



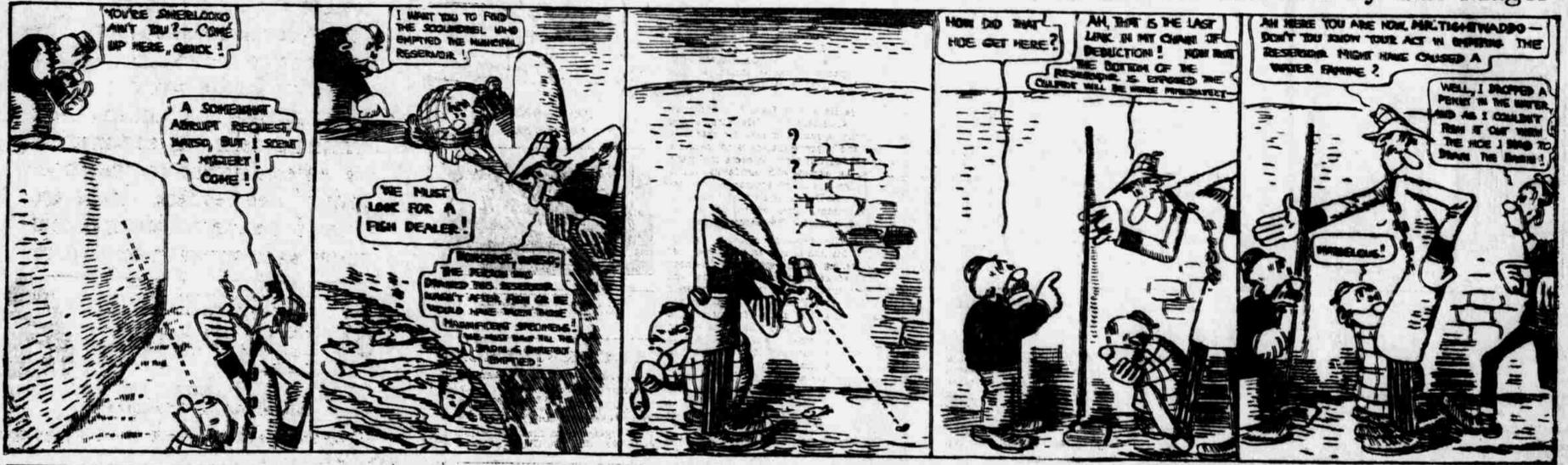
The Bee's Home Magazine Page



Sherlocko the Monk—The Adventure of the Empty Reservoir

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Drawn for The Bee by Gus Mager



Married Life the Third Year

Helen's First Impression of an Ocean Liner as the Ship Leaves the Dock.

By MABEL HERBERT UERNER.

"Here we are!" and Warren threw open the cab door as they drew up as near the gangplank as the crowd would allow.

With the assured air of the experienced traveler, he quickly paid the driver, saw to the trunk, gave the hand baggage to a white-coated steward with orders to "take them right on in to stateroom—B. 104."

Helen looked on in bewilderment. All around was confusion and hurried excitement. A steady stream of passengers pushed their way through the crowd, getting their baggage on board.

"Come on now—keep right in front of me," and Warren took her by the arm and guided her through to the gangplank.

Above them towered the ship, its five decks already black with people. As Helen went up the plank a thousand faces seemed to look down over the railings.

A band was playing, flags were fluttering and over everything was that air of holiday festivity that always accompanies the sailing of a great vessel.

The passengers were everywhere surrounded by little groups of friends and relatives who had come to see them off. Everyone was laden with flowers, and stewards were rushing through to the staterooms loaded down with boxes of flowers, fruit and other "steamer gifts."

The stairs and passageways were blocked with people. With difficulty Warren forced his way through, while Helen followed close behind.

When they reached their stateroom the baggage was already there, and there were also two boxes of flowers, a basket of fruit and a white paper package, all addressed to "Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Curtis, S. S. Belconia."

