Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Fifty-seven Varieties of Husbands: The Old-Fashioned Tyrant

"BE CAREFUL, Susie, your pa's in a terrible temper this morning," said mother in a hushed voice. All of the dependents of father were frightened when he was in an ugly mood, and each had to cater to him and cajole him, or else keep out of his way until the storm passed.

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Those surely were not "good old days" for mother! The modern man would not think of obligating his wife and children to slavish servitude. If the homesick joke about father being nothing but an animated checkbook and receiving no appreciation or attention is exaggerated, still there is some foundation for their jests. Father today is lucky if he gets any breakfast at home, and if any of the family come downstairs to take the morning meal with him.

How well we all know the type of old-time husband who arrived at breakfast with a growl. The morning paper had to be at his plate. Woe betide any member of the household who dared so much as take a peep at the news. He thundered for wife to bring on his food, and regarded the world sourly until his appetite had been appeased. Of course, the family knew that right was not the time to attack him for money, or ask a dress or for permission to go to a dance. Experience had taught each one that the psychological moment was after supper in the evening, when he was resting in his stocking feet and enjoying a pipe. The justice of their claim had nothing to do with its granting; it was merely a matter of his temper, and so the family learned to be crafty and watch out.

The matter of money, too, was a thing of deep concern, for pa was almost always a tightwad. It was the old-fashioned idea that the man is the sole earner that brings the money. He honestly believed he was the sole provider and that ma did nothing to earn her board except as she waited on him and ministered to his physical needs. And yet, as we have had occasion to say so often, the old-fashioned wife labored about fourteen hours a day, with no unions to protect her, and if ever any one was economically productive it was she.

I recall one wife who had ten children and kept house for innumerable years, when housekeeping meant actually doing the material tasks to the sweat of one's brow. Not only did she have to extract the cash from the old man to pay every bill, but she was forced to entreat him in a persuasive tone for every dime she spent. If a man was at the back door with buttermilk at five cents a gallon (those were the good old pre-H. C. L. days) this old lady would go into the sitting room and cry, "Got a nickel, pa?"

"What for?" came the grudging answer. When he had learned the destination of the sum he grudgingly pulled it forth and not one cent more!

Incredible as this is, it is true. Of course, the man "provided" for his family. The house was large and the meals sufficient and all had a fair number of costumes. But the idea of a wife's having any loose change, any spending money for which she did not have to account, either in advance or afterward, never even occurred to the husband.

"Happily, those times have gone forever," you will declare, but have they? Of course, the average city husband has a higher standard of living than in the past. No matter in what station of life or on what step in the social scale fate has placed him, he has a more extravagant family than his grandfather had. He has been "educated up to" coming across with the coin, as his sixteen-year-old son would say. In cities he gives his progeny spending money because they are in various parts of town and need carfare and lunch money and sums for cigarettes and motion-pictures, even if they do not buy their own clothes.

In the country pa now owns a flivver and ma belongs to the Grange and attends its conventions, so that a certain amount of cash must be accorded her. Undoubtedly, the average man is accustomed to handing out money more freely and more willingly than in past ages. But the average wife by no means handles money so freely as one might suppose. Even in rich households some strange facts are beneath the surface. It is frequently the case that women who have accounts at stores and whose bills are paid with a fair amount of cheerfulness by their husbands, women who dress lavishly and apparently have wealth at their command, really are unable to enjoy even the smallest amount of cash.

Of late years tales have been told of rich women whose costumes and diamonds were the envy of their friends and whose husbands actually were glad to have them gorgeously arrayed, because the wife is the walking advertisement of the husband's earning capacity, who yet carried only a few cents in their purse!

Not one, but many of such are known. Naturally, they are humiliated before their women friends and resort to all sorts of sneaking expedients to cheat their "keeper." Fashionable dressmakers are induced to inflate their bills and give a rebate in cash to the wife. The theory of the husband seems to be that he is very generous in paying bills, but that to give up any real money would be to encourage frivolity and sin. When paying grocery bills or milliners or dressmakers, he knows where the money has gone, but if he were to give the wife large sums who knows what she would do with them?

Of course, all this is insulting to the wife. She is put in the category of a dangerous and incompetent person. Such husbands may be charming to talk to, but they are tyrants and slave-drivers, nevertheless.

