

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

HARRY MISPLACED A TICKET, LOST A ROLL AND A GOAT

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By Tad



Married Life the Third Year

In Which Warren Leaves at Midnight on a Western Business Trip.

By MABEL HERBERT CRNER.

Warren had promised to come home early. His train left at 11:44 and Helen had hoped he could spend part of the afternoon as well as the evening with her. But it was after 5 when he came.

"Couldn't get here any earlier," as he shrugged out of his overcoat. "Things came piling in at the last moment—they always do. Got the trunk packed."

"Yes, dear, it's all ready."

"Let's have a look at it. Here's the papers I want put in," taking up a package from the office.

Helen followed him into the bedroom and watched anxiously "as he took out the tray of the neatly packed trunk.

"What's this you have got here?"

"Oh, that's your chest protector. I thought you might have some very cold weather out there."

"All right. But here, this isn't the way to pack a coat," taking it out and re-folding it. "Where's that other gray suit?"

"Why, I didn't put that in, dear. I didn't know you'd want so many. Will you be gone long enough to need—"

"Don't know how long I'll be gone. How many times must I tell you that? But I'm going to take that gray suit. Bring it here and I'll put it in right now."

From the depths of his closet Helen brought out the gray suit.

He took it from the hanger, folded it up and packed it tightly in the trunk. Warren had strong, capable hands. He could always pack a trunk or tie up a package in more "ship shape" fashion, and with more dispatch and precision, than anyone else.

While Helen had packed the trunk neatly, things were laid in "flat." And now he took most of them out, rolled them up tight and fitted them in much more compactly.

"Now how about this tray?" setting it back in the trunk and glancing over it hurriedly. "You haven't left room enough for those papers—they've got to go in here. Wait, these handkerchiefs can go on top of the ties and that collar box on this side. There, that fits in all right. Now hand me those papers."

Helen gave him the package of papers and he fitted them in where the collar box had been.

"Now, that's better," slamming down the lid. "I'll pack that suit case after dinner. By George, I'm tired, talking off his coat and throwing himself on the couch with a yawn. "It's been a blamed hard day. Turn out that light there, and I'll see if I can't get a nap before dinner."

Helen turned out the light, threw a steamer rug over him and quietly left the room.

And this was his last evening with her! In a few hours he would be on his way to California—and yet he was spending a part of these precious few hours in sleeping.

She went out to see about the dinner. It was to be a very special dinner to-night, of the dishes which Warren particularly liked, and the table was set with the best china and silver. But he would probably not notice the little blue gown Helen was wearing, the one he had once said he liked best.

He had hardly looked at her when he came in.

"It's all ready, ma'am. Shall I serve it now?" asked Della.

"No, wait a few moments, Della. Mr. Curtis is so tired, he's laid down for a little nap, and I know he won't want to be awakened so soon."

"Dinner won't be good if it stands," grumbled Della. "The time to serve things is when they're ready."

In a few moments Helen stole quietly back into the room where Warren lay. One hand was under his head, and the other fell limply over the side of the couch. His hair was rumpled and his face slightly flushed with sleep.

Very softly she moved over to the couch and knelt down beside him. It was time to awaken him, but she wanted him this way, for a few moments, all to herself. She always felt very near him when he was asleep. There is a certain helplessness and boyishness about a strong man when he sleeps that always appeals to the mother-love in the woman that loves him.

