

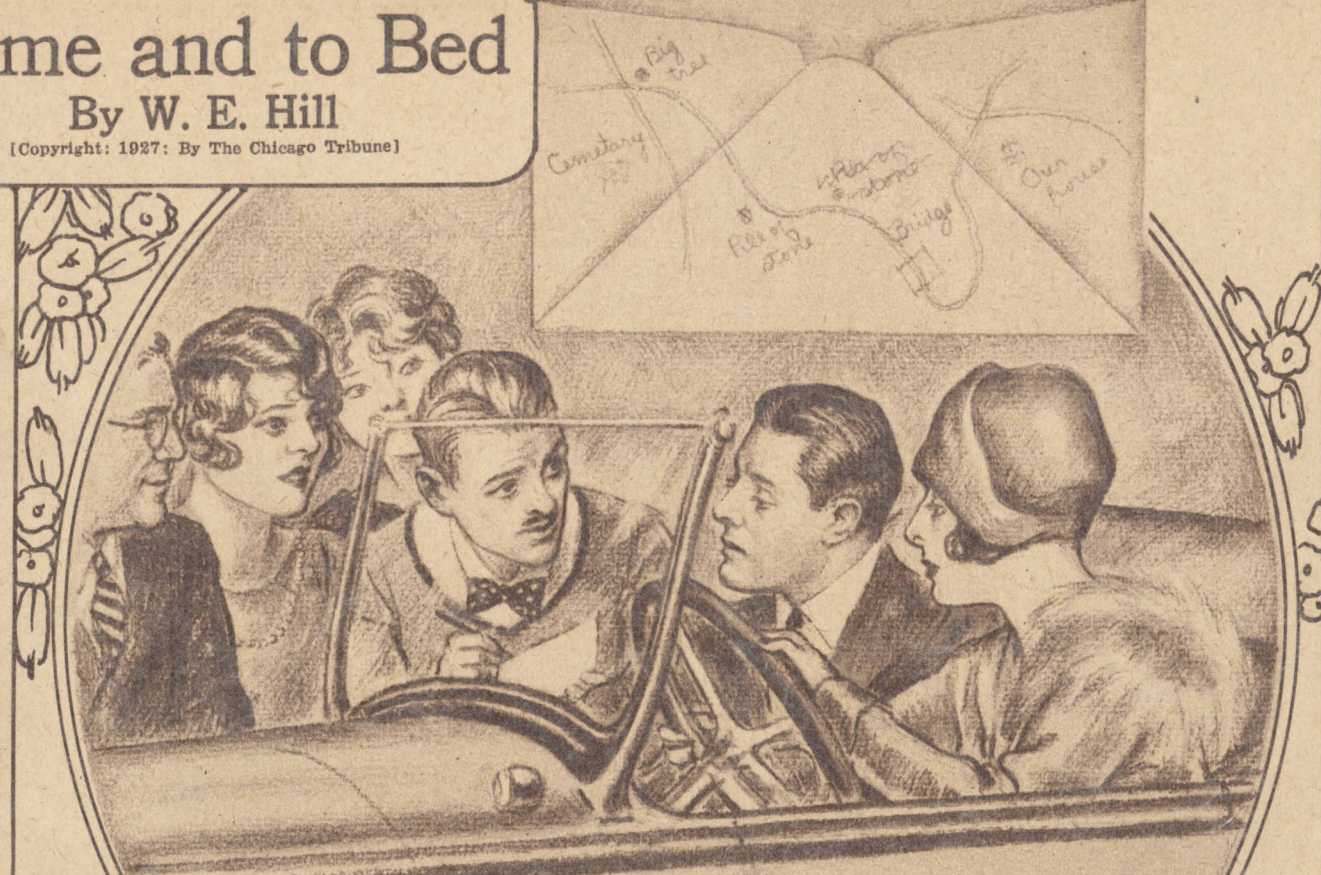
# Home and to Bed

By W. E. Hill

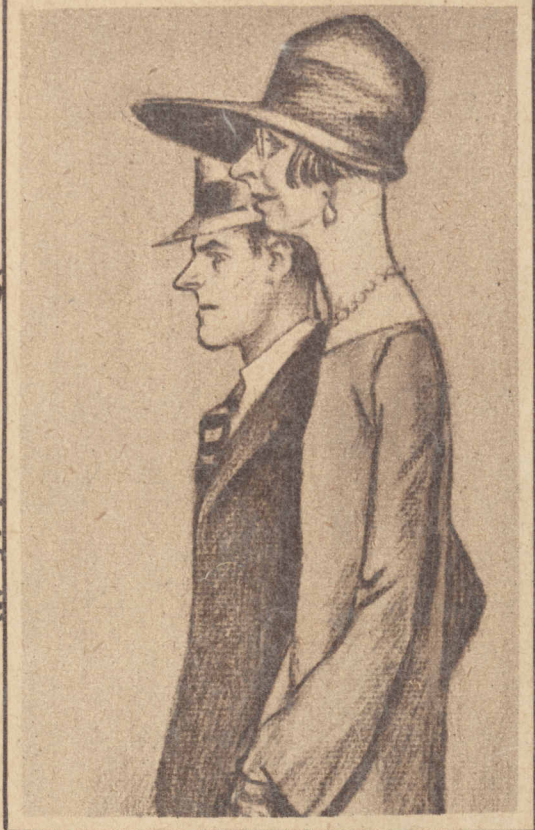
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Seeing Nellie home.—Frank and Nellie are all talked out. It's a long ride on the interurban back to Nellie's house, and there's not much left to say. They have begun to discuss the car cards—that's how badly off they are. "That's a good ad—that one of the girl washing her things in 'Ring-toe,'" Frank offers. And Nellie, stifling a yawn, comes right back with: "Oh, isn't that a cute ad!"



The couple in the roadster are being shown the shortest way home by their host, who is drawing a swell road 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, late 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. "Which 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 teeniest bit fresh with her by the time they reach the cemetery.



The jazz baby. Just a lovely girl trying to get in and to bed without disturbing her darling mamma, thus inviting too 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!



The strap hanger. Bertha, the beautiful business girl, reads all the latest murders. "Hacked thigh found in deserted baby carriage," or "Blood-stained ice pick found in wrecked love nest"; they are just grand for Bertha. Tonight she's reading about a lovely murder. A wealthy recluse was found chopped to little bits in a parcel post package marked: "Do not open 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 roof 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 clam chowder at the restaurant tonight? I want to write up my line a day." Sometimes she lets it 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 less, on the 12:17 train which plies between the city and Perry's suburb. A commuter can sleep anywhere.