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

When Not to Dance

HENRY MORGENTHAU, in his latest and more than ever interesting observations, tells why a good many things happened, and why a good many others did not happen.

One incident in particular that he mentions carried a punch that is sure to hit below the belt.

Henry Morgenthau asserts that, but for a seeming trifle, Champ Clark and not Woodrow Wilson would have been nominated by the Democratic convention in Baltimore in 1912, and subsequently elected President of the United States.

The trifle in question was the performance by the Missouri delegation of a fifty-five minute snake dance when that delegation should have been straining their every ounce of nerve and muscle to finish their job.

This is how it happened:

On the tenth ballot, Champ Clark received a majority vote.

Now, the Democratic convention, unlike the Republican convention, requires a two-thirds majority to nominate; and the thing to have done then and there was to choose, work up waves of white hot enthusiasm, and, at all events, force another ballot right away. Under those circumstances Champ Clark would in all probability have gotten the necessary two-thirds to win.

Instead, the Missouri delegation immediately upon the announcement of the majority vote, figuring that the nomination was as good as won, went out and for fifty-five minutes outdid Cleopatra to the tune of:

"Every time I come to town,
The boys keep kickin' my dawg around".
Makes no difference if he is a hound,
They gotta quit kickin' my dawg around."

In that fatal fifty-five minutes, while the Missourians were exercising their melodious voices and showing off their little and pretty steps, the enemies of Clark united on Wilson, hustled like mad, and, when the convention clouds had cleared away, a "dark horse" had been put across.

The devotees of Terpsichore from Missouri who lightly tripped away a White House assignment paid dearly for the lesson most of us at some time or another must learn, and that is that there is a time to dance and a time not to dance; and the time not to dance is when there is work still to accomplish, a job still to finish, a last lap to be run.

Don't vaunt before the event—don't dance till you've done what you set out to do.

The Heart Pirate

By HAZEL DEVO BATCHELOR

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Until Richard Blakeslee kidnapped Theodora Caldwell and carried her off on his yacht, Theo knew very little about love. She thought she loved Jimmy Bland and wanted to marry him, but when with Blakeslee, who had taken her with him because he needed her as a secretary, although she had refused to go, she was swept off her feet by his passionate lovemaking. Nevertheless, she remained loyal to Jimmy until, when she returned to him, he showed what manner of man he was by accusing her of having gone on the trip deliberately. Theo broke her engagement, but pride kept her from telling Blakeslee the truth and when he met Jimmy at Theo's apartment he went away and left them together.

CHAPTER XLIX

Just Like a Woman

JIMMY was seated, lying back at his ease in Theo's most comfortable armchair when she returned to the living room. She had lingered a moment in the tiny hall, dreading the coming interview with him. Her heart was sick within her as she realized that Blakeslee had gone for good; she would never see him again. And he had gone believing her in love with a man like Jimmy. It was quite one thing to let Richard Blakeslee believe she was in love with a man he had never seen, a man she could endow with all kinds of wonderful qualities, but it was another to have him believe she was in love with Jimmy. Now that she saw him as he really was, small, incredibly cheap and swaggering, selfish to the core, she wondered how she had ever fancied herself in love with him. Had she been blind because she had been scary for him, or what was it, for certainly she had never before known what love was.

As she came into the room Jimmy looked at her quickly. He did not rise to his feet; he was one of the men who believed courtesies of that kind an attempt to "put on side." And so he just sat still and looked at her.

Theo said nothing. She seated herself opposite to him and, goaded by the quietness of her manner, he began to speak confidently.

"Well, old Blakeslee isn't half bad, Theo, and between you and me I think I made some little impression on him. I had him quite warmed up, didn't I? I suppose he'll send you a handsome wedding present—the old boy certainly owes you that."

"You've changed your opinion of him since yesterday, haven't you?" Theo asked quietly.

Jimmy laughed. "Never judge a man by what he says in anger, Theo, you'll find it doesn't pay. You see, I knew you didn't mean what you said, that's why I came back today."

"Oh, I see. I was just going to ask you why you came back."

Jimmy moved to a more comfortable position, stretching his legs out in front of him and tapping his head back against the chair.

