

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Her Husband's Voice It is Aimed at Rancid Butter and Stale Eggs, but Hits a Romance.

BY AMERIE MAN.

Real economy, like the fair sex which courts it, is theoretically beautiful. Its actual aspect is another matter.

Every housewife knows and every husband learns at the end of the week that if you buy economical things they are apt to be so good that you eat more than usual—a proceeding which has a ghastly effect on the bill. Whereas, if you buy cheap things they very unobtrusively make themselves less, help along the good cause of saving.

This is merely by way of preface to the sad state of Mary, the helpful handmaiden and John Cutup, the butter and eggs man.

The Amateur Wife had known for some time that of all the dashing delivery men who lingered at the back door of Isidore's the kitchen because of its attractive sovereign, the middle-aged widower who called twice a week with butter and eggs was the preferred minor.

His wife was not of a specially curious nature, but now and then she sat at breakfast, the empty fragments of their courtship still fresh in the open register—and she duly related to the Post Graduate Husband.

"Don't you talk to me of men!" Mary had exclaimed to her admirer on one occasion. "I have no use for them! Believe me, they're absurd creatures. And as for you, I think you're too fresh!"

"That's more than his eggs are!" the Post Graduate Husband had growled when the conversation had been referred to him. "I know it," his wife agreed meekly, "but what can we do about it? When I bought eggs from the grocer he charged us for seven dozens in one week. If we buy from this man who comes only twice a week we can keep track of our purchases better. Besides, dear, we don't eat half as many when we buy from him."

"No," said Her Husband, "even Woolf Wood the Dog has to be half starved before he'll touch them."

"They're not bad eggs," protested His Wife.

"No," agreed the Post Graduate Husband. "I'd have more respect for them if they were. They're just old store-eggs—a lot of jokes I hear about here."

The next morning's breakfast increased his respect for the eggs—or at least one of them which had passed entirely out of the doubtful class—and so settled, for the time being at least, the fate of the butter and eggs man.

Mary, bearing a plate of hot soda biscuits, which she insisted upon calling "scones," entered the dining room at the moment when his doom was being pronounced.

"I don't care how much money you save," declared Her Husband, "that fellow



"WHAT SHE IS YOUR CRITICISM OF THE BUTTER AND EGGS?" ASKED MARY.

has got to go! Mary," he called, "when the Butter and Eggs Man comes today, tell him she's dead!"

"What, sir," asked Mary, with a suspicious softness as she set the "scones" on the table. "What is the matter with the butter and eggs?"

"The butter is rancid and the eggs are stale!" replied the Post Graduate Husband, despite a warning glance, followed by a kick under the table from His Wife. And at the words Mary, the scornful man hater, Mary the lover at love's wounds, melted to mad tears.

"It's all the company I have! If he goes, I go!" she sobbed, and rushed from the room.

The Amateur Wife, with a scornful glance at Her abashed Husband, followed to the pantry, and for want of any tangible form of consolation began to pat Mary's back as if she had swallowed an orange pit.

"Don't cry, Mary!" she said. "It's all nonsense about the Butter and Eggs Man! He can come as long as you want him. Mary! You can take more eggs a week if you want to, and I'll have more dessert, just to use them up."

Mary's sobbing had grown less violent and at that moment the Post Graduate Husband, an humbled and much wiser man, appeared in the doorway.

"Get it out, Mary—I was only fooling," he explained. "Here's a couple of cigars for the Butter and Eggs Man."

Then, as the consoled Handmaiden retreated down the basement stairs, he turned to His Wife:

"Never mind," he said with determination. "I'll bring some good butter and eggs from town tomorrow."

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DREAM OF THE RABBIT FIEND



ANNALS OF ANGELICA

Beauty of Johnnie to get ill just before Edith Gaylord's dinner-dates. I can always count on him for a lot of dances, and can be very informal, and throw him over if any one else comes along that I prefer. There are some advantages in having known a person since you were six months old. The only time it didn't work was when I wanted to dance with that French count.



