

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Her Husband's Voice An Effort to Save His Wife's Soul from Perdition Falls

They were playing pinochle when the pastor arrived.

And as a necessary accompaniment to the national game of St. Louis, Hoboken, Milwaukee and Mountaineer, they had her husband.

They did not expect the pastor, for though they had been nearly a year in Mountaineer they had never happened to visit the Mountain Side Presbyterian church, and they were not aware that his itinerant quest for new souls to save must eventually lead him to their home.

"The Reverend Mr. Blubb," announced Mary the Helpful Housewife, in a tone of polite aloofness toward one not of the true religion.

And immediately a bluff and exceedingly hearty person appeared in the doorway.

"Was gratified by the Amateur Wife and the astounded husband.

"My friend Dr. Small suggested that I might find you at home this evening," announced the gigantic person, whom, much to his own astonishment, the Post Graduate Husband proceeded to like on the spot.

"We're perfectly delighted that you did!" gurgled the Amateur Wife, and dispatched a meaning glance at the Post Graduate Husband, which she should get the impression bear butting out of the way as quickly and as quietly as possible.

But her husband misread her wireless message, which he thought said that he was overlooking his duties as a host.

"Have a glass of beer, old man?" he said hurriedly, and then, feeling that he had made an unpardonable blunder, stepped suddenly and stared at the Amateur Wife.

"Thank you, I believe I will," promptly answered the Rev. Mr. Blubb.

And it was undoubtedly this simple answer which led the Post Graduate Husband to resolve that he at least was a man whom he might permit to save his soul—if he ever decided to sabet the contract.

The Amateur Wife, however, was a confirmed pagan. So long as the Rev. Mr. Blubb confined his remarks to the weather, the papers and the neighbors she smiled graciously upon him. But when a seemingly chance remark led the pastor to inquire if he had ever seen the interior of his church her radiant countenance congealed.

"Mr. Mann works so hard during the week that we find it almost impossible to get anywhere on Sunday," she condescended to explain.

At this point, perhaps, an old fashioned divine might have asked if Her Husband's future would prevent him from getting up and going to his eternal punishment on judgment morning.

But the Rev. Mr. Blubb was more tactful. He belatedly to the modern school which glowers over the unpleasant aspects of theology—and fills its pews.

"Quite true," he said. "I can sympathize with your husband. The struggle for existence these days is very arduous, very bit-



THEY WERE PLAYING PINOCHLE WHEN THE PASTOR CALLED.

ter, indeed, and a man, particularly if he is a leader is apt to be exhausted on the day of rest.

The Post Graduate Husband beamed victoriously at the obvious implication that he was a leader of men.

And the Amateur Wife decided forthwith that the Rev. Mr. Blubb was the most discriminating person she had ever met.

Seated about the dining room table they passed a delightful evening with the clerical guest, who discussed sporting events, told funny stories, but every now and then managed to make some incidental reference to the Mountain Side Presbyterian church.

It was 11 o'clock before he took a regretful departure.

"Come and see us again," said the Post Graduate Husband with unmistakable heartiness as he and the Amateur Wife followed the visitor to the door.

"The women of the church are giving a little luncheon, to be followed by a lecture on 'The Costumes of the Bible.' I had intended asking you to come," said the pastor, tentatively.

"Oh, she'll go!" cheerfully announced the Post Graduate Husband. "She'll be tickled to death to go! And, you know, doctor, I believe I'll get up next Sunday and go down and hear you preach!"

The effusion with which the Rev. Mr. Blubb greeted this announcement was equalled only by the promptness of his departure.

