

# Reading for Women and all the Family

## SHREW TAMED IN REAL LIFE

### Read How a Little, Inoffensive Man Turned Tables on His Wife

The Taming of the Shrew is a classic. The Taming of Petruchio remains to be written. But I was a witness to its accomplishment once in real life; and what I didn't see myself the shrew told me.

I was living in a remarkably well-managed, small hotel in a remote western town. The man of the house was a gentle, inept, vague soul who, having successively failed in many different business ventures, surrendered the helm of their bark to his wife and placidly accepted the role of boarding-house landlady's husband.

It was a sinure beside which the proverbial fifth wheel of a wagon stands as the symbol of usefulness and busy diligence. After the manner of women, his wife apologized for him on the score of ill-health, and tried to represent him as an indispensable adjunct to the establishment. How she would ever be able to manage without him, Mrs. Landlady said, she didn't know. And this in the face of the fact that she couldn't even send him to the butcher's with an order and be sure that he would not forget it on the way.

His sole function in life seemed to be to eat three hearty meals a day and between times prowled around the house with a tack-hammer in his hand which he never, by any chance, put to use; or else to tinker with the hot water pipes until they sprung a leak and the plumber had to be sent for.

Then one day a departing boarder left in his room some modeling clay, and the husband, either through ennui because of his purposeless existence or with some dim artistic impulse stirring in his soul, laid hands on it and bore it to his attic chamber.

There in secret he toiled over it with his inept, clumsy fingers until finally, after many attempts, he evolved a rude bust of his wife, the likeness being suggested by the comb in her back hair to the shrew.

He worked feverishly to get it done in time, and then, thrilling with pride over his creation, he carried the bust down to Mrs. Landlady as a surprise to her upon her birthday.

The moment of the presentation was not propitious. She was deep in a dispute with a tradesman about his bill, the cook had struck, a check given her by a recent lodger had come back from the bank marked N. G., and the boiler, running true to form, had sprung a new leak.

The futility of that bust, as he tipped into the steaming kitchen and set it before her on the table, piled high with unwashed dishes, was the last straw. With one sweep of her arm she sent it crashing to the floor; then, in a crescendo of wrath, she voiced her opinion of a man who would permit his wife to slave her life away while he occupied his time with such dilettante trifling.

She shifted the years for instances of his incompetence. She unapologetically let her mind and heart and drew out secret hoards of resentment and despair. She unrolled a panorama of his shortcomings and ineptitudes.

At first the man wavered and seemed inclined to flee. Then he straightened up and, without attempting reply or recrimination, faced the bursting shells unflinchingly. At last, when she had lost her voice and was dissolving into tears, he took her by the arm and, with a new air of authority, put her out of the kitchen.

"You're a little upset this morning, my dear," he said quietly. "Let me take hold here."

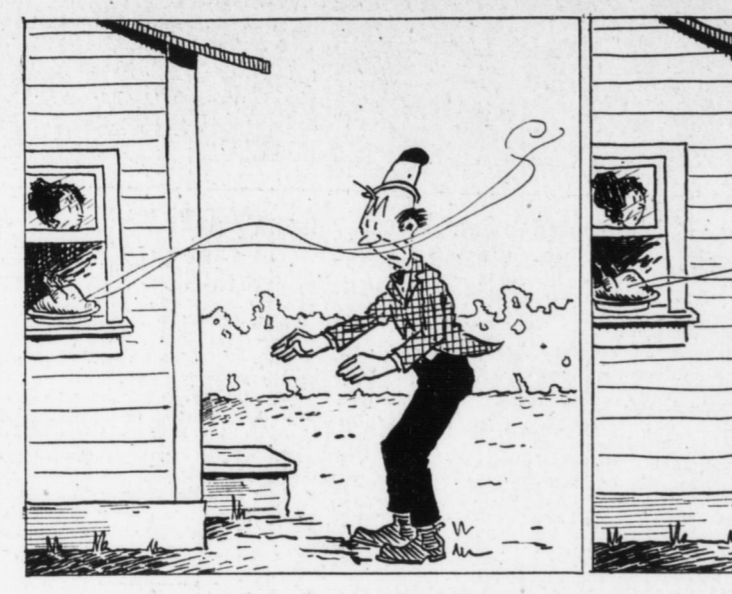
The first thing he did was to get a broom and sweep up the scattered fragments of his bust. Then he dealt diplomatically with the cook and the collector, attacked the unwashed dishes and generally evolved order from chaos.

