

THIS STORY WILL INTEREST

Every Wife whose Husband is a
" Club " or " Society " Man to the
Neglect of his Wife and Family;
and

Every Husband whose Wife, in his
opinion, is too much of the " New
Woman "

Other Men and other Women will
also be amused, and perhaps edi-
fied, by its perusal

**TIM AND
MRS. TIM**

TIM AND MRS. TIM

A Story for the "Club" and
"Society" Man and the
"New" Woman

BY

R. T. LANCEFIELD

AUTHOR OF "VICTORIA, SIXTY YEARS A QUEEN"



TORONTO

THE TORONTO NEWS COMPANY
LIMITED



Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Ninety-seven, by RICHARD T. LANCEFIELD, in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.

FIRST EDITION, 3000 COPIES, DECEMBER, 1897.

PS
8473
AGENTS

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

- Relates how Tim yielded to temptation ; of Mrs. Tim's sorrow ; and of Tim's explanation* 9

CHAPTER II.

- Relates how Tim studied the Private Ritual ; how Mrs. Tim acquired a knowledge thereof ; and of the complications that ensued* 22

CHAPTER III.

- Relates how Tim became a confirmed "Joiner ;" how one wife tried to cure her husband ; of Mrs. Tim's great scheme to cure Tim ; and of the domestic infelicities that followed* 43

CHAPTER IV.

- Relates Mrs. Tim's impressions of "social hours" at Lodges ; how Tim became paralyzed at Mrs. Tim's outburst ; how Tim dropped Society work ; and how Mrs. Tim herself became a famous "Joiner"* 75

CHAPTER V.

- Relates how Tim planned a domestic earthquake ; how the earthquake finally came ; and the result thereof 103*

CHAPTER VI.

- How Tim, in expressive verse, commemorated the return of white-winged Peace to his domicile 134*

Tim and Mrs. Tim

CHAPTER I

RELATES HOW TIM YIELDED TO TEMP-
TATION AND JOINED A SOCIETY ;
OF MRS. TIM'S SORROW ; AND OF
TIM'S EXPLANATION.



TIMOTHY WRIGHT,
or Tim, as he was
familiarily called by his friends, was
one of the wide-awake business men
of the thriving city of Parkerville.

In his early days Tim had been a specially good young man. Not one of your namby-pamby, goody-goody kind ; but a fine specimen of a healthy, whole-souled, virile Anglo-Saxon.

Tim remembered the scriptural injunction that it is not good for man to dwell alone. At the somewhat sensible age of twenty-four he had taken unto himself a life partner for better or for worse.

For some time the domestic affairs of the young married couple ran the even tenor of their ways, as it were. This veracious history, indeed, might never have been written had not Tim in an evil hour listened to the voice of the tempter, in the person of an

old school chum, Harry Harris. Harry was a member of the M. O. D. I. (Modern Order of Divided Idlers). One day Tim was induced by that smooth-tongued gentleman to allow his name to be proposed for membership in that order.

Tim at first resolutely refused. He had always been what is known as a "home-bird." Translated into the vernacular this meant that he spent his evenings in the bosom of his family, instead of chumming or bumming with the boys around town in the evenings, as too many married men do.

Tim had enjoyed many a laugh at the jokes in the comic papers about the stories of husbands making the

12 TIM AND MRS. TIM

excuse to their wives that they were going to the lodge, when they were simply going to make a night of it at the club, if not at some more questionable resort. And he told friend Harry flatly that he was not going to begin joining lodges. A joke was a joke all right enough, and no one could enjoy a good one more than he could himself. But married men, especially, had a duty to perform. That duty was to look after their wives and families, and not to go gadding about town with the single fellows, who had no one but themselves to worry about.

But Tim was much mistaken if he thought that such arguments as these would satisfy friend Harry.

Not at all. Harry had what is known as the "Society" fever. In common parlance he was a "Joiner." It was n't a question of what society he belonged to, but rather of what society he did not belong to, for he joined any and every society to which he could gain admittance.

And not only was Harry an enthusiastic "Joiner" himself, but he had an almost mesmeric power over his friends. He easily took first prize in most of the societies to which he belonged for bringing in the largest number of new members.

It was not surprising, then, that he soon overcame Tim's scruples, and finally induced him to sign the application form for membership, as

before recited. Not that Tim yielded without a struggle. On the contrary, he fought hard against the temptation.

“Really, Harry,” he said, “I would much rather not join. What is the use?”

“Why, my dear boy,” replied Harry, in his bright, breezy manner; “it won’t be hard to show you that. It does a man good in every way to join us. He becomes acquainted with men he might otherwise never meet. He has the rough corners of his character rounded off by contact with his fellow men. He is soon placed in office, and thus becomes a person of importance among the brethren. He has the sympathy

and practical aid of his brethren in times of sorrow and misfortune. In fact, I am sure it is unnecessary for me to continue to demonstrate the benefits which our society confers upon its members."

Such a shower of reasons why he should join was too much for Tim. He was not logician enough to separate the wheat from the chaff, and to argue the various points so well presented by Harry ; while he could not deny that some of them appealed very strongly to his personal feelings and predilections. He did not care a button for office, but he did think it was a capital idea, both from a business as well as a personal point of view, to increase the area of his

16 TIM AND MRS. TIM

acquaintances, and to have the aid of faithful brethren in times of sickness and distress.

So his application went in. As Tim was a citizen of standing and repute, it is needless to say that the application was accepted. In course of time Tim was duly initiated into the secrets and mysteries of the order, and straightway blossomed out into a full-fledged member of the aforesaid Modern Order of Divided Idlers.

And thus arose the first cloud which obscured the hitherto serene sky of happiness of Mrs. Tim. She, poor woman, was now to realize the truth of the old saying, that one never fully appreciates any blessing

one enjoys till one is about to lose it. She had enjoyed Tim's society in the evenings for so many years, that she had come to look upon it as quite the natural thing. She occasionally heard rumors that Mr. Jones, one of their neighbors, was attending too much to societies, and neglecting his wife and family. Mrs. Brown, another neighbor, had told her only a few weeks before, that Mr. Brown belonged to so many societies, he hardly ever spent an evening at home, and that she was a most unhappy woman in consequence. But Mrs. Tim had not taken much notice of these stories. She had simply said to herself, "Thank heaven! my Tim has more sense than to do such

things, or to make such a fool of himself."

It can readily be imagined, therefore, that it was quite a shock to her feelings when her own Tim began to attend lodge once a week. She refrained from saying much at first. She often felt on the verge of an outbreak when Mr. Tim would come home, frequently about midnight, and sometimes even later, with a stale smell of bad tobacco hanging round his clothes. If there was one thing that Mrs. Tim detested more than another, it was the smell of tobacco in the house ; and Tim, it must be understood, rarely smoked before he became a recruit in the ranks of the Joiners.

But though Mrs. Tim did not make much of a fuss, yet she could not refrain from expressing her opinion.

“Why, Tim,” she would say; “I thought you had been to the lodge?”

“And so I have, my dear,” Tim would reply.

“Then, sir,” Mrs. Tim would say, “I am afraid your lodge is not going to do you much good. It seems to me you only waste your time there. You know, Tim, you have been out so seldom without me till lately; and even when you did go out, you came home without this horrid stale tobacco smell about you. While now—”

And there would be just the faintest touch of a catch in her voice, as

20 **TIM AND MRS. TIM**

though she were going to break down entirely. Whereupon Tim would gallantly come to the rescue.

“Come, come, my dear,” he would say ; “don’t go on like this. I can assure you there are a fine lot of fellows belonging to the lodge, and that we conduct ourselves properly. Sometimes, it is true, after the lodge business is over, a few of us have a quiet chat and a smoke, just talking over things in general and lodge matters in particular. Besides, my dear, it’s only once a week, anyway. And then think of the honor in store for your husband. To-night, for instance, the members elected me I. G. F. B. D., which means Inspector-General of the Front and Back

Doors. You will see your next-door neighbor will be green with jealousy to-morrow when she sees my name in the papers among the list of officers, as her husband has not yet been elected to any office."

Mrs. Tim would interject an occasional "Humph!" or "Nonsense!" expressive of her supreme contempt, as Tim would thus rattle on in his own free and easy style, while disrobing preparatory to seeking some much needed repose.

Thus was the domestic peace of Mrs. Tim invaded; and thus did Tim on his part come to regret that the historic Mrs. Caudle with her curtain lectures had invaded his hitherto peaceful home.

CHAPTER II

RELATES HOW TIM STUDIED THE PRIVATE RITUAL; HOW MRS. TIM ALSO ACQUIRED A KNOWLEDGE THEREOF; AND OF THE COMPLICATIONS THAT ENSUED.



SUCH scenes as the one described were mild indeed compared with those that were to follow. In the course of time Tim was elected to higher office in his lodge. Then he joined a higher branch of the same order, and was speedily elected an office-bearer. Soon after he had the supreme satisfaction of seeing his name in print

with these initials after it : H. S. H. C. R. S. F., and hearing himself addressed by the brethren as His Serene Highness Sir Timothy Wright, the Chosen Ruler of the Select Few.

His election to this exalted office necessitated much study, as he was required to memorize the ritual used at the initiation of candidates. But by this time Tim was equal to any sacrifice that the order required. Instead of attending to his family and his social duties, and taking life easy, he set to work in his spare moments, and succeeded in mastering nearly the entire ritual.

