



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT—They'll Take No Liberties with Judge Rumhauser Drawn for The Bee by Tad



### Married Life the Third Year

Helen is A Thrill with Excitement at the Prospect of a Trip Abroad.

By MABEL HERBERT UERNER.

Warren was later than usual that evening. With an air of things accomplished he threw down some papers he had brought from the office:

"Well, I've engaged passage on the *Belsonia*, for a week from Saturday. Think you can get ready?"

"Oh, Warren!" Helen's joy and astonishment were almost to great for words.

Here's a plan of the boat," taking some papers from his pocket. "Sails at 10 o'clock."

"But, dear, I thought Mr. Griffon wanted you to go this Saturday?"

"He did. But I wouldn't be rushed off on a couple of day's notice. Have to shape my affairs in time."

"And do you really think I can go, too?" breathlessly.

"Just asked if you could get ready, didn't I? Griffon is going to pay my expenses and I'm going to pay yours. He wanted to do it all, but I told him I wouldn't stand for that."

"But will my going make it very expensive? Can we afford it?" anxiously.

"Now, I'll attend to that. All you've got to do is to get ready."

"Oh, Warren, it will be wonderful! You know I've never been on the ocean. And London! Oh, just think what it will mean!"

Warren was studying the plan of the steamer which he had spread out on the table. "Now here's our stateroom—B-3. That's on the saloon deck. They offered me a larger room on the deck above, but they're always recommending or washing the deck up there just when you want to sleep. I had that kind of a room once and it was an infernal nuisance."

"Dear," slipping into his lap. "I can hardly believe it! I'm almost afraid I'll wake up and find it isn't true."

"Well, you'll have to wake up and hustle to get ready in time. You'll have to do everything here at the house. I've got all I can manage to get things in shape at the office. Let's see. You haven't a steamer trunk, have you?"

Helen shook her head.

"Then we'll have to get one. Have the janitor bring up mine tomorrow and I'll look it over. Think that lock has to be fixed."

"Dear, you'll have to tell me how to pack—what to take."

"Well, don't have a lot of truck, whatever you do. Just some good warm things for the steamer. And for heaven's sake, have some close-fitting hat or hood to wear on deck—none of those flimsy things to catch the wind."

"And what will I need in London?" eagerly. Will it be colder there?"

"No, just about the same as here. But you'll want a couple of evening gowns. You can't dine anywhere there unless you're dressed."

"You can't!" in astonishment.

"Not at the good places. That's a strict rule and they enforce it, too. You see more evening gowns in the restaurants there in a night than you do here in a whole season."

"Where are we going to stop—at a hotel?" Helen's voice was a thrill with excitement.

"Of course, and a good one. Have to put up a good front if I expect to put over a deal like this." Then, suddenly looking at his watch. "How about dinner? I've got to get back to the office tonight."

"Oh, Warren, you do—and you're so tired? Must you go tonight?"

"Yes, and every night this week, if I expect to get things in shape."

Helen hurried out to the kitchen to help Della put the dinner on the table.

"Mr. Curtis has to go back to the office," she explained. "No, don't take time to cream the potatoes—just serve them that way."

Warren bolted his dinner in abstracted silence, unconscious of what he ate, while Helen was too excited to eat anything at all. Usually it irritated him when she merely minded at her food, but tonight he was much too preoccupied to notice.

"I'll not work much later than 10," as he hurried off. "You'd better be making a list of the things that you want to do or take. That's the only way you can get through a lot of work in a short time."

Warren's advice to "make a list" was unnecessary, for Helen's list-making habit was deep-rooted. She never thought of giving a dinner or going shopping with-

**Daddydila** OATMEAL INSISTS CLEANLINESS IS NOT MEANT TO GOOLINESS! ITS NEXT IMPOSSIBLE!

IT LACKED BUT A MINUTE TO RUSH INTO THE CONVENTION HALL ON THE DOUBLE QUICK. HE WAS LATE, SUDDENLY HE STOPPED, GASPED, LOOKED AT HIS TIMER AND PINCHED HIMSELF TO SEE IF HE WAS AWAKE. YES IT WAS TRUE THE HALL WAS DESERTED THEN HE SPIED A TALL GINK COMING IN A SIDE DOOR. WHERE ARE THE DELEGATES? BAWLED THE CHAIRMAN. AINT SEEN EM SAID THE BOOB. WELL YELLED THE CHAIRMAN IF YOU CANT SEE EM AND I CANT SEE EM CAN THE COLISEUM?

THE AVIATOR WAS TUNING HIS ENGINE TO REACH CLAT. RUBE HAINES THE VILLAGE CUT UP SLANTED HIS BEEZER SKYWARD GAVE A SNIFF AND PIPED A LARGE BLACK CLOUD THAT SEEMED FULL OF THE MOST STUFF THEN HE CROAKED: DURN SQUALLY SIGNS FOR A TRIP TO PHILLY DELPHY. THE AVIATOR SAID MANY THINGS TO HIS MACHINE AND THEN SHOOTING OVER TOWARD UNION HILL YELPED BACK: IF A MAGPIE WILL STEAL THINGS WHAT WILL A FISH HOOK.

