



Her Husband's Voice

How Our Hero Stamped Out the Dog
Trust in Mountainville, N. J.
BY AMBER MAN.

Vengeance flashed from the eyes of the Post Graduate Husband at his wife's greeting—
"Woot-Woot is just!" she exclaimed distractedly, "and you'll have to get right out and look for him. He's been gone three hours!"
Forgetful of all the maxima of matrimonial tact, she did not wait till her husband had crossed the threshold to impart the awful and not infrequent things that the beloved coffee had run away again.
As the romantic novelists have frequently observed, the human heart can stand a certain amount of shock, and after that point is reached it becomes deadened to all emotion.
Never again would the Post Graduate Husband feel the thrill of horror and dismay he had experienced when Woot-Woot had first succumbed to the wanderlust.
The butcher boy had brought him back he remembered. The Amateur Wife had wept with joy and in the exhilaration of his own relief he had handed the expectant within a new five-dollar bill.
Later the coffee's disappearance had grown too frequent to permit such magnificent largesse.

Within the first three months of their way in Mountainville the price of restoring Woot-Woot to his home and family had dropped to \$2.00. And as though with the deliberate purpose of paying no favorites, the dog allowed himself to be found by the butcher's boy, the driver of the grocer's wagon and the baker's assistant in a regular rotation that might be predicated as confidently as the alternation of winter and summer, fall and spring.

"It's about time he was lost again," calmly answered the Post Graduate Husband, as he hung his hat on the rack and removed his rubbers. "What are we going to have for dinner?"

"What?" exclaimed the Amateur Wife indignantly. "You think about dinner when you find Woot-Woot is gone—nobody knows where! How can you do it? I've driven all over the neighborhood. I've called up every police headquarters within fifty miles and I can't get any trace of him! And this time I feel as if I am never, never going to see him again!"

Her cheeks flushed out into a despairing pall and the sun in her eyes went behind a cloud with an imminent prophecy of rain.
"Don't worry, baby," said Her Husband, with more valor than he felt. "He'll be back! Let's see whose turn it is to find him? Oh, yes—the baker's boy! Well, come along, let's have dinner. He'll be along with Woot-Woot in the course of the evening."

At that very moment Mary, the helpful housemaid, sounded the call for dinner on the "chime" in the hall.
"Come, all ye True Born Irishmen!" was what she yelled according to Her Husband, and he answered the call like any like lover of the old sod.

In the middle of dinner the front door bell rang.

"Behold, the baker's boy and Woot-Woot!"



I'VE UNEARTHED A TRUST IN MOUNTAINVILLE, SAID HER HUSBAND MYSTERIOUSLY.

Woot-Woot! exclaimed the Post Graduate Husband, confidently.

And the next moment a mass of black and yellow and white fur, possessed of seven devils of delight, was leaping and barking about the hall.

But for once at least Fate had not run true to form. For it was the butcher's and not the baker's boy who re-treated with the recalcitrant coffee's ransom.

Dinner ended then and there, so far as the Amateur Wife was concerned. For, of course, the prodigal Woot-Woot had to be regaled with his favorite dish—the boiled liver of the fatted calf.

Then he had to be scolded and told what would happen to him if he should ever run away again, for in describing future punishment His Wife had the imagination of a Scotch theologian of the old school.

The Post Graduate Husband took no part in the demonstration.

An idea possessed him, and soon after dinner he rose, put on his hat and horse blanket coat and fared forth from his home.

When he returned half an hour later his face wore a singular expression in which triumph and a certain compunction seemed to blend.

"Well, I've unearthed a trust in Mountainville," said Her Husband mysteriously. "Neither the butcher's, nor the baker's, nor the grocer's boy will hold our dog for ransom for the period of one year! I found them all three together quarrelling over the division of the \$2. It seems that the butcher's boy stole Woot-Woot out of his turn, and the other boys were angry. Taking advantage of the discord in their ranks, I offered them \$2 apiece to devote their talents elsewhere."

"Yes, dear," agreed His Wife, enthusiastically. "You have impounded the Mountainville Ochopous and if it ever comes around here again I'll sick Woot-Woot on it!"