He had been given a copy of the secret ritual prepared for officers only, to assist him in this task. This

was to be kept strictly private. One day Tim got a bad fright through his carelessness in not taking sufficient care of it.

He had sat up one night well into the small hours of the morning, deeply immersed in his self-imposed task of memorizing. On retiring he had thrown the book into his private drawer in the chiffonier in his bedroom. He was very busy for the next few days and nights—too busy, in fact, to give a thought to the further study of the book.

But it so happened that Mrs. Tim, in straightening up her husband's room, as every good wife feels in honor bound to do occasionally, had come across the precious Private

Ritual. A glance through its pages was enough to show that it did not contain any old or even recent love letters from unknown females, or other compromising materials, such as are said to be occasionally found in the books or pockets of some bad husbands. The ritual was on the point of being laid back in its place, when Mrs. Tim suddenly conceived the idea of playing off a practical joke on Mr. Tim as part payment for the many weary hours she had now to pass by herself. Like Mr. Tim, she suddenly became a diligent student of the Private Ritual. When she thought she was sufficiently versed in her part, she proceeded to spring a surprise on Mr. Tim.

One night, or rather early one morning, Tim came home smelling worse than ever of vile tobacco, to which was added a most suspicious odor of beer or whisky. Mrs. Tim had retired, like the dutiful wife that she was. Tim also was soon sleeping the sleep of the tired-out, beer-soaked brother. In the morning, when he awoke, his good wife was up and dressed ; but there was a look of anxiety on her face, and a sort of I-am-sorry-for-you tone in her voice, that Tim did not at all like.

“ Ah, Tim,” said his wife ; “ I thought it would come to this sooner or later. No man can go on like you have been going and not suffer the consequences.”

“Why, my dear,” said Tim ; “what on earth is the matter ? Grumbling, as usual, of course. But what special sin am I guilty of now, that you put on such a long face and speak in such a sorrowful tone ?”

“Grumbling ?” queried Mrs. Tim. “Yes, and well I may grumble, Tim. Tim, do you know you have taken to talk in your sleep, and doctors all agree that that is a sure sign of brain weakening ?”

“What’s that ?” said Tim, omitting the usual “My dear” in his astonishment ; “talking in my sleep ? What do you mean, madam ?”

“Oh, I mean just what I say, Tim,” was the reply ; “it is simply awful the way you have been going

on in your sleep lately. You evidently have a fine time of it at your lodge meetings. And what a pack of fools you do make of yourselves, to be sure," she added, her words and tone of voice causing Mr. Tim some anxiety.

"Why, madam," he said; "what do you mean by talking in this way? I am really astonished. I would have you understand that we behave ourselves in the lodge room like gentlemen." Tim said this in his most severe tone of voice, in the hope that it would carry conviction with it, and put a tstop to the discussion.

But it didn't do either one or the other.

"Like gentlemen!" sarcastically

remarked Mrs. Tim. "Like 'babies,' would be a better term to use."

"Come, come, my dear," said Tim; "you really must not get such an idea into your pretty head."

As Tim's severity had failed to shut off the discussion, he now tried the effect of a persuasive, loving tone, with the object of putting Mrs. Tim into a good humor again.

But the persuasion failed just as the severity had failed, both being absolutely lost on Mrs. Tim, who continued the discussion.

"Oh, Tim, your blarney will not go this time. I tell you I know what I am talking about. You are really thinking so much of your society duties and your lodge work, that you

are talking of them while sleeping as well as while awake."

"Why, my dear, what do you mean?" said Tim, by this time beginning to get a little frightened as to what his wife knew and what she did not know.

"What do I mean?" said Mrs. Tim; "why I mean that if you keep on in your present course, I shall soon know all the secret work of your society."

"What!" exclaimed Tim, in astonishment.

"Yes," said Mrs. Tim; "you have said so much of it over in your sleep lately, that you have kept me from sleeping, and I had nothing better to do than to listen and learn."

“ Bless my soul ! ” exclaimed Tim (and it must be said here that Tim prided himself on being a man who seldom indulged in strong language); “ what have I been saying, pray ? ”

“ Well, ” said Mrs. Tim, “ I will repeat a little of what I remember, and it must be something to which you attach a great deal of importance, as I don’t know how many times you have repeated it. Listen now :

“ ‘ Most High and Mighty Vice-Chosen Ruler, Are you a member of the Select Few ? ’

“ ‘ The Vice-Ruler stands upon his head, salutes the Chosen Ruler by placing his feet in the form of an equilateral triangle, and replies :

“ ‘ I am, Serene Highness. Try me and prove me.’

“ ‘ How will you be tried ?’

“ ‘ By my record, Serene Highness ?’

“ ‘ What is that record ?’

“ ‘ That, except in exceptional cases, I never spend more than one night a week at home with my wife and family ; that I throw the entire care and responsibility of the house upon my wife ; that I take care to growl and make myself as disagreeable as possible if my wife complains of my conduct in this respect, or if I find her attending any meetings or entertainments with a gentleman friend.’

“ ‘ Right glad am I, most Worthy

Brother, to find that you can prove yourself so eminently qualified to be a member of the Select Few. I can only trust that you will persevere and still further sacrifice yourself on the altar of duty by joining one other society to fill up the vacant night which you now spend at home once a week. We are all agreed upon the point that no man who is a man will think of wasting his hours at home with his wife and family when he can be enjoying himself with his brethren in the lodge room. I will now address a few questions to the other officers.'

“ ‘Unworthy Keeper of the Properties, What is your duty?’

“ ‘To see that everything is ready

at the proper moment when a candidate is initiated, Serene Highness.'

" 'As we have a candidate now in waiting for initiation, I would ask you, Is everything properly prepared?'

" 'Everything is properly prepared, Serene Highness,' replied the Wretched Keeper. 'I have ascertained that the various accessories designed to impress upon the candidate the awful solemnity of the ceremony are all ready.'

" 'What is the principal of those accessories?'

" 'The great furnace, Serene Highness, which is heated to apparently 630", into which the asbestos dummy corpse is to be hurled at the

proper moment, as a warning to the candidate of the fate which awaits him if he fails to report and maintain at least as good a record as the Vice-Ruler.'

“ ‘What is the second principal accessory?’

“ ‘The thirty-ton electrical hammer, Serene Highness, which has been set to stop at 5 feet 11 $\frac{7}{8}$ inches, that being the exact height of the candidate as he will stand in the three-inch soled boots in which he will be initiated.’

“ ‘What is the object of the electrical hammer, and what lesson is it intended to convey, Wretched Keeper?’

“ ‘That the candidate may be nearly

frightened to death by the release of the electrical hammer, in order to illustrate that just as the ponderous hammer, if not stopped at the proper moment, would crush him as flat as a pancake, so will the scorn and derision of his brethren cause him to feel equally flat if he at any time violates any of the cardinal principles of the Select Few, Serene Highness.'

“ ‘What are the other principal accessories prepared, Wretched Keeper?’

“ ‘The rubber blanket, and the lion and the lamb, Serene Highness. The rubber blanket has been stretched twelve feet below the spot on which the candidate will stand, so that when the button is pushed, and the

electrical trap door collapses, the candidate, while experiencing the sensation of a visit to the domicile of the Father of All Evil, will be received in the folds of the blanket and rolled gently to the automatic electrical elevator, by which agency he will be speedily restored to the arms of his brethren in the lodge room ; while the lion has been gorged with cooked lamb, so that at the proper moment we shall be able to illustrate to the life the tableaux of the lion and the lamb lying down together—with the lamb inside the lion, this being generally the only way in which these two animals do lie down together in this work-a-day life on earth.'

“ ‘Tis well, Wretched Keeper,” said the Serene Highness ; “ but see that your apparatus is in thorough working order, as it is not desirable to have a repetition of the accident which befel the candidate at the last initiation, when the electrical hammer was set an inch lower than the exact height of the candidate, with the result that the initiatory ceremonies were brought to an abrupt termination and the candidate only restored to life by the aid of the powerful electro-therapeutic appliances in the possession of the lodge physician.’ ”

“ Stop, stop,” cried Tim, who had listened with astonishment as Mrs. Tim rattled her lesson off with parrot-like promptness. “ Oh, this

is awful. Surely I did not say all this?" he continued, as he realised that it was word for word what had been said in the lodge at the last meeting.

"Oh, but all this is just what you did say," said Mrs. Tim. "Nice goings on, I must say," she continued, in a bantering tone. "So you are proud of your record? A beautiful specimen of a husband, aren't you? With your wonderful electrical hammer, and secret trap door, and the rest of the machinery? Why, really, Barnum and Bailey should be asked to engage the lot of you as a circus exhibit, as showing what a pack of fools men can make of themselves."

“ Ah, ah ! my dear, laughed Tim, by this time roused to the necessity of saying something to throw his wife off the scent ; “ and so you really believe all this is an actual fact ? Well, I always heard and thought women could be silly, but hardly so stupid as to swallow all this.”

“ Now, Tim,” said Mrs. Tim, severely ; “ play the fool if you want to. I do n’t suppose I can prevent you doing that, as you seem to like it so much ; but do n’t be a liar, sir. What I have said is all true, and you know it.”

Something in the tone in which this was said made Tim pause for a reply, and then to put on his think-

ing cap. In a flash he remembered his precious manual of Private Work, and where he had left it. Then he saw through it all—that Mrs. Tim had found the book, had memorized portions of it, and had just been playing with him.

