

was sorely tried

In spit of Delia's

many good qualities

-her honesty.

economy and clean-

liness-there were

times when these

sullen spells got so

on Heien's nerves

that she felt she

would have to let

her go. And this

one was not only

lasting longer, but

seemed more try-

ing than all the

expect an unchang-

ing evenness of amiability in any one. An

occasional irritability she could have

easily forsiven. Almost any other form

preferable to the sulky, dogged silence

She would go for days without speak-

ing, unless forced to by a direct ques-

sullenly brief as she could make it.

and Della had brought in the bottle.

"Why do you put up with it?"

"Oh, but Warren. I could never get

snybody like Delin. She's so honest

"Delia, I wish you would iron that

sheet. But Delia was calmly ironing a

"Delia, I told you to iron my skirt

"Had to iron this 'fore it got dried"

'You could have sprinkled it again.

and dependable. You can't have every-

"What can I do?"

a great deal worse.

"Fire her."

for it either.

board.

tablecloth.

No answer.

I said to iron my skirt?"

aside now and iron my skirt."

Only once before had Helen come to

skirt from the towel in which it had been

the tablecloth from under her iron.

without looking up.

first."

"What's the matter with Delia? Got

which Delia displayed at these times.

## 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.

Della had one of her periodical fits of but she had been so thoroughly irritated sullenness. Usually they lasted only a by this week of Delia's surliness that few days, but this one was going on into just then she felt she did not care. For a moment Delia stood perfectly the second week and Helen's patience

still. Helen turned away and calmly started to resprinkle the tablecloth and roll it up again. When she turned around again Delia was froning the skirt. But her face was a dull brick red.

"Now, Delia, when you've ironed that bring it in to me. I want to mend the lace. Then you can press out that shower sheet." About twenty minutes later, while

Helen was straightening her top bureau drawer. Della, with a heavy, defiant step, came in, threw the skirt on a chair and marched out without a word. It was wretchedly ironed. The lace was torn more than it had been before, and in one place there was a distince yellow scorch. And Delia was an excellent

bureau meditatively thrusting a hat pin into the pin cushion. She was thinking very hard, or she would not have scarred the blue satin top of the cushion with so many gaping holes.

of disagreeableness would have seemed At last, with a final thrust, she left the hat pin stuck with a defiant angle in ! the cushion. Then she went into the

kitchen. "Della, there is something I want to tion, and then her answer would be as say to you. I'm afraid you've been here too long. You haven't seemed very happy in your work lately. Now if you one of her grouches?" Warren had asked are not happy, if you are not comtent-I that morning when he wanted more cream, don't want you to stay. I don't want any

one to work for me who does not work

slammed it down on the table and willingly and pleasantly." flounced out, pretending not to hear Helen Here Helen paused, but Della, who had when she asked if that was all there was. not looked up since she entered, went "Yes, she's been like that all week. I on ironing, with her eyes still glued to don't think she said two words yester- the board. The blood-red flush was even

day. You don't know how trying it is to deeper, but she said not a word. be with her all day when she acts that "Your month is up next Wednesday, Delia, a week from tomorrow. Now I want you to think things over, and if before that time you have not decided

that you can work without indulging in these sullen fits, then I think you had better get another place. "I have put up with this for almost

thing you know. I might get some one two years just because you are in so many ways a very good girl. But lately That's up to you," indifferently. "If it is getting on my nerves more than it you want to put up with her-you can. used to. Perhaps you need a change. Perhaps, as I have said you have been who wants to be pretty ought to do But I wouldn't stand for it, I can tell And that day Helen almost came to the conclusion that she would not stand month. If by that time you have not around in the nineties. It was ironing day. In the same stolld shown any desire to conquer this sullensulleness Delia washed up the dishes put on the irons and got out the ironing

white skirt first. I want to mend the tace-I didn't have time before I put it in the wash. The you can press out that a low chair to think it over. shower sheet next. I want to hang that

Della was rearranging the Irons on the who wanted her to come up for luncheon stove and did not deign to reply, and and then to go shopping. Helen went in to straighten up the

bedroom, which she always did on ironthe kitchen to get the skirt and shower leave Delia to think things over alone.

her enjoyments was somewhat clouded Didn't you understand me, Della, when by her thoughts of Delia.