From that time he was the head of the house in all that the phrase implies. The same perseverance and determination that he had given to the wretched bust, no longer misguided, he brought to bear upon the management of the house. He supplemented and reinforced his wife's efforts as an ideal specimen of teamwork. The business, which had been wobbly and uncertain, was now on an even keel and forged steadily ahead. In other words, the man had found himself, or was brought to himself.

It is an incident which I have always remembered because of its psychological interest. On the face of the returns, it would appear as if his wife's outburst was the immediate cause of his redemption. It gave him the necessary jolt to rouse him from his mental lethargy, just as paralytic, bed-ridden for years upon learning that the house is afloat, have recovered their powers of locomotion and raced madly for safety.

I have even heard it argued that the natural inclination of the male is toward indolence and repose. He and that if it were not for the constant prodding of his mate he would drift rapidly back to the blanket and a state of lazy savagery.

## THE NEBBY NEIGHBORS



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By that logic, to Xantippe must go the credit for the philosophy of Socrates.

Of course, everyone has seen more than one tiny woman hold a hulking colossus of a man in abject subjection, solely because of the needle-thrust quality of her repartee. But I do not believe that such mosquito tactics ever stirred the latent strength of his character.

Nagging is one thing, though, and actual thunderstorm-clearing is quite another. And, by the way, why do people always speak of a "nagging woman"? Some of the most persistent and annoying naggers I have ever encountered have been men.

Most women are potential shrews, just as most men are potential brutes. And as there are certain primitive types of women who can respect and adore only the men who beat them, so there are certain lazy savages of men who can be stimulated to effort only by the poison of the serpent tongue.

Yet for the normal human being I believe with St. Paul, in "a more excellent way."

In the case that I have cited above, I have my own pet, particular theory. Apparently the worthless, ineffectual husband was shaken out of his shiftlessness by the unexpected explosion on the part of his long-suffering wife.

But please remember that this was her first outburst. For years she had covered up his delinquencies and had extolled him as a paragon of competence and ability.

We all thrive on praise and respond to it. I do. You do. May it not be, then, that the long course of her encomiums reacted on his nature, making him believe himself the man of force and character which she persistently presented both to him and to their world; so that when the opportunity came for him to exemplify the belief she had implanted, he rose to it?

We are all so ready with our "judicious criticism" and our "righteous indignation." And we are so sparing of our pleasant thoughts and pleasing words, so forgetful that "God understands all is to forgive all."

Doesn't our all is to forgive all? Doesn't our all is to forgive all?

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## NAN of MUSIC MOUNTAIN

By Frank T. Spearman Author of Whispering Smith

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stock I have in the gap goes to my niece, Nan, your wife."

She looked from one to the other of the two men. "All that I have," she said in turn, "the lands in the gap, everywhere around Music Mountain, go to you two equally together, or whichever survives. And if you both live, and I do not, remember my last message—bury the past in my grave."

Duke Morgan tested the cinches of the saddle on the Lady once more, unhooked the tugs once more from the horse's shoulder, examined each buckle of the collar and every inch of the two strips of leather, the reinforced fastenings on the whiffletree, rolled all up again, strapped it, and stood by the head till De Spain swung up into the saddle. He bent down once to whisper a last word of cheer to his wife, and, without looking back, headed the Lady into the storm.

CHAPTER XXX

Gambling With Death

Beyond giving his horse a safe headway from the shelter, De Spain made little effort to guide her. He had chosen the Lady, not because she was rasher, for she was not, but because he believed she possessed of the three horses the clearest instinct to bring her through the fight for the lives that were at stake. He did not deceive himself with the idea he could do anything to help the beast find a way to success; that instinct rested wholly in the Lady's head, not in his. He only knew that if she could not get back to help, he could not. His own part in the effort was quite outside any aid to the horse—it was no more than to reach alive whatever aid she could find, that he might direct it to where Nan and her companion would endure a few hours longer the fury of the storm.

His own struggle for life, he realized, was with the wind—the roaring wind that hurled its broad sides of frozen snow in monstrous waves across the maddened sky, challenging every living thing. It drove icy knives into his face and ears, paralyzed in its swift grasp his nose and sinews, fought the stout flow of blood through his veins, and searched his very heart to still it.