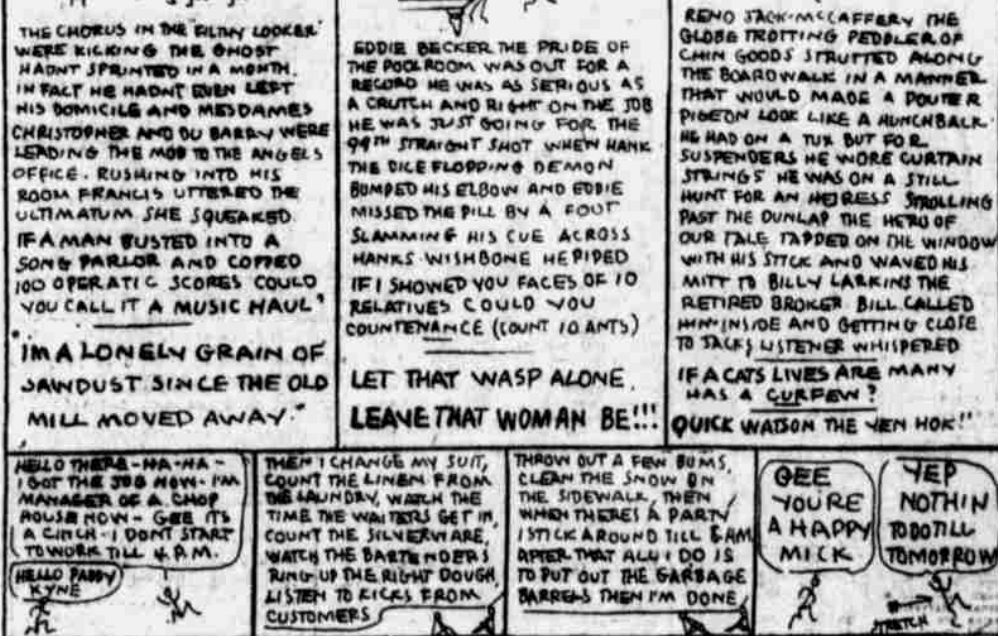
And now very softly Helen touched her lips to his shoulder—then to his hair. To her his hair seemed always to hold a fragrance all its own. Then as he did

Let That Wasp Alone!

By Tad

Daffydils

A PESSIMIST SAYS OUT ASK IS A GUY WHO THINKS THERES A HOLE IN EVERY NOSE.



"Each to His Own Work;" it is We Ourselves Who Are Out of Harmony

Whatever Your Task May Be This Present Day Make Up Your Mind to Perform it in the Spirit of Love and to Do it Well as You Can—At the End of the Year You Will Be Astonished at the Change Which Has Come About in Your Life.

By HLLA WHEELER WILCOX.