She felt herself weakening. She pictured the procession of ignorance, clumsy and untidy girls that she might have to try before she could find any one so Now finish that as quickly as you can and iron my skirt," eHien's voice was trustworthy as Delia. She almost began to wish that she hadn't insisted on the troning of the skirt. Perhaps, while A little later she came back to find Delia ironing another table cloth! Still Delia had this sullen fit, she should have left her alone.

the skirt had not been touched. For a It was with no little anxiety that Helen moment Helen was to astonished and angry to say anything at all. And Delia, returned home a few minutes before 5 The first thing she saw was the white pretending not to see her as she stood in the door, ironed on without looking skirt spread on her bed. It had been rewashed and reironed-and beautifully ironed! The yellow scorch was entirely "Delia, you can put that tablecloth washed out, and the lace carefully "Have to iron this while it's wet," still mended.

Unquestionable it was a surrender But Helen's satisfaction in her victory any real issue with Delia, and then was tempered by her sympathy for Delia Delia had won. It had been shortly after and her desire to make the surrender as her marriage and Helen, terrified by the easy as possible. It would be kinder, thought of the unknown in efficiencies she decided, to make no reference to the of a new girl, had yielded. Now she was skirt just now, to act as if nothing had determined she would not yield. With- happened, and then to show her appre-

out further comment she unrolled the ciation later on in some other way. With a rare delicacy and understandsprinkled, laid it on the ironing board ing, Helen did not even go into the before Della, and then deliberately drew kitchen until it was necessary to give some instruction for dinner. When she She was not at all sure what Delia entered Delia was washing a head of

would do. She might put the Iron back lettuce. on the stove and flounce out of the place. 'There ain't enough tematoes for the Delia should have an extra afternoon off made. I leave for winter time.

Lillian Lorraine's Beauty Secrets for Girls



By LILLIAN LORRAINE.

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 here too long, and you might be happier everything she can to prevent herself in another place. Now, that it what we from fading away like a woe-begone lily must decide before the first of the when the thermometer goes aeroplaning

The girl who wilts in the heat usually ness, then I shall certainly not want you has straight hair. I know she thinks it's a curse from heaven, and, frankly, I am It was one of the longest speeches that sorry for her, especially if she feels that Helen had ever made, and when 😁 she must have curls to be presentable. closed the kitchen door after her and Perhaps she can wave her hair with went back into her room she sank into water with a little sugar dissolved in it. The water wave is done by wilting the But her meditations were interrupted hair and then arranging it in ringlets by the telephone. It was Mrs. Stevens, 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 Helen had planned to unpack some any but your front hair for summer; summer clothes that afternoon, but she and, first of all, see if you cannot wear realized how hard it would be to work it in some other style which will not rehead and looping it up with side combs ican summer like ours. is all the fashion, and the small coronet frizzing of the hair.

with too many hairpins.

I frequently think that women wouldn't 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 those short hairs as many hairpins if it's one of those them at an open window. quaint old-fashioned ones, with the velvet ribbon around the edge.

huskiness which comes after tears. "Why, yes, Della, and you might make have them scrupulously neat. directions about the dinner. trying to at your neck should have been laundered does in summer. speak as naturally as she could.

the lettuce. Helen knew that it was not ical discomfort. sullenness, but a desire to hide the traces Of course, the most important thing of proved by fall. The water shouldn't be to question the assumptions and in men to Dante, and it is well that we

went back to fold up and put away the live off vegetables, eggs, fruits and perspiration induced by the heat acts go to the stake. skirt. And she resolved that next week salads. Cakes, unless they are very well better than any Turkish bath, and it's Descartes did not have in his nature book that inspired the initial ways and Helen knew that she was taking chances, salad, ma'am-will I hard-boil some and a ticket to the matinee,

