

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

The Judge is Tough With Speeders

Drawn for The Bee by Tad



Married Life the Third Year

Delia's Sullen Spells Are Most Trying and Helen Decides to Let Her Go.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

Delia had one of her periodical fits of sullenness. Usually they lasted only a few days, but this one was going on into the second week and Helen's patience was sorely tried.

In spite of Delia's many good qualities—her honesty, economy and cleanliness—there were times when these sullen spells got so on Helen's nerves that she felt she would have to let her go. And this one was not only lasting longer, but seemed more trying than all the others.

Helen was far too reasonable to expect an unchanging evenness of amiability in any one. An occasional irritability she could have easily forgiven. Almost any other form of disagreeableness would have seemed preferable to the sulky, dogged silence which Delia displayed at these times.

She would go for days without speaking, unless forced to by a direct question, and then her answer would be as sullenly brief as she could make it.

"What's the matter with Delia? Got one of her grouches?" Warren had asked that morning when he wanted more cream, and Delia had brought in the bottle, slammed it down on the table and flounced out, pretending not to hear Helen when she asked if that was all there was.

"Yes, she's been like that all week. I don't think she said two words yesterday. You don't know how trying it is to be with her all day when she acts that way."

"Why do you put up with it?"

"What can I do?"

"Fire her."

"Oh, but Warren. I could never get anybody like Delia. She's so honest and dependable. You can't have everything you know. I might get some one a great deal worse."

"That's up to you," indifferently. "If you want to put up with her—you can. But I wouldn't stand for it, I can tell you that."

And that day Helen almost came to the conclusion that she would not stand for it either.

It was ironing day. In the same stolid sullenness Delia washed up the dishes put on the irons and got out the ironing board.

"Delia, I wish you would iron that white skirt first. I want to mend the lace—I didn't have time before I put it in the wash. The you can press out that shower sheet next. I want to hang that up."

Delia was rearranging the irons on the stove and did not deign to reply, and Helen went in to straighten up the bedroom, which she always did on ironing day.

Half an hour later she came back into the kitchen to get the skirt and shower sheet. But Delia was calmly ironing a tablecloth.

"Delia, I told you to iron my skirt first."

No answer.

"Didn't you understand me, Delia, when I said to iron my skirt?"

"Had to iron this 'fore it got dried."

"You could have sprinkled it again. Now finish that as quickly as you can and iron my skirt," Delia's voice was unusually sharp.

A little later she came back to find Delia ironing another table cloth! Still the skirt had not been touched. For a moment Helen was to be astonished and angry to say anything at all. And Delia, pretending not to see her as she stood in the door, ironed on without looking up.

"Delia, you can put that tablecloth aside now and iron my skirt."

"Have to iron this while it's wet," still without looking up.

Only once before had Helen come to any real issue with Delia, and then Delia had won. It had been shortly after her marriage and Helen, terrified by the thought of the unknown in efficiencies of a new girl, had yielded. Now she was determined she would not yield. Without further comment she unrolled the skirt from the towel in which it had been sprinkled, laid it on the ironing board before Delia, and then deliberately drew the tablecloth from under her iron.

She was not at all sure what Delia would do. She might put the iron back on the stove and flounce out of the place. Helen knew that she was taking chances,

Lillian Lorraine's Beauty Secrets for Girls

How to Keep Pretty in the Hot Weather.



By LILLIAN LORRAINE.

Are you one of the girls who wilt on the first hot day? If you are I pity you, because there is nothing so depressing as knowing that the hot wave is depriving you of all your prettiness and every atom of energy as well.

Writing is fatal to beauty, and the girl who wants to be pretty ought to do everything she can to prevent herself from fading away like a woe-begone lily when the thermometer goes aeroplaning around in the nineties.

The girl who wilts in the heat usually has straight hair. I know she thinks it's a curse from heaven, and, frankly, I am sorry for her, especially if she feels that she must have curls to be presentable. Perhaps she can wave her hair with water with a little sugar dissolved in it. The water wave is done by wetting the hair and then arranging it in ringlets and curls on the forehead and binding a piece of ribbon or cheesecloth over it until it is quite dry. Don't try to curl any but your front hair for summer; and, first of all, see if you cannot wear it in some other style which will not require curling. This year there are all kinds of pretty ways of doing hair with short bangs and two braided knots over the ears or a slight pompadour and knot at the back. Parting the hair either at the side or in the middle of the forehead and looping it up with side combs is all the fashion, and the small coronet braids are pretty and don't require much frizzing of the hair.

In summer time don't tire your head with too many hairpins.

I frequently think that women wouldn't feel so hot if they didn't look both wary and mussy. Those short, straggly hairs in the nape of the neck make one look quite neglected and untidy. A hair net or ribbon will keep these short hairs from falling and will add to the general neatness. Besides, a net does not take as many hairpins if it's one of those quaint old-fashioned ones, with the velvet ribbon around the edge.

I never wear collars in summer time.

There was no tinge of sullenness in her voice, but there was a suspicious business which comes after tears.

"Why, yes, Delia, and you might make an egg dressing—you make that very nicely." And she went on to give some directions about the dinner, trying to speak as naturally as she could.

While Delia kept her head bowed over the lettuce, Helen knew that it was not sullenness, but a desire to hide the traces of tears.

Helen's own eyes were misty as she went back to fold up and put away the skirt. And she resolved that next week Delia should have an extra afternoon off and a ticket to the matinee.