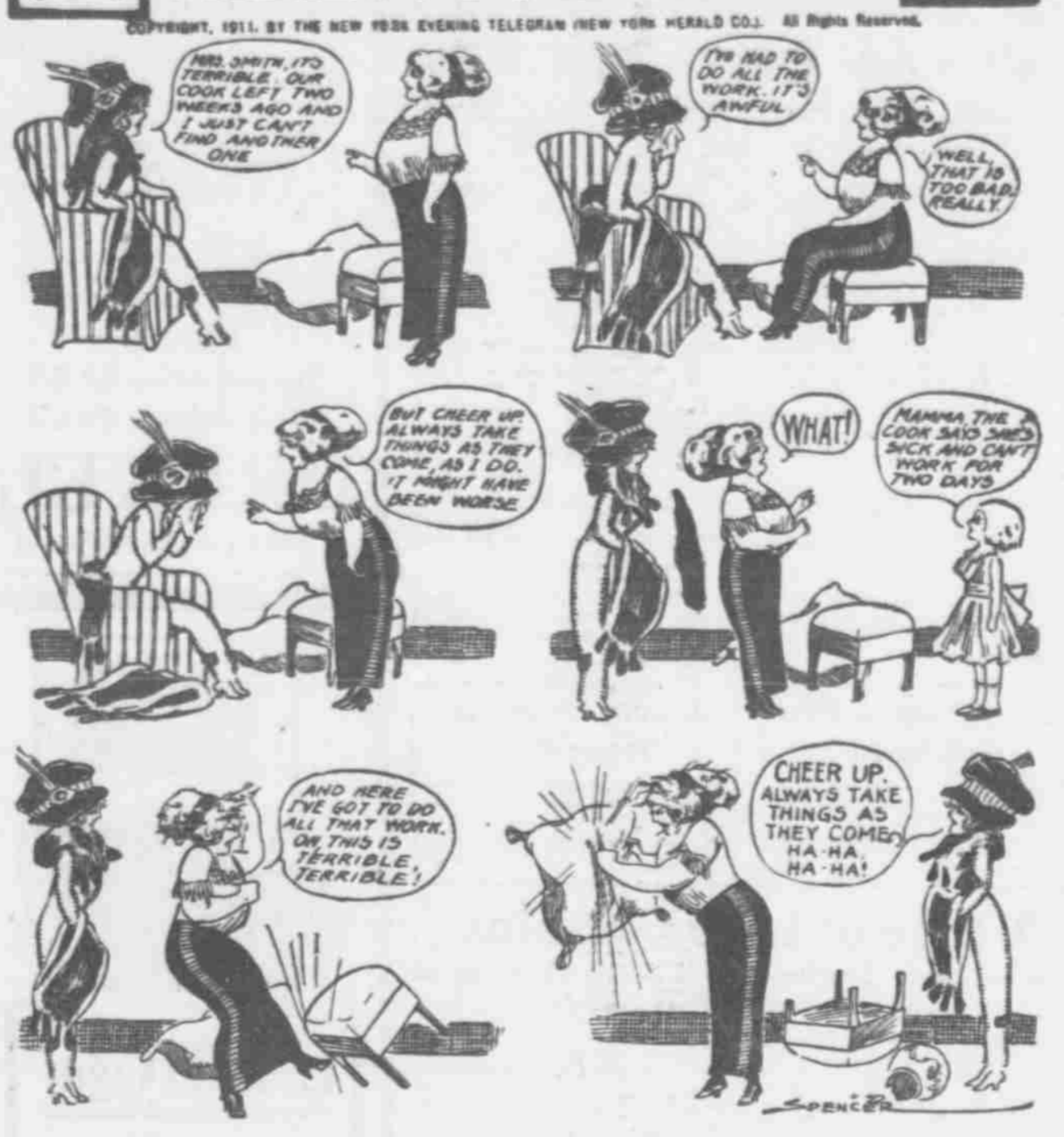
When the door closed upon him, the Amateur Wife sank into a chair with a sigh of dismay.

"Do you know you've promised to go to church next Sunday? Do you know you've let me in for a hen luncheon? Do you know I've failed accusingly?"

"I know I've been hypnotized," answered her husband in a dazed voice. "Yes!" he repeated, "hypnotized! I have promised to join the choir and to teach a young women's Bible class!"

(Copyright, 1911, by the N. Y. Herald Co.)

