

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

## Harry is a Forgiving Soul

## Drawn for The Bee by Tad



## The One We Didn't Marry

**By DOROTHY DEK.**

In this troubled vale of matrimony, there is just one perfect individual. He or she is the man or woman we didn't marry.

In the process of years, and the incursions of domesticity, the man or woman we did marry grows fat, or scrawny, loses his or her good looks, becomes tedious, and dull, and commonplace, but the one we didn't marry lives forever in a halo of perpetual youth and romance that grows brighter and more alluring the farther we get from it.

If John had married Amaryllis instead of Jane, he feels sure that life would have been one glad, sweet song, instead of the scolding match it so often is now. Amaryllis would never have said things when he came home at 2 o'clock in the morning. Amaryllis would not have noticed whether he wiped his feet on the doormat or not, and would not have fussed because he dropped cigars ashes all over the place.

Amaryllis wouldn't have always been wanting new hats, or dragged him out to the theater to see them when he wanted to go to a musical comedy. Amaryllis wouldn't have been bound to do everything the neighbors did, nor would she have had a temper set on a hair trigger that was liable to go off at any moment.

Oh, Jane's a good woman, none better. And she's a wonder of a housekeeper, but she isn't soulful and poetic and gentle and clinging like Amaryllis, and John is perfectly sure that if he had married Amaryllis matrimony would have been a lot less like a life sentence at hard labor and more like the voice that breathes o'er Eden than it is.

And on her part Jane sighs and says to herself that if she had only married Adolphus instead of John how different life might have been. Adolphus would have understood her. Adolphus would have had none of the aggravating ways that John has. Adolphus would never have smoked in the house or come home late or been grocerly and grumpy or begrudged her the price of a new frock.

On the contrary, he would have known that she was not like other women, that she was temperamental and highly organized and sensitive and that she didn't mean things when she said them, and Adolphus would have spent his evenings holding her hand and telling her how beautiful and wonderful she was.

Oh, John's a good man, and a good husband, and a splendid provider, but he isn't Adolphus, and if only she had married Adolphus what a heaven on earth life might have been!

Probably there is not a married man or a married woman in the world who doesn't cherish some such glorified vision of what might have been. With most of us it does no particular harm. It is just sort of a Lost Paradise in which we take refuge when the strenuousness of consubstantial life drives us to cover.

Occasionally, however, there are those who let the dream of what life might have been with another ruin the good of the life they have, and I have just been listening to the story of such a foolish woman. When she was a very young girl she was engaged to a poor youth who went forth to seek his fortune. He was so long in finding it that she married another man, a fine, honest, honorable man, who is kindness itself to her, and who gives her every comfort of life.

This woman has a lovely little daughter 12 years old, and should be happy as the day is long. And she would be except that she is always thinking how much happier she would be if she had married the other man. She is sure that if she had married him life would have had

## Daffydils

**"YEP I NEVER FELT BETTER AND HAD LESS IN MY LIFE"**

WURE PETE AND LIZARD LIKE WHERE ABOUT STARVED OUT THE DETROITERS HAD THEM SURROUNDED IN THE LITTLE MOUNTAIN HUT AND THE BATS WERE KIND OF LOW THEY HAD LIVED ON CANNED BEANS AND SALMON FOR OVER 3 WEEKS THEY WERE HUNGRY AGAIN BUT LIKE REFUSED TO PLAY THE "BOSTON FRUIT AN'VEGIE" THERE WAS ONE CAN LEFT ON THE SHELF HE CLIMBED UP AND SAW WHAT IT IS PETE HE BANGED HE DID. PETE GRABBED THE CAN. ON THE LABEL IT SAID "IF A SOLDIER STOLE A PICKET WOULD THE CAPTAIN TAKE OFFENSE?"

BOOM BOOM ITS THE BROTHERSHIP OREGON BOYS WE ARE SAVED

MIDNIGHT A LONELY COUNTRY ROAD HUGE WADES OF WET RAIN SPRAIN GREAT CHUNKS OF YELLOW MUD AGAINST SIDES OF STALLED AUTO INSIDE THE TONNEAU A LONE PASSENGER SWORE SOFT SWEARS AT OTTO THE CHAUFFEUR AS OTTO VAIVLY TRIES TO START PETROLEUM BUGGY. A HORSEMAN APPEARS, HORSE LOOKS AS THOUGH IT HAD BEEN DIETING QUITE AWHILE THEY STOP TAKE A SLANT AT OTTO HORSEMAN STARED AGAIN AND YELL-BACK AT OUR HEADS IF FISHES WERE GOOD COOKS WOULD A CLAM BAKE

SAY!! AINT YOU NEVER HAD NO EDUCATION?