MISS LILLIAN LORRAINE.

few bits of borax.

from falling and will add to the general least once a day and ventilate your shoes high starched collars, and then boast of at all, but a mere neatness. Besides, a net does not take and slippers when you are not wearing our superior intelligence.

fussy clothes. Somehow very elaborate out some of her strenuous engagements I never wear collars in summer time, summer dresses, unless they are created rest instead, especially during the tions of a great dressmaker's art, never heat of the day. "Early to rise" is one eggs?" There was no tinge of sullenness look as pretty as simple things, and it is of the wisest things for the summer girl in her voice, but there was a suspicious a mental strain to try to keep them clean. Who has household chores to do, and But if you wear simple things try to "carly to bed" is more necessary in sum-

or the lace around the cuffs pressed out

Helen's own eyes were misty as she comes I eat hardly any meat at all and careful that it is fresh and pure. The had to keep his thinking to himself or ever wrote has been so useful to mankind

When I drink ice cream soda water fing the skin.

and that isn't just because I don't want | take good care not to be overheated, and just after this talk with Delia. It would quire curling. This year there are all to ruin my neck. I've always felt choked I take the drink very slowly. If you be much better for her to go out and kinds of pretty ways of doing hair with in a high collar, and I think they make gulp down a a few ice cream sodas you short bangs and two braided knots over one feel warmer than anything else. Of need not wonder that your digestion and Ordinarily Helen would have thoroughly the ears or a slight pompadour and knot course, I know they are supposedly fash-your complexion don't stand the strain. enjoyed the luncheon and the afternoon at the back. Parting the hair either at jonable for street wear in Paris, but I think we are all too energetic in shopping with Mrs. Stevens, but now the side or in the middle of the fore- Paris doesn't enjoy a nice tropical Amer- summer time, and wish that we took great story of man's mental evolution. riestas during the moon hours as people Another thing for the wilting, weary, do who live in cities no warmer than braids are pretty and don't require much warm summer girl to remember. Her New York or Chicago, but called tropical, clent and modern stockings. White stockings are the very I suppose, because the men wear pongez thought was marked In summer time don't tire your head best, and if your feet hurt you change suits and there are so many paim trees, for all time when both stockings and shoes every day and | That seems to be the only difference. Descarts published go about bare-footed as much as you can And while I'm about it I'm going to pat his wonderful book. feel so hot if they didn't look both warm and bathe the feet night and morning my own sex on the back. In summe: either in sait water or in water with a we are much more sensible than men the thought of men We wear long kid gloves and French ... ... ... ... ... schol-Use plenty of talcum powder on your heels and hats a yard wide, but we don't astic; in other aching feet and have fresh stockings at wear warm serge and woolen suits, with words, not thought

But there, I've left my little Don't waste a bit of energy wearing weather girl without begging her to cut that it becomes modern, scientific-in fine. mer than in winter, for the cold air is an egg dressing-you make that very If you don't feel perfectly fresh in bracing and invigorating, and one does nicely." And she went on to give some summer and are conscious that the frill not feel the strain of work or play as one

> all is one's diet. As soon as hot weather ice cold, like spring water, and be very fallibities is was all up to him. He either should do se, but nothing that Dante a simple and perfectly safe way of clear- the stuff that martyrs are made of, so means for the intellectual emancipation

## Color of the Hair and Its Effect on Man;

man, who says that he is middle- of her head, but for what was on the inaged and thinking seriously of matri- side of it. It would be her brains, and not mony, writes me a letter in which he her hair that would count with me, and asks my aid in picking out a wife. if I could find a woman who had real He asks which type of girl, the blonde, good, hard, old-fashioned horse sense she might have hair the color of a rainbow,

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 fickie and conceited. 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

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 he 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

combed or not. I shouldn't marry a say Jack Robinson. I should know by that token that she 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 out on the hearth of a homegood sense, and that she was one of those

pick her out for what was on the outside down to Hades as well as up to heaven.