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Polly Hitchin—Her Book

Peter says my diary won't never get the prize, 'cause I've begun all wrong, and proper books always start with saying who you are; perhaps it will count now.

Dad is father, and his name is Mr. Hitchin. He used to make bicycles, but something went wrong through no fault of his, and now he's always out of work and we are always feeling poorer. Then there's mum—she's Mrs. Hitchin, and she makes trousers with a machine all day. When I was telling her about the beautiful lady, my mother said she didn't believe she knew as how a pair of trousers was made; but I can't believe a great lady like her don't know a little thing like that, even though her 'uband has got regular work, so she don't have to make 'em.

Peter is the oldest; when he leaves school he's going to be a errand boy, but he says it must be at a place that gives him a uniform cap, you feel worth as much more in uniform; besides, all the old ladies chooses 'em out to ask the way, so you can get extra pennies like that. Then comes the terror. His real name is Christy, after the church; but that is a name nobody can't ever say (though when dad is real mad with him he do call him Christanthemum), but it's generally Chris for short, or the terror. He's not exactly wicked, and, of course, he's straight, like we all are; but he's always a-doing of

something. Then there is Wilyum the kid, and that's all, except I'd forgotten to say I'm Polly, and by rights I ought to come next to Peter.

Well, we had been saving up for weeks and weeks to buy a Christmas present of a sofa with 3d. tied up safe in the tail of Peter's shirt. We couldn't get the sofa after all and when we got home we were feeling just miserable, and our dad was only a bump for Peter to sit on. We soon saw that that plan was put out over something, too, and she said there being no work she had been obliged to put her wedding ring in, and what she got had all gone for the rent, so there wasn't scarcely any tea after all. Me and Peter both had the same idea quite sudden like, and we asked out and fairly raced off to old Mr. James. He makes wedding rings on purpose for all the ladies to wear whilst their are in. He makes them out of French pennies, and the copper shines up something lovely, every bit as bright as gold, only inside you can see all the pattern. He was rarely surprised to see us, but when we got out at 4d. he chose a shiny beauty, and you should just have seen my mother's face when we came back and put in on—she thought it was the beautifullest present she'd ever had; but she doesn't know as we have got 5d. left for another present—Marjory Hardcastle in Corahill Magazine.

said the mother, "I can't put up with any little girl who does not mind. I will have to take you to the orphan's home and get a little girl who will mind me."

"Well," sniffed Alice, "I don't know how you feel about it, but (unless I don't want to break in any new mothers).
"O, mamma," cried Dorothy, "I found a little flea on Alice, and I caught it!" "What did you do with it?" asked her mother.
"Why I put it back on Alice again, of course. It was her flea!"

careless husband.
"What have you done?" exclaimed Mrs. Cumrox as she flourished a letter at it.
"Has that anything to do with the correspondence I tried to help you with?"
"It has. It's an indignant protest. I told you to address that distinguished pianist as 'Herr Professor!'"
—Washington Star.

Putting Him Wise.
Boreum (11.20 p. m.)—I wish I was a mind reader, Miss Hitts.

