The Bee's Home Magazine Page

At the Theaters

Attractions in Omaha.

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Vaudeville at the American.
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"The Fortune Hunter" at the Brandeis

"The Fortune Hunter," a comedy in four acts, by Winchell Smith, staged by the author, under direction of Cohan & Harris. The cast:

Nathaniel Duncan ..... Fred Niblo
Henry Kellogg ..... Robert Lowe
George Burnham ..... T. N. Heffron
James Long ..... Avon Breyer
Sam Graham, the druggist ..... Frank Bacon
Mr. Lockwood, the banker ..... Edward Bacon
Roland Barnett, the bank clerk ..... Warren Rodgers
"Bi," the old inhabitant ..... Frank Bonnar
"Matty," the tailor ..... Avon Breyer
Herman, the errand boy ..... Walter Peterson
Betty Graham, the druggist's daughter ..... Alma Belwin
Josie Lockwood, the banker's daughter ..... Lenta Pulwell
Angie Tucker, the friend of Josie ..... Regina Connolly
Lawrence Miller ..... Frank Bonnar
Willie Bartlett ..... George Spiroth
(Two Wall street young men.)
Robbins ..... Tom Callahan
Newsboy ..... Walter Paterson
Tracey Tanner, the everyman's man ..... Phil Bishop
Pete Willing, the deputy sheriff ..... Francis X. Conlan
Chariot Sperry, the drummer ..... William F. Grainger

By the time the second act of "The Fortune Hunter" is ended it is easy to understand why the play ran for many months in Chicago and New York before it was possible for any other town to see it; it is also as easy to understand why the two companies that produced it simultaneously in the big centers of theatrical activity are still engaged in spreading its "gospel of sweetness and light" in the larger cities of "the provinces," and it isn't a sign of insanity to predict that it will be a popular play when a lot of more pretentious dramas are laid away in the storehouse. Just because it's human. It's clean, it doesn't ask anyone to believe an impossibility, and it doesn't present any miracle in order to bring about its natural and satisfying ending. Its comedy is unstrained, and its action logical, its people are rational, and its whole is a success that has been proclaimed from one end of America to the other.

The visit of the company to Omaha might have been attended by more favorable weather, but our California climate selected New Year's day to misbehave; perhaps to remind Fred Niblo of the time when he was born out in York county on January 6 of a year Mr. Niblo declines to mention, but it was since the war of 1840. At any rate, the weather man pulled all the bad sprouts in his keyboard and then went home, and the Cohan & Harris players had the joy of facing only a few brave spirits at the opening performance of the week's engagement at the Brandeis. However, Mr. Niblo very aptly phrased the situation in a really clever curtain speech, when he said the audience made up in quality whatever it lacked in quantity. It was a most appreciative gathering and the warm of the relations that were established across the footlight border more than obliterated any thought of the storm that reigned outside. The remaining performances will give those who did not attend last night opportunity to attest their appreciation of the excellence of the play and its presentation.

The story of how Nathaniel Duncan was down and out, and how his friend, Henry Kellogg, sent him forth from New York to a town of his own choosing to win a station in society and marry an heiress; and of how Nathaniel set about this, and in course of doing so fell in with the poorest man in the town, and ended by marrying his daughter instead of the daughter of the banker, who literally cast herself into his arms, is told in four acts, each of which is appropriately set and each of which follows in a sequence of perfection. Along the way are many smiles, much occasion for laughter, no sign of tears, and just a few chances for really earnest thought and action. And it is all charmingly done. The play is staged by the author, and the company was specially selected by the producers, and the taste and judgment exhibited is most commendable.

Mr. Niblo plays Nathaniel Duncan with dash and fine effect. Miss Belwin is very good as the daughter of the old inventor, and all the others deserve warm praise for their work. Each part is a distinct character, and the whole is as fine a combination of character acting as has ever been witnessed here.

Frank Bacon has no occasion to think that Omaha soon forgets, for he received a most cordial welcome at his first appearance, and was given later on such an ovation as must have convinced him that the friendships he formed while living here and acting nightly with the stock company are lasting. He is the same simple, genial, earnest actor, and the fame he has won as Sam Graham in "The Fortune Hunter" is thoroughly deserved.

The play will be offered at a special matinee this afternoon, and runs all week, with other matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

Vaudeville at the American.

The New American theater made its bow to the public yesterday. The reorganized playhouse bids for friendship through acrobats who contradicted tradition. With six other acts the bill at the New American formed a thoroughly satisfying one.