"Come on over and make up with a fellow," he said indolently, "and for heaven's sake don't be so peppery after we're married; you'll find it doesn't pay. It takes tact to manage a man, Theo, you want to realize that."

Theo did not move, and he sat up suddenly.

"Well?"

She did not answer, simply sat there, meeting his eyes levelly.

"Well, what do you want me to do, get on my knees to you?" he said irritably. "If that isn't just like a woman!"

"That's the last thing in the world I want you to do," Theo said, speaking for the first time. "What I want you to do, Jimmy, is to go, and this time I don't want you to come back. Do you understand? Any one but a man eaten up with his own conceit would have realized that yesterday, but apparently you didn't. You forced yourself in here this morning after I had told you definitely that I was through. You make it necessary for me to tell you I feel now as if I had never really known you. Thank God I have discovered the truth for myself before it was too late."

At that moment Theo felt cold and hard and looking in pity. She was not even sorry for the man before her, and nothing he could say or do would make any difference.

What he did was to spring from his chair and come toward her threateningly, but with a deft movement Theo leaped to her feet.

"You'd better go, Jimmy," she said evenly.

He broke down then, and actual tears stood in his weak eyes. He went down on his knees and begged and implored Theo to be reasonable, to listen to him, but she drew away from him and stood aloof and cold, contemptuously looking down at the man who could so debase his manhood before a woman.

Tomorrow—"The Last Straw"

The Woman's Exchange

To "A Constant Reader"

You had better consult a lawyer about this condition of affairs, I think. No doubt there is some law that could be corrected to your advantage and then you would get your share.

Some Names for a Dog

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Kindly let me know through your column a suitable name for a small male dog. Now this dog's mother and father were prize dogs and I hope this dog may win a prize. He is about four months old and he always will be small, never getting more than five pounds. MRS. E. H.

Why don't you choose a name that suggests the name of the dog's mother and father? This is usually done with prize-winning dogs of long pedigree and it makes the naming very easy. If you do not care to do this perhaps these suggestions will help you: Bob, Rab, Puck, Toto, Duke, Paddy, Tiny or Toby.

Cannot Get Rid of Pimples

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Could you tell me how to clear my face from bad pimples? I thought at first it was from using powder, but I haven't used powder for several months and find that they are just as bad if not worse.

I hope that the exchange will keep up to your high standard in the time to come and thanking you in advance I remain, ANXIOUS.

"It may not come from some condition of your general health. Try bathing your face in alternate hot and cold water every day for a while and then try a good tonic. If this does not cure your skin you had better consult a physician. Thank you for your good wishes. I hope the Woman's Exchange will always be able to help people.

Making a Hawaiian Costume

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—I am going to a costume dance this month and would like to dress as a Hawaiian girl if possible. Could you tell me how this costume should be made, what kind of shoes are worn and how to arrange the hair? I am sixteen years old, about five feet five inches and have rather curly muffy brown hair, but wear it up. Is there in your mind that I could make the skirt of straw or something that would look like it, so I want it to be a real Hawaiian costume? I intend to make it myself. "AN ADMIRER."

Make with kimono or a knee length skirt of brown doing material for the foundation of your Hawaiian costume. Then wear a white waist with a round neck and short sleeves. Get brown crepe paper and cut into long strips and with back stitch sew fast to it, so long as the lining material. It would be best to put it on the hand first and then cut it unless you can get the paper already cut into the proper shape. Make this very full and bunchy. Then make a wreath of flowers to wear around your neck and let your hair hang down with the flowers caught in it. Wear brown hose and a short necklace around your throat. If you do not expect to dance at the party you could wear bedroom slippers or sneakers and nail brown stockings over them, but this would not be very comfortable for dancing. Any the regulation dancing slippers would do if you want to wear them, for people are never very careful about keeping their footgear appropriate to their costumes when they are going to a small party. I hope you will find it quite easy to make your costume. It should be becoming to you.