WILLIE RINSE THE CAN HERE COMES FATHER!!

MY LUCK HAS CHANGED NOW-IN INSORT FOR FAIR, GET UP AT FOUR IN THE MORNING, CALL FORTY COWS, MILK THEM, FEED THE PIGS AND CHICKENS CLEAN OUT THE STABLES AND AT EIGHT O'CLOCK!

THE AVIATOR WAS TUNING HIS ENGINE TO REACH CLAT. RUBE HAINES THE VILLAGE CUT UP SLANTED HIS BEEZER SKYWARD GAVE A SNIFF AND PIPED A LARGE BLACK CLOUD THAT SEEMED FULL OF THE MOST STUFF THEN HE CROAKED: DURN SQUALLY SIGNS FOR A TRIP TO PHILLY DELPHY. THE AVIATOR SAID MANY THINGS TO HIS MACHINE AND THEN SHOOTING OVER TOWARD UNION HILL YELPED BACK: IF A MAGPIE WILL STEAL THINGS WHAT WILL A FISH HOOK.

JOHN, BUTTON MY WAIST!

GENTLEMEN BE SEATED TA-RA-RARA-RA INTERLOCUTOR- ARE YOU STILL HOLDING YOUR JOB AS CONDUCTOR ON THE ELEVATED RAILWAY? BONES- YES SIR BUT (SE THING IN OF RESIGNIN INTERLOCUTOR- WHY? BONES- DE MANAGEMENT IS INTRODUCIN TOO MANY TESTS TO FIND OUT IF DE EMPLOYEES IS ALL RIGHT. INTERLOCUTOR- IS THAT SO BONES- YES SIR, DEY WANT ME TO GO OUT ON DE TRACK TOMORROW AND TOUCH DE THIRD RAIL WITH MAMMARE HAND. INTERLOCUTOR- AND NATURALLY YOU OBJECT, BUT WHY DO THEY PUT YOU TO SUCH A TEST? BONES- TO FIND OUT IF I'S A GOOD CONDUCTAN

AFTER THAT I CHOP WOOD FOR THE NEXT MORNING DO SOME SHOPPING IN THE VILLAGE GET THE MAIL AND AT TEN O'CLOCK I GO HOME AFTER I CLEAN UP THE KITCHEN I'M READY TO GO TO BED

SEE YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY

YEP MORNING TO OORLL TOMORROW

### Power

By ELBERT HUBBARD.

From Nash's Magazine (London).

Any person, in any walk of life, who puts jealousy, hate and fear out of his life will be distinguished. All good things shall be his. They will flow to him.

Power gravitates to the man who can use it; and love is the highest form of power that exists.

If ever a man shall live who has infinite power he will be found to be one who has infinite love.

The way to free yourself from discord is to take a grip on yourself and strive to be kind—not that. Just don't think much about it, but lose yourself in your work. If your intent is right your action will be also.

Heaven and hell are not localities—they are states of mind.

Once we thought work a curse; then it came to us that it was a necessary evil; and yesterday the truth dawned upon us that it is a precious privilege. There is more joy in useful effort than in the painstaking avoidance of it.

Creeping into the lives of men everywhere is the thought that co-operation is better than competition. We need each other, and by giving much will receive much.

That old maxim, "Cast thy bread upon the waters," is founded on a stern physiologic law. Everything we give out comes back to us. Give out love, and love returns. To grasp and grab and seize is to lose.

We are reaching enlightened self-interest. And so there is a strong setting of the social tide toward useful effort and the elimination of the parasite. This through the knowledge that we can thrive through service, and not through exploitation.

Everywhere schools and colleges are doing things; not merely talking about them. The education do lux—the education for show—will soon be consigned to limbus. Already we say, "That man is the best educated who is the most useful." And the true test of education will lie in its possessor's ability to serve.

Do not go out of your way to do good, but do good whenever it comes your way. Men who make a business of doing good to others are apt to hate others engaged in the same occupation. Sacrifice and self-abnegation are not needed.

Simply be filled with the thought of good, and it will radiate. You do not have to bother about it any more than you need to trouble about your digestion.

Do not be disturbed about saving your soul. It will certainly be saved if you make it worth saving.

Do your work. Think the good. And the evil, which is a negative condition, shall be swallowed up by the good.



### The Making of a Pretty Girl Her Hair—How to Make it a Joy Forever

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

hair up" is one of those nice ways people have of saying that they are not dyeing their hair. So my little brown girl applied some henna to her hair and went and sat out in the sun until it dried.

Henna is a red paste made of powder of henna leaves and water, and is guaranteed to turn the hair reddish, then red, then redder, and finally purple, and other gay and festive colors.