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE



ANNALS OF ANGELICA A JUST-OUT-GIRL BY M.E.

Saw a vaudeville show with Johnnie and Agnes and Ned yesterday. I was crazy to see what they were like, and I think the people who act in them are awfully clever. It's simply wonderful that some of them can get paid for what they do. One of these people gets over \$1,000 a week. She told the audience so in a song. She has a sort of reckless manner and she said everybody said she was crazy, but when it came to that—who was crazy, she or the audience?

It seems to me there isn't the slightest doubt that it's the audience. I felt slightly depressed.

She knew I was an idiot, and had the nerve to tell me so. I had been rather cheerful before that, as some of the acts were very good. They were not the ones we had come particularly to see, either.

The mortifying part was, I had come on purpose to see the lady who told us what she thought of us and whom we assisted to receive that two thousand we referred to for doing it. I think both Ned and Johnnie considered she displayed a certain lack of tact in rubbing it in. They think they work pretty hard for what they get a week. Agnes tried to look superior and Ned closed his eyes and his eyebrows entirely disappeared, but she had 'em both leashed to the mast just the same.

We sat away down in front, and one of the musicians was most attractive looking. He had wavy a dreamy face, with large, earnest eyes. I pointed him out to John-



WON'T YOU ADMIT THE MEN HAVE BEAUTIFUL HAIR?

nie. There is no use in my trying to talk to him about some things. He was simply insidiously rude about him.

I said, "Won't you admit the man has beautiful hair? Can't you see how it grows about his temples?" I was obliged to change seats. I was really very angry. Johnnie changed his seat. So he was smiling pleasantly, and then I discovered that it was quite impossible to see my musician from my new point of view. There was a young man sitting next to me, however, much handsomer than the musician.

He was awfully polite, too, and insisted on lending me his program and an opera glass. He was chewing gum. It was sort of becoming to him, somehow. It went with his face. He was just about to offer me some gum when Johnnie stood up and said I must change seats again, as he saw I was sitting in a strong draft. Of course, I had to, and found myself sitting beside



I GOT A DREADFUL EDGE ON THE TEA.

Petromilan club later, for tea. Agnes says she likes a quiet spot for a change. Well—you couldn't call it loud there. But they never happen to come when I've been celebrating in the place. It's so nice and exclusive. Still, I did see another table occupied once when I lined there. Nothing so gay or crowded as that on the day of our party, though. I got a dreadful edge on the tea and overturned a chair and choked on a muffin and became very noisy.

I am sure the waiters held a consultation behind the screen as to how to have me removed without creating too much of a scandal. I suggested getting up another "vaudeville party next week. Johnnie said he'd go if we got seats pretty far back. He thought we were too near the orchestra on this occasion.

Pertaining to March

Wither's "Cyclopedia of the Months," in Harper's Weekly, thus analyzes the peculiarities of March.

March is the third month of the year on the calendar, coming in between February and April in all countries of the earth except Ireland, where it is the first month of the year, with no second. It was named March after the St. Patrick's day parade, which takes place annually upon the seventeenth day of the month, taking the remaining fourteen days to pass a given point.

March is generally regarded by prophets as a safe period in which to predict the coming of spring, whose advance is invariably foreshadowed during this month by the large number of green things appearing upon the earth's surface.

Poets born in the month of March should be careful not to attempt to rhyme such words as walf, delibatesen with infersion, or lion-laners with oytanans, unless they have previously taken a complete course in looking under some acknowledged master of fletics or follow an invariable habit of submitting their poems to editors by mail.

To persons born in March it is exceedingly unlucky to have a painter standing on a ladder drop a pot of green or yellow paint upon their new wick hats as they pass underneath, and those who are careful will do well not to order dinner for this time if they have only current funds sufficient to cover the cost of a ham sandwich. Infants of either sex born between the

A Nice Taste in Eggs

He was a fine old gentleman, and it had amused his fellow boarders to observe the unerring quality of his taste in wines and cigars. Even at a distance he could tell the vintage of a wine served at another table over its aroma had penetrated to his presence.