Things You'll Love to Make

To be up to the minute, a chapeau must display a touch of black lace. A "LACE FANS" HAT ORNAMENT will, therefore, be a very smart trimming for your fall hat of daytime or velvet. Have one yard of four-inch black lace accordion-plaited. Cut the lace into two equal pieces. Wire the scalloped edge with very fine wire. Join each piece with a French seam. Gather the straight edge of each piece to form a fan. Cut a circle of cardboard two and a half inches in diameter. Cover it with the same material as the facing of your hat. Tack the fans to the underside of the circle as shown. Your attractive "LACE FANS" HAT ORNAMENT is now ready to sew on to your hat at the most becoming angle. FLORA.

Contrasting Sleeves and a Crooked Skirt

By CORINNE LOWE

Sleeves! Like the modern woman, they won't be just a part of the family now. They will go out into the night, like Eleanor Nora, with such personalities perhaps. They will have a career of their own.

And of the modern dress in the sleeve world the accompanying model of turtle gray broadcloth provides us with still another example. For here the sleeves of black tissue embroidered in green constitute the one note of color contrast in the frock.

GOBLINS DECORATE HALLOWEEN COSTUME

Isn't she dainty, with her kerchief and her Halloween symbols scattered over her dress? The whole thing is made of crepe paper, which has the advantage over other materials of always staying crisp, or staying close where you want it and ruffling out where you want it to. This frock is carried out in the appropriate Halloween colors, while the mischievous goblins on apron, skirt border and flaring cuffs are in black.

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

Mrs. Wilson Says Balanced Rations Are Necessary for Good Digestion

Too Much Meat, With Not Enough Salads and Fruit, Will Break Down the Health—One Large Meal a Day Is Enough

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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WE INSTINCTIVELY follow certain conventions in planning our daily menus, rather than the dietetic significance of the relation of the various foods to each other.

Since we have our food habits pretty well ingrained, it is usually a very hard uphill task to try to lead the stubborn individual to eat those foods that will benefit him most for his condition. Unless fate takes a hand and the physician places him or her on a special diet, sometimes it is an almost hopeless task to change personal likes and dislikes for foods.

It is true that the housewife has the planning and cooking of the food, but she will, as a rule, try to please and cater to the various members of the family to satisfy their personal idiosyncrasies, and she may not realize that sweet potatoes, white potatoes and boiled rice or macaroni at the same meal is really a lack of invention and that the serving of two or three of the above, grouped at the same time, will store the body with excess carbohydrates in the forms of fat and that these will produce various kinds of intestinal disturbances.

One needs plenty of good, wholesome food to be physically fit, it is very true, yet it would certainly be worth the trouble for the family, in both money and time, to study balanced rations for their conditions; to plan the food budget successfully with a correspondingly relative value of each food need not take a great deal of time.

The farmer and the poultry man have years ago realized that if they were to receive any material gain from their stock a balanced ration must be worked out and closely adhered to. Any deviation would lower the production. So, for these very reasons, you will find farmers and cattle men, miles from the beaten highways, glibly talking balanced feed rations and with an accurate working knowledge of what all this means.

Long years ago mine host—the average American—believed it a true sign of wealth and hospitality to load the table until it creaked and groaned under the burden of food to delight the eye and assure his guest that abundance of food was there for his entertainment.

In the dim old days of the past it pleased the host to be able to satisfy the eye as well as the stomach with abundance of food, and he liked the term that was applied to him—namely, that he was a good liver. If his wife failed to place all the food on the table, he usually called for this or that which he knew would be in the larder. Many of these food customs had come to him from his father's household and even back from his grandfather's time, when every one owned an estate or farm that was food producing and food manufacturing, and hence there was no real need to skimp or save the food—that was the day of the real glutton.

Today, due to many changes that progress is making, we must completely change not only our menus but the actual amount of food itself. Folks who are working indoors throughout the year will have little need for a heavy breakfast, and in the case of obese middle-aged folk, they will gain materially in health and strength if they will eliminate this meal entirely, if possible, and substitute a glass half of water and half of some citrus fruit and perhaps a small cup of coffee.

Persons who lie abed until the last minute and then expect to grab a so-called meal while they are partially completing their dressing need not be surprised at all if they find in a few years that they have a complete physical breakdown.

The big question seems to be—what and how shall we eat and what foods will benefit us most?