Rice and Prevost are exceptional acrobats. Rice—or was it Prevost?—grinned as the clown, risked his life in forty ridiculous falls. That his life was not really in danger at any time only dazzled on those who saw, when they instinctively noted that the jester calculated his tumbles with such nicety, that neither his toppling tables nor his careless body ever brought a sound when they struck the floor.

"More Ways Than One" is the title of the unexpected farce-comedy act, with rich stage setting, that entertained the audience. The Diamond Four, an entertaining quartet of singers, and Madame Sedini, the headline attraction, with her trained horses completed the bill as thoroughly enjoyable entertainers.

"Cinderella" at the Boyd.

A spectacular fairy extravaganza, in five acts, presented by Fox Lang and company, direction of O. D. Woodward.

The Boyd theater has been running a good many years and has seen some notable productions of extravaganza, but none of them have been lovelier than the offering of the current week in which the most popular of all fairy tales is the theme. The casting and mounting of "Cinderella" has been a prodigious task. It would have been a big task without handicap, but provided as it was by "Peter Pan," which drew all the mental and physical resources of producer and company, the production of "Cinderella," with its host of extra people, its elaborate scenic effects and illusions, has meant the expenditure of the last ounce of effort. The producer of the play left the theater at 3 o'clock Sunday morning and returned at 8. For Miss Lang, who, in the role of "Peter Pan" has to play all she knows and who played it twice a day for seven days, the learning of a new role was also a great burden. But she and the rest were letter perfect yesterday, the cohorts of young dancers and extra men and girls were well rehearsed, the scenic effect worked smoothly and the first productions were well-nigh flawless.

Miss Lang has a part which permits of considerable acting even if it is not a great dramatic role, and her personal charm and beauty make her seem lovely enough to be the traditional Cinderella, and the same bearing out of tradition is true of Mr. Lynch as Prince Charming. He is called upon to sing a solo and reveals for the first time here an excellent, well-trained baritone voice. Mr. McCabe is the prince's imperious chief huntsman. Mr. Bliss, as comic servant in the house of the comic Baron Pumpernickel, played by Joseph Selman. The two wicked sisters are Miss Sheldon and Miss Valentine, who play these homely roles for all there is in them. Mr. Kirkland, who also has a vocal solo, furnishes more comedy as the prince's valet. Miss Dubois is the queen of the fairies and a handsome one.

The children on stage furnish much of the pleasure which any theater-goer, old or young, will experience. Master Spong is the smallest of these and the cunningest. She is a little Cupid. Twin elves are played by Gladys Prebria and Mildred Booth, whose combined ages cannot be over twelve years. Many dancing specialties are introduced.—Miss Halcyon Chambers, the Spong hair, Helen Frandsen, Hazel Fowler, Carrie Kahn, Ruth Thompson and Ada Fugg giving the solo dances. Discrimination among these may be dangerous, but one may perhaps remark upon the grace of Miss Kahn and Miss Chambers—to mention only two.

Vaudeville at the Orpheum.

A bill of uniform excellence is given this week, but nevertheless one would not have great difficulty in picking out Augusta Glose as the headlined number or the one who ought to be headlined even if she were not. Miss Glose is nearly an incomparable entertainer and nothing more artistic and effective than her songs and impersonations comes along the circuit. The bills contain a highly amusing farce acted by Herbert Berson, Helen Downing and Raymond Chase, and a sketch in which the cast is headed by Maurice Freeman, who portrays an Italian. Among other virtues as an actor Mr. Freeman is noteworthy for this: He refrains from overemphasizing obvious Italian mannerisms and peculiarities of diction.

A novelty is given in the opening number. The Frey twins give an illustration of wrestling holds and how to break them. They windup with a supposed-to-be serious bout which at least seems on the level. The lithe agility of the brothers is a potent factor in gaining them popularity. They are followed by what is perhaps the best musical versatility act of the season, although there have been many of these this year. The Adelman family do many things, but their xylophone playing almost makes that instrument seem really musical—and they do not play the overture from "William Tell." Lola Merrill and Frank Otto chaff one another in that clever flippant way which is the great delight of vaudeville and other American theater audiences. The turn concludes with a graceful dance. A big aerial bar act given by the Six Flying Banvards concludes the program.

"Hearts Astray" at the Krug.

