

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

WHAT COULD HARRY DO WITHOUT A PROPELLER?

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By Tad



Married Life the Second Year

Helen Goes to the Dentist and Warren is There to Give Her Courage.

By MABEL HERBERT UINER.

"Dr. H. M. Friesman, Surgeon Dentist," read the lettering on the ground glass. As Helen opened the door, a bell rang shrilly until she entered and closed it after her.

For a moment she stood uncertainly in the little reception room. Then the doctor, white-coated and with an instrument in his hand, appeared at his office door.

"Oh, good afternoon, Mrs. Curtis. I'll see you in just a few minutes. I'm not quite through yet."



Helen took a chair by the table and turned over the several months' old magazines. There were a number of numerous wedding, match, thumbs, among them. Evidently people who were waiting for the dentist did not care for any heavier literature than that offered by a comic paper.

The peculiar odor of mingled drugs and antiseptics that is always part of the atmosphere of a dentist's office filled the room. Helen tried to force down that fluttering tremulous feeling that this odor and the nearness to the dental chair always brought.

She dreaded it so! Her teeth were peculiarly sensitive. The least work on them hurt her cruelly—and she shrank from pain with all the horror of a child. And today there were to be two fillings and one tooth drawn.

She was to take gas for the extraction, and Warren had promised to come up at 4:30 to be with her. Then it was a quarter of four and the work was to be done on the fillings until Warren came.

From the other room now came a man and a woman's voice: "Oh, doctor—don't! Oh! Oh!"

Then the doctor's voice: "Hold still, now—just a second longer. There—now this won't hurt."

The moon had not helped to soothe Helen's own quivering nerves. She tried to keep her mind on the comic paper, but she read one of the jokes three times without realizing what it said. It was a midsummer number. How strange the jokes of a midsummer magazine seem in midwinter! There were the usual squibs about the seaman, the scanty bathing suit and the summer widower.

"Now that's all today," came the doctor's voice. "If that cotton filling hurts you—you can take it out. But it's better left in."

"Then Tuesday at 10 I think you said?" asked the woman.

Helen's heart beat faster. She knew now he would soon be ready for her. The woman came through, put on her wraps, which were lying on a chair beside Helen, and hurried out.

"Now, Mrs. Curtis," and the doctor appeared once more at the door. Helen went in, laid aside her wraps, and got up into the chair. Just the sight of the shining instruments made her sick with fear. She could hear him washing his hands behind the screen.

"Well, we're getting a real touch of winter today," he remarked cheerfully. It's a prevailing belief among dentists, and physicians that some compensatory remark tends to distract the patient's thought, when as a rule it irritates them by the very consciousness of its intention.

Helen leaned back and closed her eyes, while with brisk indifference he made ready his instruments.

"Now, just a moment, please," as he quickly adjusted a rubber shield in her mouth. "Just a little wider—there."

For half an hour he worked on the filling. Except for an occasional moan, Helen made no outcry. But her hands were clenched tight on the arms of her chair and her feet braced rigidly against the floor.

Dr. Friesman was the most conscientious and painstaking in his work, and while he made every effort to minimize the pain, yet his manner was not sympathetic. And now as the instrument touched a nerve, with a stifled cry Helen put up her hand.

"Don't do that!" he warned her coldly. "Don't catch my hand or you'll make the instrument slip."

And again Helen clenched the arms of the chair, every nerve taut under the intense pain. Desperately she tried to think of something to help her. Then she recalled what she had once been told was the greatest of all helps in a dental chair—to try to realize how little was really being done. That it is only because the work is on the teeth that it hurts so. Could the same things be done anywhere else—it would hardly hurt at all. Now would there be any pain in the tooth

if the nerve was dead. It was a tiny nerve that caused all the pain—just the touching and jarring of this nerve. She tried to think of it in this way, and somehow it made the pain a little less.

Suddenly the reception room door was opened and the bell rang shrilly until it closed again. It was Warren. The doctor left her for a second and went to the door.

"We'll be through in just a few moments, Mr. Curtis. I'm polishing off the last filling."

Helen was painfully conscious of how ridiculous she looked with her head back and her mouth wide open and with the glaring light from the window falling full upon her. She hoped Warren would stay in the reception room for a few moments, so he would not see her like this. But he came in and stood close by the chair, looking down at her.