When I drink ice cream soda water I take good care not to be overheated, and I take the drink very slowly. If you gulp down a few ice cream sodas you need not wonder that your digestion and your complexion don't stand the strain.

I think we are all too energetic in summer time, and wish that we took siestas during the noon hours as people do who live in cities no warmer than New York or Chicago, but called tropical. I suppose, because the men wear pongee suits and there are so many palm trees. That seems to be the only difference. And while I'm about it I'm going to pat my own sex on the back. In summer we are much more sensible than men. We wear long kid gloves and French heels and hats a yard wide, but we don't wear warm serge and woolen suits, and high starched collars, and then boast of our superior intelligence.

But there, I've left my little hot weather girl without begging her to cut out some of her strenuous engagements and rest instead, especially during the heat of the day. "Early to rise" is one of the wisest things for the summer girl who has household chores to do, and "early to bed" is more necessary in summer than in winter, for the cold air is bracing and invigorating, and one does not feel the strain of work or play as one does in summer.

If you drink a great deal of water between meals in summer time you will find your complexion wonderfully improved by fall. The water shouldn't be cold, like spring water, and be very careful that it is fresh and pure. The perspiration induced by the heat acts better than any Turkish bath, and it's a simple and perfectly safe way of clearing the skin.

Color of the Hair and Its Effect on Man; Coiffure the Thing to Impress His Mind

By DOROTHY DIX.

A man, who says that he is middle-aged and thinking seriously of matrimony, writes me a letter in which he asks my aid in picking out a wife. He asks which type of girl, the blonde, the brunette or the auburn-haired make the best wife, and says that he is unable to choose between them, because while he prefers the blonde, he has always been told that blondes are fickle and coquetted.

I can only say to my correspondent that any man who picks out a wife by the color of her hair has so little intelligence that he deserves to get a matrimonial gold brick whether he does or not. The color of a woman's hair, presuming it is hers by nature, and not by right of purchase, has as much to do with the kind of a wife she will make as does the color of the dress she wears.

Success or failure, happiness or misery in married life depends upon the character of a wife, not upon whether her hair is yellow or black or red, or green or blue, or whether it is straight or curly. Ten or fifteen years of married life changes the most raven tresses, or the most golden locks to drab white, and then the thing that counts to a man is not the hair on his wife's head, but the sweetness of her nature, the loyalty of her heart, the tender helpfulness of her hands.

If I were a man trying to pick out a wife I should take only one look at a woman's hair, and that would be, not to see what particular color it was, but whether it was neatly and sensibly combed or not. I shouldn't marry a woman whose hair looked as if it were always tumbling down, and in need of a good shampoo and a box of hairpins, for I should know by that token that she was a slovenly woman, and would make breakfast in curl papers and a dirty wrapper, and who would keep a house that would look as if a Kansas cyclone had just passed through it.

Nor would I pick out for a wife the girl whose coiffure was always an exaggeration of the style, and who had a bushel, more or less, of false puffs and switches pinned on her head. I should know that she had neither good taste nor good sense, and that she was one of those silly, frivolous little creatures who, as Rose Stahl used to say in the "Chorus Lady," "have nothing on their minds but their hair."

If I were selecting a wife I should not pick her out for what was on the outside



The Discourse on Method

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

June 5, 1637.

"The Discourse on Method" was given to the world 275 years ago today, and for that reason the fifth of June, 1637, will always remain a red letter day in the great story of man's mental evolution.

The "great divide" between ancient and modern thought was marked for all time when Descartes published his wonderful book.

That book—the thought of men in a new way, scholastic; in other words, not thought at all, but a mere pretense for thought, while after that it becomes modern, scientific—in fine, real thought, based on reason and facts.

Like the thoughtful mother who was perfectly willing for her daughter to swim, provided she would not "go near the water," the pre-Cartesian authorities were satisfied to have men think, provided they would not think. Certain things were assumed, taken for granted, as being infallibly true, and so long as one did not go contrary to those things he might do what he pleased in the way of thinking. But if his thinking led him to question the assumptions and infallibilities it was all up to him. He either had to keep his thinking to himself or go to the stake.

Descartes did not have in his nature the stuff that martyrs are made of, so he left France for Holland, where he

could not only think, but speak, and write what he thought, and hence it was that his immortal book was published at Leyden rather than at Paris.

"The Discourse on Method" may be called the textbook of real or original thinking. Descartes didn't care a fig for what people thought or believed was true, unless they could back up their opinions by scientific or rational evidence. Mere assumptions disgusted him, and from the "authority" which had nothing but his own arrogant assertion to prove its soundness he turned away with supreme contempt.

"Make a clean slate," he said in substance, "and in rewriting the contents of your minds distinguish carefully between airy notions and the actual facts, the things that rest upon fancy or dogma and the things that rest upon facts of nature and the reason of man."

Such, in the Discourse on Method, it marked the dividing line between mental slavery and mental freedom. Like the blind horse lost in the field or the woods, walking around and around in a circle, the men of the middle ages, with few exceptions, thought without thinking, marked time without making any advance, and these men would have remained to this day had not Descartes arisen to show them how to do the real thinking and to reach the real facts.

We are about to set up a grand monument to Dante, and it is well that we should do so, but nothing that Dante ever wrote has been so useful to mankind as the book written by Descartes—the book that inspired the initial ways and means for the intellectual emancipation of the human race.

