

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Great Minds All Run in the Same Channel

Drawn for The Bee by "Bud" Fisher



Married Life the Third Year

Warren Scolds Helen for Forgetting, but Leaves His Watch Under the Pillow.

By MABEL HERBERT URMER.

"Now you'd better go down and get everything packed up tonight. You won't have any time in the morning. We'll be at Plymouth by 5."

"At 5?" Helen turned from the railing where she was watching the faint glimmer of a distant light house—the first sign of land. "Why, Warren, they won't put us off that early?"

"They'll put us off whenever we get there. I told you they weren't going to dock. We're to be put off on a tender—the ship don't dock until it gets to Hamburg."

"A tender—is that the small boat which comes to meet us?"

"That's it. Now you hustle down and get things into shape. I'll have a smoke and be down a little later."

It was the last night of the voyage, and Helen longed to stay up on deck. Everyone was standing around watching the far off light and talking of the extreme southern course the ship had taken to avoid the icebergs, and the time they had lost.

They all seemed imbued with the restless anticipation that comes with the sighting of land. Only the few London passengers were getting off at Plymouth, but those booked through to Hamburg were equally excited.

Reluctantly Helen went down to the stateroom to "pack up." She knew Warren's "smoke" would end in a game of whist in the smoking room, where he spent most of his time during the trip. But she had hoped that this last night they would spend on the deck together.

Because of the small stateroom she had tried not to unpack many things, but one article after another had been needed during the trip, and now she found the repacking no small task.

It was after 11 o'clock when, at last, she was through, bathed, and in her berth. But Warren had not yet come down—and he still had his things to pack. She would gladly have done it for him, but he would never let her. Said he could never find things when she put them in.

At length there was a heavy step down the passageway, and he threw open the stateroom door.

"All through?" as he began to take off his collar.

"Why, yes, dear, almost an hour ago. It's nearly 12 o'clock, isn't it? You know you've everything to pack, and those steamer rugs to strap up?"

"Now, don't you worry about me. I'll have plenty of time for all I've got to do. I told that steward to rout me out at 4 o'clock."

"But dear," as he was rapidly making ready for bed, "you're not going to leave everything till morning—and you'll have to shave, too?"

"Look here—you're ready, aren't you? Well see that you are—and don't go off forgetting half your things. I'll attend to mine."

And he turned out the light and climbed heavily into the upper berth.

It seemed to Helen that she had hardly fallen asleep when the steward pounded loudly on the door.

"Bath ready, sir. Four o'clock."

While Helen was dressing and before Warren came back from his bath, another steward knocked at the door.

"Luggage ready for Plymouth, m'am?"

Helen opened the door and pointed to her steamer trunk and bag. "These are ready—but Mr. Curtis hasn't quite finished packing yet."

"He'll have to hurry, m'am," as he dragged hers out. "Almost all the luggage is off now."

"Oh, is the tender here already," anxiously.

"She's been here for an hour. She's round on t'other side."

"Oh, Warren, you'll have to hurry," was Helen's excited greeting when he came from the bath. "The tender's here already—and they're putting on the baggage."

Warren grunted something under his breath, but he began to hurry.

"Can't I help you? Isn't there anything I can do?"

"Yes, just get out and let me have what room there is."

Helen gathered up her hat and veil and went into the passage to put them on. She could hear Warren moving hastily about.

"Luggage ready, m'am?" It was the chief steward this time.

"I—I think so," she faltered, and he knocked at the state room.

"Luggage read, sir? Everybody's on now, sir. She's ready to pull off."

The words struck terror to Helen, but Warren threw open the door with a laugh.

"Well, if you put people off at this outlandish hour you'll have to wait till they get ready. Here, you can take this trunk."

Through the open door Helen could see Warren thrusting things into his suit case with more haste than she had ever seen him exert. His hat was on the back of his head and he was unmistakably worried. She longed to go in and help him, but feared he would only roar at her to keep out of the way. Suddenly he called.

"Where's that shawl strap?"

"Why, isn't it there?" rushing in to find him struggling with the big roll of steamer rugs and coats and looking desperate about for the shawl strap.

"Where'd you put it?" he shouted.

"Why, dear, I didn't see it; you unrolled the rugs."