Encouraging the Lady with kind words, and caressing her in her groping efforts as she turned head and tail from the blinding sheets of snow and ice, De Spain let her drift, hoping she might bring them through what he confessed in his heart to be, the narrowest of chances.

He bent low in his saddle under the unending blasts. He buffeted his legs and arms to fight off the fatal cold. He slipped more than once from his seat, and with a hand on the pommel, tramped beside the horse to revive his falling circulation, when he could no longer climb up again, but he stayed that issue off to

the last possible moment of endurance, because the Lady made better time when he was on her back. When the struggle to remount had been repeated until nature could no longer by any staggering effort be made to respond to his will, until his legs were no longer a part of his being—until below his hips he had no body answerable to his commands, but only two insensible masses of lead that anchored him to the ground—he still forced the frozen feet to carry him, in a feeble, monstrous effort beside the Lady, while he dragged his hands on the saddle for her patient aid.

One by one every thought, as if congealed in their brain cells, deserted his mind. He thought that he must not freeze to death. More than once he had hoped the insensate fury of the blizzard might abate. The Lady had long since ceased to try to face it—like a stripped vessel before a hurricane, she was drifting under it. De Spain realized that his helpless legs could not carry him farther. His hands, freezing to the pommel, no longer supported him. They finally slipped from it and he fell prostrate in the snow beside his horse. When he would cry out to her his frozen lips could mumble no words. It was the fight no longer of a man against nature, but only of an indomitable soul against a cruel, hateful death. He struggled to his feet only to fall again more heavily. He pulled himself up this time by the stirrup strap, got his hands and arms up to the pommel, and clung to it for a few paces more. But he fell at last, and could no longer rise from the ground. The storm swept unceasingly on.

The Lady, checked by the lines wrapped on his arm, stopped. De Spain lay a moment, then backed her up a step, pulled her head down by the bridle, clasped his wooden arms around her neck, spoke to her and lifted her head, the mare dragged him to his feet. Clumsily and helplessly he loosened the tugs and the whiffletree, beat his hands together with idiotic effort, hooked the mid-point of the whiffletree into the elbow of his left arm, brought the forearm and hand against his shoulder, and with the hitching strap lashed his forearm and upper arm tightly together around the whiffletree.

He drew the tugs stiffly over the Lady's back, loosened the cinches of the saddle, pushed it off the horse and, sinking into the snow behind her, struck with his free arm at her feet. Relieved of the saddle, the Lady once more started, dragging slowly behind her through the snow a still breathing human being. Less than an hour before she had been man alive whatever aid she could find, that he might direct it to where Nan and her companion would endure a few hours longer the fury of the storm.

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## The Honeymoon House

By HAZEL DALE

When Karen stopped on the threshold of Dick Armstrong's studio expecting to find a gay supper party gathered, and instead making the discovery that she was the only guest, she stood for a few minutes looking into Dick's blue eyes. She realized in a minute that things had reached a crisis in her relations with Dick, and the way that she conducted herself at this time might mean everything to her.

Of course she could not know that Dick himself felt a queer something under his usual gay manner that he could not explain, a feeling that he quickly smothered as something absurd. Karen Mikal was no different from hundreds of women he had known. He could make her care if she didn't already care a little for him, and what did it matter, anyway, her caring was the least of his thoughts. And yet, if Dick had stopped to think at all, he would have seen that her caring meant more than he wanted it to mean.

Karen decided in a minute not to play the innocent role. Dick's eyes as he met hers had been too full of meaning. She stood against the closed door and looked at him evenly.

"Well?" she questioned coolly. Dick threw back his handsome head. He had but one idea at that moment, to touch this girl, and he walked over to her deliberately and caught her up against him. Karen knew before that she loved him, loved him as she had always known she would love some day, but to do it for a single instant now would end everything.

She did not struggle, simply remained passive. Dick turned her face up to his roughly, as if the darkness found her lips. There was a moment, a long moment, and then he raised his head quickly.

"You hear? Do you hear? I want you!"

Karen said nothing. "Don't you care at all?" Dick burst out, then looked at her again, times when I could swear you did."

The girl's attitude was disarming and he slowly released her. Two feelings were fighting for dominance in his heart. One was an irresistible desire to crush her in his arms, to force her to admit that she cared; the other, nonresistance. He had expected her either to instantly surrender or to struggle against him, and he had been met, instead, with absolute indifference.