"Now, don't stop to fuss with those," commanded Warren, as with a little cry of surprise and delight Helen started to open the packages to find the cards.

"You'll have plenty of time for that. Come up on deck now and see her pull out—that's worth while. I only came down here to be sure they put in the baggage."

"Oh, but Warren!" in a tone of dismay as she glanced around and realized the size of the stateroom. "Are all the rooms so small?"

"Small! This isn't small for a stateroom. What did you expect? Large and spacious quarters with a private bath?"

"Oh, no—no; but, dear, we can hardly turn around! Where will we put our things? Why, Warren, how can we both live in here for a week?"

"Hump, other people manage it and are glad of the chance."

Helen was still looking around in genuine distress. She had never been in a stateroom before, and it seemed incredible that two people could be expected to live in so small a place.

"But dear, there isn't a place to put anything!"

"Told you not to bring a lot of trappings. You're not expected to carry a vanload of truck on board ship. Now, are you coming up on deck or not?"

As they went up Helen caught glimpses of other staterooms, but none of them were any larger, and the card on many read "Mr. and Mrs. Still her mind was filled with doubts and forebodings as to how they could manage. And if she would be seasick!

The stairs and passage ways and decks were still massed with people. But now everyone was saying "good-bye." The first whistle for all but the passengers to leave the boat had just blown, and the air of festivity was clouded by the final farewells. On every side was heard some such parting message.

"Now take care of yourself!" "A pleasant voyage!" "Cable me when you land." "I'll send you a wireless."

But there were many more silent and more pathetic leave-takings. A grasp of the hand, a kiss, or a lingering embrace, and someone would hurry away with bowed head to hide the tears that could not be kept back.

Warren drew Helen over to the railing just above the gangplank by which the visitors were leaving the boat. One after another they would hurry off, then turn and wave their handkerchief in vague uncertainty, trying in vain to dis-

tinguish the face they sought among those leaning over the rails.

O woman in black was now hurrying down the plank, drawing her veil close about her face. Even from the deck so far above, Helen could see by the quivering shoulders that she was sobbing.

Now a couple came down together, but evidently the woman was to sail, for the man was gently forcing her back. Oblivious of the many spectators the woman clung weeping to his arm. At last he broke away and almost ran off—not trusting himself to look back. For a moment the woman stood gazing helplessly after him, then turned and came slowly on board again.

And Helen, looking down upon one pathetic little scene after another, wondered if it was always like this when a ship sailed, or had the horror of the recent ocean tragedy made the partings harder.

"Oh, there they are—there! just beyond that post," and a stout middle aged woman, who was leaning over the rail beside Helen, waved her bunch of roses at some one on the deck below. "Can't you see them?" anxiously, to the man who stood behind her. "There's Belle, too—and Howard." And she took out her handkerchief and waved it with the flowers.

Helen though she could distinguish in the crowd below, the little group that were waving back, one of them trying to shout up some "last message" through a megaphone hastily improvised out of a newspaper.

"Where is he? Oh, if we could only see him," and a young woman with reddened eyes was trying eagerly to find a place by the railing.

Warren stepped back to give her his place, and then he drew Helen away.

"Come, let's not stand here."

And Helen understood. There were others who had a better right, who were leaving some one near and dear, to whom they were eager to wave a last farewell.

"Dear, you are very thoughtful, pressing lovingly against his arm, for she was always quick to appreciate his slightest act of thoughtfulness or courtesy.



Studying Your Husband—Another Viewpoint of Matrimony

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Dear Winifred Black—It would benefit many if you would explain why novelists and others underline "Study your husband." It must be a sorry love that needs to go to school after marriage.

Mutual affection of the right kind concentrates appreciation, thoughtfulness, and unselfishness. May I venture to request your approval in print? Faithfully yours, DREW DONALDSON, 219 Wyoming Street, Syracuse.