"Yes, and I put it right there on top of that wardrobe."

Now the second officer came to the door to find out what was the trouble, and to say the captain could hold the tender only three minutes longer.

Helen climbed up on the berth to look on top of the wardrobe, but only a life preserver was there. In the meantime Warren was ringing wildly for the stateroom steward—swearing under his breath.

Here the chief steward appeared again at the door. They're waiting, sir. The captain says they'll have to put off in a moment."

"Well, they'll not go without us! We're booked for London, and they've got to land us here. It's the line's fault for putting passengers off at this indecent hour. Here, you!" as the stateroom steward rushed up. "We put a shawl strap on top of that wardrobe—what did you do with it?"

"Sorry, sir; didn't see it, sir," and he began a hurried search.

Now they were all searching—Helen, Warren, the room steward and the chief steward. At any other time it would have struck Helen as irresistibly funny—these four people falling over each other in their frantic search for a shawl strap in that tiny stateroom.

"He'll hold her till we get on," almost shouted Warren, "or I'll raise a row at your London office that your whole blame line will hear from!" Then to the room steward, "Get a rope and rope up those rugs! No use looking for that strap!"

The steward dashed out for a rope, and in a second two of them were on their knees tying up the rugs. The chief steward caught up the rest of the hand baggage and fairly swept them down to the tender.

Although only a few of the passengers were landing at Plymouth, many of the others were up to see them off. And now as Helen hurried on, she flushed hotly under the many disapproving eyes. All these people knew it was for them that the boat had been kept waiting.

Already the sailors were pulling up the ropes—in a moment they would be off. There was a heavy morning mist which obscured the shore and even the masts of the big ship that still loomed up beside them.

Just as it began to put off a shout of "Hold!" went up from the deck, and Warren's stateroom steward came rushing down to the railing.

"It's for Mr. Curtis—Mr. Curtis!" he cried, as he leaned far over and gave something to one of the tender officers just as they swung away.

Everyone turned to look at Warren as the officer handed it to him. Helen caught the glint of gold—it was his watch.

Quickly Warren slipped it into his pocket, but not before they had all seen or guessed what it was. There was a general laugh, in which he was forced to join, as he waved back his thanks to the steward.

"Your watch?" cried Helen untactfully.

"Oh, where did you leave it?"

"Under the pillow, I suppose," he snapped.

"Now you'll have something to harp on for the next six months."

"Why, Warren, you know I never did harp on anything. Only you were so hurried. If you only had packed last night, and—"

"Packed your grandmother. It was that infernal shawl strap that made the trouble. If you hadn't hidden it away in one of your 'stagnating' mania's we'd been all right. Where'd you put the blamed thing—that's what I want to know?"

Daffydils

HE'S ONE OF THOSE GUYS WITH A WEAK CHIN AND A STRONG BREATH.

THE OLD BOOB AT HAINES' FALLS HAD LISTENED TO JOKES FOR THE PAST 40 YEARS AND HAD NOT YET CRACKED A SMILE. A SMART CITY CHAP VISITED THIS WEEK AND WAS FULL OF THEM THERE FUNNY YARNS. HE TOLD ONE. THE OLD BOOB LEANED BACK AND PIPED "SAY THERE THE FIRST TIME I HEARD THAT YARN I BIT THE NIPPLE OF MY MILK BOTTLE THEN THE CITY CHAP CHIRPED IF THE CAT CANT BARK CAN WE MAKE ER-ROR."

HOW ARE YOU FIXED FOR THE SUMMER?

HEY FELIX I FELL INTO A SOFT SNAP NOW I'M WORKING FOR A TRUST CO. I DON'T SHOW UP TILL 6 A.M. THEN I SWEEP UP 22 OFFICES DUST THE FURNITURE."

EMPTY THE WASTE BASKETS. PULL UP THE SHADES AND FILL THE INK BOTTLES. CLEAN THE SKYLIGHTS AND SCRUB THE STEPS. PUT UP THE WEATHER SIGNALS. POLISH THE BRASS THEN I COUNT.

