

# Bedtime Stories

By W. E. Hill

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"O, don't go yet; we never go to bed!" These few words often spoken around bedtime are never to be taken literally.



The bedtime lecture. "You might just as well ask for more money. They'll appreciate you a lot more in the office, Joe, if they see you value yourself highly!" The dear little wife is holding forth on a favorite subject with the usual indifferent success.



Alice, the unnatural blonde, is telling her mother at 4 a. m. one of those bedtime stories about how really she couldn't leave the party one minute earlier for fear of offending everybody, and how she really didn't know it was a minute after twelve o'clock!



The night nurse's story. Miss Ivins, the night nurse, is telling Mr. Bloomfield all about how her best girl friend's boy friend told her that he liked a girl who spoke well of her mother, and how the best girl friend came in the room just as the boy friend was telling her she looked a lot like Clara Bow, and you could have knocked her over with a feather, because most people think she looks like Alice Terry. Which, of course, will lead up to what the day nurse in her last case said about how the doctor was jealous of her, etc., etc.



Bedtime stories in the nursery. "But, Aunt Jane, that doesn't come yet; you've left out where Uncle Billy Possum sent Flopsy and Mopsy down to buy the carrots!"



"My dear, it's been a charming evening! I simply can't bear to go, but you know I have to be in bed before eleven on account of high blood pressure," etc. Just one of those bedtime stories that seldom ring true.

Among the advertising pages. Says the heroine of one of those "Send-in-tomorrow-for-our-circular" advertisements in the back of the magazine: "Tom, I was so proud of you this evening. Although I was tongue-tied all through dinner, you conversed fluently in French, Chinese, and Welsh on the monasteries in Tibet, the Liberal vote in the house of commons, and the poetry of Wordsworth. Why, I was simply astounded when the taxi driver said, 'Where to?' and you replied in Arabic!" Says the hero of the same: "True, Nellie, and you, too, may be at your ease at functions. Two weeks ago I was dumb and awkward and would cry at a dinner party if any one spoke to me. But now, thanks to the Winterbottom four-inch shelf, I am a person whom even royalty would entertain gladly. Five minutes a day for seven days and you, too, can be a popular favorite." "O, Tom," replies Nellie ecstatically, "I will write for their circular tomorrow!"



The coffee drinkers. Some people just will drink coffee at night. They say brightly, "I know I won't sleep a wink!" and naturally they are at their chattiest when other people are sleepest. Here are three terrible examples. From the left we have: the man who wants to tell about the inoculations he had in the army; the traveled lady who loves to tell of the time they nearly met Robert Louis Stevenson in Italy, and the perfect housewife whose favorite topic is "the time we rented the apartment furnished," and how the tenants turned out to be thieves, vandals, and robbers.