The Krug has an offering for the first four days of this week that can consistently be called a "hearty" play. In the first place the title of the piece is "Hearts Astray." On the second count the members of the cast are all ticketed by the author with some affection or affliction of the cardiac organ; the heroines are two sisters, "whose hearts are the playthings of fate," the hero's heart was "wrecked on the shoals of false friendship," the chief villain was a man "with a heart of flint," his first assistant was afflicted with a heart "filled with treachery," and his second assistant was given an "evil heart." Moreover, the play was acted heartily, the members of the cast playing with an unmistakable zest.

The plot hangs upon mistaken identity. Two sisters, or rather half-sisters, look very much alike. One, Lorna Carey, is a gipsy girl, having been stolen by the picturesque wanderers when she was a child. The other, Ruth Morton, is the highly respectable wife of a good man. Through the machinations of the villain, Crawford Thurston, a rejected lover of Ruth Morton's, Ruth's husband sees the gipsy sister making love to one of the men of the band, and is led to believe that the woman is his wife. Then the expected happens and complications set in. However, after many pullings at the heart-strings it ends happily. Jay Wellington is cast in the part of the unhappy husband very happily. A number of specialties are presented.

Crusoe Girls at the Gayety.

Charles Robinson had a lot of fun with the Crusoe Girls at the Gayety yesterday as long as they thought he was the rightful owner of a million-dollar check. He could have anything he wanted and he was not bashful about making his wants known. But, alas! The rightful owner of the million-dollar check soon turned up and Lustinglass Skates was hustled off to jail. Robinson makes a great tramp and furnished most of the fun during the show. He is ably assisted by Ida Emerson, May Belle, Harry Hills, some other principals and a big galaxy of pretty girls, who made the crowds which filled the Gayety forget the blizzard raging on the outside.

Five numbers go to make up the show. Lew Palmer starts off with some clever juggling and hat throwing, a la boomerang. Tom Barrett and May Belle present a travesty called "Only a Volunteer," which is simply an excuse for these two clever people to put on their songs and dances.

Charles Robinson is in the olio with some clever impersonations and makes a hit with everything he does, including the changing of the shape of his nose. The show closes with a burlesque, entitled, "Chinn in Chinatown," in which several high-class musical numbers are presented.

Old English Folk Dancing Revived

Following the furore created by the Russian dancers comes the announcement that old English folk dancing will be revived in the United States this year. Miss Mary C. S. Neal and Miss Florence Warren have come to this country to demonstrate the worth of the dances of the villagers of Yorkshire, Oxfordshire and the other districts of England during the old days.

Both Miss Neal and Miss Warren have studied folk dancing for years, but it has taken them a long time to find people who knew the old steps and figures that were used for centuries by the country folk of England. But few knew the ancient and artistic dances which dated back before the invasion of England by the Romans, and some of the dances they are now showing were popular during the time of the Druids. Miss Warren does the dances, while Miss Neal lectures and explains the significance of them.

"It took me several years to get together the real figures and steps of the English dances," said Miss Neal. "I decided to take up the study of the folk carnivals of England several years ago, but found that in even the most rural districts the oldtime dances were forgotten. I was lucky enough, however, to find a couple of old men who remembered the dances taught them by their fathers who, in turn, had been taught by their fathers.

"One of these men was more than 80 years old. I found him in Oxfordshire, and, while he was a little too aged to go through the steps, he remembered them and showed me how they were done. He was also able to play a concertina and give me the correct tunes that were used in the old days.

"One of these dances, he said, must always be led by a 'lord and lady.' This, I thought at first, was to represent the squire and his wife, or head of the village, but then he told me that his grandfather had always said that the 'lady' must be gowned in white and the man in court dress or armor. I then believed that there was some religious connection to it, but an antiquarian to whom I talked said he believed the dance represented the sexes, and that it was the custom, prior to the Roman invasion, to have the man and woman lead the dance all day and then sacrifice the woman at night to the gods of the ancient Britons.

"Among the dances in the old planting dance called 'The Bean Setting.' This I believe was originally a priests' dance at the beginning of planting time. It has the magic circle figure of the sun worshippers in it and the pantomime of planting, and was originally an invocation to the gods of the Britons for a good season."

Among the dances that Miss Neal got details of from the old men of Oxfordshire is one called "How Do You Do?" The latter dance was originally a pantomime dance, showing the Moors and Christians battling for mastery. In the old days the dance was rather strenuous and the dancers of the village who were declared the victors in the contest were given a bull, which was roasted in the village, and the gold tipped horns were given the winners. Some of these horns are still in existence in the Oxfordshire villages.