A liberal diet of both fresh and stewed fruits the year round for both the morning and evening meal, plenty of succulent vegetables, little meat, replacing meat as much as possible with nuts, raisins and the legumes, cut down sharply upon the starchy and over-sweet foods, pastries, cakes and the like. Fried foods will certainly play havoc with your digestion unless you are an active outdoor worker, when the exercise and air will quickly neutralize the various fatty acids that are a part of all fried foods.

The family that does not like greens, such as salads, celery and combinations of the various raw foods that can be mixed into a tasty salad is usually the family that contracts the colds and illness in the early part of winter and this has a siege of various minor ills all winter and is thus completely exhausted and ready to break down from a physical wreck at the first sign of spring.

Where members of the family insist upon having a cooked meal at noonday, whether they have it at home or in the restaurants near their various places of business—then fall back on the plan of the old-fashioned supper rather than have another heavy cooked meal in the evening. Plan to have a cut of cold meat, a salad and plenty of stewed fruit with old-fashioned ginger or raisin bread for dessert and you will find that the family will gain in health and strength.

Where there is a light midday meal, then the housewife is expected to serve a hot meal at night and substitute the lighter protein with two green vegetables for this meal. Do not serve bread and potatoes together at this meal, and be sure to have a liberal helping of salad with stewed or fresh fruit for dessert in preference to the over-sweet and heavy pastries and cakes.

Suggestive Supper Menus

NO. 1
Creamed Tuna Fish
Celery and Green Pepper Salad
Cup Custards Tea

NO. 2
Cinnamon Toast
Apple Sauce Sponge Cake
Tea

NO. 3
Bacon Sandwiches
Creamed Potatoes Stewed Pears
Gingerbread Cocoa

NO. 4
Cheese Toast
Potatoes au Gratin
Sliced Bananas Tea

NO. 5
Cheese and Nut Sandwiches
Baked Potatoes
Stewed Apricots Tea

NO. 6
Macedoine of Vegetables
Slices of Cold Boiled Ham
Brown Betty Vanilla Sauce
Cocoa

Cinnamon Toast

Place in a small bowl

Four tablespoons of butter,
Six tablespoons of powdered sugar,
One teaspoon of cinnamon.

Cream well and spread on slices of nicely buttered toast.

Gingerbread

Place in a bowl

One-half cup of brown sugar,
One-half cup of molasses,
Six tablespoons of shortening.

Cream, then add

Two and one-half cups of flour,
Four level teaspoons of baking powder,
Three-fourths cup of sour milk or water,
One teaspoon of ginger,
One teaspoon of cinnamon,
One-half teaspoon of cloves.

Beat to mix and turn in a well-greased, loaf-shaped pan and bake in a slow oven forty minutes.

MRS. WILSON'S ANSWERS

My Dear Mrs. Wilson—Will you kindly tell me how to make the candied sweet potatoes? I cannot find out just how they are done. MRS. L. M. S.

Boil the sweet potatoes in their skins and then peel; now place in a skillet

One cup of brown sugar,
One half cup of strap,
Two tablespoons of butter.

Cook slowly until the mixture will candy when tried in cold water, then add the prepared potatoes, baste the syrup over the potatoes every few minutes, turning the potatoes; cook slowly for fifteen minutes.

My Dear Mrs. Wilson—Kindly give me a recipe for the use of sour cream. Your corner is one of my best friends. E. N. T.

You may use sour cream in baking, if diluted with an equal amount of water in place of fresh milk. Do not add baking soda, but just use the regular recipe. It will increase the efficiency of the baking powder.

Add one cup of sour cream whipped stiff to salad dressings, to grated cheese for cheese sandwiches or over thinly sliced and chilled cucumbers and does well with paprika.

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

"Al" to "Somebody's Stenog"

Dear Cynthia—Please print this to Somebody's Stenog. I reply to your letter to let you know that there are still fellows who do not dance, shine their hair or are so low in breeding to ask a girl to kiss them in return for a night's outing. Al.

Stop Seeing Him

Dear Cynthia—We are two girls of eighteen and very dear to each other. We are both very attractive and by mishap have fallen in love with the same man. He takes both of us out at different times and when we compare notes he tells each of us the same thing and kisses us good-night. Do you think he is in love with either of us? How can we forget him quickly? We have tried most every remedy.

