life; increasing proportion of unmarried persons in the population, due to the higher standard of living demanded by all classes; the unwillingness of young persons to assume the burdens and responsibilities of married life without an assured income; the advent of woman into business and the professions, attended by a consequent neglect of domestic training; the increase of the social evil and the diseases it gives rise to; the deliberate avoidance of child bearing—in short, the selfishness of mankind.

When we pause for a moment to thoughtfully consider these causes, we are struck by the close relation they bear to each other, and the realization that they have their origin in the social conditions of the day, is forced upon us.

The decline in the birth rate is offset to some extent by a magnificent lowering of the death rate, particularly among infants under 1 year of age, the result of the universal campaign of education that is being waged by public and private health workers. As the scope of this campaign is hygiene and good health, or

rather good living, is extended so as to take in adults, who after all are but overgrown children, as it is today in the Life Extension Service, Corporation Welfare and other similar movements, sickness and death will still further diminish.

At last we are awakening to the truth of that old adage that "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Righteous living, moral and physical, is the gospel of the day, and it is toward this end that science is bending its best efforts, that "the child of tomorrow may die an hundred years young."

The followers of old Malthus, while advocating the limiting of offspring, deplore the fact that this limitation is practised only among the so-called educated or better class, and they express the fear that the uneducated will predominate within the next half century. It is true that it is only the better class—better as judged by the standard of worldly possessions, not of morality—that limit their offspring. That this, however, will cause a return to ignorance is a nightmare that has place only in the minds of those egoists who, in the vain glory of their own exalted (?) position, forget whence they have come.

For can we honestly believe that they who are so selfish of their own physical comforts as to deliberately and entirely shirk the burdens and blessings of parenthood are fitted to bear and raise children; is it not better for the world at large that their species should disappear by a process of self-extermination?

Will not the giants of the next generation likewise rise from the lower classes, and is it not all the more to be expected in view of the advantages of education now within the reach of all? Is not the plumb of poverty the greatest stimulus to success? They who scoff are indeed blinded by their own egotisms. It has been claimed that foreigners contribute the largest quotient to the

criminals of our great cities; granted—but is not because foreigners and their children constitute the greatest bulk of our population? And is it not also true that they are for the same reason producing the greatest number of successful men and women? And that despite their unfavorable environment in the crowded tenements of our congested districts.

Since the mighty have set in judgment of the lowly let us in turn pass judgment on the offspring of the great men of the passed generation. How many, of rather how few, of them fit or have fitted the shoes of their Fathers, who, rising from the lowly, amassed great fortunes or made themselves famous to the scientific or political world?

The Creator works in a mysterious manner. His miracles to perform. The solution of the problems that confront us lies in the gospel of education and brotherly love.

Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

What Does He Mean by Saying He Loves You?

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 21 and am keeping company one year with a man seven years my senior. I love him very dearly and he tells me he loves me. I would like to know his intentions, but how am I to find out? During that time he has given me all his attention, but never seems serious. I don't intend to keep on much longer, but it will break my heart to part. I have had offers from other nice men, but I can't care for them. I will be anxiously waiting your advice. Respectfully,

When a man tells a girl that he loves her he is generally asking for her love in return, and that means that he wants her to be his wife. Are you sure that your friend is not far more serious than you think? You might plique his interest by telling him more of your other affairs and asking his advice. But do not bring

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

"When Love shows signs of leaving Don't try by tears and grieving To win him back, but let him go; Get out his trunk without delay— And smiling—help him pack!"

Many of my girl correspondents write me and little letters pleading with me to help them win back lovers who show signs of weariness.

"My fiance doesn't seem sure whether he loves me or not," writes R. M. S. "His father wants him to marry a richer girl. He acts bored and restless every once in a while and leaves me—but he has always come back so far. Maybe he won't some day, and then how will I bear it? What shall I do? I feel as if I couldn't bear this uncertainty any longer. Help me, please, for I am almost crazy."

My poor, dear girl, if you have to bear separation from the man you love, be assured strength will come to you. You have now the harder task in en-

names into the conversation—that would not be fair to the other man.

Tell Him What Has Happened.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Four or five months ago a young man, with whom I have been going for the last twelve years, left the city on a business trip, and before he left he told me to look after his girl friend—that is, take her out, etc.—as she wouldn't be long. I have done this. My friend is now giving up his position on the road, and I am at a loss as to what course to pursue. If I go with the girl I will lose a friendship of twelve years' standing. If I act otherwise it will be unfair to all concerned.

READER: The only course for you to pursue is that of entire honesty. Talk the matter over with your friend—tell him of the love you have come to feel for the girl he trusted to your care and that you feel that she should be given the opportunity of choosing the man for whom she really cares. If your friend is a manly fellow, I think this course will save the friendship of long years' standing.

When Love is Done

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

"When Love shows signs of leaving Don't try by tears and grieving To win him back, but let him go; Get out his trunk without delay— And smiling—help him pack!"

Are you brave enough to hurry your moment of reckoning? Do you dare of for your uncertain lover his freedom? If you could do this bravely and lightly, with no walling or reproaches, it might frighten your fiance into a wonder if you could have tired of him. And the fear of losing you might chain him to you as no sweet certainty that you will be there waiting can do.

Nothing is so dead as a dead infatuation. If he is really tired of you, he will resent any effort on your part to hold him in honor bound or to galvanize his dead love into life again.

This is your course if you are too uncertain and desperate with uncertainty to wait for love to come "back at the last to you."

I firmly believe that "The love may go, as wandering for a time he comes home at last"—unless he had died while travelling.

But don't be a coward and cry or whine. This will drive him away quickly. Smile and be sweetly desirable and unexpectedly unattainable.

Smile and say: "This is no case with bars. Neither of us must act as if it were. Do you want to go?" Don't remind him of your dreams and plans, of the love and happy thoughts, of the kisses and all the dear sweetness of your happy love days. Just offer to pack love's luggage and wish him God speed on his journey.

Love could never go if this were done. Love would stay to remind you of all you had bravely pretended to forget. And if he does make your life splendid in spite of him. For if he leaves you, you won't lose love—only a very poor imitation lover. Put yourself out of your unhappy uncertainty. R. M. S. Don't let a man play fast and loose with your peace of mind. Facts you can face. Tinting at shadows will wear you out.

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