Recipes for Amateur Cooks

Flash Cake—Two ounces of butter, creamed; to this add gradually three-fourths cup of sugar, next two egg yolks, and beat thoroughly; then all alternately one-half cup of milk and one and one-half cups of flour, in which one teaspoonful of baking powder has been sifted. Flavor with one saltspoon of spice or one-half teaspoon of extract. Lastly, fold in two egg whites stiffly beaten.

Flait White Cake—Beat to a cream two-thirds cups of butter and two cupfuls sugar. Add one cupful of milk and three and one-half cupfuls of flour, sifted three times with four even teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Lastly, fold in the white of six eggs beaten stiff, flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla or three-fourths teaspoonful of essence of almond, bake in a large pan and cover when cold with a white icing.

Chocolate Loaf Cake—Beat to a cream one-half cup of butter and a cup and a quarter of sugar. Add the yolks of three eggs, well beaten, and then alternately a cup and a half of flour sifted with a teaspoonful of baking powder and one-half cup of milk. Beat thoroughly, then fold in the whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth, a quarter cake of chocolate, which should have been melted in the oven or over hot water, and a teaspoonful of vanilla.

Plain Dark Cake—One egg, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of sour milk, one-half cupful of shortening, scant one-half teaspoonful of soda and one level teaspoonfull of baking powder, pinch of salt, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, five teaspoonfuls of cocoa, one teaspoonful of vanilla, two cups of flour.

Cream the shortening and sugar. Add the well-beaten yolk of the egg. Dissolve the soda in the sour milk and add alternately with the dry ingredients, which should have been sifted together. Beat well and then fold in the stiffly beaten white of egg and vanilla. Bake in a moderate oven for about one hour.

Park Street Cake—Beat to a cream in a warm bowl one-half cupful of butter and two of sugar. Beat the yolk of four eggs until lemon colored and thick, and add to the creamed butter and sugar. Add to the mixture a quarter of a teaspoonful of mace and a teaspoonful of vanilla, then add alternately, in small portions, three cupfuls of pastry flour and one cupful of milk. Beat hard, using the hands instead of a spoon. Lastly, fold in the whites of the four eggs, which have been beaten stiff and dry. This will make two loaves. Bake in a moderate oven until the cake shrinks from the sides of the pan. If preferred, you can add to half of the mixture a cup of raisins or hickory nut meats, dredged with flour. This same batter is excellent for any of the layer cakes.

How Mother Opens the Can

One of the smallest of the little girls in a West Philadelphia family had often assisted her mother in preparing the meals. She observed that her mother, who was rather hasty, always talked to herself when she had any difficulty in opening cans of vegetables. The little girl thought that the hastiness was a part of the operation.

One day she was visiting a neighbor and went into the kitchen to help prepare a meal.

She watched the neighbor take a can of corn, apply the opener and remove the top.

"That's not the way to open a can of corn," said the little girl.

"Why, what other way is there?" asked the neighbor.

"Well, you take the can of corn and start to open it and then you bear down and the opener slips. Then you say, 'Darn this can!' and finish it. That's the way my mother opens a can of corn."—Philadelphia Times.

Witty Remarks of Children

"What are you studying now, Julia?" asked the visitor of a little girl of 8.

"Dismal fractions," was the answer.

Little Bertie had a dog, of which he was fond. One day he said: "Mother, do dogs go to heaven when they die?" His mother said, "No." With a dejected air he looked appealingly to his mother and said: "What is the use of a fellow having a dog if he can't go to heaven with him?"

Little Eliza had passed the age when dolls appealed to her particularly, and was observed by her mamma to put them carefully away. Being asked why she did so, Eliza replied that she wanted to preserve her dollies for her children.

"But," suggested the mamma, "suppose you should have no children?"

This was evidently a poser. Eliza studied a moment, then replied, brightening: "Then I'll save them for my grandchildren."

UNINTENTIONAL LIBEL.

"My little boy has to be handled with gloves."
"Gracious! Why don't you wash him?"

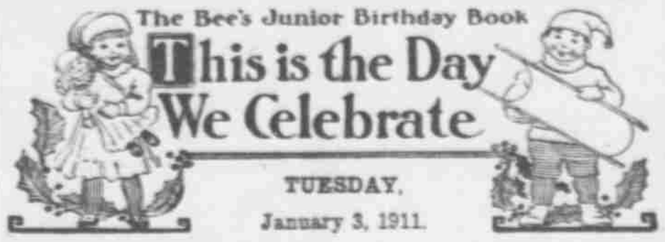
INCONSISTENT.