To say that he was angry, would hardly be the truth, for he was more than angry—he was disgusted. And when a husband is disgusted with himself, and angry at his wife at the same time—poor fellow, he is in a bad state indeed. However, Tim saw there was nothing for him to do but to capitulate and make the best terms he could.

“So, so, Mrs. Tim,” he said ;
“that is your game, is it? Well,

madam, I must say you have succeeded admirably ; only for my sake, if not for your own, I trust that this matter will go no further."

Mrs. Tim, however, saw she had the whip hand, and took advantage of this fact to exact a conditional promise from Tim of better behaviour for the future.



CHAPTER III

RELATES HOW TIM BECAME A CONFIRMED "JOINER"; HOW ONE WIFE TRIED TO CURE HER HUSBAND; OF MRS. TIM'S GREAT SCHEME; AND OF THE DOMESTIC INFELICITIES THAT FOLLOWED.

BUT Tim's promises were soon found to be like the proverbial pie crust—only made to be broken. He, poor fellow, was in the embrace of the Society octopus, and it required a stronger effort of the will than he was capable of to release himself. He found that every office to which he

44 TIM AND MRS. TIM

was elected necessitated visits to other lodges to enable him to "pick up" on the work, so that his lodge should have the reputation of having the best set of officers in the jurisdiction.

Instead, therefore, of one night a week, Tim was now out several nights a week. And as if to fill Mrs. Tim's cup of woe to the brim, Tim became more and more fascinated with Society work. He had recently joined the B. B. B's (the Brave Brotherhood of Bicyclers); the O. O. O's (the Old Order of Owis); the S. Y. Y's (the Society of Youthful Yagers), not to mention others.

As his training in Society work had developed and strengthened his

oratorical powers, he had become a ready platform and after-dinner speaker, and was in constant demand for club dinners, political gatherings, and other entertainments. He had also been repeatedly pressed to run as Mayor of his city, and he saw himself that it was only a question of time when he would have to accede to such requests and make further sacrifices for the benefits of his fellow-citizens.

It will thus be seen that by this time Tim had become as famous a "Joiner" as his friend Harry Harris, through whose instrumentality Tim had taken his first fatal plunge into Society waters. As a natural consequence there was a complete change

46 **TIM AND MRS. TIM**

in Tim's domestic arrangements. Before he became a "Joiner" it was only an occasional evening that he spent away from home. Now the tables were completely turned, and it was only an occasional evening that he spent at home.

An impromptu verse that Mrs. Tim heard at the opera one evening seemed to fit Mr. Tim's case exactly. It was sung to the tune of "Ask of the Man in the Moon."

I used to stay home with the wife ;
'Twas one of the pleasures of life.
 Now I try,
 In fact I cry,
To go nightly to lodge or the club.
If you'd like to know what the folks say
Of the men who go on in this way—
 I can't tell you myself,
 I've a notion who can—
Just you ask of my wife at the house.

Mrs. Tim was a patient woman and a loving wife ; but this continued and continuous absence of her husband was too much of a good thing. She began to realize to her sorrow that Tim was now little better than a husband in name only. There was now an almost entire absence of those little subtleties, insignificant in themselves, but which, nevertheless, tend to bind husband and wife together, and which enables them by mutual love and forbearance to bridge in safety the numerous hills and valleys of trouble and sorrow that beset the path of the vast majority of married couples on their way through life.

It was a case, as Mrs. Tim heard a "woman's righter" say once, of

the woman having to mother everything and father it too. If Mr. Tim had only kept his eyes open he would have sighted danger ahead. But he, poor, foolish fellow, was so wrapped up in his various societies as to be absolutely blind to things at home.

But other people were not blind. Mr. Tim's actions had, in fact, become common talk among the house servants. This was most unpleasantly brought to Mrs. Tim's attention on one occasion. That good lady had gone out one day, but returned in a few moments for some article that she had forgotten. Walking quietly in at the front door she was astonished to hear the parlor maid singing an impromptu verse

to the tune of "The Cat Came Back."

There was poor Mrs. Tim,
She had trouble of her own.
She'd a fool of a husband
Who wouldn't stay at home.
She tried everything she knew
To make him by her stay,
But in spite of all her efforts
He would wander away.

Yes, he'd wander away ;
Mrs. Tim didn't doubt it.
Tim would wander away
At night and alone.
Yes, he'd wander away—
That's all there is about it ;
He'd just wander away
'Cause he couldn't stay at home.

That settled it. That was the final straw that broke the camel's back, so far as Mrs. Tim was concerned.

Mrs. Tim at once came to the conclusion that ordinary domestic storms

had no effect whatever on Tim, and that nothing short of a few volcanic eruptions would cause him to realise that he was not doing his duty. Mrs. Tim had read the story of the Chicago girl who when asked by the minister during the marriage ceremony: "Wilt thou love, honor and obey this man," had astonished and scandalized the good people present by answering in the pert Yankee style, "Yes, so long as he does the right thing by me financially." But Mrs. Tim was not that sort of a woman. She wanted something more than financial love, as it were. She had had something more than that in years gone by, and she determined to regain it if at all possible.

She had heard of plans that had been tried by other wives whose husbands were inveterate lodge attendants. One story that she heard is worth repeating :

“Now, remember,” said the wife to the husband, as he was going out for the evening, “if you are not home by twelve o’clock at the latest I shall bolt the door and your latch key will be no good, for you will find you will not be able to get in. If you must go to lodge, I am determined that you shall come home at a reasonable hour. If you won’t do that, why then you can stay away all night.”

This was taking a very extreme step, but, as the wife said to Mrs.

Tim, "I am just getting desperate, and I will do something desperate, if my husband does not stop going out so much to his lodges."

But the plan did not work. When the husband came home at half-past twelve the first night after the wife had taken to bolting the front door, he quietly hunted around and was able to gain admittance by crawling in through one of the basement windows. This window had been overlooked in the general fastening up of the rest of the house. This was, of course, a most undignified way of entering; nevertheless the husband rather laughed to himself, after gaining admittance in spite of the action of his wife, thinking it a good illus-

tration of the truth of the old adage, that a chain is only as strong as its weakest part. Nor did he let his wife into the secret of how he had gained admittance. But she evidently suspected; and he did not laugh so hilariously the next night he was behind the prescribed time. He then found that every window had been tightly bolted, and that no amount of bell-ringing or knocking would open the house door to him.

But he was not yet by any means at the end of his resources. True, he could not enter openly by the front door; neither could he again crawl in through one of the basement windows, or climb in at one of the windows of the first floor. But,

happy thought! Might he not be able to effect an entrance through one of the second floor windows? No sooner did the idea present itself to his fertile brain than it was forthwith acted upon. Going to the back of the house, he raised an eighteen-foot ladder up to the second story. But the iron of disappointment again entered his soul when he found that every window here was also securely fastened. There was still the front of the house to try. Determined not to be balked he, with infinite labor and difficulty, dragged the heavy ladder from the back to the front of the house and raised it to one of the windows. Another surprise, however, was now to be sprung upon

him. As he was half way up the ladder and was already congratulating himself on having outwitted his wife, he was gruffly ordered to descend and give an account of himself. Looking down, he was astonished to see a burly policeman, evidently impressed with the idea that he was about to capture a desperate, daring midnight burglar, standing at the foot of the ladder. It took Mr. Husband about half an hour, and a plentiful sprinkling of white lies, to explain matters, and to convince the policeman, who happened to be a new man on the force, that he was only a peaceful, law-abiding citizen and a fool of a husband—but no burglar. Then he communed with

himself and was more than ever convinced that a hen-pecked husband's lot was not a happy one.

This and similar little incidents convinced the wife that she would have to abandon her plan as impracticable. She saw that her husband was of a reckless disposition. She found out that when he did not pass his nights in his own house, he got into a fast set and was rapidly going on the downward path that threatened destruction to himself and family.

Another story Mrs. Tim heard decided her to adopt entirely different methods in dealing with Mr. Tim. Mrs. Jackson, who told this story, was of a most decided religious turn

of mind. She attended church twice every Sunday, regularly. She would not have missed a prayer-meeting on a week-day for a hundred dollars. Mr. Jackson seemed to think this was almost too much of a good thing. For a few years after their marriage Mr. Jackson attended church quite regularly. But, despite Mrs. Jackson's manifest interest in church matters, her husband gradually fell from grace. He became as deeply interested in society work as his wife was in church work. His poor wife was horrified and greatly scandalized to find that his lodge was becoming of more importance to him than his church. He even got into the habit of going to

the lodge on Sunday afternoons to, as he said, "get up the work with the brethren." To a woman of Mrs. Jackson's susceptible mind this was simply unbearable; and she very soon let Mr. Jackson know what she thought of such conduct. If it had been Sunday-school or some other religious gathering that he went to on a Sunday afternoon it would be all right. Then she would know he was in good company. But, to go to lodge! Why, the idea was monstrous. But her numerous complaints and lectures did little good. Her husband seemed to fear her reproaches and upbraidings about as much as a duck fears water. "Horrid man!" as she said to her friend,

while relating the story of her troubles. One day Mrs. Jackson told her troubles to her rector when he was making a ministerial call at the house. This particular minister evidently had more sound common sense than a good many of his fellows. Instead of telling Mrs. Jackson that she was doing quite right in showing Mr. Jackson the enormity of his offence in not attending church, he took the opposite ground entirely.

