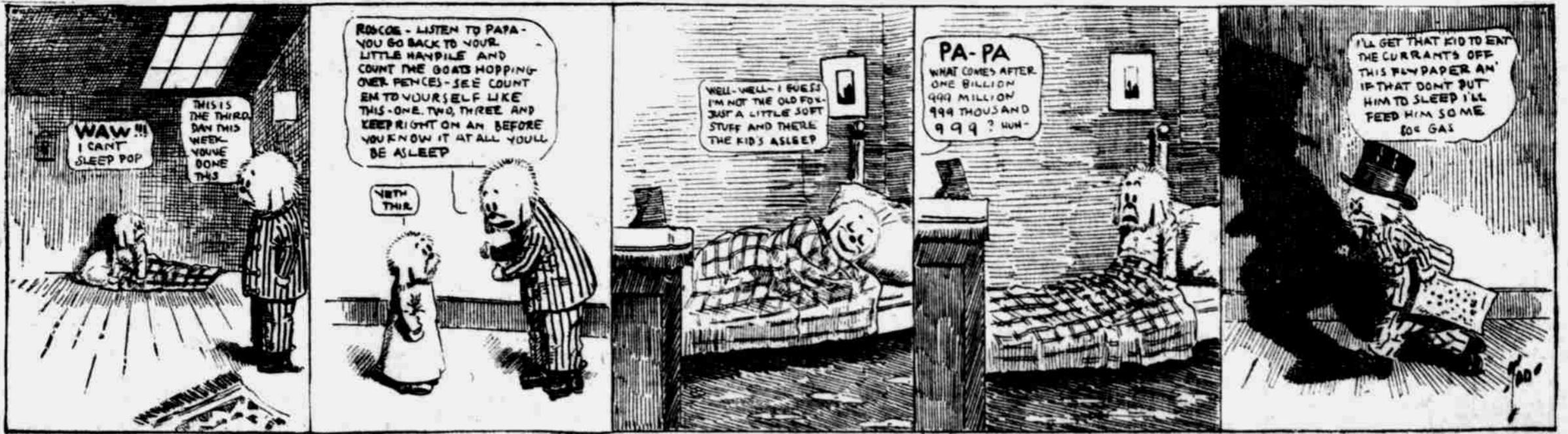


The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY HAS THE DOPE ON SLEEP

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By Tad



Married Life the Third Year

No. 4—Helen Unwisely Persists in Asking the Same Question in Many Different Ways.

By MABEL HERBERT URNER.

"But, Warren, you won't be gone long," asked Helen, tremulously. "Can't tell how long. I've got to stay 'till I put this deal through or find out that it can't be done—and I'm going to find that out!"

"But, how long do you think it'll take—about how long?"

"Gad, that's like you! If I tell you I don't know—then you want to know what I think! You never let up."

"Why, dear, I just wanted to know about when I could expect you back?"

"Well, I told you I don't know! And I'm not going to guess or surmise about a thing I don't know."

"Oh, Warren, don't please don't let me have any harsh words 'tween you and me!"

"Well, then, don't irritate me by your infernal persistence. When I say I don't know I mean I don't know! Where's the mischief?"

"Clipping a cigar and looking around frowningly. "Can't you ever leave any matches where they can be found?"

"Why, aren't they right there on the end of the mantle?"

"Hub, carefully hiding behind a vase. But I don't see," striking a match with unnecessary force, "why you're so keen about my coming back. A little separation'll do us both good. We've been grating on each other a whole lot lately."

"Oh, Warren, don't say that!"

"Well, I will say that. It's the truth. We're always getting on each other's nerves. It's got to where you exasperate me at times."

"Warren, how do I exasperate you? If you'd only tell me—I'd try so hard not to. Sometimes it seems that I can't say anything without irritating you."

"There you go again! That remark's not likely to put me in a good humor—is it? Now I say my having to go on this trip is a mighty good thing for us both. We've been copped up here together for too long any way. All married people ought to have a vacation from each other occasionally. It's better to have a little separation now and then—than a permanent one after a while."

"A permanent one?" Helen's lips quivered. "Why, Warren, what do you mean?"

"Just what I say! That it's better to have a little separation now and then than a permanent one later on."

"But, Warren, you don't mean—oh, you can't mean!"

"Now, for heaven's sake don't get melodramatic! People do separate sometimes. It's not an unheard-of thing—is it? But I'm not saying we're going to. What I do say is that it'll be a darn sight better for us to have a few short separations than to let the chances of a mighty long one."