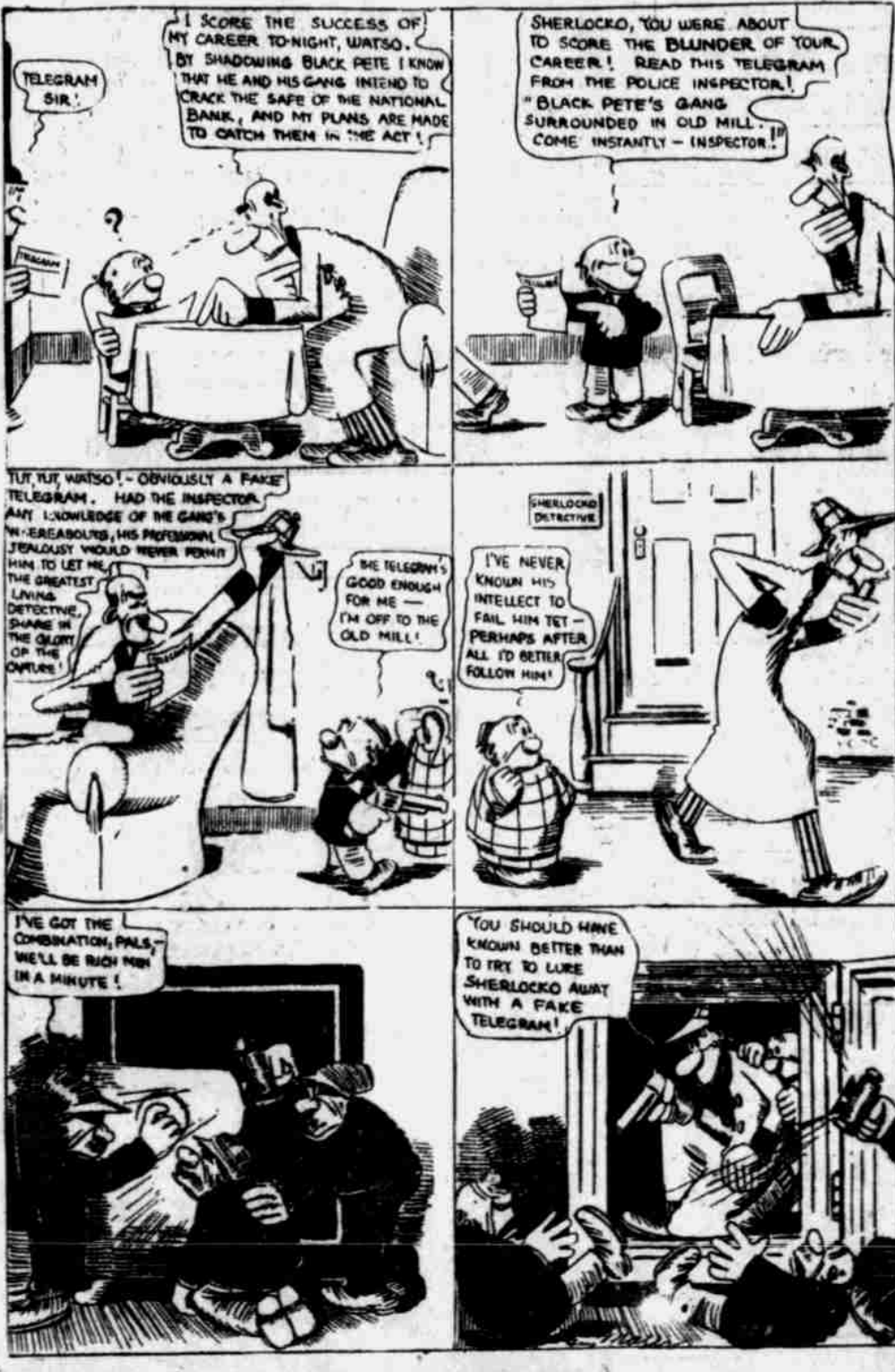
Begin the New Year with a talk to God. And ask for your divine inheritance Of usefulness, contentment and success. Assign all fear, all doubt, and all despair. The stars doubt not, and they are undimmed. Though whirled through space for countless centuries; And told not why or wherefore. And the sea With everlasting ebb and flow obeys.

And leave the purpose with the unseen cause. The star sheds radiance on a million worlds. The sea is prodigal with waves; and yet No lustre from the star is lost, and not One drop is missing from the ocean tide. Oh, brother to the star and sea, know all God's opulence is held in trust for those Who wait serenely, and who work in faith.

Sherlocko the Monk

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

The Great Bank Robbery Adventure



The Mystery of Marriage

By CHESTER FIRKINS.

When Will said he'd marry Molly. All the house was in dismay. She was just a human dolly. Pretty, flutery, gay. And we knew that, for his folly, William soon would have to pay.

Dick, the madcap, whom we'd never Credited with any sense, Did a thing that proved forever: He was far from being dense— Married Jane, both sane and clever, Though as homely as a fence.

William's wife just keeps him guessing; Calls him up when he's at work; Makes him help her with her dressing; Sends him bills so big, distressing, That he needs an extra clerk.

Sans conducts her house in order. Economic rules prevail. She has taken in a boarder. And is earning law by mail. Far from spending, she's a hoarder— Watches every bargain sale.

Will comes home to find his Molly Cuddled in a rocking chair Reading novelistic folly. Nibbling bon-bons, unaware Of the grim world's melancholy. Soild her? Why, he doesn't dare.

Jane, when Dick returns from toiling, Has the dinner on the dot. She can always time the boiling Of the systematic pot— Supervise all the molling Of sans dishes, polychot.

Dick is always cross and snappy; Failure has him on the string. Will is riotously happy; Wins, no matter what his thing. So the moral, short and snappy, Is that wives aren't everything.