"Getting along all right?"

She made a faint motion of her head. Oh, if he would only go away—if he wouldn't look at her now! And she couldn't speak, for the doctor was holding her mouth open firmly.

"Now, a little wider please; I can't see if you half close your mouth. There, that's better."

Helen was forced to stretch open her mouth even more. Oh, how hideous one must look! And she was so helpless. Oh, why did Warren persist in standing there? At length the doctor laid down his instrument and took out the rubber shield. Helen sat up and smoothed back her hair.

"Oh, let me get up and fix my hair and rest a moment before you give me that," she pleaded nervously, as the doctor made ready the apparatus for giving the gas.

"Nonsense," said Warren, "what difference does it make about your hair? And this isn't going to be any strain on you—you won't know anything about it."

"Now, just lean back, please," said the doctor with professional indifference.

"Oh, no—not just yet!" Helen looked up, terrified at the tube he was about to place over her face. She had never taken gas before and now she was filled with the horror of the unknown. With a helpless gesture she reached out her hand to Warren.

"Now, don't be foolish," as he took her hand and held it firmly. "It'll be all over in a moment and you won't feel anything."

"Just lie back, please," repeated the doctor.

With a sense of helpless terror Helen lay back and the rubber tube was placed over her face. Desperately she held to Warren's hand as she breathed the sickening odor of the gas. Then came a soothing, throbbing sensation, she could hear the doctor's voice saying, "Breathe

deeper," but it seemed strangely far away. Everything was confused and vague. And then came a curious feeling as though she were floating away out into space.

"Now, you're all right. Take this and rinse out your mouth."

Helen opened her eyes with a start. The doctor was placing a glass in her hand. Warren was standing on the other side.

"Now, that wasn't hard—you didn't know anything about it."

"Oh—is it out?"

"Of course it's out!"

"But I feel so strange and dizzy."

She was filled with a hysterical desire to laugh and cry. She supposed that was the effects of the gas. She wanted to hold to Warren—to cling to him and

Daffydils

"PHILOSOPHY HAS NOTHING TO OFFER A RETIRING PERSON WHOSE SHOES SQUEAK"

TOM SHARKEY WAS A SAILOR. BOLD. ALL TIGHTWADS HED DESPISE SIR AND MANY A TIME AND OFT I'M TOLD HED SWING HARD ATOMIZER AND THATS WHAT THE LITTLE BOY GOT FOR GOING NEAR THE WATER.

FOR THE SIXTH STRAIGHT DAY HERMAN PENBODY HAD TURKEY ON HIS TABLE AT BREAKFAST. HE WONDERED IF THE DAY WOULD EVER COME WHEN THERE WOULD BE NO MORE TURKEY IN THE ICE BOX HE TOOK A FINAL SLANT AT THE PLATE AND THEN CALLING THE COOK IN ASKED IF THE CHORUS GIRLS LOOK STUNNING IN PINK SATIN HOW DO YOU THINK THEY'D LOOK IN OLIVE VOILE?

OH WASNT SHE THE FOOLISH GIRL TO BE A BARTENDER'S BRIDE.

THEM'S HARSH WORDS NELL.

HA HA. I'M A CONDUCTOR ON A TROLLEY CAR NOW. OH WHAT A CINCH. I REPORT AT THE BARN AT 6.30 AND IF MY CAR ISNT IT I SIT OUTSIDE IN THE COLD TILL IT COMES.

THEN I MAKE TRIPS BY K.R.R. KEEP COUNT OF THE PASSENGERS ON EACH TRIP AND UP THE REGISTER AND SEE IF IT BALANCES RIGHT. HELP PEOPLE ON AND OFF.

HELP PUSH TRUCKS OFF THE TRACK—CHANGE THE TIRES EACH TRIP—THEN 4 DAYS A WEEK I DO EXTRA DUTY TILL MIDNIGHT—AFTER THAT MY TIMES MY OWN.

GEE YOU'RE A HAPPY GUY.

YEP! NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW.

