Home and to Bed
By W. E. Hill

The couple in the roadster are being shown the shortest way home by their host, who is drawing a well laid map on the back of an envelope. Any motorist who has ever tried to follow the directions on the back of an envelope will know better next time, otherwise home and bed will be a long way off. (Insert shows sample home made map.)

Gardner’s sister’s girl friend has been dining with Gardner’s family and, last as it is, Gardner must see the girl friend home. She lives way off the other end of town and they have to take a trolley, a jitney, and walk seven blocks through a cemetery to get there. “What do you think is really the prettiest, the city or the country?” the girl friend is saying, while Gardner is wondering whether she will expect him to get just the terrors bit fresh with her by the time they reach the cemetery.

The last baby. Just a lovely girl trying to get in and to bed without disturbing her darling mamma, thus inviting so many questions about whose car she came home in and where she met him and didn’t she think she ought to know better, etc., etc. Oh, it’s a hard life for a popular girl!

Joe and Jennie and Jennie’s mother have spent a day at the beach with the children. The two younger offerings can go just so far and then they get slapped to the tune of “What did mamma tell you? You just wait till we get home!” Jennie has reached the introspective stage, and many a grievance she is nursing.

The strap hanger. Bertha, the beautiful business girl, reads all the latest murders. “Hacked thigh found in deserted baby carriage,” or “Bloodstained ice pick found in wrecked love nest,” they are just grand for Bertha. Tonight she’s reading about a lovely murder. A beautiful baby was found chopped to little bits in a parcel post package marked, “To be opened until Christmas,” so they did not find him until nearly a year afterwards. Think of that!

Agnes’ boy friend has brought her home safe and sound to her parental roost and they are saying a prolonged good-bye in the entrance hall. In about a minute mamma, waiting for Agnes on the landing, is going to call down, “Agnes, do you know what time it is?” and Agnes will be, O, so humiliated!

The bedtime diary. “Gracie, dear, what did we have after the class shower at the restaurant tonight? I want to write it all down for you. Sometimes I just can’t go for two weeks and the family has a terrible time thinking back.”

Oh, to be home and in bed! Perry, the commuter, is grabbing forty winks, or maybe a few lines, on the 12.17 train which goes between the city and Perry’s suburb. A commuter can sleep anywhere.