TRY TO GUESS.

He evidently cares for neither one, but is having a good time at your expense. Better stop the friendship.

Talk to a Doctor

Dear Cynthia—You have helped so many in your wonderful column and I am sure you will help me. I am a young fellow nineteen years old and I wish to be a doctor in my future. Now I don't know how to start off. I graduated from school, but I never went to high school. I am only a working fellow, but got fair prospect of financial aid. But as the old saying is, where there's a will there's a way, for I am willing to sacrifice anything. Please publish this in your column by asking some readers who probably have been through the mill.

ROBERT C. C.

Go and see a reputable doctor who will advise you what to do.

Indignant at the Boys

Dear Cynthia—This is the second time that I venture into your column, this time under a different title. Cynthia dear, may I ask these boys in your column (through you) what right they have to rave and go on about the girls as they do? The girls are not as much to blame as they are. If the girls were not encouraged by the boys as they are they would not be half as bad. If a boy takes a girl out and when he brings her home if she will not kiss him good-night (because she has some self-respect) she is slow. You boys think if a girl is not wonderful-looking (drug-store complexion) and a good dancer she is no good, but when it comes to getting married will you pick a wife who is all "dolled up"? No. Then why do you encourage such a girl? If you boys would let them alone they would soon stop this wild carrying on and tame down to make good wives. Cynthia dear, I hope I have not taken too much of your time and space. "A LITTLE BLUEBIRD."

Take Plenty of Exercise

Dear Cynthia — Knowing that you have helped so many through your column I come to you almost as my last hope.

I am a girl of seventeen years and I am considered good looking by all. However, Cynthia dear, I am in great misery. Several months ago I seemed to have lost all confidence in myself, or whatever it may be, and my mind is always in a state of uncertainty. That is, I am always at a loss for something to say, not having any conversation at all. I have always been of a jolly temperament and usually made friends easily. I was almost always well liked among my friends, but now since I am in such a condition I cannot make friends and I am losing my old friends. Also, when I am out to a party or a dance my head seems to close up entirely. In such a case I can't act naturally and, of course, I am not at all sociable. Oh, Cynthia, this feeling is absolutely torturing, and each day I am becoming more and more desperate.

I have just graduated from high school and must seek a position. In this condition I am sure to be an utter failure, so, Cynthia, can you recommend a school or some other means wherein I can be helped?

Won't you please try to help me, as I almost feel like ending it all?

ROSALIND G.

Go out every day and take a long walk and stop thinking about yourself. Read and occupy your mind away from yourself. Join a gymnasium class.

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries

1. What distressing fact is true of the education of the women in India?
2. How can a pair of old pumps that have become scuffed be mended so that the scratches are scarcely noticeable?
3. What is an attractive color for the wicker furniture of a sun-parlor that will carry out the pervading idea of brightness in the room?
4. To what masterpiece of fiction does the character of Becky Sharpe belong?
5. Describe a clever scarf and hat set.
6. How is a pair of black silk stockings for evening wear made striking?

Saturday's Answers

1. In Spain woman is filling the old position of newsboy.
2. Delicate laces may be cleaned by squeezing them in sour skim milk to which a little bluing has been added, and then drying and ironing between cloths over a Turkish towel.
3. Before putting earth in window boxes, taking the precaution of whitewashing the inside of the box will keep it from rotting and prevent insects.
4. A round robin is a petition or remonstrance signed by the names in a circle, so as to conceal who signed it first.
5. Kid, either white or in different colors, is a trimming that is much used on dresses.
6. A charming girdle is fashioned of chiffon with flowing side-panels, and a cluster of flowers that catches it at the waist.

We Never Can Make Good on the Threat of Showing the World Where It Is Wrong

When We Get Into the Fit of Temper Which Causes This Idea Promise We Are Always One-quarter Aware of Being Wrong Ourselves

HE QUARRELED with the girl he loved.

She took him to task about his friends, whom she considered wild, and the discussion which followed resulted in a hot argument.

At last, driven to desperation by his refusal to listen to her, she tore his ring off her finger and flung it on the floor.

And he equally desperate, just as angry and more impulsive, swung himself out of the house threatening to marry the first woman that came along who would have him.