"MY NEW BLACK HAT."

him that dance, and when I wouldn't get dreadfully disagreeable, and we almost had a fight. I said I'd never kiss his coat collar again, and he said he'd rather I didn't kiss his collar, anyway. I got madder and madder, and wished I could think of something to say that would absolutely pulverize him—something that would be very cutting and end the whole discussion.

Cousin Anne, who is near-sighted, mistook Melville Thomas for a waiter the other day and called him "my good man." It was fearfully tactless of her, and she looked awfully dashed. She ought to wear glasses all the time. She said afterward that she had seen him perfectly, but naturally had thought that if he was at the de Busters it must be in the capacity of a waiter. He's so nice and jolly, too. I think she must be a little mobbish. Anyway, I looked haughtily at Johnnie and said, "My good man, it gives me no pleasure to kiss your coat collar!"

There is no use in my trying to be dignified. The first thing I knew he was chasing me around the fountain. It was very exciting. We knocked down a lot of flower pots, and a couple who had been sitting in a corner got a big right on top of them. I believe it was Piggy and Agnes.

We did have a chase, and just as I was getting exhausted, the Count appeared and said: "A charming picture, mademoiselle, and nearly caught, were you not?" He did look horrid, and I wished he was anywhere else. I said: "Yes. Why did you interrupt? I am sorry this dance is endangered." He said: "Evidently," and walked off.

Johnnie was putting his gloves on, and I began to Boston by myself. We could hear the music, and we danced in the conservatory, and it was lovely. Then we sat on the edge of the fountain, and he told me he thought I was so attractive, and nearly fell in. I told him I thought he was the nicest man I knew, and I nearly fell in.

A Lonely Ex-Empress

The death within a few days of each other of Mrs. Bartholoni and the Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild in Paris recalls the famous "Dinner of Twenty Beauties," in which both ladies took part.

The dinner was offered to the Emperor Napoleon III by the Empress Eugenie in fulfillment of a lost wager, and the invitations were to the most beautiful women in the French court. It was a cosmopolitan company: Mme. Bartholoni and the Marchese (Carobert, both Scotswomen); Mme. de Gallifet, who was English; Princess Anna Murat, an American; ten French women, two Russians, one Italian, one Hungarian, a Creole, a Jewess (the late Baroness Rothschild), and the empress herself, a Spaniard.

Now, on the death of the two ladies in Paris last week, the Empress Eugenie remains the sole survivor of that famous dinner.

Daily Health Hint

It is wise to drink a cupful of very hot water, freshly boiled, every morning upon arising. This makes an internal bath and is as useful as the daily external bath.

Such is Life

Life is what enables the baby to kick his feet about in infancy, and what he kicks most about during his adult days.

Generally life begins with a squall, and it often continues squally to the end.

There are four modes of life: bachelorhood, a fast life; spinsterhood, a slow life; marital life, which is suspended animation; and the Reno electric life, a spiky variety composed of alternating currents of the married and single kinds.

The butterfly life is the gay one, but it is too short; the tortoise life is longer, but it is too slow; and if you try to strike a safe and sane gait in the middle of the road, you get run over by some joy rider going the pace that kills—such as you.

Life is the most necessary thing in the world—you simply cannot live without it. It is as uncertain and difficult to control as dynamite or a woman. Too much life will land you in jail, and too little in a coffin.

High life is dangerous, as one's aeroplane may have a "brainstorm" at any minute or altitude; and there is no longer much enjoyment in low life on account of the settlement workers and slumming parties. Apparently the only escape from bourgeois dullness is to marry as often as possible; and there is always danger of falling in love with your wife and settling down to a duckpond placidity.

If you are lacking in life, you are termed a "dead one"; if endowed with too fresh and ginger, you are dubbed "real life."

Life is a picture puzzle, and there are always too many pieces or not quite enough.—Smart Set.

Bargains in Pews

Ministers have so many things to worry about that it is pretty hard to add the bargain-hunting habits of their parishioners to their other cares, but some of them are deemed to shoulder that extra burden. Old members of the congregation are not likely to go out hunting cut-rate pews in other churches, but newcomers who are just deciding upon a church home all do it.

