



# The Bee's Home Magazine Page



## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge Thought He'd Ask, That's All

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



## New Religious Order Appeals to Women

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

An eminent man from India was surprised and somewhat shocked to find American men and women claiming his creed as their own. He thought we ought to keep our own creed and to follow the sermon on the mount. Yet all religion is from the same source; all is flowing to the same great center, and proceeds from the same longing in the human heart for love and perfection and happiness.



It has been, for some decades, the fashion to belittle all greatness in the living and the dead. Criticism has taken the place of reverence, and ridicule has supplanted appreciation. It is a healthful and hopeful sign to have a society formed which tends toward the cultivation of the art of appreciation of greatness, wherever found, and the reverence for noble qualities in others.

How will Christ come back again. How will He be seen, and when? Will He come at dead of night, Shining in His robes of light, Or at dawn of day? Will it be at Christmas time When the bells are all chiming, That He is reborn? Or will He return to bring Wide and wondrous waking On some Easter morn?

When will this sad world rejoice, Listening to that golden voice Speaking unto men? Lives there one who yet shall cry Loud to startled passers by: "Christ has come again?"

List to the answer—Christ is here! Seek and you shall find Him near. Dwelling on the earth, By the world's awakened thought This great miracle is wrought— This, the second birth.

While you wonder where and how Christ shall come—behold him now, Patient, loving, meek, Looking from your neighbor's eyes, Or in humble toiler's guise— Let the Christ you seek.

Search for Him in human hearts, In the shops and in the mart, And beside your hearth, Search and speak the watchword Love, And the Christ shall rise and prove He has come to earth.

Sorrowful oftentimes is He That we have not eyes to see, Have not ears to hear, As we call to him afar Out beyond some distant star, While He stands so near.

"Seek Him, search Him, where He dwells, Chime the voices of the bells, On the Christmas air, Christ has come to earth again, He is in the hearts of men— Seek and find Him there."

**Widow Lost No Time.** Attorneys in probate court do not, as a rule, try to delay proceedings very much. The moment that Judge Ross enters the door... is surrounded by lawyers who wish "just a minute" of his time, and he walks through a crowd of them to the bench. Reports are filed and wills are probated, attorneys' fees are fixed in record time by the judge. More speed than usual was used recently in the probate of a will.

A colored attorney walked rapidly into the courtroom, followed by a large colored woman. She had her sleeves rolled up to the elbows and appeared to have come from the wash tub. Her manner was business-like.

"Ah wants to probate my husband's will," she said. Judge Ross went through the usual procedure. He read the will and asked the usual questions. Then he began making the usual notations.

"And when did he die?" the judge asked. "Jes about a half hour ago," was the answer.—*Indianapolis News.*

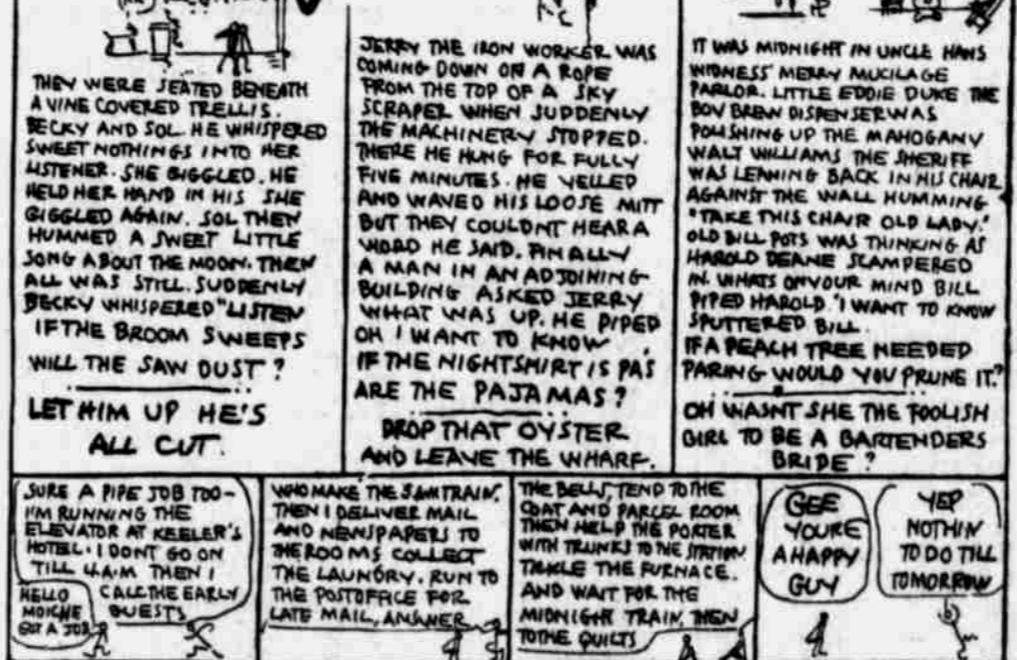
**The Touch.** "Hein, Dingus. What are you and Shad-bolt talking about?" "I'm trying to get him to lend me a treaty."