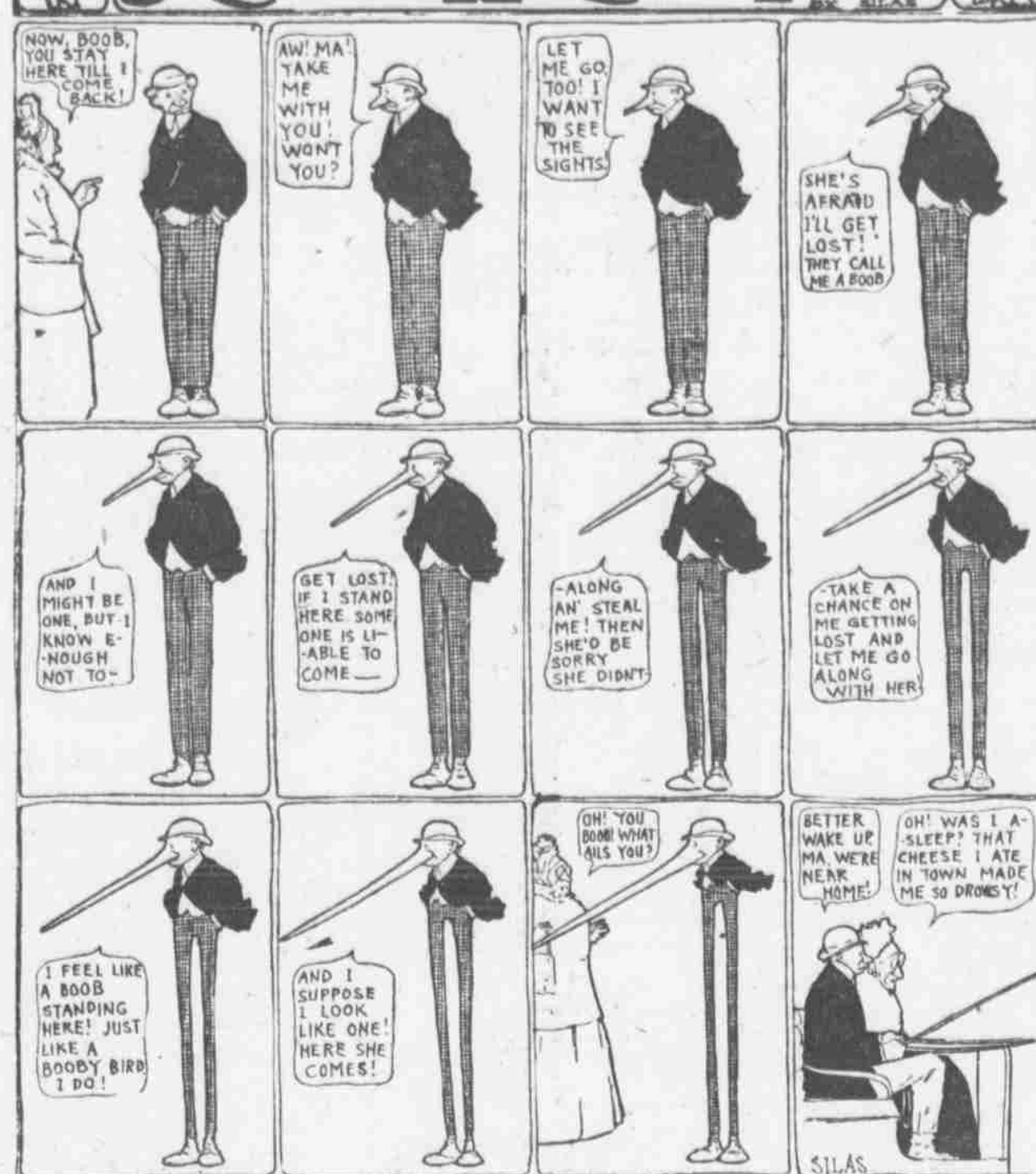
Miss Hitts—And why, pray?
Boreum—So I could read your innermost thoughts.
Miss Hitts—Oh, in that case you would not be here—Chicago News.

Long Time Coming.
Real College Boy (waiting for his change in department store)—This suspense is simply maddening, Kameraldo. Hadn't you better start a tracer after my change?
Saleswoman (meanly, but sweetly)—Just like money from home, isn't it, Archibald?
—Drake Delphic.

Wise Innocence.
In Berlin Kon had been naughty, and his mother suggested that he ask God to forgive him and help him to be a good boy when he said his prayers. His reply was:

"I can't say 'em in German, and God can't understand 'em in English."