"Oh, Charles, it was one o'clock this morning before you got home."
"Aren't you queer? Before we were married you didn't care how late I got home."

LOVE AND FINANCE

"How does Mrs. Moneybags keep her husband's love?"
"He is unable to draw on her principal, so that, of course, keeps up the interest."

The Bee's Junior Birthday Book



Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Fearn L. Bourller, 2825 Gold St.	Windsor	1906
James S. Burber, 4028 Charles St.	Walnut Hill	1904
Jessie David, 2507 Krug Ave.	Vinton	1903
Jennie Dunn, 2027 Center St.	Castellar	1903
Presley Gamble, 2820 Castellar St.	Dupont	1898
William Gewinner, 1626 North Seventeenth St.	Kellom	1897
Paul Goldstein, 1419 North Seventeenth St.	Kellom	1904
Velta M. Greur, 805 William St.	Lincoln	1902
Maggie Herd, 814 South Thirty-third St.	Columbian	1900
Lenita Hunt, 4602 North Twenty-second St.	Saratoga	1903
Leo Charles Kleffmann, 2512 South Twentieth St.	St. Joseph	1903
Lillie Kooper, 1424 North Twentieth St.	Kellom	1901
Emil Kostal, 2810 South Fourteenth St.	Forest	1905
Edward Kysela, 1909 South Second St.	Train	1902
Clifford Maitland, 2201 North Twentieth St.	Lake	1899
Bessie Marcus, 2109 Thirteenth and Boulevard	Bancroft	1905
Mary C. McBride, 2228 South Eleventh St.	Lincoln	1897
John H. McCoy, 1516 South Twenty-ninth St.	Park	1905
John D. McConnell, 4202 Grand Ave.	Central Park	1903
Marie Munson, 2711 North Seventeenth St.	Lothrop	1903
Norman Natterstadt, 1424 North Nineteenth St.	Kellom	1902
Cecelia Nepodal, 3018 South Eleventh St.	Bancroft	1899
Arthur Nickles, Fortieth and Poppleton Ave.	High	1894
John Nowak, 2590 South Thirty-first St.	Im. Conception	1903
Walter Oleson, 2109 South Nineteenth St.	Vinton	1905
Ilean Ormsby, 2927 Dupont St.	Dupont	1898
Albin Petersen, 1623 North Twenty-first St.	Kellom	1897
Pearl Petsel, 1009 South Sixth St.	Pacific	1902
Rose Pirruccello, 1116 South Seventh St.	Pacific	1901
Mildred R. Ray, 2102 Bedford Ave.	Howard Kennedy	1905
Mary E. Redgwick, 1206 South Twenty-seventh St.	Park	1900
Edward Reese, 1612 William St.	Comenius	1897
Helen Robinson, 2114 California St.	Central	1901
Ruth Rylander, 709 North Forty-first Ave.	High	1896
Cora Reed, 4312 Saratoga St.	Central Park	1900
James Shields, 1012 Dorcas St.	Lincoln	1899
Jennie Selander, 2110 South Twenty-third St.	Vinton	1899
Leon C. Smith, 402 North Twenty-third St.	Central	1898
Margaret Thompson, 2717 Bristol St.	Lothrop	1902
Carmela Vacaro, 1132½ North Eighteenth St.	Casa	1900
Benjamin F. Wright, 1108 South Fifty-first St.	Beals	1904

Her Husband's Voice

He Gives His Amateur Wife a Lesson in Cooking Lore.

BY AMERE MAN.

"What do you say to a nice turkey for Sunday?" inquired the Helpful Handmaiden of the Amateur Wife.

The Amateur Wife breathed a long sigh of relief.

"Why, yes, Mary, that will be fine," she exclaimed, thinking of the enthusiastic indorsement of pig's knuckles and sauerkraut, for the one point at which her generally fertile imagination failed was the composition of the daily bill of fare.

Saturday, with its double obligation, appalled her, but now, relieved of one day's menu, she took up her diminished task with renewed vigor.

"Yes, turkey and sweet potatoes and—let me see—oh, beets, I think.

"We had beets yesterday," expostulated the Handmaiden.

"Parsnips, then," said the lady petulantly.

"We had them the day before and you told me the last time, ma'am, to remind you not to have the same vegetable more than twice in the same week!"