"Chateau Larose, 1877," he would remark, with an unconscious smacking of his lips as the hand of the single fork from a bottle six or seven tables away.

"Think not," the taker would remark, knowing, of course, nothing about it, but just to tease the old gentleman, "Seems to me more like Chateau de Beantag, 1864—on, on second thoughts it is not 1864, but 1867."

"No," the old gentleman would reply, firmly. "It is Larose. '77. It is unmistakable. There isn't any Chateau de Beantag, 1864, left. And the vintage of 1867 was a failure. It hadn't come enough to reach across two tables, much less six."

But the climax of his powers was reached on a recent Sunday, when he and his fellow boarders were quietly engaged in eating their breakfast shortly after 10 o'clock. The landlady happened to pass through the breakfast room just as the old gentleman had cracked the top of his egg.

"Good morning, Mr. Kernoster," she observed, amiably. "I trust you are enjoying your breakfast this morning?"

The old gentleman bowed courteously before replying.

"Yes, madam," he replied. "I am enjoying myself. Your coffee made me feel as if I were from his daughter's odor from the 1868 crop of Mexico, mixed with Java, 1864, is delicious as usual, and the corned-beef hash made this a really successful and

THAT HIGH COST.



"Did you buy that fur-lined overcoat you thought of getting?"

HANGED IF I WILL.



"If you won't marry me I'll kill myself."

SETTLED FOR ALL TIME.



"She isn't the beauty she used to be."

THE BEE'S JUNIOR BIRTHDAY BOOK



This is the Day We Celebrate

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Harold Anthony, 2712 Ames Ave.	Saratoga	1896
Hilda Anderson, 2506 South Fortieth St.	Windsor	1901
Clair Adams, 4919 Webster St.	Central Park	1899
Sam Brown, 814 North Seventeenth St.	High	1896
Mary Beninato, 1214 E. Twenty-second & Poppleton.	St. Philomena	1898
Abe Borsky, 1912 South Tenth St.	Lincoln	1898
Matha Brown	Webster	1896
Irene M. Cann, 3212 Corby St.	Howard Kennedy	1898
Ruth Crossley, 2769 Webster St.	Webster	1902
Mabel E. Craig, 2132 South Forty-sixth St.	Beale	1899
Hazel Croun, 1711 Burt St.	Holy Family	1899
Tony Distefano, 415 North Twelfth St.	Cass	1896
Maisie Eggen, Fourth and Haskell Sts.	Bancroft	1898
Harry B. Fillmore, 4133 North Twenty-fifth Ave.	Miller Park	1901
Lizzie Ferris, 1203 Pierce St.	Pacific	1896
Moses Fersht, 1796 Clark St.	Kellom	1897
Annetta Ford, 1804 Corby St.	Sacred Heart	1902
Bennie Graets, 921 South Twenty-seventh St.	Mason	1900
Rosaline J. Hughes, 4513 North Thirty-eighth St.	Central Park	1905
Aelsha Heeny, 5230 North Twenty-fifth Ave.	Miller Park	1899
Walter Hasch, 107 South Ninth St.	Truism	1903
Gertrude Hollander, 1107 North Eighteenth St.	Ke lom	1900
Merna E. Irving, 2013 Manderson St.	Druid Hill	1902
Cleo C. Iselin, 2124 Grand Ave.	Saratoga	1895
Edward Hilding, 925 North Twenty-eighth Ave.	Webster	1898
Josephine Jensen, 2721 Sprague St.	Lothrop	1904
Kenneth Ed Keller, 2005 Burt St.	Cass	1900
Uva N. Keller, 2005 Burt St.	Lake	1902
Ether Kroner, 4744 North Forty-third St.	High	1899
Ralph Lockwood, 2554 Manderson St.	Lothrop	1899
Dalsey Lewis, 1523 North Eighteenth St.	Kellom	1904
Henry Murphy, 1418 North Seventeenth St.	Kellom	1896
Annie Marsnick, 1445 South Twelfth St.	Lincoln	1900
Edith Mahaffey, 1325 South Thirty-first St.	Park	1896
Roxana Metzger, 318 South Twenty-sixth St.	Park	1904
Leo Moore, 1511 Locust St.	Sacred Heart	1897
John Mercurio, 1814 Pierce St.	Leavenworth	1906
John Norton, 2524 Lake St.	Howard Kennedy	1896
Eleanor I. Newbranch, 3221 Pacific St.	Park	1904
Howard Nilsson, 920 North Twenty-second St.	Kellom	1904
Henry Pascale, 4021 Cuming St.	High	1894
Emilia E. P. Petersen, 3911 South Fifteenth St.	Ger. Lutheran	1899
Eme Robertson, 1718 Jackson St.	High	1892
Harold Smith, 1911 Farnam St.	Central	1900
Frank Stoller, 1214 North Twenty-fifth St.	Kellom	1904
Ellis R. Taylor, Second and Spring Sts.	Bancroft	1902
Henry Ticknor, 2919 Frederick St.	Vinton	1896
Karl Vogl, 2446 South Fifteenth St.	St. Joseph	1900
Zillah J. Whited, 3717 North Twenty-sixth St.	Lothrop	1900
Albert Wolf, 716 South Thirtieth St.	Farnam	1904
Helen M. Wahl, 1128 South Twenty-eighth St.	Park	1899
Clarence Young, 815 South Twenty-eighth St.	Mason	1903
Walter Young, 2507 Sherman Ave.	High	1894
Heinrich Zechmeister, 979 North Twenty-fifth Ave.	Kellom	1899