“My good woman,” said this eminently sensible minister, “you must adopt different tactics. At present you are taking the very course to make your husband worse instead of better. Instead of reproaching him

continually for not going to church, try the opposite course. In fact, try coaxing instead of nagging. For instance, next Sunday when you are getting ready for church, ask him quietly to go with you. Put it to him that he should go with you, if only for appearance sake. Do this morning and evening for several Sundays. It will be strange if he is not soon shamed into going with you."

Mrs. Jackson disliked giving up her complaining. What woman does when she once begins? At the same time she thought she might as well give the minister's advice a trial. At first her husband paid but little attention to her requests. But she

could see he was struck with the decided change in her manner. And the change had its effect. In a few weeks, sure enough, Mrs. Jackson had the pleasure of Mr. Jackson's company to church on a Sunday evening. After that he seemed to think it his duty to go to church again quite regularly.

Mrs. Tim was one of those women who have sense enough to profit by the dearly bought experience of others. She thought over these stories. The first plan she considered too harsh ; the second, too mild. She felt that there was an angelic touch in Mrs. Jackson's nature that was decidedly lacking in her own. She therefore adopted a plan that, as

she said to herself, would not fail to bring Mr. Tim to time.

One night, or rather morning, for it was two a. m., when Mr. Tim returned home, he was somewhat surprised to find that Mrs. Tim was only taking off her outer wraps, having apparently returned home but a few minutes before. This was somewhat of a surprise to Mr. Tim. Very naturally he was not backward in expressing his surprise.

But, as we shall see, he was still more surprised before he was an hour older.

“Well, madam,” said Tim, somewhat sternly, “what does this mean—coming in at two o’clock?”

“Why, Tim,” was the reply.

“What is the matter? I am home before you, it seems.”

Now if Tim had exercised the wisdom of the dove or the cunning of the serpent, he would have laughed the matter off by saying, “Ah, ah, then we are two of a kind, my dear,” or some such silly thing, and then retired without further discussion. But Tim was n't that kind of a man. He was indignant that his wife should be out so late.

It was all right for him to be out till the late hours of the night, or indeed until the small hours of the morning. He was a man. But that his wife—a mere woman—should do the same. The idea was not to be tolerated for an instant.

“Why, bless my soul!” said Tim to himself; “this is something that cannot and should not and shall not be allowed.”

He thereupon proceeded to lecture Mrs. Tim in right good style.

“Yes, madam,” he concluded; “it may be true that I am late in coming home. But that is a different thing altogether. I have been to lodge.”

He thought that would settle the matter at once. But it did n't.

“Have you, indeed,” said Mrs. Tim; “but I have equally as good an excuse for coming home so late, for do you know, Tim, that I can also say, I have been to lodge.”

“What?” abruptly exclaimed Tim.

“Yes, Tim dear,” said Mrs. Tim, adopting Tim’s bantering style of address, “it’s true. You seem to know so little about your home, that you apparently have not heard that I lately joined the A. S. R. H. (Amalgamated Society for the Reclamation of Husbands), and have been elected to the office of Vice-Mistress.”

“Well, this is decidedly something new,” said Tim, whistling softly to himself. “But, my dear,” he continued, “isn’t this society business going to interfere somewhat with your domestic duties?”

“Oh, I don’t know,” said Mrs. Tim, meditatively. “Do *your* society duties interfere with *your* domestic duties, Tim?”

This was getting rather too personal, thought Tim. He escaped answering Mrs. Tim's question by asking another.

“Why didn't you tell me you were going out this evening, my dear? It would have made me feel small, you know, if I had met any of our mutual friends and said you were home, and they had come up and found you had gone out.”

“Well, the fact is, Tim,” said Mrs. Tim, “you didn't give me a chance. You remember after dinner you dressed yourself, took your hat, and merely saying, ‘Well, good bye, I am off to the lodge,’ you were out of the house soon after seven o'clock. You didn't even say, ‘I hope you

won't be lonely,' or 'Are you going out this evening.' Thinking of nothing but self, you were off to the eternal, or as I have come to regard it, the infernal, lodge."

"Hello !" said Tim, surprised at this outbreak ; "why, madam, you are learning rapidly, I must say. By-the-way, what Society is this you say you have joined?"

"Oh, some of you won't like it very much, I can tell you that," said Mrs. Tim, more warmly than ever. "Well, if you must know," she continued, "it is a society for married ladies only, to give them an opportunity of enjoying themselves while their husbands are at lodge or pretended lodge meetings. And we are

very conservative, too, as no woman can join us unless her husband belongs to at least three societies. We do make exceptions where the husband holds office in two, as experience has proven that in either of these cases the wife is simply a convenience, tied to her home without opportunity for relaxation or amusement. Within our society the neglected wife finds congenial companionship, similar to that which the husband finds at the lodge. We not only have our business meetings, but our little social gatherings afterwards, just as you men do in your societies; and just as we hear you men have jokes at the expense of the women at your after meetings, so we women

have our little jokes at the expense of the men at our after meetings."

"But, my dear," broke in Tim, "this is going too far altogether. We allow no sneers or jokes at women in our meetings, I assure you."

"Bosh!" said Mrs. Tim, so energetically that Tim hastily jumped a few feet further back; "don't tell me. Have n't I heard you yourself say that a dozen average men can't get together for five minutes but first one and then another of them will crack a questionable joke or tell a still more questionable story; and if it were not for the saving presence of a good man or two in the crowd, such jokes and such stories would

form the staple talk of the evening."

"Nonsense, madam," said Tim, indignantly, or rather with pretended indignation, as he knew that what she said was too often but too true. "I tell you you judge us too harshly altogether. But suppose that what you say is true, surely you women are not going to copy such a disgraceful example."

"Now, Tim," said Mrs. Tim; "you can be or pretend to be as indignant as you like; but all the same you know the average man is a bad lot; and going so much to society meetings, with their after-dinner stories and drinking, does not improve him. That is what I repeat again, and you know in your

inmost heart that it is true. But as to what we women do—well, our meetings are secret, just the same as your men's meetings are, and therefore your curiosity cannot be satisfied. There is one fact, however, which I can tell you. At present I only belong to this one society, and we meet only once a week ; so that I am not quite as bad as you, for you are out every night to one society or the other. And here is another fact : I would have been elected Presiding Mistress of our Society but for one failure. Our offices are assigned on the basis of the number of societies to which each husband belongs, and Mrs. Harris was elected Presiding Mistress because her husband be-

longs to one more society than you do."

Now Tim had heard of other husbands asserting their dignity, as they called it, and making their wives understand that as men they could not and would not allow their actions to be criticized by women, even if those women did happen to be their wives.

Tim felt that now was the supreme moment when he, too, should assert his dignity, and give his wife to understand once and for all time that he was to be free to go and come just as he liked, without this continual carping and complaining on her part.

But there was something in the cold, calculating, yet withal business-like manner in which Mrs. Tim

looked and acted that made Tim pause to think; and the more he thought, the less inclined he seemed to be to having a "scene," as a quarrel between married people is generally called. So he contented himself by concentrating his remarks into one sarcastic sentence :

"Well, well ! this beats all I ever heard. Little did I think that my wife would ever become one of the New Woman brigade." This last was said in a somewhat bantering manner. But Mrs. Tim was equal to the occasion. She saw that the volcanic eruption had in a measure thrown Mr. Tim on the rocks, defenceless as it were, and she thought it just as well to bombard him a little further.

“New Woman, indeed!” she exclaimed resentfully. Then more softly, “No, thank you, Tim. I’m quite content to be your wife—the loving, old-fashioned sort of fifteen years ago—if you will only have it so. But I’m only human, and if you refuse me the companionship of old days, I must look for it elsewhere.”

And leaving Tim to digest this scene as best he might, Mrs. Tim retired to rest. Tim himself soon followed her example, as between the lodge meeting, the after-lodge social hour, and this most distressing, if not exasperating, curtain lecture from Mrs. Tim, he was, as he expressed it, quite fagged out.

CHAPTER IV

RELATES MRS. TIM'S IDEAS OF SOCIAL HOURS AT LODGES ; HOW TIM BECAME PARALYZED AT MRS. TIM'S OUTBURST ; HOW TIM DROPPED " SOCIETY " WORK ; AND HOW MRS. TIM HERSELF BECAME A FAMOUS " JOINER. "

BUT Tim's loyalty to his various lodges was too deep to be uprooted by such painful domestic scenes as herein described, and he was soon as regular an absentee as ever from his home. Whereupon Mrs. Tim made ready to give him a second surprise, as she

was determined to wean him from his societies and make him realize his duties to his wife and family.

After considering various schemes, she determined to give Tim a further taste of his own medicine, and to copy his example by becoming a "Joiner."

She therefore sent in her application and was gladly accepted as a member of various societies—the W. W. A. (the Weeping Wives Association), which met every Tuesday ; the S. E. O. M. (Society for the Encouragement of Old Maids), which met every Wednesday ; the W. W. C. (Whirling Wheels Club), which met every Thursday, and the W. S. S. C. (Women's Social Science Club),

which met every Friday. She would arrange matters at night so that, no matter at what hour Mr. Tim might return home, expecting no doubt to find his wife sleeping the sleep of the neglected, he would find Mrs. Tim taking off her wraps, seemingly in the best of humors, and informing him that she had just returned from a most interesting meeting of the S. E. O. M., or one or other of the various societies with which she was connected.

