

HE WILL BE A MODEL HUSBAND AND SHE WILL BE A MODEL WIFE IF THE PLANS OF THEIR PARENTS SUCCEED

ED BARGER and Miss Nannine Speyer of Denver are to be married, and if they live up to the agreements which they have signed, they will be the model married couple of the world.

The young people—she is 20 and he is 23—have signed probably the most remarkable prenuptial agreements ever entered into by lovers. It is not their fault. They are willing, even anxious, to be married without any agreement at all, because each knows that the other is the soul of honor and the best and dearest person in the world. But she has a mother and he has a father.

Nannine Speyer is one of the most beautiful girls in Colorado—tall, slender, graceful, with black hair, black eyes, and a perfect complexion. Barger is young, rather good looking, with merry blue eyes, and curly hair that might be construed as red. He is manager for a big manufacturing concern, and, although lacking the "aristocratic" blood of the Speyers, he is accounted one of the most promising young men in the state and a "hustler," which out there is about the greatest compliment that can be paid a man.

What He Had to Promise.

An hour later, while Ed and Nannine were sitting on the sofa, with her head on his shoulder, telling each other how wonderful it was that they had loved each other at first sight, Mrs. Speyer returned with the articles of agreement, which read like this:

"I—William Edward Barger ('I didn't put in 'being in sound mind,' because you ain't, either of you,' interpolated Mrs. Speyer, as she read)—do hereby agree and bind myself to the following, on condition that Miss Nannine ('that's her name. She changed it to Nannine herself,' again interjected the mother) Speyer becomes my wife.

"I will not chew tobacco around the house or smoke in the bedrooms.

"I will not get drunk oftener than four times a year—and on those occasions will not disturb my wife.

"I will not join more than two secret societies, and will spend at least two nights a week at home."

"The very idea," ejaculated Miss Speyer. "Why, of course, Ed will stay at home every night. Won't you, Ed, dear? Mother, I do wish you wouldn't sniff that way. It isn't polite."

"I will not pretend to have business downtown that calls me away right after supper.

"I will not kick furniture, say damn, and throw things around the room because the laundry has not come home on time.

"I will not take girls that work in the office out to lunch.

"I will not tell my wife how other men's wives are such good housekeepers.

"I will not conceal business conditions and financial conditions from my wife, pretending to be afraid she will worry."

"I will not quit dressing well and run around looking like a tramp, saying, 'I'm married now, it doesn't make any difference.' But promise, if able, to buy at least two new suits of clothes each year.

"I will not insist on choosing the names for all the babies.

"I will attend to the furnace myself or hire a man to do it. I will not refuse to discharge the cook. I will not complain or get sarcastic if the meals are disarranged or bad, and finally I will go to church with my wife at least three times a year."

What the Husband Demands.

He started to write—after finishing the food—and, after writing a while he stopped and asked: "Mrs. Speyer must be a good looking woman?"

"Why—yes, I guess so, I never noticed," murmured the father. "I'll see for myself tomorrow."

Finally he completed the other half of the agreement and read it. It read as follows:

"I, Nannine Speyer, do hereby agree and promise to live up to the following, provided William Edward Barger becomes my husband:

"To live within my allowance.

"Not to sigh or weep because other women have prettier clothes.

"Not to insist on keeping a carriage unless we can afford it.

"Not to invite all my friends to visit, and not to exclude my husband's friends from the house.

"Not to join more than three women's clubs or insist upon reading my papers to my husband.

"Not to keep pet dogs.

"Not to pick out some other man in the neighborhood and hold him up as a model.

"Not to insist on my husband getting up in the night to warm the baby's milk.

"Not to hear burglars in the house more than twice a month.

"Not to complain of feeling sick, tired out, and nervous oftener than is necessary.

"Not to kick about the furniture and rugs being shabby unless new ones can be afforded.

"Not to want to go to Chicago when I know it cannot be afforded.

