

THE SUPERSTITIOUS CLUB.

Discuss When, Where and How to Get Married.

When the president of the Superstitious club called that body to order at its last meeting there were four kinds of caramels, and as many different varieties of chocolate creams on the table.

"Miss President," said the secretary, "on our dial of subjects the hand is turned to the 'wedding day.' Is that in order?"

"Very—I mean quite so. I observe six or eight of the members present are wearing their winter suits. It suggests the theory that those are our May brides."

There was a flutter as if somebody had been hit. Then Maud Johnson said:

"Miss President, we are April brides. We believe that May is an unlucky month for marriage, and have fortified ourselves with proofs. Is it in order to present them now?"

"Perhaps so," said the president, sweetly, "we will listen to the arguments."

"The Romans," continued Miss Johnson, "were very superstitious about marrying in May. They avoided all celebration days, and as many of these occurred in that month they pronounced it unfavorable to marriages. The 14th especially is to be avoided. That day of the week upon which it happens to fall is esteemed unlucky through all the rest of the year."

"It comes on Friday this year," murmured Kate Ensign, sotto voce.

"In Scotland," pursued Maud, "the people believe Queen Mary gave May the evil eye by marrying Bothwell. No superstitious Scot will marry in that month. The Chinese absolutely forbid any marriages in May."

"Girls," said the president, passing the caramels, "I wish to call your attention to a superstition that is not of Roman or foreign origin, but is purely American, and therefore to be considered. I allude to the fatality which always attends a bride who makes her own wedding cake!"

"Wow!" said Mabel Sweet. "I helped stir mine."

"Throw it away, then, or stay—send it to our next club luncheon. On no account use it for your wedding. Why, girls, I have a dozen names on record of unhappy marriages, and in each instance the bride made her own wedding cake. If you are very anxious to have a finger in the pie—I mean a hand in the cake—stir it for me, never toward you. But I should never hoodoo my whole career by making the cake."

"My superstition runs to days," said Marion Strong. "We have chosen the first three days of the week—Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, for club wedding days."

"I rise to a point of order," said Helen Stewart. "Sunday is the first day of the week."

"The club does not sanction Sunday marriages, except for the second occasion or for solemn elderly nuptials."

"The better the day, the better the deed," suggested one of the members.

"We compromised on Tuesday for health, but I wanted it on Monday for wealth," Lily Johnson said, blushing a becoming carmine.

"I shall never marry," said the president, laying her sleek head back, and closing her eyes, "but if I do, coming lack to life again, I shall choose Wednesday, best day of all."

"What are we to do about receiving sharp objects, such as knives and forks, for wedding presents? They are sure to cut friendship."

"I should draw the line at steel," said the president. "I am sure that solid silver knives are lucky gifts because you can't cut anything, not even a potato—with a silver knife. The same with manicure sets. I know a southern girl who wedded out the steel implements and sent them back. You will have dozens of manicure sets, and you can send them out for presents again. There are others."

Miss Flutterbudget, the girl who made a sensation last winter by asking leave of the club to wear 13 engagement rings, rose to say that she was one of the April brides, and what should she do in case of receiving a gift of pearls.

"Wear them," said the president sharply, "a girl with your wonderful luck can accept anything. True, pearls mean tears, but I doubt if you will shed any. You are one of our 'freaks.'"

"Thanks awfully," little Flutterbudget murmured, sarcastically, and was sharply tapped to order.

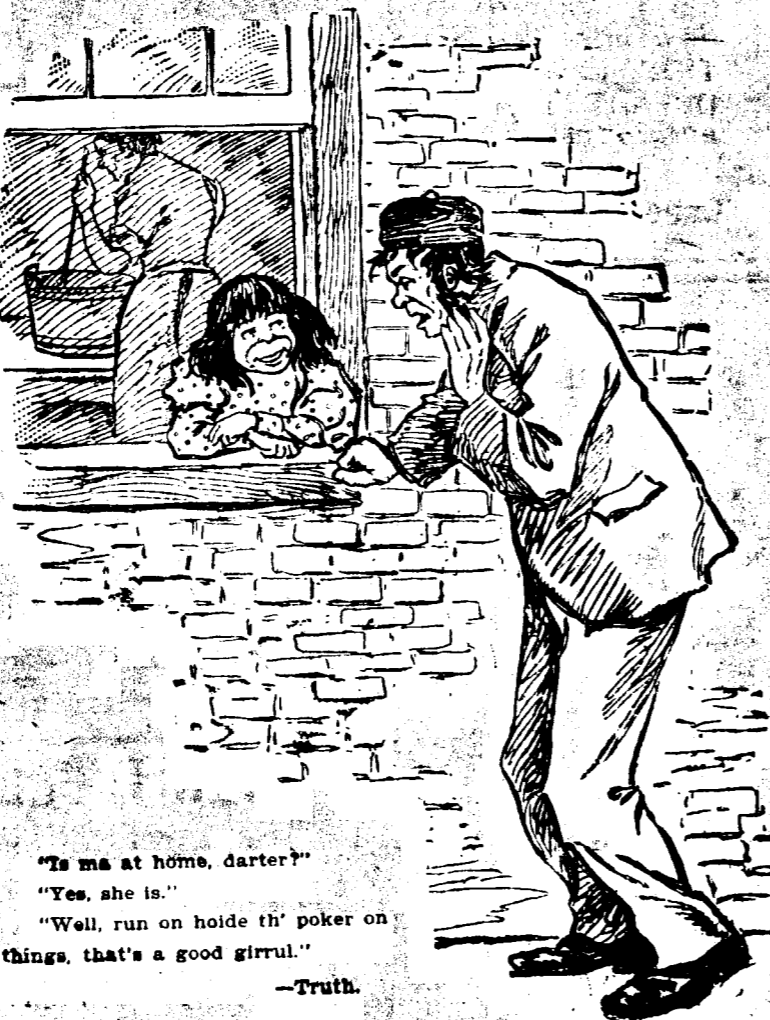
"The names of six new girls are up for approval," announced the secretary, and after the usual formalities they were entered as members. They take the place of the six retiring to be married.

After singing "Parting Is Such Pain," the club adjourned to attend a free cocoa demonstration.—Chicago Times-Herald.

No woman ever passed a looking-glass without looking to see if her hat was on straight.—Washington Democrat.



Mr. Goodman: "Why are you pounding your little brother?" Ain't you ashamed to hit one smaller than yourself?" Slopsy: "Nitt! Ever'body sez dat he's growin' to be sech a big boy dat he'll soon be bigger'n me. I'm goin' ter swat him now while I kin!"



"Is ma at home, darter?" "Yes, she is." "Well, run on hoide th' poker on things, that's a good girrl." —Truth.



"I can't use you myself perhaps, but I'll have the satisfaction of knowing where you are."

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Advertisement for Epilepsie and Convulsions, featuring 'Solution Laroyenne' and 'Anti-Nerveuse'.

Advertisement for Purgatifs et Dépuratifs, 'Engorgements d'Intestins'.

Advertisement for La Farine Dutaut, 'Le Meilleur Aliment des Enfants'.

Large advertisement for L'Abelle newspaper, detailing its history and subscription information.

Real estate advertisements for Kingston & Horn and John J. Casper.

Advertisement for 'Les Beaux Magasins' located at 218 and 220 rue Front.

Advertisement for 'La Belle Residence en Briques' with two stories.

Advertisement for Hotel Mandeville, featuring amenities and location details.