"Oh, dear, so I did!" the Amateur Wife ejaculated. "Well, really, I can't remember the names of any more. Say some vegetables over, Mary, and I'll pick one out."

"Cabbage!" said Mary with prompt enthusiasm.

"Oh, no! Cabbage and turkey would never do. And there are no string beans, and Mr. Mann doesn't like green peas—and the spinach is so full of sand it's impossible to clean it. Really, this vegetable question is a terrible problem in winter. I wish that man out in California would invent some new ones; don't you, Mary?"

The Helpful Handmaiden stared coldly at the Amateur Wife, and her eyes said plainly: "I know you're just talking against time and can't get your mind made up."

"The butcher boy is waiting for the order, ma'am," observed Mary firmly, "and you haven't told me yet what to have in the way of meat for tonight's dinner."

At this moment the Post Graduate Husband threw aside his paper, impatiently. Every morning he was compelled to listen to the same puzzle controversy.

"Have a steak!" he exclaimed in his most commanding manner. "A nice thick steak, mind you," he added, addressing the Helpful Handmaiden as if she were a culprit butcher. "And if it's not right I'll send it back!"

"Yes, sir," said Mary, retreating down the basement stairs and deciding to evolve the rest of the bill of fare from her inner consciousness.

"Well, I'm glad that's over for one day!" the Amateur Wife exclaimed. "It's horribly difficult to think up something new every day."

"Nothing is difficult that you do properly," answered the Post Graduate Husband, with copybook complacently. "I do hope that steak will be properly cooked. Broiling meat is an art which comparatively few men understand and hardly any women."

"How about you, dear?" inquired the Amateur Wife, with her saccharine smile.

"Oh, I'm an expert! I learned all about how to broil steak and chops and fish when I was a boy and went camping with the other fellows in my class at high school. My! but the things I cooked used to taste good! I only wish Mary could cook half as well."

"I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO COOK A STEAK PROPERLY," SAID THE HUSBAND.

Coming home on the train that evening the Post Graduate Husband experienced prophetic misgivings as to the quality of the steak which would shortly be set before him. And when he sat down at the dinner table his worst fears were realized.

Obedient to instructions, Mary had called for a large, thick steak, and four pounds of it toasted to a light brown on either side, but perfectly raw in the middle, presented a formidable resistance to the carving knife.

"Mary!" called the Post Graduate Husband, despite a glance of agonized entreaty from his spouse. "This meat looks all right, but it isn't done enough and it cooked to fast. Take it back and I'll show you how to cook a steak properly. Meat, to be properly cooked, must be—"

But the rest of the sentence disappeared down the basement stairs together with the Post Graduate Husband, the Helpful Handmaiden and the helpless porterhouse.

For ten minutes the Amateur Wife awaited her lord's return. Then growing impatient at the delay and the prospect of cold vegetables she, too, descended to the regions below.

There, still enthusiastically expounding his culinary theories, she found her husband, while the steak cooled on the kitchen tables and Mary listened in respectful silence.

"It's a great impertinence to season another person's food. Never use salt and pepper in the kitchen! To broil properly—"

At this moment the Amateur Wife seized the steak—Exhibit A in the lecture—placed it on a grill and proceeded to broil it, while the Post Graduate Husband continued his complacent discourse.

When they were once more, seated at the dinner table the culinary expert bragged as he carved.

"I never saw a better cooked steak in my life! Try this, dear, and then tell me if you don't think I ought to be a first class chef!"

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How Superstition Grew

"Few people," said a clergyman, "know the origin of our three most common superstitions. Why do we fear bad luck if salt is spilt at table? Why do we hesitate to be one of a party of thirteen at dinner? Why is it considered unlucky to commence anything on Friday? These three superstitions come to us from the very beginning of the Christian era, from the Last Supper.

"According to tradition, Judas Iscariot, troubled at the searching words of Jesus, made a brusque movement that overturned the salt. Many painters have put this incident in pictures of Jesus and His disciples at the Last Supper. Thence arose the superstition that it is unlucky to spill salt.

"The fear of thirteen at table has the same origin. There were twelve apostles at the Last Supper. Jesus making the thirteenth. Death immediately claimed two of the thirteen guests, for Judas Iscariot committed suicide from remorse.

"As to Friday, we all know why it should be considered unlucky by Christians.

"At this season of the year, it is interesting to know that our most popular superstitions are of religious origin.—Springfield Republican.