

WOMEN and Their Interests

Men! Women! Bury the Past When You Wed!
If It Is Full of Mistakes That Can Be Lived Down, It Does no Good to Reveal It. Present and Future Alone Count

By DOROTHY DIX

The story that Hardy told in his great novel, "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" repeated itself in real life in this city the other day.

A young couple got married and agreed to tell each other everything that had ever happened to them. The man told his story, and the woman forgave him his sins. The girl told of a single act taken aside from the straight and narrow road, and the man upbraided her with every revilement he could think of, and ordered her out of the little home they had furnished with such hope and happiness. The young wife—the girl was only a child of eighteen—was so shy she did not get through the door. She then sat by the window and was dashed to death on the stones of the street below.

This sad case is a pathetic illustration of the double standard of morals that the world has set up for men and women. The man may do with impunity what the woman is condemned for doing. The man excuses himself the terrible act because he never forgives in her, and he expects her to lightly condone in him the offenses for which he puts her out of doors.

The most absurd and arrogant provision is the theory that obtains that a woman who has had a past should reveal it all to the man who asks her to marry him before marriage, and that if she doesn't do so she has the guilty of a most treasonable act.

No Woman Expects a Man to Reveal All His Bachelor Life

But no woman expects the man she marries to take a clean breast of his past life to her if they are married, nor does any man feel called upon to recite the litany of his sins to his prospective bride, or deem himself dishonorable in not doing so.

On in this, I think, he is exactly right. The past of a man or woman concerns the individual he or

she is going to marry only so far as to the character it has produced in her mind, and the complications it has brought about.

If the past of a man or woman has been such as to leave him or her the victim of disease, that concerns the individual he or she is proposing to marry, and he or she has a right to know it in time to avoid being murdered or maimed into the world sickly and neurotic children. But the time will soon come when a health certificate will be attached to every marriage license, so no personal confessions on this score will be necessary.

If a man or woman has been guilty in the past of some act that leaves a menacing scandal always pursuing him or her, she has a right to tell the man or woman or she proposes to marry it before the wedding day. No man or woman has a right to bring unmerited disgrace upon another.

But where the sins of either a man or woman have been merely the follies of youth, faults committed in hot blood, or acts done in ignorance, and that have mercifully left no trace, then they are best buried deep in perpetual silence. It serves no good purpose to drag the skeleton of these misdeeds out into the light and rattle their dry bones.

What is past is past and cannot be changed, and the telling of it need not undo the wrong. No wife is happy for knowing of just when, and how, and where, and the extent of the ill oats crop her husband sowed. It does not make her trust him more to know from his own lips that he has been one of those who loved and rode away or kissed and told. Instead, there is always a living jealousy in her heart of these other women and a fear that if she doesn't watch him well he will slip back to them.

Unless It Menaces His Wife's Future, a Man Is Wise to Hide It

So, unless there is something in his past life that menaces his wife's future, a man is wise to draw a discreet veil of reticence over his bachelor days.

And there is not a whit more reason why a woman should tell a man she is going to marry every detail of her past life than there is why he

Their Married Life

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

"Well the next time I pay five dollars 'per' for any curtain fake," grumbled Warren as the curtain went down on "Part I."

"Dear, at least Pavlava's dancing is wonderful."

"Haven't seen her dance yet. All this toe-posing may be a good balancing stunt, but it's not dancing! Not in it with the old style set."

"Yet the girls are set," ventured Helen, "are supposed to be much more artistic."

"Huh, the languishing around the stage in dying-calf attitudes may be art, but you don't put it over me that it's dancing."

"S-s-sh, dear, not so loud! Everybody's wild about Pavlava. They'll think we won't know."

"Who cares a hoot what they think?" grimly.

The wife of one of Warren's most influential clients was a patroness of this carnival. She had been invited not only to buy tickets at \$5 a seat, and that the charity a "fashionable" one, the great opera house was packed to the standing room limit.

The curtain now rose on a village scene. It was a Sunday afternoon. The girls in short red skirts, black velvet bodices and peasant caps danced a mazurka with the gold-braided solo.

"Huh, the Sunshine Burlesque Girls '25 Sassy Sunbeams' could do better!"

"Please, dear!" implored Helen, as a woman turned and gazed haughtily at Warren. "I've got to go to her jewel-encrusted longgote."

Then the stage was darkened, a strong spot light turned on, and Pavlava floated out.

It was another posing, balancing, pinwheeling number, in which she swayed back in the arms of the swarthy Keroff, whose barbaric costume was designed to accentuate her own scant diaphanous draperies.

"It's really an immense audience," mused Helen, glancing over the crowded orchestra and up at the tiers of boxes crowded with expensively dressed women, society women most of them, and the charity a "fashionable" one, the great opera house was packed to the standing room limit.

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Just before the final curtain, Pavlava disappeared, leaving the stage and abandoned herself to an audience of rare suppleness and seductive grace.

"That's more like it," commented Warren. "Now she's dancing up."

"Enticing, Ruthless, Bewitching," were the gushing comments of the women about them as they rustled into their wraps.

"What about the rest of this jamboree?" "The Dances in the Grand Foyer?" Warren demanded when they made their way down the crowded center aisle. "Haven't you had enough?"

"I'd love just to see what it's like," pleaded Helen. "They say she's going to dance in her street clothes and we can't see a thing!"

Evidently Miss Pavlava had not had

for Keroff himself a fainting attack, was forced to stay in the background as a buffer for "midday."

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