DREAM OF THE RAREBIT FIEND



ANNALS of ANGELICA

I am sure I am going to marry a poor man. It is very disappointing that only men I have met so far that I seem to like appear to be positively poverty stricken, and the ones that have been introduced to me and are apparently wealthy I don't like a bit. Agnes came tearing up the other day and said she had a man that she wanted to have meet me.
She said, "My dear, he is worth millions!"
There was respect in her voice, and it irritated me. The fact of his having the millions didn't, but I knew she would excuse a man with a pudgy figure if he did have them. She brought him up and his figure was almost more than pudgy and he had horrid hands and looked sort of hot and greasy, but was trying to appear cool and well groomed looking. And she thought he was so nice! He said something complimentary yesterday when I met him. Thank goodness I had my new suit on.
He stopped and talked to me and said he wished he didn't have an engagement uptown at 120 o'clock or he would love to walk down with me. I talked to him a little more, and he said he'd walk down to Twenty-third street, anyway. It was a perfect day, and we stopped and looked in the shop windows and I showed him the loveliest hand embroidered petticoats in one window that I wanted to buy, and asked his advice about which he thought the prettiest. Then we looked in a window full of cravats and things and I picked out a tie for him. Then he said he'd walk down all the rest of the way, and we got to our house said he'd come in for a moment.
When he got up to go, after half an hour,



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A JUST-OUT-GIRL BY M.F.

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I THOUGHT WE HAD BETTER GO AND SIT ON TOP OF THE PIANO.

as he said he was forgetting his engagement. I suddenly thought I saw a mouse running along the shadow of the window curtains. I grabbed his arm desperately, and really it was awful. However there didn't seem to be any when we looked, but I said I would be very grateful if he would stay a little longer until I had recovered my nerves. After a few moments I told him they were recovered, and did he want to go? He suddenly caught hold of my wrist and said he thought he saw that mouse again, and it made his awfully nervous.
The next time I saw him, I said we must be brave together, and I thought we had better go and sit on top of the piano. So we did, and it was awfully safe and jolly up there, and he stayed till 6:30 o'clock. We are going shopping tomorrow afternoon.

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The Bee's Junior Birthday Book

This is the Day We Celebrate

TUESDAY, January 17, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Charlie Bell, 602 South Eighteenth St.	Leavenworth	1900
Roy Berge, 1217 Larimore Ave.	Central Park	1904
Norma E. Blish, 3629 Hawthorne Ave.	Franklin	1905
Vera L. Christensen, 2226 Kansas Ave.	Monmouth Park	1897
Stanley Cipra, 2409 South Eighteenth St.	Castellar	1903
Adella Cochran, 820 South Twenty-first St.	Mason	1898
Moses Colombo, 619 Pierce St.	Pacific	1901
Herbert C. Dee, 2814 North Twenty-fifth St.	Lothrop	1898
John Drexel, 2526 South Tenth St.	High	1894
Emory Du Rae, 1807 North Twentieth St.	Kellom	1896
Margaret Ederer, 2904 Bristol St.	Sacred Heart	1906
Anna English, 525 South Thirty-first St.	Farnam	1896
Olive Fitzgibbon, 519 1/2 North Sixteenth St.	Holy Family	1898
Eugene W. Field, 2516 North Thirty-first St.	Howard Kennedy	1898
Case A. Giles, 1115 North Seventeenth St.	Holy Family	1901
Henry Gwynn, 1054 1/2 South Twentieth St.	Mason	1901
Grace Healy, 3344 Manderson St.	High	1894
John Hill, 2253 Pierce St.	Mason	1903
Elizabeth Hirschhorn, 2505 South Eighth St.	Bancroft	1902
Peter La Hood, 2739 Elm St.	Bancroft	1904
Lenice J. Huse, 1621 Manderson St.	High	1895
Ethel Jones, 4318 Jackson St.	High	1895
Margaret J. Kiewit, 1148 South Twenty-ninth St.	Park	1905
Anna Konvalin, 1413 South Fourth St.	Train	1905
Eda A. Kotera, 1723 South Fourteenth St.	Comenius	1905
Charles Lane, 2105 Grand Ave.	Saratoga	1901
Philip Lang, 2755 South Twelfth St.	St. Joseph	1900
Glady Althea Landley, 4227 Ohio St.	High	1894
Harry Lansten, 2817 Pratt St.	Lothrop	1899
Henry Milke, 4801 Pierce St.	Beals	1897
James M. Miller, 3125 Mason St.	Park	1900
Edith Mikoll, 2106 North Twenty-seventh St.	Long	1899
Voris Mower, 1511 Georgia Ave.	Park	1905
Dorothy Meyers, 4743 No. Fortieth St.	Central Park	1906
Roy R. Platner, 2615 Grand Ave.	Saratoga	1899
Harry Ravitz, 1921 St. Mary's Ave.	Leavenworth	1901
David Ravitz, 1921 St. Mary's Ave.	Leavenworth	1901
Edward C. Reynolds, 2137 South Thirty-fourth St.	Windsor	1903
J.W. Paul Schinker, 2202 South Fifteenth St.	St. Joseph	1903
Louis Shafon, 2428 Hamilton St.	Kellom	1903
Harold J. Shaw, 1517 Georgia Ave.	Park	1902
William Henry Sheets, 3723 Fowler Ave.	Monmouth Park	1897
Rosie Sher, 1919 South Tenth St.	Lincoln	1896
Thomas Short, Wise Memorial Hospital.	Central	1900
Roy B. Smith, 1452 South Sixteenth St.	Lake	1901
Josephine R. Svanda, 1417 William St.	Lincoln	1897
Elmer E. Thomas, 4554 Dodge St.	Saunders	1905
Robert V. Thompson, 1713 South Seventeenth St.	Comenius	1903
Bessie Twenck, 1021 Bancroft St.	High	1890
Adella Wendell, 424 Lincoln Ave.	Train	1897
Gerald William Wesner, 3212 Lincoln Boulevard.	Franklin	1900
Jessie Welch, 1405 Ohio St.	Lake	1895
Ruth K. Wood, 120 North Twenty-fifth St.	Central	1898
Adelyn Wood, 1034 Georgia Ave.	High	1894
Joe Zager, 1903 South Thirteenth St.	Lincoln	1900