“And Tim,” she would add, “there is one feature of our meetings which many of you men might copy with advantage. We can do our business and enjoy a social hour afterwards without drinking liquor

or smoking tobacco. Just smell your clothes now—what a horrid stale tobacco smell you have about you. Phew! Why, it is so bad that I shall have to keep the windows up all to-morrow morning, to get the air in the room fresh again. And there is your dress suit, which you wore at the annual supper of the Cheerful Chappies last week. I should say you must have lived up to your names that night, for between beer and tobacco smells, I had to put the whole suit out on the clothes line and let it stay there two days, before it was fit to hang up again in the clothes closet.”

Thus would Mrs. Tim rattle on,

hardly giving poor Tim a chance to get a word in.

Another night, when Tim returned home shortly after midnight, he found his house one blaze of light. The parlor maid, who was in the hall as he came in, informed him that the members of the W. W. A. were holding their annual conversation. As Tim wended his way up to his lonely chamber, he could not help asking, "What is there in a name, anyhow?" Here were the Weeping Wives holding high carnival, just as though they were the happiest wives in the world. And this opinion was more than ever confirmed when Tim had disrobed and retired to bed—but not, alas, to

sleep, as the singing, and laughter, and jolly time generally down stairs, disturbed his slumbers until a still later or rather earlier hour in the morning.

Of course, this sort of thing could not last. One day Tim made a desperate resolve. He purposely staid home that evening from an important lodge meeting, so as to talk the matter over quietly with Mrs. Tim. But that estimable lady did not give him the desired opportunity, for in a short time Mr. Tim saw her coming down stairs, arrayed for the street and evidently going to some meeting. Tim thought this was simply outrageous, considering that he was actually going to stay home himself

for the evening. Throwing his calmness to the winds, he very soon made Mrs. Tim know what he thought of such conduct.

“And, madam,” said he, in conclusion; “this thing has got to stop. You must stay at home instead of going to so many meetings. It is disgraceful to think of your coming home so late at night without an escort.”

But this outbreak of temper on Tim's part did not seem to disconcert Mrs. Tim in the least.

“Well, Tim,” she said, smilingly; you can call around and escort me home, if you will kindly do so; though from what I hear, we think the wives can be trusted to come

home a good deal straighter than their husbands."

"Tut, tut! madam," said Tim; "that is simply another of your nasty insinuations and ridiculous notions."

"Is it, indeed?" queried Mrs. Tim. "Let me tell you, Tim," she continued, "that the members of the A. S. R. H. have received a report from a sub-investigating committee, and some of the things they have found out ought to make you blush. Some of them are too horrid even to discuss; but there will surely be an earthquake in more than one home very soon unless the men behave better. We are going in strongly for an equal standard of morality for

the sexes; and one of the first reforms we have determined on is that the married men shall no longer be among the best patrons of the loose women of the town. They have been warned, so let them beware. You men have had a good long innings. For centuries, woman was but the uncomplaining victim of man's lust—a toy to be played with and cast aside when no longer desired. Although woman's position is now better, it is certain that every step in the advancement of woman has been secured, not with man's acquiescence, but through woman's persistency. Hitherto man has set the standard of morality. It is time that woman had her turn in doing

this. What's that? You think that would be going from bad to worse; that the world would be worse if women run it, than it is now when men run it? Of course that's just like you men. You set a standard for yourself, without giving a thought to its effect upon the woman. A man may be a drunkard or a sensual brute; and men will still receive him as one of themselves. But the woman who is a drunkard or the woman who is betrayed, is an out-cast from society. What's that? You dare to say that this is largely woman's fault; that the women are harsher on unfortunate and fallen women than the men are on unfortunate or sensual men? Shame on

you, Tim! You well know there are physical and psychological reasons why women who disgrace themselves through drink, or who depart from the path of virtue, must be ostracized. What we demand is that the same treatment shall be meted out to men who act similarly. And we shall get what we want in time. It will be a hard, bitter fight; but what care we for that. We are already showing you in more ways than one that woman is the equal if not the superior of man in every way. Woman is more adapted for business than man is. Too many of you men think that woman is only fit to stay at home and nurse the babies. But we are showing you that this is not

so. Women are supplanting men in every walk of life. Of course you will say that is all the worse for the world and for women; and that women are only doing this because they will work for less than men. I know you, sir! But instead of being the worse for the world and for women, we think it will be better. If the men have to turn in and become the domestic drudges, too often the mere slaves, that women are at home to-day, the men will see that there is not quite so much work to do or so many babies for the slaves to mind. As to women working for less than men, there may be a little truth in that; but even this will be remedied in time. Women are not

preferred to men solely because they are cheaper ; but because they are steadier and more reliable. Women, as a rule, don't want to be tipping and gambling at cards or at the race-track. In time, the remuneration of women will be raised to an equality with that of men.

“ How are men going to marry, you ask, if women capture all the best positions ?

“ Pshaw ! that is a played-out proposition. If the men can't marry, the women can. Then the women will be able to have a little to say as to what man they will or will not have ; and that is more than a good many of them have to-day. Now they are only too eager to snap up the first

man who offers himself, though too frequently they know he will probably make them miserable instead of happy through life's journey. How many thousands of the women of the lower classes have to keep the men now? I tell you I absolutely shudder, nay, I cry out in impotent rage, when I contemplate the miseries, the trials, the cruelties, which women with drunken husbands have to endure. Their lords and masters must be kept in liquor and tobacco. They must be allowed to loaf around the street corners and attend political gatherings under the thumbs of ward heelers, who throw them a dollar or two at election times, just as they would throw a bone to a dog. That

is not right, you say. Of course it is not, and we are determined to stop it. If the women continue to be smarter than the men, why man must come down from the position of authority that he has usurped for so long, and woman must take his place as the best man of the two. She is often that now, and you cannot deny it either.

“How are we going to bring all these changes about, you ask, unless we have women in parliament?”

“Why that is just what we intend to have before very long. The records of the proceedings at women’s conventions prove conclusively that women are far better able to control public assemblies than men are. The

time that is wasted in all the great deliberate and governing bodies of the civilized world, is something awful to contemplate. The mountain labors and brings forth a mouse, as the old proverb has it. Days and weeks are frequently spent in parliament and in congress discussing some matter of only ordinary importance, but which the politicians magnify into something of the utmost national import. Finally, the matter is passed into law in the form of a statute, and straightway the lawyers fatten at the expense of the public who attempt to take advantage of the law. The law-advisers of the crown or of congress, who actually drew up the statute which is

passed into law, have drawn it up in such a way as to purposely leave some points open to dispute. In fact it has passed into a proverb that laws made by lawyers are made, not for the benefit of the public generally, but for the benefit of the lawyers particularly. And look at your man-made laws with regard to property and human rights. Everywhere throughout the civilized world magistrates have fallen into the habit of regarding property as of much more value and deserving of much greater consideration than when a mere human being is concerned. In Germany, women can be seen working in the fields or drawing bricks and mortar for buildings, while their

lords and masters stand and look on, directing them in their work, and calmly and contentedly smoking their pipes. In England the treatment accorded to women is notorious, and a disgrace to the nation. Almost every day one can find records of violent assaults on wives by drunken and brutal husbands, who are allowed off on payment of a fine ; while vagrants found committing the terrible offence of sleeping out in a field or under the shelter of a doorway, are sent to prison for six months or more, without the option of a fine. Yes, I tell you, Tim, it is time the women had a hand in the making of the laws and in the appointing of the magistrates. There would then be more

justice administered than there is at present. Factory acts, license laws, and other laws would then be more honestly and impartially administered than they are to-day. Don't you dare laugh at me, sir! You are not laughing, you say. Well, it looked very much like it, that is all I can say. And now that you have got me started on the wrongs and rights of women—well, if I didn't know that the members of the S. E. O. M. were waiting for me to open their annual convention at the Y. W. C. T. U. hall, I don't know but that I would talk to you all night."

"Kind heaven be thanked for Old Maids," said Tim to himself; "if a meeting for their encouragement

is to be the means of sparing me the infliction of an all night lecture on Woman's Rights!"

But Mrs. Tim was not yet quite through. Although she had discovered that she was already twenty minutes late for the meeting in question, she had to give Tim one parting shot before leaving the house.

"And here is another fact I want to tell you, although I do not suppose you are ignorant of it. The other day a member of our society saw six kegs of lager, sixteen dozen bottles of ale, and three cases of what looked like 'House of Commons Scotch,' or 'Walker's Club' whisky, carried into the hall where you meet. I remembered afterwards that you attended a

meeting of the Select Few that night—and that you came home about two o'clock the next morning. Why, it was a wonder surely that you were able to find your way home at all. Nor can you be surprised at the wives being determined to put a stop to such carousing."

This onslaught of Mrs. Tim's brought vividly to Tim's mind the truth of Shakespeare's lines :

Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trum-
pets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue?

Of course Tim had to repeat these lines to Mrs. Tim, with the remark that they were evidently as true to-day as they were a few hundred years ago.

Not to be undone, Mrs. Tim resorted with an original couplet :

Tim's happy—his laugh has quite a sweet
ripple—

When his lodge night comes, for then he can
tipple.

And thus the merry domestic war went on.

“You women,” said Tim, finally, “had better confine your efforts in the proper direction. I tell you, most emphatically, that I will not brook further interference from you in this matter.”

Then, as he floundered around for some convincing point to clinch his argument, a sudden thought struck him, and he added :

“Remember, madam that on

your wedding day you promised to obey your husband."

But Mrs. Tim was equal to the emergency.

"And what did Tim promise on his wedding day?" she asked. "I don't forget, if you do, Tim. Here are the words: 'Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife? . . . Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor, and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?'"

