

esses in rainbow frocks and carrying shepherdess flower sticks, followed. Meanwhile the groom and his best man and the rabbi and his attendants with the silken canopy, had made their appearance on the low platform up front. Low bows were exchanged, all around.

A hush fell over the crowd. The orchestra, obedient to a signal, began to play a quaint Semitic melody in a minor key with a largo movement.

The impressive ceremony continued for some little time, and the soft voice of the rabbi was only broken in upon by the occasional cry of a restless infant, who was promptly dandled up and down

and soothed by mother, sister or aunt. The wine glass which is cast upon the floor and shattered at the feet of the principals, made a point in the proceedings which every eye beheld with awe and reverence.

"Soon it's over now," whispered Mrs. Simolski, after the rabbi had chanted a prayer. "Then you catch a glimpse of the bride's face. My! She's pretty. Her teeth is all gold-filled—Alexis, if I got to speak to you again—"

A burst of soft music filled the hall. A crowd surged up and on to the platform and surrounded the wedding party. Kisses and felicitations were in order,

and order gave way to a pleasant chaos. The tide swept down toward us and we struggled forward to salute the bride. The hall became one swelling roar of sound, aided and abetted by the orchestra, which was now playing "Too Much Mustard." Kisses indiscriminate were given and received. Mrs. Simolski embraced everyone, man and woman alike, and was embraced in turn. The more impulsive wept a little and laughed a great deal, and one old lady was so overcome by emotion that she fainted in the arms of a very handsome young man. The undemonstrative recorder of these events lifted her eyes suddenly to find a stout, red-bearded, fatherly-looking Pole with outstretched arms bearing down upon her, and snatching Isidore more closely to her she dropped pad and pencil and fled precipitately, only to run directly into the open arms of a large Ruthenian woman who had had garlic for supper and who kissed her squarely on the mouth!

Downstairs a recherche banquet was served at two long, candelabra-lighted tables, and so large was the crowd and so popular the dishes that as soon as one chair was vacated it was at once filled again. We had schnitzels, kartoffel klops, baked potatoes, celery, sliced cold fowl, schweizerkase and schmierkase, apfelstrudel, ringkuchen, ice cream and coffee. Meanwhile, upstairs, a regular charivari was in progress. Chairs had been pushed back against the walls and dancing had begun. Some of the groom's friends had arranged a kind of handicap race for the lucky man, in which he was obliged to ride a small goat about the room, spearing up potatoes from the pointed end of a long stick, and depositing them in a sack. It appeared that unless he could win twice out of three times against the other chaps who were on foot, his bride would be "boss" through life. Incidentally, this is a feat seldom, if ever, accomplished, and the moral is obvious.

Presently the bride, feeling the exact moment propitious no doubt, mounted a chair and threw her large bouquet into a group of maidens. There was a scramble.

It was at this juncture that I first noticed Louis Simolski standing near. He must have only then arrived. He stood leaning forward eagerly, his big eyes fixed with a peculiar dog-like quality of devotion upon something or somebody amongst that group of laughing, squealing, damsels. He wore a new suit of a large checked design, tan shoes and several sparkling rings.

"Rachel's got it! Rachel's got it!" went up the cry.

"Oi oi, Rachel gets married next, ain't it?"

"Oi gewalt! Tell us who it is, Rachel?"

A pretty little Jewess—most noticeably pretty among that assembly of beauties—detached herself from the others and tripping into a vacant spot on the floor made a low obeisance to the bride. In one hand she held the somewhat tattered but very much coveted bride's bouquet.

"Who is it already? Tell us his name, Rachel!" demanded several voices.

But the blushing Rachel merely laughed, and rising, waved the flowers over her dark, curly head, and smiled bewitchingly at someone near the door.

"Hello Louis!" she called, gaily.

"Hello, Rachel," called back Louis Simolski.

"Come here, Louis. I want to whisper something by your ear."

Louis needed no second invitation, and soon the vision in rose pink and the happy individual in the checked suit were whirling rapidly about the floor to the strains of The Winner two-step.

Someone gave me a violent nudge. I turned. It was Mrs. Simolski with Rosy sleeping peacefully in her arms. Behind her was Miriam holding the other twin—Abie, Alexis, Dimitri and Olga had been taken home and put to bed.