"Well, keep on trying. While there's life there's hope, and you haven't talked him to death yet. Good afternoon."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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## Daffydils

MARRY IN HASTE AND REPENT AT RENO. SILK HAT HARRY.



## Is the False Hair Craze Coming Back?

A Talk with a Hairdresser on New Styles in Coiffures.



MLLE. GREUSE WITH TWO STYLES OF COIFFURES.

In this picture Mlle. Greuse is shown wearing a "Follow-Me" curl over her shoulder. The bandeau is of black velvet with a cluster of gold-ribbon roses.

This style of coiffure is called "The Titus." The hair is parted in the middle, waved to stand over the ears and kept in place by a gold band.

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER. "Yes, of course, I understand all that about health and ventilation of the scalp, but when you come right down to it, it doesn't do the hair any more good to wear a tight little bonnet than it did to wear a few puffs, and I must say, many women this season have looked as if they had been scalped. "Yes, indeed, I know one dark-haired young person who soaps her hair tight to her head to bring out what she called the classic contour of her head. She has two tiny little braids, and she hides even these under the hair at the sides. "Better form, she says. "Now, I say it's all right to wear your hair very, very plain if you're a perfect beauty or a perfect freak. In either case it doesn't matter. But the majority of us women are betwixt and between good looks and we need all the advantages of false hair and curls, and it's mean of those French people to change the fashions just to suit themselves without ever thinking of business or the average woman's appearance. "Any woman can dress her own hair nowadays, and it's only the ones that have very little hair or too much of it who come here to have their hair done once in a while. The women who had their hair marcelled twice a week now wear it plain and we're out \$2 on each customer. "Any woman who has a good hair brush and a bottle of brilliantine can do as much as we can toward making her hair shine. That's all they want nowadays. "Then I have some better news for you. Here is the very latest from Paris. Mlle. Greuse, the famous French beauty who makes up for her talent in acting by a very great talent for dress—well, Mlle. Greuse is wearing curls, almost a chignon and quite certainly false. What Mlle. Greuse wears every one in Paris will copy, so you will surely sell out this season." I tried to say it consolatory,

## The Unexpectedness of Things

By DR. FRANK CHANE.

Did you ever notice how things seem to come? Most of your happiness you did not get; it was handed to you; it just happened in and sat down, when you were not looking for it. The thing you awaited and planned and yearned to possess you missed. Your actual gains are all by-products of your will. Naturally all the calamities, defects and sicknesses came; nobody ever went after such things.

So your successes and failures, your big griefs and joys, seem just to move in on you. Indeed, the thing we get (and brag of, lying, as it were by our own effort) is so different from the thing we started for that life often seems ludicrous. We have a feeling that destiny is amusing itself with us. And if we have sense we can take a joke and enjoy the game.

Wasn't it this adventurous character of life, this moving of events in cycles and epicycles of their own, this coming around of heart's desire and heart break according to utterly unperceivable laws, this capricious dropping into our lap of good and evil from out the sky—wasn't it this phase of nature that first led men to suspect the immortal gods? Huxley guessed dreams to be the origin of the ideas of ghosts and gods; I've as good a right to guess as he; this is a free country.