"Ah, yes, Tim," she continued; "I fancy I can again see the dear old minister standing before us and repeating again that solemn and beautiful wedding service. And not

only did my husband make this promise on his wedding day, but he kept his promise for years. Never was a happier wife than I was. Never a wife so proud of her husband. And it is only since you have joined the societies, and gone almost society crazy, that you have forgotten your marriage vow and neglected your wife. Not that I have so much cause to complain as many another poor neglected, down-trodden wife. You are good as gold to me in times of sickness, but I want you to be so in time of health as well. Throw over your societies, Tim, and be again the loving husband you once were."

To say that this outburst para-

lyzed Tim would be to put the case quite moderately. If there was one thing more than another that he disliked, it was these now frequently recurring curtain lectures. Still, he was man enough to acknowledge to himself that, after all, his wife really had some cause for complaint; that it was not just exactly right, to put it mildly, for him to leave his home night after night, to attend some society or go to the club. And he quietly decided to stop taking an active part in society work, and to visit the club less frequently. This idea he carried out as soon as practicable. In a few months he had come to be quite home-bird again.

He was, however, more than astonished to find that this action on his part was not regarded with the feelings of gratitude on the part of his wife that he considered it should have received. Man-like, being one of 'the lords o' the creation,' as Burns puts it, he looked on his action as a great sacrifice. He expected nothing more nor less than that Mrs. Tim would go into ecstasies over it. But to his amazement Mrs. Tim did not seem to notice it at all. Nay, to make matters worse, she continued to attend her own numerous society meetings with the utmost regularity. This was turning the tables on Tim with a vengeance. He, poor fellow, was now left to discover what it was

to spend night after night in lonely blessedness.

The fact was that Mrs. Tim had herself unconsciously imbibed the "society" fever. Just as Tim was tearing himself away from active participation in society affairs, Mrs. Tim was entering more and more into active work in every society to which she belonged. Indeed, not content with this, she about this time joined the S. S.'s (Society for the Suppression of Smokers), and sixteen other church, national or benevolent societies or institutions. Local meetings of these societies took up quite a little time. To make matters worse, conventions or annual meetings of

one or other of them were constantly taking Mrs. Tim to various cities, anywhere from fifty to fifteen hundred miles away from home, necessitating an absence each time of from two days to six weeks.

Tim was philosopher enough to recognize the avenging hand of Nemesis in all this. He felt that the gaunt specter of Retributive Justice was after him with a vengeance. He therefore adopted the very wise policy of saying little, but that did not prevent him thinking a good deal.

The result of his thinking was that he decided to bring matters to a head, no matter what the result might be.

CHAPTER V

HOW TIM PREPARED A DOMESTIC EARTHQUAKE ; HOW THE EARTHQUAKE FINALLY CAME ; AND THE RESULT THEREOF.



FEW short months before, it was Mrs. Tim who had decided that nothing but a few domestic cyclonic disturbances would bring Mr. Tim to his senses. Now, it was Mr. Tim who had arrived at the conclusion that a domestic earthquake would be necessary to cause Mrs. Tim to return to the ordinary avocations of a faithful wife and a loving mother.

But Tim was evidently not the only person who was of the opinion that some drastic measure was necessary to tear Mrs. Tim from the course on which she had entered. Tim's earthquake came, but in a most unexpected and unlooked-for manner.

Hesiod, the celebrated Greek poet, who flourished seven hundred years before the Christian era, tells us of

Aerial spirits, by great Jove design'd
To be on earth the guardians of mankind ;
Invisible to mortal eyes they go,
And mark our actions, good or bad, below ;
The immortal spies with watchful care pre-
side,
And thrice ten thousand round their charges
glide ;
They can reward with glory or with gold,
A power they by Divine permission hold.

A similar idea is held even to-

day. Many people believe that every person has his or her guardian angel. This angel watches over us, keeps us out of temptation, if possible; and, when necessary, gives us a more or less gentle hint in the way of a reminder when we stray from the straight path of duty.

Mrs. Tim's guardian angel evidently thought it was time to give her a hint that she had strayed from the straight path of duty. In this case, the angel, curiously enough, agreed with Tim that the lesson must be a severe one, to be of any real practical use.

Tim, no doubt, would have taken measures entirely ineffectual to accomplish the needed reformation.

He might have turned the tables on Mrs. Tim, and taken to curtain lectures, *a la* Caudle. If that proved ineffectual, as most likely it would, he might have adopted others of Mrs. Tim's schemes. He might have locked the front door, the back door, and every door in the house, as well as every window upstairs and down. But a woman's wit is equal if not superior to a man's in every circumstance of life ; and Mrs. Tim would undoubtedly have circumvented Mr. Tim in any plan he could have taken to bring her to a realization of her duty. Therefore, it was absolutely necessary that the guardian angel should take a hand in the game.

This decision on the part of the angel completely upset Mr. Tim's plans. Moreover, the lesson was much more drastic than Tim had either anticipated or desired.

Tim was to experience the truth of the saying that man is not the arbiter of his own destiny. Mrs. Tim was to be warned, but Mr. Tim was not consulted as to when or in what manner the warning should be given.

Such warnings are sometimes given directly, sometimes indirectly. Mrs. Tim's warning was to come to her indirectly. Many a person receives a similar warning—too many take little or no notice of it. They think because the warning is given indirectly, because they do not suffer

directly, that the warning cannot be for them. On the other hand, some people are undoubtedly more affected if the warning comes in the shape of danger to a loved one, than if they themselves suffered directly. Perhaps Mrs. Tim's guardian angel thought she was a person of this description. However that may be, the angel's warning came in the nature of a most serious illness to her youngest child Violet, a sweet little cherub, five years of age.

Little Violet, being the baby, was a great pet with all, but more especially with her mother, up to the time when Mrs. Tim had developed most pronounced symptoms of the "Joiner" fever. Since that time poor

Violet had been more or less neglected. It could not be expected that Mrs. Tim would think of neglecting her society duties for the sake of attending as much as usual to her family duties. Perish the thought! Besides, was not Mr. Tim at home now to attend to family matters? Certainly. Then why should she trouble about them? Therefore, Mrs. Tim now rivalled Mr. Tim's late faithful attendance on lodge meetings. The word "moderation" was still in their dictionary. "Temperance in all things" was also a capital phrase. It sounded well. And Mrs. Tim took good care to require both moderation and temperance in the lodge room and at soci-

ety meetings. If any unfortunate "sister" was tempted to become too verbose and to wander from the subject in hand while debating, Mrs. Tim would bring her sharply to time with the remark that only speeches of moderate length would be tolerated. If another "sister" would indulge in unparliamentary language, as both men and women will sometimes do in the heat of debate, Mrs. Tim would throw oil on the troubled waters by intimating that "Sister Plain Speaker should remember that temperance in all things is desirable, and nowhere more so than while speaking." But so far as her attendance on lodges and societies was concerned, poor Tim could see nei-

ther moderation nor temperance.

But just as Mrs. Tim began to give the care of her child over more and more to the nurse, Tim began to take a greater interest in his sweet little girl, as he called her. Night after night, when they were left alone by Mrs. Tim, he began to realize that that lady, in days gone by, had indeed good cause to complain of his continual attendance on lodges. He could not, of course, leave the house while Mrs. Tim was out. So he had little to do but read and think and nurse his schemes of vengeance. But the more he considered his grievances, and then remembered that Mrs. Tim had had exactly the same lonely hours to

pass, and exactly the same grievance against him—well, being a fair-minded man, his desire for vengeance began gradually to fade away. In time he became of the opinion that he deserved all he was getting—that, in fact, Mrs. Tim did not deserve any punishment.

But Tim was not the only person Mrs. Tim had to reckon with. Her guardian angel had been taking notes of her case. The time had come to sound a warning—a warning, moreover, that should not be for Mrs. Tim alone, but for Mr. Tim as well. Tim, it was true, now had an idea of what moderation and temperance really meant. But he had not always had that idea. His lack of

knowledge in this respect had caused Mrs. Tim many weary, weary hours of anxiety. In fact, it was primarily the cause of Mrs. Tim's straying from the path of duty, as she had done. Mr. Tim should be punished as well as Mrs. Tim. If anything, indeed, he deserved it more.

One evening, when Tim returned from the office, he was greeted by the nurse with the unpleasant news that little Violet had been ill all day. The nurse added that she thought the symptoms were decidedly unfavorable. This was bad news for Tim. He knew that his wife had left the house with her wheel early in the morning, before he had left for the office, to take a "century" spin with

some other equally as enthusiastic members of the W. W. C. Her return a few moments after Tim's arrival home, did not tend to sweeten his temper. On the contrary, he embraced the opportunity of calling Mrs. Tim's attention to the manner in which she was neglecting her duties as a mother. But Mrs. Tim was not in the humor to take any of his impudence. She was altogether too happy after having accomplished a "century" run.

"Of course," she said; "it is really too bad that Violet had to be taken ill just because I happened to be away for the day. But, oh! Tim," she continued, fairly effervescing in her excitable happiness;

“we had just a lovely run! Only two out of the six of us that started were able to finish the ‘century’ on our wheels. The other four had more or less interesting experiences. One of them had a bad tumble, and had the fork of her bicycle broken. Another had the misfortune to have the tube of her front wheel blow out; while the other two, after doing the first fifty miles, were so tired out, that they had to come back on the trolley.”

On account of Violet's alarming condition, Tim was much disgusted at this exhibition of liveliness on his wife's part.