He kept his word, determined to do the only thing he could think of to hurt the girl.

The woman he married was an uneducated, uncultured orphan no more fit to be his wife than he was to be her husband.

In his headstrong, willful desire to make some one else unhappy, he succeeded in making himself so wretched and miserable, so desperately unhappy that he wanted to die.

It all happened in a story, but what a true picture it is of the way we cut off our nose to spite our face all the time.

Time and time again we get this unreasonable anger against something or some one and decide to "show 'em"!

We proceed to "show 'em" by means of a reckless, foolish and utterly unnecessary act intended to injure or surprise "them."

And it is only once out of ten times that the attempt does anything more than get us into a bad fix and astonish us greatly.

INCIDENTALLY it serves us right. For it is always a silly anger that we try to appease by hurting the person who caused it.

More often than not we are made angrier by the consciousness that we have, way deep down in the midst of our heart, of being really in the wrong about the matter.

That always makes the whole world seem hard and cruel, only fit for such dreadful punishment as we can think up for it.

We brood about the injustice of it all, while all the time we know it is not unjust, we realize that it is only our biased outlook that makes it seem so.

The thought bites deep into our common sense, poisons it and deadens its power.

We forget how to reason.

All we can think is, "It isn't fair, it's all their fault. I wasn't wrong. I didn't do it. I'll get even with them. I'll show 'em, they have no right to talk that way to me!"

After that, it is only a short distance to that dire threat, "I hate everything anyhow, but I'll make 'em sorry they did it."

WE AREN'T far from the bad little boy who ran away to make his mother sorry she spanked him when we get to thinking that way.

And we do it so often.

It never turns out the way we want it to.

We never do "show 'em"; we just make ourselves unhappy, put ourselves far beyond the reach of a rescuing smile, scowl and fret away in angry solitude for a while and then come sheepishly back, wishing we hadn't ever done it.

Again like the little boy, we feel as if we had been in what we realize but do not admit is shame for a long time, and we want to say, as he did after his few hours' absence, "Well, I see you still have the same old cat!"

But it's hard to get in right again, after a fit of unreasonable temper, and our misery is added to by the unmistakable fact that nobody seems to have missed us!

It is a much safer and pleasanter course to yield to that deep-buried consciousness of being ever so slightly in the wrong in a case like this.

For the harder you try to hurt somebody else in this amiable, wise old world, the worse you get hurt yourself, either by your own efforts or the inevitable aftermath.

Read Your Character

By Digby Phillips

The Sign of Memory

One way to find out whether a man or a girl has a good memory is to give him or her something important to remember, and note the results. Sometimes the resultant forgetting proves expensive. And at any rate the single test is not conclusive, for even those who have the best memories occasionally slip.

There's a better way to tell. It's much easier and quicker, and the test may be applied as easily to a girl as to a man, for the bump of memory is not covered by the hair.

It's right in the center of the forehead, about half way between the line of the eyes and the point where the forehead merges into the top of the head; at the point where the hair and scalp begin.

You have often met people in whom the forehead, considered as a profile line between these two points, bulges outward in a convex curve, with its greatest prominence at the half-way point. You can bank on it that such people have more than average ability to remember facts, experiences and events. This ability is often referred to as the retentive, or historical, faculty, because it is more indicative of ability to remember facts and events than other things. The ability to remember a musical melody, for instance, is another matter entirely, which is bound up with the sense of music. Likewise the ability to remember faces and figures unusually well is bound up with the sense of line and form, and with the accuracy of the eye.

Tomorrow—Broad Shoulders.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

Once upon a time "education" meant all that the word implies, training in manners no less—and perhaps more—than mastery of text-book learning. In modern times we have the problem of the woman who is more familiar with the propositions of Euclid and the orations of Cicero than with the axioms of courtesy and the kindliness of sociable conversation.

In the absence of the much-discussed teaching of courtesy in our schools, parents should encourage their young daughters to cultivate good manners at home, so that in later life they may not be like the bookish "freak" in the illustration, who has neither respect for age nor consideration for youth and whose book knowledge serves only to accentuate her ignorance of the little exchanges of kindness, which are more indicative of gentle breeding and more important to the sum total of human happiness than any other formula ever invented.

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