A Lesson on the Law

The other day Squire Dawson of Mill Run township called on the teacher of the district school, Miss Howard, and informed her that he was going to hold court Friday afternoon, suggesting that it might be worth while to declare a recess for the members of the higher class that those students might be edified by witnessing the trial.

"There will be several well-known lawyers on the county seat here," said the squire, "and in all probability their conduct of the trial will not only be very interesting, but profitable as well. The law, you know, Miss Rowland, is the most dignified profession there is, and its theory, as elucidated by talented men, can not fail to impart instruction to your scholars. I will see that a place is reserved for your class."

The students were tickled at the idea of being guests of honor at a real trial. They talked a great deal about it. Upon the teacher's suggestion, each one secured a note-book and pencil to make a summary of the proceedings.

"You must be very careful to not whisper or make any notes," warned the teacher. "We want these town lawyers to see that we have had the advantage of good training. Real gentlemen and ladies are always courteous and considerate of others, and never express themselves loudly."

The case at bar was one wherein Smith had sued Jones over a warranty of a horse. For a long time the feud had been brewing and all efforts to settle having failed the litigants went over to the county seat and negotiated for the best legal ability procurable, regardless of the cost.

The town hall was crowded, but agreeable to the court's pledge, ample space had been reserved for the class which, was to have its first peep into the mysteries of the law. Miss Rowland had left her smaller students at school under charge of an assistant, and was seated in the midst of her class. She, too, felt a human interest in that greatest of American attractions—a lawsuit.

Smith's attorney was tall and spare. He wore eye-glasses and a settled expression of injured innocence. Jones' legal man was short, stout, of pugilistic propensities, and he never for a moment let anybody forget he was on earth.

A witness for Smith was put on the stand, and the plaintiff's lawyer said:

"Tell what you know about this, Mr. J. Witness—Well, you see, when I first saw the boss I knew it was—but first, I'd like to explain. Jones, he says to me—

Defendant's Attorney—Hold on! We object to anything told you. It is hearsay, incompetent and—

Witness (determined)—He said he would give me \$5 if I could get Smith—

By the Court—You must not relate conversations with any one but the parties.

Defendant's Attorney (excitedly)—No, sir, and I insist that his remarks be stricken out.

Witness—Well, I thought—

Defendant's Attorney—But you had no

Real Realism.