“I think, madam,” he said, “in view of your daughter's condition,

you might forego these no doubt to you most interesting reminiscences of your run."

"Well, Tim," said Mrs. Tim; "I'm sure you need not be so cross and crabbed. Many a time I have had to bear the brunt of looking after the children when they have been indisposed, while you were enjoying yourself at lodge, and would not come home till one or two o'clock in the morning; and then you would be so tired and cross, either from lodge work, or from lodge work, smoke and drink combined, as to be only too glad to retire with a mere expression of your hope that the sick child would be better in the morning.

"Yes, Tim," she continued, warm-

ing up as she proceeded ; “ we have heard a good deal lately of the ‘ curfew ’ bell, to keep children off the streets at nights. But I tell you the next move of the women’s societies will be to have a curfew bell law for keeping men off the streets at nights. The older men need such a law just as much as the younger men. Husbands have no right to be away from home night after night ; and if they won’t stay home through the exercise of their own common sense of right and the pleadings of their wives, we shall have to make them do so through the passing of a law. You may laugh, sir, if you like ; but we mean ‘ business,’ as you will find out before very long.”

“Alas,” said Tim to himself; “how one’s misdeeds in the past are continually being brought before them as time goes on. I have often heard the text, ‘Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days.’ I am now more than ever convinced that the deeds, whether of good or evil, that we cast upon the waters, return to us after many days.”

What, indeed, could Tim say to his wife? As she had said, many and many a night he had left her alone, with the full care of the house upon her shoulders. With the Oriental, he could only say “Kismet”—it is fate.

In the meantime the nurse had

been despatched for the doctor. When the doctor came, he agreed that the nurse's opinion was only too well founded ; that the child seemed to be on the verge of an attack of fever.

This was most distressing news to Mrs. Tim. That good lady had arranged to leave on the midnight train the very next evening for the City of Equality, where the annual convention of the S. S. S's was to be held. At this convention some most important alterations in the constitution were likely to be made at the suggestion of Mrs. Tim. She therefore followed the doctor down stairs and interviewed him before his departure. She explained how she had

planned to leave on the midnight train next evening, and that it was the more important for her to be present, as there was going to be opposition to the proposed amendments.

It so happened that the doctor was a rather gruff gentleman; one of the old school, who believed in moderation and temperance; who could enjoy his pipe after a hard day's siege of visiting among the many varieties of patients that such dear old fellows have. He listened quietly to all that Mrs. Tim had to say. When she pressed him for an opinion as to whether it would be advisable for her to go or stay, he was not at all diplomatic in his answer.

“Well, madam,” he said; “I do not pretend to dictate to you. You know your own business best. But if it was my child that was ill in bed, as Violet is, and if it was my wife who was asking me if she could leave her at such a time, to attend a convention of the kind you have described, I should most emphatically say ‘No! Let your convention go. Throw your amendments to the four winds of heaven, and stay home and mind your child!’”

But Mrs. Tim knew the old doctor. Moreover, she was bent on going to that convention, or she would know the reason why. She laughingly recalled Richter’s saying:

“A woman is the most inconsistent compound of obstinacy and self-sacrifice that I am acquainted with.” She proceeded to give the doctor an illustration of the truth of Lessing’s couplet :

Was hätt' ein Weiberkopf erdacht, Das er
Nicht zu beschönen wüsste ?

What could a woman’s head contrive,
Which it would not know how to excuse ?

Therefore, instead of bidding the doctor farewell, she began to coax him.

“But doctor,” she said ; “it is really most important that I should go to this convention. Some of the other delegates who have supported me in the past will be more than disappointed if I am not present.

Don't you think now, doctor, that I might go, if we hire a trained nurse to attend on Violet? As you said a few moments ago, you hardly know yourself yet whether her illness will assume a serious form or not. Perhaps it will pass off; and I should certainly be home again before the symptoms can assume a serious nature. Come now, doctor, I will leave it to you to get the best trained nurse you can secure, and I can go, can't I?"

When cornered in this way by an old and valued patient, and one for whom personally he had a great regard (although he swore softly under his breath at her infatuation with society work), the doctor could only say

that he would get the best nurse available, and that between them they would do the best they could with their patient.

Tim was furious when Mrs. Tim informed him a little later on, that she had decided that the convention was too important for her to miss ; and that she had arranged with the doctor to secure a professional nurse until her return home.

“How can you think of such a thing for a moment, madam?” he said ; “you, a wife and mother, leaving home at such a moment ? Why, the idea is outrageous ; nay, indecent. If I had read of such a thing in a novel, I should have treated the idea with scorn and con-

tempt ; and now here is my own wife actually proposing it herself. Why, I can not bring myself to think that you are in earnest."

But Mrs. Tim was most decidedly in earnest. Mr. Tim came to believe so himself when he found that his appeals for her to stay were of no avail. As the appointed train time approached, Mrs. Tim departed in the carriage for the station. Let us leave the convention, with Mrs. Tim's amendments, and return to Tim and his troubles.

Little Violet's illness developed much quicker than was anticipated. Within a few days of Mrs. Tim's departure, the child's symptoms had assumed a most decided turn for the

worse ; although the doctor did not yet despair of a favorable result and of the ultimate recovery of the patient.

But despite the care and attention which the little patient received, she gradually grew weaker ; until one day the doctor said to Tim : “ Telegraph for your wife to come home at once, if she wants to see her little girl before she dies.”

This was heart-rending news to Tim. Of course he sent the telegram at once, nor could he help adding a few words showing the bitterness in his heart that such a thing should have happened. But Mrs. Tim was sufficiently punished without Tim's words to add to her grief. It so

happened that she received the telegram in the morning, but there was no train leaving till night; nor could she reach home till the second day following. Ah! what was her grief when she thought what might happen in those three days! Perhaps her sweet little girl, her own little darling, might be dead before she could reach her bedside. Why had she not stayed at home to nurse her, instead of leaving her entirely to the care of hired nurses? It was an express train on which she travelled home; but how slow it seemed to go! Every moment was an hour to the now anxious and sorrowing mother; and at intervals she vowed that if her little girl was only

spared, she would give up her societies and be the wife and mother of olden days.

In the meantime little Violet's illness continued to assume a more serious character. The night before the arrival of the mother, the doctor had given up all hopes. The only consolation he could give to the heart-broken father was, that if she lived past the midnight hour, she would undoubtedly recover.

There was an anxious group hovering in the vicinity of the sick-room that night. Poor Tim was there, and the doctor, and the nurse, constantly watching the little sufferer as she lay hovering between life and death. Telegrams from his wife ap-

prised Tim that she was speeding home as fast as the train could carry her, and would arrive by the first train the following morning.

Midnight at length arrived, and the doctor had tip-toed from the sick-room to whisper to poor Tim that there was no change for the better to report. He could not bring himself to tell the poor father that, so far as he could see, there was absolutely no hope—that there seemed no life left in the weak frame of the little patient. All that he could do was to give it as his professional opinion that the fever had undoubtedly spent itself, and that although he could hold out but little hope of recovery, still while there was life there was

130 **TIM AND MRS. TIM**

hope. In fact, that if the child lived till the morning, she would undoubtedly recover. This was poor consolation, indeed ; but just as a drowning person will catch at a straw, so Tim lived on this ray of hope. Deep and heartfelt, therefore, was his joy, when about four o'clock in the morning the doctor came again and reported that the child was indeed alive, was then enjoying a calm sleep, that the danger was passed, and that there was every probability that she would soon be restored again to health and strength.

The telegrams from his wife had advised Tim that she was in a most desperate state of grief at the unexpected and serious turn that their

daughter's illness had assumed. All his anger having evaporated in his joy over his daughter's recovery, Tim took the very sensible course of going to the station to meet the train, so that he himself might be the first to greet his wife with the good news of Violet's escape from the hands of the grim reaper Death.

We will draw a veil over the meeting of husband and wife, and of the events that followed. Suffice it to say that Mrs. Tim was in such an hysterical state, that it was three days before the doctor would give permission for her to be admitted to the sick-room. Nothing, he said, would do the sick child more harm than to be unduly excited, as would

be the case if her mother was allowed to see her until she herself had somewhat recovered from the condition into which she had worked herself since the receipt of the telegrams announcing Violet's danger.

It was weeks before little Violet had thoroughly recovered from her illness. She had, indeed, as the doctor said, passed through the valley of the shadow of death. During her long term of convalescence it is hardly necessary to say that neither husband or wife gave a thought to society affairs. The interference of the guardian angel had its effect. The lesson was appreciated by both husband and wife.

The ultimate result of their expe-

riences was the very sensible agreement that, in the future, home duties should have the first call upon their time and attention. This agreement did not necessitate their becoming recluses. They had merely to do what every person might well do—exercise discretion in the apportionment of their time between prayer, praise, work, recreation and sleep.



CHAPTER VI

HOW TIM, IN EXPRESSIVE VERSE, COMMEMORATED THE RETURN OF WHITE-WINGED PEACE TO HIS DOMICILE.



YEARS later, while sorting some old papers in his desk, Tim came across the following lines. He remembered that he had written them at the time when he and his wife had many a domestic "scene," and when each gave the other many a good "curtain lecture" over his or her fascination for societies and society work :

I've a story to tell—
I'll tell it in rhyme—
I'm sure if you read it,
You'll not miss the time.
It's all about Tim and
His sweet little wife ;
And the troubles they had on
Their journey through life.