This is the unfortunate part about livening up the color of your hair. You never know quite where you are going to end.

My little brown girl was as pleased as Punch to see the reddish glint in her brown hair, and many of us were foolish enough not to realize that she had touched it up, so she said, "How nice your hair looks."

I emphasized the fact that she sat in the sun, because that quickened the process. Soon her hair was a brilliant red, and as she struggled to lighten

Here are some valuable rules given by Miss Ayer for the care of the hair:

- "Hair that is touched up is never healthy."
- "Girls with drab hair should be very careful to keep it clean."
- "Shampoo the head once a week in the summer."
- "The health of the hair depends largely on your general health."

"I am so ashamed of my hair," writes one of my correspondents. "All the family have beautiful hair, but I have only a few straggling locks of a nondescript color. Will you please tell me what I can do to make my hair grow and to change the color of it?"

Be sure, my dear girl, that I am not going to tell you anything that will change the color of your hair, because this is the sad fate of the girl who was just about as you must be, with a small handful of blown hair that went well with a pair of beautiful brown eyes. But alas, the brown hair didn't suit the young lady, so she decided one day that she would give it a little life. To "liven the

up to the dark roots and ends of the hair somewhere near the same color, she was tempted to try a quicker method and to use peroxide.

Well, in a very short while she went through all the colors of the rainbow, ending up with distinctly purple locks streaked with a slightly greenish tinge.

Now, the little brown girl was very clever, and when she saw what she had done she frankly said: "I have made a fool of myself; I dyed my hair. I will never do it again."

Of course, every one knew she had dyed her hair, but as I have met only two women in my whole life who admitted they did so I think she deserves praise.

After months of work the hair eventually was restored to its original color. The restoration might have been helped with more dyes, but the hair was in bad condition anyhow, and it was eventually decided to cut off the greater part of it and wait patiently until it grew out its natural brown color.

During the hair dyeing process my little girl had been a source of real humiliation to her family and her hair had been an eyesore to all who looked at her, because she had the clear, olive complexion that went with her own color of hair, and, of course, once the scarlet locks appeared she had to paint and powder in order to overcome this ghastly looking complexion.

The minute you do anything to your hair to change the color of it you have to aid your complexion, which was intended to go with your original color. That is why the girl with dyed hair never looks quite respectable.

Hair that is touched up is never healthy, and the bleached or henna tresses become very dry and brittle, lose their natural wave and the gloss, which is the chief attraction of healthy hair.

If my correspondent wants better and healthier hair she must discard the idea of touching it up. There is only one thing in the world to lighten up hair naturally, and that is sunlight and fresh air. Go about just as much as you can with your hair loosened and flowing after you have washed your hair, be sure and dry it in the sun and never wash your hair on a cloudy day, as the difference in color will be perceptible.

Girls with drab hair should be very careful about keeping it clean, and all the drab shades should be washed much oftener than the deeper colors. If you are subjected to much dust during the course of the day in your home work or in business, shampoo the head once a week in summer time, and about once in two weeks in winter time. A good shampoo is made of small pieces of toilet soap that are left from the big cake and that are so hard to use up. Keep them in a little box or bag until you have a good quantity, then boil them up in about four times the quantity of water, add a little borax or soda. When the soap and water cools it will form a jelly, and this can be kept in preserving jars almost indefinitely for use in the weekly shampoo.

When the hair is very heavy, braid it in two braids before shampooing. Rub the soap very thoroughly in the scalp, and rinse in a great many waters. The rinsing is almost more important than the lathering. The girl with weak hair should try to get someone to give her a good scalp massage at least once a week, and twice a week if possible. Of course, the health of the hair depends

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"Mac," heard ye was courtin' bonny Kate MacPherson," asked Donald to an acquaintance one morning.

"Weel, Sandy, man, I was in love wi' the bonny lass," was Mac's reply, "but I found out she has the siller, so I said to myself, 'Mac, be a man.' And I was a man; and noo I pass her wi' silent contempt."—Youth's Companion.

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very largely on the general state of health. If your system is not in order, if your stomach is upset, your liver sluggish, or you are overworked, worrying, and anxious, the hair will reflect these conditions almost immediately. It will lose color and vitality first and will flatten out and mat together. Then it will begin to fall out and all the tonics in the world won't be of any use until the circulation in the scalp is restored to its normal condition.

A good massage will manipulate the scalp, moving the skin of the scalp, but not rubbing the scalp.

be pressed deep into the flesh, and the scalp must be

Now that we are in the midst of the bathing season, I want to warn all you girls against the promiscuous use of brushes and combs in dressing rooms. Scalp diseases of all kinds are transmitted in this way. I know that the dainty and fastidious girl only takes such a comb thoughtlessly and because she doesn't know what else to use. The same warning applies to combs in any public place, and it cannot be insisted on too strongly.

A WOMAN'S GLORY—HER HAIR.