So you are just a wee bit tired of being told to study your husband, are you? Drew Donaldson? Well, I don't blame you very much. I hate the whole out and dried, planned and schemed, added and subtracted viewpoint of matrimony anyhow.

"Study your husband." If you love him you won't have to study him; you'll know him better than you know yourself. And if you don't love him all the study in the world won't do a thing but make you see every fault he has and think it's twice as big as it really is.

What is there so very mysterious about a husband? He's just a man, isn't he—a good hearted, quick tempered, unreasonable, extravagant fellow perhaps—but a man for all that? The very man you fell in love with at your friend's wedding, and he hasn't changed a bit.

Have you? Are you just the same sweet tempered, quick witted, big minded girl you were when you made him like you by admiring the other girl's frock, or have you narrowed down into something so small and so narrow minded that the most amiable creature in the world couldn't keep in love with you if he tried with all his might?

Are you as fond of him as you used to be when you couldn't hear his voice without a thrill of delight, or do you just look upon him as a good person to pay your bills and that's about all?

"It must be a sorry love that needs to go to school after marriage," you think, little woman, who's tired of being told to "study your husband," when nobody tells your husband to study you. No, I can't agree with you there.

Life is a school, every minute of it. We begin in the kindergarten and we keep right on through the first grades, where we learn to tell the letters. How many times did you cry yourself to sleep, little woman, before you learned that a-b spells ab, and not the name of something great and good that was to come to you without study?

Second grade up, where you find out about figures. Odd things, figures. They are so stubborn and so hopelessly matter of fact. They don't care how pretty you are, or how good your hearing is. What they want to know is how much is two and two, and if you don't add two and two right there's trouble for you.

Fourth grade geography—How big the world is and what an astonishing number of places there are, "bounded on the north by this" and "on the south by that," and they keep right on being bounded, too, by the same things, though you can't remember their names to save your life.

Eighth grade—Big girl now, aren't you? Hair in a braid, dresses getting longer; but the same old facts waiting for you around the new corner—only they wear different clothes. Algebra now instead of the multiplication table, the history of England instead of the history of the United States.

High school sororities—College, and at last the great degree, graduated with honor or without, as you have chosen to have it.

All a school, all a school the whole of life—and marriage is just one grade in it, the hardest grade of all, some say, and some go through it without a moment of joy and trust and loving kindness. It depends so much upon the rea-

son you entered that particular grade and who it is that sits beside you through the term.

Lessons! A dozen a day—hard ones, too, some of them. Lessons in patience, and trust, and forbearance, and generous forgiveness, and openhearted confidence, and true-hearted love—the kind of love that grows brighter when the day is longest and when the lessons are hardest to learn.

Love! Why, you didn't know what it meant when you sighed in the moonlight, you and the one who sits with you now through all the lessons of all the schools day in and day out. You just imitated some one you'd seen on the stage or read about in a book, but now, why, you know that mate of yours.

He's foolish sometimes, just like you, and stubborn, too, just as you are, and short-sighted and dull of comprehension—all just as you are—and he gets tired and forgets.

Dear, dear mate, who ever loved him

July Astronomical Happenings

The sun enters Leo on July 22. It rises on July 1, 15 and 31 at 4:36, 5:36 and 5:19, and sets at 7:59, 7:54 and 7:41, the lengths of the days being therefore, 15 hours, 3 minutes; 14 hours, 49 minutes, and 14 hours, 22 minutes, a decrease of 41 minutes during the month. The sun is 3 1/2 minutes slow on the first, and 6 1/2 minutes on the last.

Although Mercury reaches an elongation of 27 degrees west of the sun on July 23, it stands a poor chance of being seen on account of the long duration of the twilight.

Venus is in superior conjunction with the sun on July 5 and not visible the whole month. Mars also can hardly be picked up in the evening twilight. It sets at 9:45 p. m. on July 15.