THE FELLOW WAS AFTER A TOUCH. HE TOLD THE YOUNG ARTIST THAT HE WAS FROM PRISCO. SAID ILLUSTRATOR EYED HIM KEENLY AND ASKED HOW DO I KNOW THAT? WELL PIPED THE TOUCHER. I'LL ASK YOU SOMETHING. AND THEN AS THE COMING TOM NAST WAITED THE TOUCH ARTIST PIPED. IF THE TOWER OF PISA IS OVER FOUR FEET OUT OF PLUMB AND DOESNT FALL HOW FAR CAN A BARREL OF GASOLENE AND NOT BURST?

KISS ME!! NOTHING MAKES ME SICK.

WE WILL NOW PASS ON TO THE ROOM TO YOUR RIGHT WHERE THE LITTLE LADY IN BROWN WILL SWALLOW 9 FEROCIOUS DEADLY POISONOUS SNAKES. RIGHT BE-FEAR YOUR VA-RY EYES-A NICKEL. HALF A DIME WILL NEITHER MAKE NOR BREAK NOR START YOU UP IN BUSINESS, FALL IN, FALL IN, AT THAT MOMENT AN OLD GENT IN THE REAR UP AND PIPED. IF BRIMSTONE IS SULPHUR

JOHN!! DONT FORGET TO WIND THE CLOCK AND PUT THE CAT OUT.

GEE BUT YOU'RE A LUCKY GUY!"

YEP- NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORRO"

The Making of a Pretty Girl

By MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

"Dear Miss Ayer: I am a girl of 18 years, and am considered attractive looking, but I am so discouraged because it seems impossible for me to be even ordinary entertaining in society. I can't remember people's names or faces, unless I have seen them often, and this makes me so embarrassed that I am just stupid. Also I never have anything to say in conversation. Do you know of any way that I could learn to remember names and faces, and is there any book I can get that would tell about the art of conversing?"

SENSITIVE: Poor Sensitive! You are one of many who would like to learn the complete art of polite and witty conversation in ten lessons. There is nothing more disconcerting in the world than to be an attractive looking young girl and to realize that one becomes tongue-tied the

moment one is expected to entertain a guest.

A great many girls acquire the gift of gab at an early age, and thereafter never stop long enough to give their unfortunate families time to recover, so that really, by dear Sensitive, you are lucky in one way, for nobody will wish to run away from you because of your chattering tongue. Of course, you are suffering agony because you never know what topic of conversation to begin on, and when you look into the face of a stranger who has just been introduced your mind at once becomes a blank. But really, it might be worse. Until you find your tongue and become an easy conversationalist, you might practice being a good listener. If the guests you want to entertain are men you will find that listening is more profitable than speech. Few women are attentive listeners, and

nothing is so flattering and so courteous as the attitude of the good listener.

Cultivate the art of listening, and at the same time make little mental notes of questions which arise in your mind, and which will keep the one-sided conversation going in case the speaker should subside.

The reason most women and almost all girls are poor conversationalists is that they can't keep their minds on the subject in hand.

The average girl talks about one thing and thinks about another, and the conversation soon lags.

To be entertaining and bright requires concentration of mind and effort.

You can't converse intelligently on general topics and keep thinking about yourself; how you look and what impression you are making. The self-conscious girl is never good at entertaining others be-

cause she is so busy worrying about herself.

I can tell you how two young women succeeded in making excellent and entertaining talkers of themselves, and this may give you a pointer to help you in the difficult art of conversation.

These two girls were about 15 years of age, and they were the daughter and niece of a widower who was very fond of entertaining and looked to his two girls to play the part of hostesses. They had to meet strangers, both men and women, and were always at a loss for a subject to talk about after they had exhausted the topic of the weather.

A dinner had been planned to which a number of handsome people were invited, and the two girls realized that the table unless it was supplied by them, so they deliberately set about to read up jokes and anecdotes, selecting such as would be more or less appropriate to the occasion and the guests invited.

They wrote out bits of conversation that would lead up to those anecdotes. They learned this conversation and the anecdotes by heart, and when the much dreaded entertainment took place they surprised their guests and themselves by their brilliant and almost spectacular display of wit and anecdote.

In that one evening they achieved a reputation for cleverness which they were forced to live up to and they read up and learned by heart all the witty stories and jokes which they could get hold of. The knowledge that they could be entertaining soon made them self-possessed enough to bring out shy and retiring guests and lead them on to talk on interesting subjects. The girls made a rule never to gossip, never to talk about themselves, never to say a mean or unkind thing about anyone else; when all topics failed they told one of their carefully prepared stories, and they are now two of the most popular women I have ever known.