"Look how she makes up again by Louis," said Louis' mother with a wink and a jerk of the head toward the dancing pair.

"Who is it?" I asked, curiously.

"It's Rachel Grossman. She'll be my daughter-by-law yet. Her dowry it ain't any too large. Louis could look higher already."

"But I thought she was in New York with a moving picture company!"

"Nu, she was never any furdur than Deetroit, Michigan. She was working by a dee-partment store already. She got home yesterday."

"And has she given up the idea of becoming a film star?"

"I guess so. She said there was too many stars over on the oder side and she didn't want to crowd the mourners. I heard she got turned down everywhere. She was in a small stage play called 'Watch Your Step,' and I guess she didn't watch hers for she had her purse with all her money in it pinched one night, and had to go by the shirtwaist dee-partment of a store to work. Here comes now Mr. Isaacstein. Might you would like to dance by the groom?"

"No thanks, I'll have to hurry away now."

"You be sure send me a paper, not? This what I got on is amethyst charm—euse. Don't forget."

At the door a broadly-smiling Louis rushed up to me.

"We're to be married on the seven-teenth of Ireland!" he whispered. "It's to be right here at the same place, but I bet it makes this wedding look like a funeral, already."

And it was even so. That was over a year ago, and Louis is now in the trenches, while his little war bride is the happy mother of a small daughter whom she hopes will grow up to become "a second Marguerite Clarke."

Mother Biddy's Story

I am a hen, and my name is Mrs. Biddy. I should like to tell you the story of what happened to me last spring.

I had been in the habit of laying one egg a day in the corner nest in the hen-house, but—in some strange way these eggs always disappeared. What was my surprise to find, one day in April, fifteen eggs in my nest! I was so pleased I sat on them, and spread out my feathers, and kept them warm for three weeks, and then fourteen eggs became chickens. One wouldn't change, and had to be left.

I was a proud mother when I led my fourteen children, all dressed in yellow down, out of the hen-house to our new and commodious barrel home.

I had such a time naming them! The first day I could only think of Fluff, Puff, Buff, Duff and Muff. The next day I thought of Downy and Brownie. Then I couldn't think of any more, and the rest of my children were never named; but it did not matter, for there were so many of them and they were so lively, I always got excited, forgot their names and called them all "Cluck! Cluck!"

O the dear little ones, how soon they learned their lessons! Why, when they were only one day old they learned to eat, pick and peck, and to sleep huddle-cuddle!

Every one of the little dears could sing "Peep-a-peep!" They were so happy playing games. "Hide-and-seek" was the favorite. Fluff or Puff or Buff or Duff or Muff would hide under my feather or wing, and stick a little head out and sing, "Peep!" Then all the others would run to seek. The most exciting game was called "tug of life," or "pulling the squirm worm." Whenever in my scratching I found a wiggly worm, I always clucked my loudest clucks, and all the little chicks would run pell-mell. Whoever got the worm would run, and all the others join the fun.

They grew so fast and ran about so lively I had all I could do, with fourteen such children under my feet, to keep from stepping on them. As my children grew older they learned to scratch a little for themselves, and they made such a fuss about coming in nights! I would go into my barrel home and sing my best and most coaxing cluck, but some of my dears would linger outside, and run and hide, and under the barrel creep, and get lost, and cry, "Peep, peep!"

If they had only minded my first "Cluck!" all would have been well.

I have no more trouble now; they are all grown up to young roosterhood and young henhood, and hardly look at their mother, although we use the same roost. I have noticed that sometimes in the night, when in the distance is heard the bark of our fearful enemy, the fox, my children draw closer to me, as if they still needed the protection of their mother.

Another Great Premium Offer!



A LUCKY CHANCE enabled us to pick up a hundred or so of these magnificent Parlor Lamps at a mere fraction of their real value. We now offer them to our subscribers on very exceptional terms—so exceptional in fact that if you want to become the proud possessor of one, you had better write us at once, so that we can put one aside for you.

These lamps stand **TWO FEET** high, and above illustration was taken from an actual photograph.

OUR OFFER

We will send you one of these Parlor Lamps—exactly as illustrated above—for only five new subscriptions to "The Western Home Monthly" at \$1.00 a year. Remember, we only have a limited number, so

FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED

For any further particulars write

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
WINNIPEG