The Manicure Lady

"I have had an awful lot of neuralgia lately, George," said the Manicure Lady. "Honest to goodness, I feel as if I ought to be at home right now. It's awful to have a headache and then have to listen to a lot of sweet nothings that the customers say. Yesterday, when my head felt the worst, a guy from Roscoe, up state, comes in and tells me that my hair is like a halo. And the minute I get his snide did in comes a gent from the middle west, somewhere in Illinois, and tells me that my eyes remind him of two blue lakes. Well, George, I guess there is only one answer. I guess I'll have to blow the game and get married."

"I hope you don't make no false step," warned the Head Barber. "There is a lot of young men on the market these days

mony came up, that he would get married himself if he could find some fine widow with a bankroll, so he could live somewhere out on a country estate and write a few plays. He is working on a blank verse play right now, one of them tragedies that sounds like Mister Shakespeare. Poor Wilfred took the scenario to all the big producers, and after he had walked right in he walked right out again. He said they all told him the play sounded too literary."

"You'd think, wouldn't you, George, that literary plays would have a great call these days, but somehow it don't seem that way. This blank verse play of Wilfred's is about a married couple. That's what made me think of it when you and me was talking about matrimony."



"LOTS OF YOUNG MEN WHO'D MAKE PHONY HUSBANDS."

that would be awful long shots for husbands."

"Leave it to be, George," said the Manicure Lady. "I ain't no Vassar graduate, but I have just that much native brightness that no Joe can come along and put no ring on my next to the little left finger. The female of the species is more fussy than the male. Leave it to me, George."

"Brother Wilfred was saying last night, when the subject of matrimony and all-

It seems there is a man that poses for a German baron and comes over to Newport and marries a pretty young girl named Inez. Brother has some of the grandest lines in that play that you have ever saw. Listen to this verse, the part that I learned by heart:

"The Baron:
Inez, I love thee. More no man can say. I love the gold that illumines your dear hair.
I love the eyes that, like two syrian pools, sparkle in the glade."
—Inez:
Thanks, my dear baron, for them words you said—
I'm a girl. I think, all like appreciation. And something in the way you said them words—
Or maybe in them words themselves—who knows?
—Inez made me feel as happy as a child, but, baron, I am poor."
—Exit Baron.

"That's a wonderful brother, that Wilfred of yours," said the Head Barber. "But getting back to your neuralgia and your plans for matrimony, I don't think it would be a bad idea at all for you to get married. The only thing that surprises me is that a girl of your beauty should have stayed inside so long. If I were a bachelor, kiddo, and you were working in the same shop with me, I wouldn't be one long."

"That's awful sweet of you, George," said the Manicure Lady, "but you are a blonde, and I want to marry a dark man with a fair income."

The Return of Beauty



By Nell Brinkley

Helen's heart beat faster. She knew now he would soon be ready for her. The woman came through, put on her wraps, which were lying on a chair beside Helen, and hurried out.

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"Of course it's out!"

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She was filled with a hysterical desire to laugh and cry. She supposed that was the effects of the gas. She wanted to hold to Warren—to cling to him and

When they reached home she drew him toward the big chair.

"I want you to hold me, dear—just a moment! I feel all worriment from that gas."

"Nonsense, you're imagining most of it. Go in and lie down if you want to rest."

"That won't help me," half sobbing. "This is the only thing that will help."

as she drew him reluctant into the chair and nestled down into his arms. "This is what I want," with a long quivering sigh of content, "what I always want!"

WE ARTFUL DODGERS

By CHESTER FERRINS.

Dodge in the morning
And dodge in the night.
Happy or hopeless,
Or sober or tight.
Life in a city,
Wherever you lodge,
Is nothing whatever but
Dodge, dodge, dodge.

Auto-a-screaming,
You pass without seeing,
Only to walk in a
Trolley's grim path.
Out of that peril,
You face a wild truck,
Life in a city's just
Duck, duck, duck.

Manholes exploding,
With covers a-fly;
Dynamites ending,
The rock piles on high.
If you're alive
Is only by luck;
Human existence is
Duck, duck, duck.

Dodging the people
Who rush for the train;
Dodging the strike tramps,
Brickbatful rains;
Dodging the rent bill
Whenever you lodge—
Life in a city's just
Dodge, dodge, dodge.