"A reduction of \$2 a year in pew rent will fetch the bargain hunter every time," said a New York pastor. "Only last week an up-state woman who expects to make her home in New York concluded that of all city churches of this denomination she liked ours best and would take a pew here, but when she found she could get a pew that suited her about as well in another church for \$2 a year less she let all other considerations go by the board and identified herself with that church. The cut-rate pew hunter is a recognized feature of modern church life here. Because a new member elects to join our congregation does not at all signify that he shares our religious convictions or likes the pastor and our services. It may mean that we charge less for the pew he likes than any other church up street."—New York Sun.

The Uses of Dust. It is interesting to note that the part dust plays in making the sky blue is only one of the services it renders us while it is floating far above us. In the upper air it adds much to our comforts and pleasures, unpleasant and unwholesome as it is at closer range. The moisture in the air condenses on particles of dust; but for dust there would be no visible clouds to beautify the sky and to warn us of approaching rain; there would be no twilight, and the moisture that is now suspended in clouds would keep our clothing and the interior of our houses as damp as if we lived in perpetual fog.

TOO BAD



"That man did me out of a million dollars!" "Oh, Billie! But how?" "Refused to let me marry his daughter."

A Scandal of Two Floors

"Now, don't do anything rash, Amy!" "Dash it after I have stood his abuse for years! Don't talk to me! My man is made up to divorce him."

"But remember that—"

"Oh, I remember everything, Natalia, the way women run after him and flatter him to death; that—"

"That wasn't what I meant," interrupted the other woman hastily, "but just think of the scandal!"

"Of course, that is what you would think of, you conventional creature. But what do I care for that? I tell you, frankly I should have taken this step long ago if it hadn't been that I was determined not to leave him free to marry one of my rivals. But now—well now it is different. Society will have some fun when it learns the name of the co-respondent, I fancy."

There was no semblance of grief in the face of the thinned wife. Her red lips had hardened, and her eyes sparkled with gleeful malice as she surveyed her caller.

The latter had paled, yellowed, and now, as she rose to take her leave, it was with a nervousness quite foreign to her usual graceful repose.

Both women were called beautiful, but Amy Hawthorn's regular features had none of the charm that men found in the dark, somewhat melancholy face of Natalia Beverley.

In figure both were of that type slender to attenuation, which the modern fashionable woman spends half her life trying to attain or to preserve.

"Home!" ordered Mrs. Beverley to her coachman, but as she was driven down the avenue she could not help glancing at the woman who had told her what she was to do in the past. Ever and anon she mechanically returned.

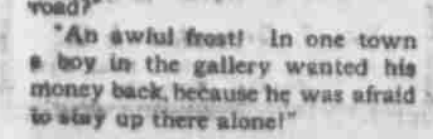
In her mind there was room for but one thought. "Over and over again her pale lips muttered, 'She knows! she knows!'"

Midnight found her still packing her room. How could she ever face the scandal that awaited her? She, the widow of a distinguished judge, she, who until now had always been beyond the reach of gossip.

She knew Amy Hawthorn knew how she would gloat over the humiliation of her rival. What she could not fathom was Amy's readiness to do now what she had declined to do in the past. Ever Geoffrey free to marry another. She recalled the air of triumph which Amy had worn as she imparted her determination. There was something back of it all, but what?

Did Amy suppose that Geoffrey, once free, would not care to ask the blessing of the church of his union with his latest

LONESOME



"How did the show go on the road?" "An awful frost! In one town a boy in the gallery wanted his money back, because he was afraid to stay up there alone!"

Very Fine

Isaac's house was for sale, and he told his friend Abram about an offer he had had.

"Samuel Levinski said he would give me five thousand dollars for it."

"Huh! Abram grunted scornfully. 'He ain't got five dollars in his name—he can't buy it.'"

"Well, I know he can't. But it was a mighty fine offer."—Lippincott's.

HAD HIM THERE



"The tips your brother gives me are always wrong." "Then why don't you play them the other way?"

ARTFUL



"But why did she marry her husband's brother?" "So as to have but one mother-in-law."

WAY OF WEDD'M



"Why don't you get married?" "It would destroy my means of livelihood. I write love stories for magazines."