HIS NAME WAS JOE PEOPPI AND THEY CALLED HIM A BUM. THEY SAID "HE LIVES WAY UP ON OLD NOB HILL HE NEVER WORKED AND NEVER WILL. HOWEVER OUR HERO WAS NOT ALWAYS A SHABBY GENTLEMAN HE HAD KALE ON CT. NEITHER WAS HE ALWAYS IDLE FOR THIS DAY HE WAS MAKING TRACKS FOR THE RAILROAD." HE HAD A STICK AND A BUNDLE ON THE BUNDLE WAS A CAED. ON THE CARD IT SAID. "IF A CHAUFFEUR JOINED THE TURKISH ARMY WOULD HE BE AN OTTO MAN?"

HASTILY ACHMET!! THE BASTINADO.

YEP-HA-HA-NOTHIN' TOGETILL TOMORROW

GEE!! YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY

THEN AT 8 O'CLOCK I PUT ON MY TOMSTONE FRONT SING POPULAR SONGS AND PULL A FEW FUNNY GAGS. THEN AT 2 AM I HELP CLEAN UP THE PLACE. I HELP THE BOSS WITH THE BOOKS AND AT 3 PM OFF FOR THE DAY

## "Is the World Getting Better?"

**Selected by EDWIN MARKHAM.**

This is one of the questions oftenest asked me. It seems to touch a matter that is very near to the common human heart. Mrs. John Martin has just written a book on the subject, a thought-crammed book with the title "Is Mankind Advancing?" She starts us in the end by drawing the conclusion that mankind is not advancing, and that the race race achieved its highest summit in Greek civilization. Here are a few paragraphs from the introduction:

"The world today is convinced that it is making rapid progress. In western Europe and in America increased wealth production, democratic institutions, free education, free thought, the opening of opportunities in new countries, the acceleration of travel and communication, have combined to produce upon our generation an exhilarating sense of expansion, of liberation, of growing power. We are excited by the liveliness and bustle of the novel experiences and conveniences which each new day brings forth. Like children enjoying their first train ride, we are enchanted in watching the landscape of events and inventions rushing swiftly by and to feel ourselves proudly moving on into a wonderful beyond.

"A view which is held somewhat widely among the cultured declares that the 'social organism' is advancing quite irrespective of the individuals composing it. It affirms that some sort of progress is necessarily taking place somewhere, somehow. Whatever may be said of individuals, 'things' are improving, the world is growing better, 'society' is advancing, laws and the general behavior are steadily rising. While as an individual man, perhaps, may not be adding one unit to his mental stature, yet the civilization which is the work of his hands is making progress.

"Let us consider this view and dispose of it once for all. That society can improve without progress being made by the individuals composing society is difficult of acceptance. It is true that experience and practice will affect mechanical improvements of various kinds. Pedestrians on crowded streets do learn to minimize collisions. The members of a community acquire gradually the knack of getting along together with the least friction, and this by the same experiences by which the child learns that fire will burn.

"Let us go further. Civilized communities (unless hindered by unusual occurrences) tend to become richer; the struggles between classes tend to secure a status equilibrium. The capitalist system, for example, encourages the abolition of slavery, and the free circulation of labor together with the shapening of incentive and the provision of free education.

"But all these things at their best are but means to an end. There is no value in wealth except it be converted into human energy. If a rich woman dies of heart disease from lack of exercise, how can her carriage, which prevented her taking a walk, be regarded as wealth; or what wealth is there in the dose of poison which the suicide purchases, although he pays money for it?

"There is no wealth but life. There is no use in riches, freedom, opportunity, education, government, commerce, civilization, except to uplift mankind. There is no use in a 'better' society except to produce better human beings. Progress in human society consists in the production of finer and finer strains of men and women, the final test of their superiority being their relative degree of pure intelligence.

"One gardener must prove his superiority over another by showing finer fruits and flowers. We do not accept any other proof. If he should declare that he had provided better fertilizers, better soil, better moisture, heat and ventilation, yet his roses were no finer, we should deny his primary claim; for we know that better conditions will produce better roses.

"All our social conditions are to be judged by the same test; they stand or fall exactly in proportion to the degrees in which they can be shown to advance human progress; that is, they bring forth finer and finer breeds of men and women. I hold this to be self-evident.

"The word progress should, I believe, be exclusively reserved to express a rise in human capacity, the development of higher orders of human beings. Thus restricted, it remains as it should, a strictly qualitative, never a quantitative, term.

"Improved conditions conduce to progress, and are necessary to progress, but may exist without producing progress. Progress is something more than improvement. Progress means advancement forward. Progress is a matter of growth. Comfort may and it may not conduce to progress. Passengers sitting impatiently in a train that has broken down may have their hunger relieved and their condition improved, food being procured, but they do not thereby approach any nearer to their destination.

"Looking back along the line of history, we can see that we (mankind) have been traveling a long, long road, whose winding way, rising and falling century after century, we can trace back for a few thousand years until it enters a trackless desert and fades utterly from our view in the mists of antiquity.

"Behind Rome the road drops away again suddenly, a deep sharp drop into a valley, beyond which it begins to rise once more, and, becoming steeper and steeper, it lifts our gaze to the very mountain tops, where, among the clouds, against the deep blue sky, swept by fresh breezes, enthroned amid snow-white temples, gleaming in the golden sunshine, Greek civilization sits upon the pinnacle of human greatness."