"Not to go shopping more than three times a week.

"Not to insist on going to the theater more than twice a week.

"Not to drag my husband out to evening parties when he comes home tired out and worried.

"Not to insist that the baby gets its temper and bad traits from its father's family.

"Not to try to imitate every actress in dress, mode of hair dressing, or walk.

"I'll sign it—and I'll live up to it," said Barger.

"He shan't do it," declared Miss Speyer. "I'll take him—and trust him. Mother, please do quit snorting that way. It's insulting to Ed."

"Don't sign that in a hurry, young man," said Mrs. Speyer. "Take it home and study it, and then, if you sign it, I'll come nearer believing you."

Barger took the paper home. His father, one of the most comfortable and healthy widowers in Colorado, was sitting before a wood fire in the library, enjoying a "hot toddy."

"What's the woe, Billy?" he inquired as his son entered.

"They had been chums for years and the young man always went to his father with his troubles. He told the entire story.

"Let's see the agreement," suggested the father, and, settling himself after one sip of the "toddy," he read.

"Um, sensible woman," he commented several times as he read. He finished, folded the paper, and said:

"If I were you, Billy boy, I wouldn't sign it."

"But, father, I must. I must sign it or give up Nannine—and besides, there is nothing in there that I ever will do."

"Maybe not—maybe not, Billy boy; but, nevertheless, I wouldn't sign it. I think you'll break every one of them before the wooden wedding—except perhaps the one about naming the babies."



In Love at First Sight.

They met at a little dinner party last spring, and their friends say, it was a case of love at first sight—or at least they were so attracted to each other that they wanted to meet and fall in love—and they did.

They fell in love in the good old orthodox style, hand over heels, and they didn't care who knew it. Within a week after they first met their friends agreed that it was a "case," and they took it for granted that it would be only a question of a few months before the wedding invitations would be out. They were so much in love that they almost forgot to get engaged in the regular style—they simply knew they were made for each other and had met. They were even a bit resentful because they had not met sooner.

They were so much in love that they did not even think of marriage until late in the fall, when they became engaged formally—after friends had suggested to them that they ought to announce their engagement.

Now it happens that Miss Speyer is the daughter of Mrs. Alice Speyer, a widow, who, having been married to one of the best fellows in Denver, had cynical views regarding matrimony. Also Barger is the son of John W. Barger (he used to be Jack Barger when he was younger), who is a widower.

But He Is a Mere Man," Says Mother.

And, the evening that Barger placed the diamond solitaire on her finger and kissed her, Nannine went to her mother's room, and, kneeling by her mother's side, clasped her arms around her and told her the story of her love and her happiness. Finally Nannine lifted her tearful, happy face and asked: "But, mother, dear, do you approve of him?"

"O, I suppose he's all right—as men go," said the mother. "They're all about the same."

"But, mamma, dear," pleaded the girl, "you know Ed is the soul of honor and the best man in the world."

"Yes," commented Mrs. Speyer, "so was your father—until after we got married."

"You mustn't say those nasty things about poor, dead papa and about Ed," sobbed Miss Speyer.

"Goodness, child," said the exasperated widow. "I'm not saying anything against them. They are just like other men."

"Do you mean that you forbid me to marry Ed?" asked Miss Speyer.

"No, I suppose he is as good as any of them—and they're all bad. But I guess you've got to marry some one, and it might as well be he. Only," she added grimly, "before he gets you he'll have to sign an agreement that I will draw up for him."

That evening—when Ed came—he promised to sign anything or everything that his mother-in-law to be required and he grew a trifle indignant at the thought that he ever would do anything to bring pain or sorrow, or trouble down on the dearest little girl in all the world. He told something of this to Mrs. Speyer, throwing his arm pro-

And Now There's Another Romance.