And it is not the same phase yet which keeps alive superstition in little corners of our mind, by which we are led to say of palmistry and astrology and table rapping that there may be something in it; and whereby we are either curious to go or afraid to go (it's the same) to see Quenele, the Egyptian seeress, and watch her deal the cards or throw a fit, and tell us that we are going to take a long journey and meet a dark man? As a matter of fact, the unexpectedness of events is the large, rocky, stubborn fact. And all depends upon how we adjust ourselves to it. Life is adjustment. Life is not what we make it. It is how we take it. There's a difference.

We can jump this way or that; we can camp north or south of the great fact, we can live on its sunny or shady side. But don't imagine for one fatuous moment that we can budge it.

For instance, as to this great, disposing will that orders events without reference to us, we can call it luck; then we are gamblers, and life is a huge poker game. There have been those who thus have adjusted themselves to destiny, from the ancient philosopher who held that the universe is a fortuitous concourse of atoms, down to the last young jackass who held a full house against four perfectly good deuces.

Again we can take the point of view that the universe is an immense machine, as Carlyle says, "an enormous, immeasurable steam engine, rolling on in its dead indifference, to grind me limb from limb." So thinking, we can plant ourselves grimly against it, even as it is grimly against us. Then we are stoics. There is a kind of Indian satisfaction in thus presenting a stone face to destiny. I have nothing to say against it. As Abraham Lincoln remarked, "It should think that for those who like that sort of thing, that is about the sort of thing they would like."

Once more, we can call ourselves scientific, patier learnedly about the reign of law and the religion of science, and fondly imagine that, because all things must happen according to law (which is quite true), therefore we know what the laws are (which is not true in the least).

And, lastly, we can become as little children, which action I make bold to recommend to the reader. We can take things as they come, weep when they hurt and laugh when they please us. We can try our best, and be as glad with the thing that comes as with the thing we tried for. We can be scientific and yet realize that all our science is but a floating speck in science. We can put away superstition as a species of fruitless insanity. We can decline stoicism, because the end thereof, a hard heart, is not worth while. We can reject the machine and the poker game theories of the universe, because they deaden our finer senses.

And we can, as little children, and after the manner of the good women and noble men for the last thousand years or so, look at the universe with wonder, and at the power behind it with love and trust and say those wise words ever directed to the infinite: "Our Father, which art in heaven Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done."

But the hairdresser looked at the pictures with "professionally critical eye." "Hum," she muttered, "not bad—but too classic still. In that picture she has the plainest style of hairdressing you can get. It's called the 'Titus' after that wretched old classic emperor. Hair parted in the middle, with bangs, waved to stand over the ears and a braided knot at the back. The hair is kept in place by a gold band with ornament over the forehead.

"Now the other picture is much better. Some arrangement in front but three short, 30 curls over the ears and a long 'follow-me' look over the shoulder. Black velvet band and cluster of gold ribbon roses. The same braided knot at the back. Very good." She nodded approvingly.

"Lizzie, go get the wax figures out of the window. This is 'it' in Paris, and I'm going to see if it can't be here before we hairdressers are bankrupt by the 'classic' coiffures."

Harmon's Fun with Fairbanks. Former Vice-President Fairbanks was a speaker at one of the little gatherings recently such as have made the National Press club of Washington famous. Senator Fairbanks told the boys about his trip around the world. He said his attention and brought forth much enthusiasm with the account. Governor Johnson Harmon of Ohio, possibly having in mind the recent election and democratic landslide, said:

"It is hard for me to be a speaker following such a distinguished traveler as Senator Fairbanks. I haven't traveled any. I haven't even been up Salt river."

—Leslie's Weekly.

Mrs. Asahelton Harbord of England has won the Royal Aero club challenge cup for the third time, and it becomes her property. The prize is for the long distance in a balloon in a single voyage and this year was a distance of 20 miles. Two years ago she crossed the channel.

## The Songs of the Presses

By MINNA IRVING.

When theaters are darkened, and tear-rooms are closed, And taxis are few on Broadway, And the parks have been left and the squirrels and birds And derelicts waiting for day, And the weavers of Wall street have ceased for awhile The fabric of finance to spin, Then down in the cellars and up in the lofts The songs of the presses begin. They thunder and roar with the echoes of war, The sounds of the field and the flood, The sorrow and mirth both of death and of birth, The dripping of tears and of blood, The day with its story of shame or of glory, The night with its shadows and sin, Into type have been hurried for the eyes of the world, When the songs of the presses begin.