Coiffure the Thing to Impress His Mind

or wear a wig for all that I would care.

That is the one thing in matrimony that has got hair and straight fronts and twenty-inch waists and peaches and cream complexions, and all the other attributes of beauty, simply left at the altar. It is the one unfalling panacea for making married life a grand sweet song. and the man who gets a wife whose head piece carries a full equipment of intelligence need never inquire whother she is one of the Seven Sutherland Sisters, or hangs her rat across the back of a chair at night.

For if a woman has sense all other charms and virtues, even hair, will be added unto her according to her needs. I should pick out a wife for her gray matter instead of her golden curls, because I would want for a life companion same rational view of every subject and who would be a helpmate instead of a hindrance. I would know that if I married a flaxen-haired doll baby I should have to treat her as a doll baby as long as she lived.

I should look out for common sense first, foremost and all the time in my selection of a wife, because I would know that the woman who had that changes the most raven tresses, or the would be equal to any emergency that most golden locks to drab white, and should arise. It wouldn't make any difthen the thing that counts to a man is ference whether she had been raised not the hair on his wife's head, but the rich or poor, whether she had been usedaweetness of her nature, the loyalty of to luxury or hard times, whether she her heart, the tender helpfullness of her knew how to cook or sew, or not. If I was able to give her Paris clothes and If I were a man trying to pick out a a limousine she would know how to wife I should take only one look at a ndorn them. If I was poor she would woman's hair, and that would be, not get busy with a cook book and a sewingto see what particular color it was, but machine and turn herself into cordon whether it was neatly and sensibly pleu and a dressmaker before you could

woman whose hair looked as if it were I would pick out a woman with good always tumbling down, and in need of a common sense because the equable mind good shampoo and a box of hairpins, for goes with the equable temper. Jealousy, envy, high temper, bitter speeches, are was a slovenly woman, and would make the hall marks of the narrow brain, and the kind of a wife that would come to the limited outlook on life. The woman whose vision holds yesterday as well as tomorrow, who beholds the littleness of things that loom large to the meaner intellect, is the woman of serene disposition, of controlled temper and tongue, the woman who is filled with cheery optimism at which the heart of a man may warm itself as at a fire that never goes

Go to, brother. When you seek a wife," silly, frivolous little creatures who, as turn your eyes away from the color of Rose Stahl used to say in the "Chorus a woman's locks, and look beneath it, and Lady," "have nothing on their minds but see what is in her brain pan. It is said that, "beauty draws men with a single If I were selecting a wife I hould not hair," but just remember it draws them

## The Discourse on Method

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

"or that book

pretense for

thought, while after Like the thoughtful mother who was perfectly willing for her daughter to walking around and around in a circle, swim, provided she would not "go near the men of the middle ages, with few the water," the pre-Cartesian authorities exceptions, thought without thinking, were satisfied to have men think, pro- marked time without making any advided they would not think. Certain as being infallibly true, and so long as some other equally bright individual one did not go contrary to those things arisen to show them how to do the real While Delia kept her head bowed over again, you are only adding to your phys- tween meals in summer time you will he might do what he pleased in the way thinking and to reach the real facts. find your complexion wonderfully im- of thinking. But if his thinking led him

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY, 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 always remain a red letter day in the 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 too 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 nothings and the actual facts, the things that rest upon fancy or dogma and the things that rest upon he facts

of nature and the reason of man." Such, in the man, was the spirit and marked the dividing line between mental slavery and mental freedom. Like the blind herse lost in the field or the woods. vance; and these men would have remained to this day had not Descartes or

We are about to set up a grand monuas the book written by Descartes-the







he left France for Holland, where he of the human race.