Saturn is morning star and rises on July 15 at 1:39 a. m.

Jupiter is ruling planet of the month. It crosses the meridian on July 15 at 9:08 p. m. It is still retrograding, that is, moving westward among the stars until the beginning of next month.

Jupiter is the largest of the planets that move about the sun. In fact, it weighs more than all the other planets taken together. Its diameter is eleven times the earth's and its bulk is 1,300 times as large. In spite of its enormous size, it turns on its axis in less than ten hours, so that while a point on the earth's equator moves 24,000 miles in twenty-four hours, or 1,000 miles an hour, a point on Jupiter's equator has a speed of 24,000 miles an hour. The centrifugal force thus generated is so great that it throws clouds on the planet in parallel lines. These, as well as its four moons, may be easily seen through even a small telescope.

The moon is in last quarter on July 7, new on July 14, in first quarter on July 20 and full on July 28. It may be useful to know that all these changes of the moon occur on Sundays, except that of the first quarter, which takes place very late on Saturday, 11:15 p. m. The moon is in conjunction with Saturn on July 10, with Mars on July 18 and with Jupiter on July 23.

On July 4 at about 6 p. m., the earth is at its greatest distance from the sun, 94,432,000 miles, that is, it is 1,555,000 miles farther away than when at its mean distance of 92,877,000. On January 3 it is that much nearer. It is in this way that the extremes of summer heat and winter cold are wisely tempered for us in the northern hemisphere by a kind Providence. In the southern hemisphere the great excess of water produces the same effect.

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"Too Much of a Good Thing"

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By Nell Brinkley



I know a little girl, and I bet you know many a little girl like this, who, wherever you see her on a landscape, is plum surrounded by Billys, in various stages of love and jealousy, spooning and scrapping, glaring at one another and the girl, and once in a while there's one of them picks up his coat and his doll rags and goes over the hills and far away and out of the



game. And once or twice the chap that went over the hills and far away was the one of all others the girl I know wanted to have stay. But she was trying to handle too big a thing—trying to make a sugar pie! And you know what a mess you'd get there. Trying to eat all the bananas there are just because she-loves 'em! And I know what woe there is in that. For I did it once!

A Home of Dreams

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"The heart of a girl in spring is the home of dreams."—Meredith Nicholson.

"There comes a time to a girl when, without apparent cause, she likes to go off by herself, and dream."

It is not of a lover, her family avers, because not only does she have none, but she is too young to have one.

But one doesn't have to have a lover to dream of one. And one is never too young to dream.

Those who have known disillusionment, who have found that the taste at the bottom of the glass is bitter, though it was sweet at the beginning, will say in some bitterness that "She will soon wake up."

Perhaps, who knows? Perhaps she may never wake up. The happiest folks never do, and some wouldn't wake up if those who are bitter through experience didn't take pains to awaken them.

But because she is happy in her dreams encourage her to dream. It is all there is to life. The dream part. If a girl dreams, she is living a life that is her ideal. In her dreams she is knowing every joy that she has longed for, she is realizing every secret ambition.

She knows no fear of sorrow. When that fear reaches her, she will cease dreaming.

A dream is the magic of youth, and those remain young who can dream longest.

The real troubles are easier to bear if one can occasionally slip back into dream life where troubles have no existence.

Because of the dreams troubles become vague and shadowy and lose their vitality. And are soonest forgotten.

"The heart of the girl in spring is the home of dreams."

Don't scoff at the dreamer. Don't tell of that alarm clock whose name is Trouble.

Let her dream on, and it will do those who are older much good if they will occasionally slip away from things that have an uncompromising, material existence and embark with her on the dream boat.

For it touches on the shores of a land called Hope.

A Bachelor's Efficiency.

Playing politics is a higher development of card sharpening, bunko, and panch games.

From all the preparations a man makes to go fishing two miles away you'd think he was starting on a trip around the world.—New York Press.