## The Angel Lady

**By MORTON BIRGE.**

Any housewife of the species may be deadly as an axe. She may be the village wonder for the beauty that she lacks. But the men will all adore her—short of anything but crime—If she's known to serve up dinner when the clock says dinnertime.

Hungry husband hurries homeward, just a plain, unvarnished brute, Dinner's late, and there you have it—there's the "rift within the lute." Doubtless, if one searched the records of the wrecks of married life, One would find belated dinner was the leading cause of strife.

There's a special sort of heaven, better than the common lot, Waiting for the wondrous woman who serves dinner on the dot. But for those who keep men waiting, who serve dinner "by and by"—Well, I trust there's something "special" for those females when they die.

## Beauty Secrets for Girls



**Attractive Hair-Dressing and Care of the Hair**

In these pictures Miss Lorraine illustrates two styles of hair arrangement. The top picture shows her hair piled up on top, which she declares should never be attempted by persons with long, oval faces. Instead, she says, they should fluff their hair out at the sides. Where the forehead is too high, states Miss Lorraine, cover it with a bang or a few small curls just in front.

tempted by persons with long, oval faces. Instead, she says, they should fluff their hair out at the sides. Where the forehead is too high, states Miss Lorraine, cover it with a bang or a few small curls just in front.

**Hair Lustre.** The lustre of the hair depends on the amount of light that is reflected from each particular fibre, and this depends on the amount of oil with which the fibre is coated. So when your hair is dull it lacks oil or polish, and you can supply the polish with a brush and a little bit of brillintine or plain olive, lavender or coconout oil. The last is very good for the hair and makes it grow. In applying an oil, don't saturate the scalp with oil, but put a little bit on the palm of your hand, rub that over the bristles of your brush, and then brush the hair.

Now, as to shampooing the hair, I don't think anyone can set down a fixed rule, stating just how often any other person should wash their hair. If you are out in the dust or wind a great deal your scalp will get dirty, but naturally if you are not subjected to dust or dirt, and especially if your scalp is not very dry, you can go several weeks without needing a shampoo.

Wash the hair with a soap jelly made of soap chopped up fine and boiled in water until it is of the consistency of jelly when it cools. Use rain water instead of ordinary water. If you can, and before washing the hair, rub the scalp thoroughly with the yolk of an egg. After you have applied the egg and rubbed it thoroughly over the scalp, wash it off with tepid water; a great many people using an egg shampoo have their water too hot, and then wonder what is the matter. Of course, they have cooked the egg. After you have washed the egg out, put on your soap jelly and plenty of hot water, and wash thoroughly. Then rinse with hot and cold water.

**Arranging the Hair.** Now, as to doing up the hair. What is the prettiest way in which to arrange the hair? That is a question which several people have asked me, but to which I could give no real answer unless I could see the person. One thing is certain—if your style of hairdressing is usually becoming to you, don't alter it to suit the fashion unless the momentary style is even more favorable to your looks.

A quaint, old-fashioned style of arranging the hair is always attractive and distinctive, providing it goes with the general character of the face.

People with long faces should fluff the hair out at the sides and they should not insist on wearing long drawn out knots at the nape of the neck or in piling the hair up very high on the top of the head, or in wearing peaked pompadours. Where the forehead is too high cover it with a bang or a few small curls just in front.

It will be pretty, but if it looks dead and stringy, even the greatest hair dresser in the world cannot do anything with it.

**An Instructive Story.** There was a very pretty girl on the stage once whose chief attraction lay in the two glossy braids of hair which she wore wound tight round her head. She was one of five sisters, and they were all celebrated for their beautiful hair. Every evening before going to bed they sat around in a circle on little stools, one back of the other, and each one of them dressed the other one's hair, as they formed a circle the first one brushed the last one's hair. It was a regular "turn-

## By LILLIAN LORRAINE.

When you read that Queen Elizabeth had eight wigs, that the beautiful Mary, queen of Scots, wore a wig, too, that the wonderful color of Empress Eugenie's hair, which captivated Napoleon, was due to art rather than nature, that even Cleopatra wasn't above touching up her tresses, and that the grandmother of the man who built the pyramids invented hair dye, well—wait till I get my breath after all this learning—I think we are doing quite well when we're good looking, with the locks that Nature gave us, and have sense enough to let her dye alone.

I was reading a book the other day

## By a very celebrated person, who said

with an evident air of having discovered a great secret that hair was a great aid to beauty, and was to us what porcupine is to animals, that if we had a little more intelligence we would take as much care of our hair as birds take of their feathers and animals of their fur.

Most of us take rather more care of it, I think, but it's care of the wrong kind. We go in too much for hair dressing and not enough for hair cultivating. We pay too much attention to the shape in which our hair is done up and not enough to the texture of the hair itself.

Be sure of one thing—if your hair is fluffy and shiny, no matter how you do