"Oh, Warren, that you could ever consider such a thing!"

"There you go again! You're always putting words into my mouth. I can usually manage to say what I mean. And if I meant I was considering our separation I'd say so. Now, for heaven's sake, drop the subject—drop it! By Jove, of all persistent women! When you get started there's no stopping you. You can harp on a thing longer than anybody I ever knew."

Helen bit her lip. Something had made her unusually irritable today, and he was talking it out on her. For almost a week she had known there was a possibility of his having to go on this California trip, but it was not definitely decided until today.

And not only had he come home from the office this afternoon with the news that he was going Thursday, but he had also come home in an unusually bad humor.

"Where are those time tables I brought with me?"

"You left them in the dining room. Wait, I'll get them."

"Now, as he spread them out before him, "I've got to find a train that leaves around midnight that'll put me in Buffalo before noon. I want a couple of hours there to see Mr. Thompson—"

Helen watched him in silence as he frowned over the time tables. There was a cold, clutching weight at her heart that had been there since he told her he was going to San Francisco. It was the first time since their marriage that he had left her for so long a trip, and she did not even know how long! The thought of the lonely, empty days without him loomed before her as an endless period.

To a woman like Helen the indifference, the coldness, the selfishness of the man she loves is as nothing compared to his absence. She can endure almost any neglect or mistreatment if only she knows

she can see him every day. But the thought that she cannot see him—that for days, weeks, months, perhaps, he will be away! It is this that drives her to desperate things.

"Dear, had you thought I might go with you?"

"You go with me! How in thunder could you go?"

"Why, Winifred is old enough now, and she's always good on the cars. And I've—I've that check Uncle George sent me Christmas, and I'd rather spend it this way than for anything else in the world. And, dear, I thought—"

"Well, you've got another thought coming! I've about as much idea of taking you and Winifred on this trip as I have of—leaving the sentence unfinished for want of a strong comparison. Now, what's the matter? Can't a man go on a business trip without having such a howl set up about it?"

"Oh, dear, don't—it's only natural that I should dread your leaving me."

"Nonsense, you went on a trip to your home last summer, didn't you?"

"Oh, but that was different."

"How different? That's always a woman's answer. Whenever she does anything it's different! Now drop this, I tell you! I've got enough to worry about. If you'll just let me alone 'till I can look over this time table! Here's the train I want—11:45. Now, that'll get me in Buffalo at 11:45—running his finger down the column—at 11:45. And I can get a through train out of there at 1:45."

For several minutes more he pored over the time tables and then threw them down with a slam.

"Well, that's settled. I'll take that 11:45. Now, how about that so-called trunk? Did I ever have the lock on that fixed?"

"Why, Warren, you won't stay long enough to need that large trunk—won't the steamer trunk be better?"

"No, it won't. How many times must I tell you I don't know how long I'm going to stay? Now, where's that leather trunk?"

"Why, it's in the basement, dear."

"Then let's go down and get it up."

Helen got the keys and a few minutes later they were in the basement dragging the trunk out of their locker. The janitor had said he would be right down, but Warren, always impatient, was pulling them out himself.

"Oh, dear, do be careful!" pleaded Helen anxiously. "If that should fall on your foot!"

"Now I'll manage this—just keep out of the way. There," finally dragging the trunk out. "This lock's not bad—it's only sprung. I can fix that myself. What's in here?" opening the trunk and displaying some summer clothes. "Want to take this stuff out?"

Helen hurriedly emptied the trunk into one of the others, and then the janitor came and took it up.

"Now, where's the hammer and that small chisel?" demanded Warren when the trunk had been shoved up against the bedroom wall.

"There now," after a few minutes' work. "That's all right," trying the key, which now turned readily in the lock.

"Now that's a good trunk, standing back and supporting it critically. "And it's a good big one. I can take a lot of things in that."

"But, Warren, will you?"—But Helen caught herself in time. To ask again if he would be gone long enough to need so many things would only exasperate him further.

"Will I what?"

"And then as she still hesitated he repeated more sharply:

"Will I what?"

"Oh, nothing, dear. I forgot now what I was going to say."

"Um, well, it might be a darn sight better if you'd forget pretty often."

Daniel O'Connell's Humor

The following anecdote shows the great humor of O'Connell in an unusual mood. On a certain day, one of the members of the faction in ascendancy was opposed to him in a case. The sergeant asserted that a particular custom was well known in all Ireland. O'Connell denied this, saying: "We know nothing of the custom in the County Kerry" (his native county).