I must premise for your information,
That early in life Tim made affirmation,
He'd never touch liquor in all his life.
(He still kept this pledge when he took a wife.)
But, alas for Tim ; alas for his bride !
Before very long he was sorely tried.
He joined a lodge, and after the meeting,
The ' boys ' would drink to the toast : " Here's
greeting ! "
Tim would not join with these drinkers at first ;
Some of them drank so, he thought they
would burst.
But " Evil commun'cations corrupt good
manners."
In time he ranged himself 'neath their banners.

136 TIM AND MRS. TIM

This was quite bad enough ; but to make
things worse,

He join'd six other lodges—and that prov'd a
curse.

In every lodge, after “ working,” they'd
smoke,

And heart'ly laugh at some ‘ chestnutty ’ joke.
Others again to the bar-room would roam—
There they'd spend hours, when they ought
to be home.

Tim soon became one of the worst of the
gang.

After “ working,” he smok'd, laugh'd, drank
and sang.

The worst of it was, 'twould often be four,
Ere he arrived at the front of his door.

Such conduct as this was not to be borne :
No wonder his wife look'd sad and forlorn.

She reasoned and argued,
And she argued and reasoned ;
But our Tim by this time,
Was so thoroughly seasoned,
That he turned a deaf ear
To his wife's lamentations,

And paid no attention
To her vociferations.

In self-defense, his wife at last
Resorted to a scheme.
Some of her friends—they thought it good ;
And some—they thought it mean.
Her scheme was simple in its way :
She'd copy Tim's example,
And join a few societies—
Perhaps fourteen would be ample !
Then Tim could stay home every night,
While *she* went out to lodge.
If he objected, she'd take means
To see he didn't dodge !
And as if 'twas her intention
To draw Tim on to fight ;
In the day time she went 'biking,'
To lodge she went at night.

One day, however, Tim resolved
To start a revolution.
For their present mode of life, there
Should be a substitution.

138 TIM AND MRS. TIM

Without further loss of time, then,
 He determined to tempt fate.
With his wife that night he had a
 Conversation tête-à-tête.

TIM—

I really think, my dearest wife,
 We had better have a talk.
(If the house is close and stuffy,
 We can take a little walk.)
It certainly will better be,
 To know just where we stand :
If we keep on as we're going,
 Our noise will beat the band.

MRS. TIM—

If you mean that *you* make all the noise,
 You'd say just what was right ;
For lately, much to my vexation,
 I've had no time to fight.
I've been too busy with the ' sisters,'
 A laying down the law.
Now I've neither time nor inclination
 To listen to your ' jaw.'

TIM—

You're assuredly most impudent,
To talk that way to me.
I wish you to understand, madam,
I'm your husband—do you see?
And if you will, I'd have you listen—
'Twill not take very long—
To an improvisèd verse I heard,
Of a well-known topical song.

I don't mind wifey going to lodge
Two or three nights a week.
Perhaps she thinks that is the way
True happiness to seek.
If it pleases her, I'm satisfied—
I've nothing more to say.
She can go on Monday, Tuesday,
And even on Thursday.
It's very certain she must be
Delighted with the 'work ;'
For when I see her home again,
She's happy as a Turk.
But when she wants to go to lodge
Three other nights each week—
I draw the line at that, and say
A remedy I'll seek.

MRS. TIM—

Ah ! Ah ! that's very good, my dear ;
 But you're not as smart as you look.
 You foolish man, you ought to know,
 I can read you just like a book !
 You're quite indignant at your wife—
 You'd have us all think so, at least.
 Now that may be so,
 But this also I know—
 It's time that this raillery ceased.

MR. TIM—

I protest—

MRS. TIM—

I defy you, sir !

MR. TIM—

I refuse to be ignored.

(Sotto voce) I must try and think of something
 That will *some* relief afford.

(Aloud) I warn you, madam, and I trust
 This caution will have effect.

'Twill be perilous work for you, if
 My advances you reject.

MRS. TIM—

I'm sorry to see that your mem'ry must

Be getting very poor.

Or you wouldn't forget it's not so long,

Since 'twas I who had the floor ;

And begged of you, aye, on my bended
knees,

At home with me to stay.

But your lodge was your life—it seemed as if

You could not stay away.

Now *you* have the floor, and can weep and
wail,

And threaten too, I see.

Tim, I hear some friends in the drawing room,

Perhaps they'll stay to tea.

So I'll leave you now ; but, before I go,

I simply wish to say,

Your threats won't have much effect upon me.

'Gainst them I'm proof. Good-day !

Tim said to himself, " It seems to me,

We're not much progress making.

Can it possibly be—now let me see—

That I'm not the right course taking ?

142 TIM AND MRS. TIM

'Tis true, as she said, once on a time,
 'Twas she who had the floor,
And instead of paying attention to her,
 I walk'd right out of the door.
So atter all, perhaps its really
 A sort of retribution ;
Which is only natural, seeing that I
 Believe in evolution.
Now when Mrs. Tim comes back again,
 I'll take quite a diff'rent stand.
I'll agree with everything she says ;
 And won't even mention 'band.'
I'll say that I was a very bad man,
 In the days of long ago.
In payment for all my misdeeds then,
 I've suffered much grief and woe.
If we can but bridge this quarrel o'er—
 If she doesn't feel *too* sore—
I'll never speak cross to her again ;
 No, never, never more !”

“ Well, my dear,” said pretty Mrs. Tim,
 As she swept into the room,
“ I've given you time for contemplation,
 And I've come to hear my doom.

Are we still to fight like Kilkenny cats :

Shall we have no peace at all—

Or shall we this recriminating stop,

And the days of old recall—

When I was ever a happy wife, and

You a loving husband were ?

Then we were happy ; we did not ‘ spat,’

And were free from sadd’ning care.”

Quoth Tim—“ I’m pleased to hear that talk—

In point of fact its really striking.

For I was going to remark,

If you will, I will, give up ‘ biking.’

Although I see no reason why

We could not take a ‘ spin’ together,

In spring, or summer, or the fall,

Whenever we could strike fine weather.

Nay more, I think we might, when now

We’re willing to listen to reason,

Agree to live as in days of old—

Be happy in and out of season.”

As in a dream Tim heard this reply

From his very diplomatic wife :

144 TIM AND MRS. TIM

“ I quite agree with you, my dear.

I'd *much* rather have sweet peace than strife.
Some of our friends will laugh at this—
It will be *such* a revolution.
But what care we ; when for our loves,
It will be but a convolution.”

So then and there, this loving pair,
Agreed to cease from their contentions.
Through mutual love, and grace from above,
They've heard the last of their dissensions.

Thus endeth this story
Of Tim and his wife.
May others take warning
While journ'ying through life.

Let husbands remember
The vows that they took ;
And see that they keep them
By hook or by crook.
Eschew lodges and clubs,
And then they'll be wise.
One or two at the utmost
Is all I'd advise.

Let wives, too, remember,
Things they've got to do.
I can't tell them all here,
But they're not a few.
I don't dare to advise,
But this I am told :
A sweet temper is better
Than a Klondyke of gold !



TO POSTER
COLLECTORS



A Poster

ADVERTISING "TIM AND MRS. TIM,"
HAS BEEN PUBLISHED. IT IS FROM
AN ORIGINAL DESIGN

By **JULIAN R. SEAVEY**
THE WELL-KNOWN CANADIAN ARTIST



IT IS ORIGINAL
IT IS ARTISTIC

IT WILL BE A WELCOME ADDITION TO ANY
COLLECTION



Price, 25 Cents

EACH ONE CAREFULLY WRAPPED IN A TUBE



May be ordered from Booksellers
everywhere

By CHARLES WHITE

LICENSE

PROHIBITION

PLEBISCITE



A pamphlet discussing the Temperance problem in a broad and liberal spirit. The author considers License to be a failure, and Prohibition to be unscriptural.



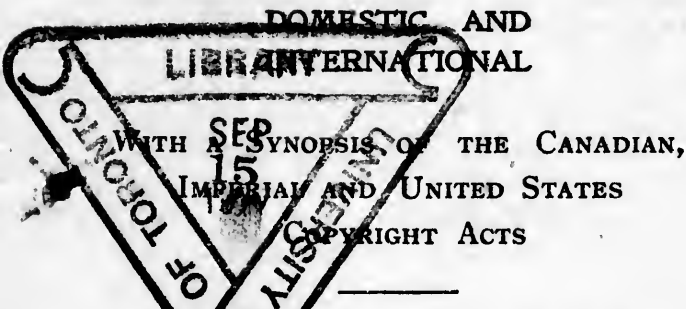
Price, 25 Cents



MAY BE OBTAINED FROM BOOKSELLERS
EVERYWHERE

By RICHARD T. LANCEFIELD

NOTES ON COPYRIGHT



The Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute says :
"Mr. Lancefield is already well known as an expert upon the Copyright Law of Canada, having taken a prominent part in the discussions which have taken place in the press and elsewhere upon the subject. In this work he has summarized the various Acts bearing upon the copyright question, not only of Canada, but also of Great Britain and the United States. Mr. Lancefield explains the chief points of difference in the Acts of each country, and supplies, in clear and well arranged paragraphs, the chief points to be observed in obtaining copyright. The work is a most useful one, inasmuch as it shows at a glance the method of securing copyright in Canada and elsewhere, as well as the points at issue between the Governments at Ottawa, London, and Washington."

PRICE, 50 CENTS

May be ordered from Booksellers everywhere