As to "Sensitive's" other request that has to do with the training of memory, and while there are several excellent memory schools, the cultivation of memory should be founded on attention and concentration. You should be able to develop your own memory, first by closer observation, and then by "willing" yourself to restrain the impressions your mind has received.

When you meet a new face observe that face carefully and note its characteristic points and store them away in your mind. Probably you are not a good observer anyhow. Go into a strange room, glance around, come out and see if you are able to describe accurately most of the things you have seen. Practice looking into shop windows, for instance, then turn away after about half a minute and see how much your memory retains of what you have looked at. You can

The Miss Who Thinks

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develop your memory for things and faces in this way.

As to memory for names, you can strengthen that, first, by associating the name with some impression or idea which you can link with it in your mind. If you cannot do it any other way, write down the name of each new person whom you meet, with the description of that person, some special characteristic you have observed, and, if possible, any ideas about the occupation and interests of your new acquaintance.

Many a society woman famous for her wonderful memory for names and faces keeps such a book, and one of our most famous presidential candidates kept a card index of all the people that he knew, their interests, hobbies, etc., tabulated according to towns. During the campaign he'd come to some little "jumping-off" place and, having carefully looked up his acquaintances in that town, he would clap them joyfully on the back and inquire minutely about their affairs, displaying a marvelous knowledge of their family history. His popularity was astonishing, and his secretary never was without the famous card index.

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Husband, sed Ma last nite, we are going to have sum company tonite. A friend of my brother, named Frank Ware, is going to bring up a editor to the house, Mister Tom Donnelly of Waterville, Me. He is the editor of the Waterville Sentinel, sed Ma, & the minnit my brother told me he was a newspaper man I thought you wud like to meet him.

Indeed I wud, sed Pa. I have grown grate of late, Pa sed to Ma, but I often think that the reely gratest days of my life was when I was the editor of the Chippewa Falls Herald. In them days, sed Pa, I cud rite what I wanted to and rite it any way I wanted to. I often like to set now & look oaver them editorials that I used to rite about the County Board, sed Pa.

I didnt know you then, sed Ma, but from what you have shown me since I have known you I dont imagine you ever roasted the County Board or any other board very hard.

I never roasted them, sed Pa. I was always fair wen I was a country editor. What did the County Board hand you in return? sed Ma. I'll bet you they gave you the county printing.

You bet they did, sed Pa, & I do not blush to confess it. I wasent a country editor for my health. Maybe I will be able to give Mister Donnelly sum pointers wen he calls on me.

Jest then Mister Donnelly & Mister Ware came in. I knew the minnit I seen them that Pa cuddent give them vary many pointers, thay both looked too smart. I guess Pa thought the salm thing, but he had to bluff a littel becaus Ma was looking at him all the time & Ma is offul hard to fool.

How do you do, young man? sed Pa to Mister Donnelly. I am vary glad to welcome you & your friend Ware to my home. I am always glad to mingl my mind with other young, brila minds, Pa sed. My wife tells me that you are running a newspaper up in Maine.

I always like to meet yung editors, sed Pa. I was a yung editor ontst myself. I am always glad, therefore, to extend a helping hand to a younger member of newspaperdom, Pa sed.

Thank you vary much, sed Mister Donnelly, but I dont think I will need any help. I aim here to visit for a few moments & then I will have to be on my way. I wish you cud cum ed up in Maine & bring the wife & the kid, he sed.

I mite do it at that, sed Pa. I cud spend a few weeks there & wife I was there I cud help you out a lot by riting sum clever things for you.

I am afraide there is no opening on our staff, sed Mister Donnelly. Times is tight now & I can rite all the stuff that our paper needs.

Then Pa got kind of red in the face becaus he heard Ma laffing. Ma had seen Mister Donnelly wink at Mister Ware. Pa isent used to gitting turned down by a editor & that is why he got red.

After the company had went Pa sed to Ma, wife, I like that yung editor & wud like to help him.

The way he looks to me, sed Ma, I guess he can help hisself.

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