On the Street Car

Across the car—the sort of car that has one long seat down the sides—you can see all sorts of things, says the Dallas News.
You start at the beginning and see a small boy looking out of the front window at the motor cars.
Next him is a fat man, taking up enough room for two, and lapping over, as it were, on the people on either side of him.
Next to him a very thin man with glasses hooked over his ear is reading a paper without them, and adjoining this thin man is a lady. She is plainly fixed up for a fall. She wears a hat and a coat with ostrich feathers, and as you look at her her eyes meet yours. Does her gaze fall modestly? Nary a fall. She stares contemptuously at you—your worn—and as your own gaze falls she hurriedly pulls her dress down so you can't see whether she has on low-cut shoes or not.
Immediately opposite you is a healthy middle-class woman with two healthy middle-class infants. They are both under five years of age, we know, because she told the conductor so, and the conductor turned and winked at us.
One of the infants is trying to get the stylish lady's ostrich feathers, and the other is standing on the coat-tails of a young man sitting next, and is trying to reach the push button that stops the car.

Then a bunch of people gets into the car, and one of them squeezes into the already crowded seat. Oh, see the change! The man at the end is pushed into the man ahead of him, and he is jumped into the infant trying to reach the bell. The infant hits his mother's hat and knocks it askew.
The mother throws her head aside and a hapless babe the other child, which sits up a yell and grabs—oh, yes, oh, joy—the nearest ostrich plume of the stylish lady.
See the stylish lady, insulted? Oh, ye little gods and ginger cookies, no, the word doesn't fit. She throws herself sideways like a tarpon feeling the hook, and tears the newspaper from the reader's hands. He rises, seething bitterly and knocks a bundle off on the floor. Oh, was it china? It was. It is, but not to reach the bell.
He steps on the foot of the fat man, and the fat man, jerking his elbow back, pokes the small boy, who yells. How pleasant it is to ride in a crowded car.
See the happy folks opposite. All men are brothers. We know it now, having seen the brothers of our own, and knowing that they act just as these people are acting. Let us off at the next street, conductor.

Quick Repartee

"Our language has great possibilities," one of the regulars at "our table" said at lunch today. "While waiting for a car two young ladies with all the car marks of refinement, culture and other accomplishments met so near to where I stood that I couldn't help overhearing the conversation."

"Hello, Mame."

"Why, Sue, howdy?"

"Fine and dandy; how be you?"

"Outer light; where you?"