The next morning the counter agreement was taken to the Speyer home by Barger Sr. and formally presented. What transpired there is unknown, but in the evening the father and son called together on Mrs. Speyer and her daughter and the agreements were formally signed and witnessed, and the wedding date was set for the holiday time.

A month later the young couple came in from an evening entertainment and found Barger, père, and Speyer, mère, comfortably seated on the sofa—which they considered their own special property.

"Why don't you folks sign an agreement of your own?" asked young Barger.

"My boy," said Barger père, "we are too old to change our ways—so we've decided to put up with each other's little fallings—if we have any after having been married before."

To Make a Model Husband.

"There," said Mrs. Speyer, "if he'll sign that and live up to it, he'll be the model husband of Denver."

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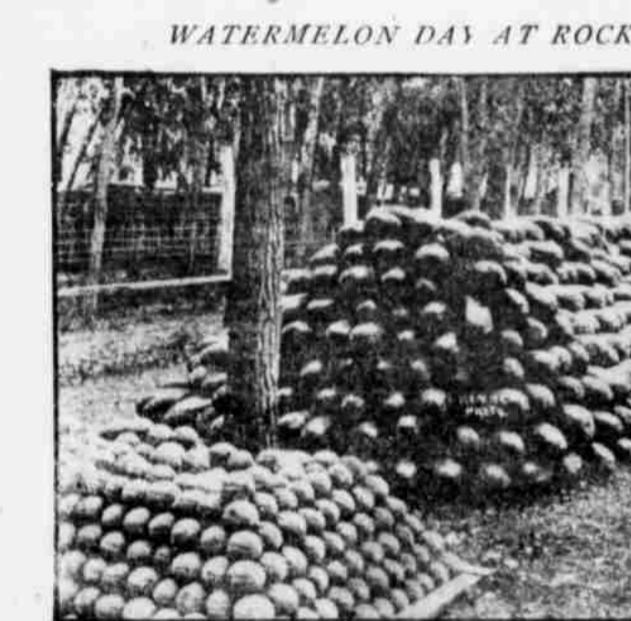
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From NEAR AND FAR

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WATERMELON DAY AT ROCKY FORD.



QUEER COLLAR.



TAME LLAMA.



AFRICAN PYGMIES AT HOME.



CHIN ORNAMENTS.



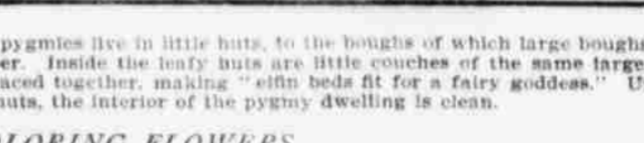
CORRECT MEASUREMENT.



PUNISHMENT IN THE FRENCH NAVY.



SPANISH NEWSBOY.



Some of the Equatorial Indians have a curious custom of wearing ornaments on their skins.



QUEER FISH.



COLORING FLOWERS.



SMOKES ONE PIPE MORE THAN THREE HOURS.

The Pholias are able by means of their rasplike feet to bore cylindrical holes in rocks and wood.

Offenders exposed on the deck in irons for breaches of discipline.

There are no newsboys in Spain. Women sell newspapers on the street.



A hyacinth can be easily colored a deep rose pink by putting the stem in a bottle of red ink and leaving it there for an hour.

A novel competition for smokers has just been held at Laeken, a suburb of Brussels. Each competitor was provided with a new clay pipe ("pipe en terre") and one-eighth of an ounce of tobacco, and the task was to keep this alight as long as possible. Competitors to the number of 200 came from all parts of Belgium. The first prize was won by M. Kos, who is believed to have established a record by making his pipe last for 3 hours and 7 minutes. The shortest smoke in the prize list was Mr. Saboo's, 2 hours and 8 minutes.

One of the competitors explained that the secret of success lay in the method of filling the pipe. The best way to do this, he said, is to pack the tobacco loosely in the lower part of the pipe, press it tightly together in the waist, and more freely at the top.