"Oh, said Sergeant Jackson, with a sneer; "I have never been in the kingdom of Kerry."

"I am sorry to hear it," said O'Connell. "I should be delighted to see my friend in Kerry. We would show him the beautiful lakes of Killarney."

"Aye," said the sergeant, "the bottom of them."

"Indeed, no," said O'Connell; "I would not frighten the fish."

Maggie, Rinse the Can! By Tad



Sherlocko the Monk The Episode of the Mutilated Magazine

By GUS MAGER. Copyright, 1912, National News Assn.



To Know How to Think is Most Important of All

Wrong Mental Habits Cause All Disease, for if the Mental Habits Are Right They Will Include the Knowledge of Right Physical Habits.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

From one of America's great health resorts, an earnest woman writes an earnest letter.

This lady is where she sees and hears much of human misery.

She sees women and children who are suffering from the sins of the husbands and fathers; sins which these men and the world, indulgently refer to as the result of the criminal modesty of parents, who permit their sons and daughters to go forth from the home with no moral equipment to help them fight the enemies from without and within that wait always on the borderland of youth to dare the young to battle.

Not long ago, I met a brilliant attorney, a man in the early forties, who was suffering from threatened blindness. He said it was due to "overwork." His optic nerve was becoming weakened by constant strain. From an intimate and reliable source, however, the true cause of his trouble was explained. The man had been "sowing his oats" persistently for years, and now he was reaping the crop.

He had gone, ignorantly, no doubt, to the call of the senses, and no one had told him there were other than moral penalties to pay for answering to this call.

Some day, not far distant, our high schools and our colleges will deal with this subject from the practical common sense standpoint. And stimulants and sex dangers will be shown as paths leading to hell upon earth, insanity, disease, early decrepitude, early blindness and senility.

And when these things are taught and understood in our schools, young men will be ashamed to boast of "sowing wild oats."

The woman who writes me from the health resort, says:

"The sorrow and agony of the world, especially of the helpless women and children, affect me tremendously, and for nearly seven years I have spent almost all of my time and money trying to bring about that time when all sorrow and suffering would cease."

"Where the vision fades the people perish, and some of us have to think in advance of the times, else there would be no progress."

"You are as anxious as I am to 'lift the heavy Karma' of the world, so you will not think lightly of this."

"You and I know that nearly all sickness is caused by wrong physical habits, and if the people knew how to eat, drink, exercise, breathe and bathe there would be little of the devil left."

Yes, to know how to breathe and bathe, exercise, and then to do the things one



Humor of Justice Harlan

The late Justice was passionately fond of golf, and this pastime doubtless helped to prolong his life and keep him in excellent bodily trim. The now famous story of his remark to the English archbishop on the Chevy Chase golf links has gone the rounds, but will bear repetition.

The archbishop addressed the ball with becoming dignity and swung at it with great force, but missed it entirely. Again he repeated the stroke, with the same result. Another trial brought no better returns. The ball stood there undisturbed.

The archbishop was not undisturbed, however. His face became very red, but outwardly he preserved the peace. At the conclusion of the third unsuccessful effort Justice Harlan relieved the situation by remarking:

"(Teverend sir, that was the profanest silence I ever listened to."

Lecturing to a class of law students the Justice once passed his hand over his mouth and then to one side, whereupon the students, knowing that he used tobacco, went into a gale of merriment at his expense. The Justice looked at them for a moment indulgently and half reproachfully and then he said:

"Young gentlemen, on this occasion you are mistaken in your conclusions."

Robley D. Evans

By PERCY SHAW.

Some to their last reward unannounced depart;
Some bear the tribute of the grieving heart;
To you who sailed
The seven seas, nor faltered once nor failed,
We bow the head—
But not in sorrow, for we see you go
A noble figure in the after glow
Of good deeds done; so, since the Pilot came
On riftless tide, and, pausing, called your name,
And silent led
Into His ship, trimmed for the unknown coast,
We give our smiles who loved you here the most.

In Time's full book each has his little place;
His meed of praise wherein he helped his race;
Thus yours is told:
"In peace, in war, in younger years and old
His course was laid
In battle storm to liberate the slave;
In calm to ease the sorrows of the grave;
With feet of steel he spanned the ocean poles,
And with a nation's glory stirred men's souls."
So, unafraid,
May we behold the last rope cast away
As we embark for the eternal day.