"I'll make him care," the girl was saying fiercely to herself. "I'll make him humble for once, and if I can't do it he won't have me, no matter how much I want him."

Again they stood facing each other, each with the memory of the one wild moment uppermost.

"You know I want you," Dick burst out, his voice a little unsteady.

"Yes, I could hardly help knowing that," Karen said evenly. She was no longer the girl she had been that afternoon, dressing for her lover; fearful of the hot look in his eyes, she was another girl, remote, different, a stranger to herself. "The stage setting is so perfect and the force is beautifully timed," she continued, a hard little note creeping into her voice.

Dick continued to stare at her, and she met his eyes with her own inscrutable and cold.

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## By Sullivan

They Live Here in Harrisburg



## Fashions of To-Day - By May Manton



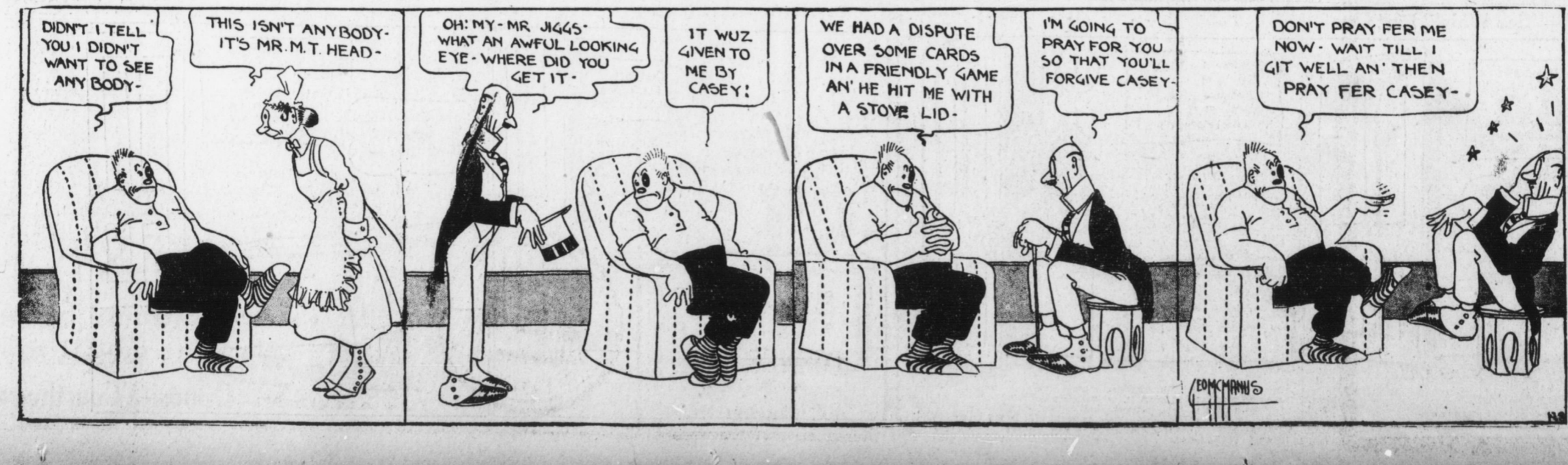
THIS is to be essentially a Summer of dainty dresses and it will, of course, bring a demand for dainty undergarments, here is an ideal one. The petticoat is shapely, yet generously full and the little corset cover can be made as it is here with straps over the shoulders or with armholes and a round neck. In this instance, a fine nainsook with trimming of flet lace makes the petticoat, but the skirt is straight and if you like, you can make the lower part of flouncing as well as the corset cover while the upper part of the petticoat is of plain material. There is a suggestion for that treatment in the back view. Crepe de chine is good for under-garments too, and washable satin is liked this season so that there are a variety of materials from which to choose.

For the 16-year size will be needed, 4 3/4 yards of material 36 inches wide with 3 yards of wide banding and 9 3/4 yards of lace, 2 yards of narrow banding.

The pattern No. 9072 is cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents.

9072 Combination Undergarment for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years. Price 15 cents.

## Bringing Up Father



DIDN'T I TELL YOU I DIDN'T WANT TO SEE ANY BODY-

THIS ISN'T ANYBODY- IT'S MR. M.T. HEAD-

OH MY MR JIGGLES- WHAT AN AWFUL LOOKING EYE- WHERE DID YOU GET IT-

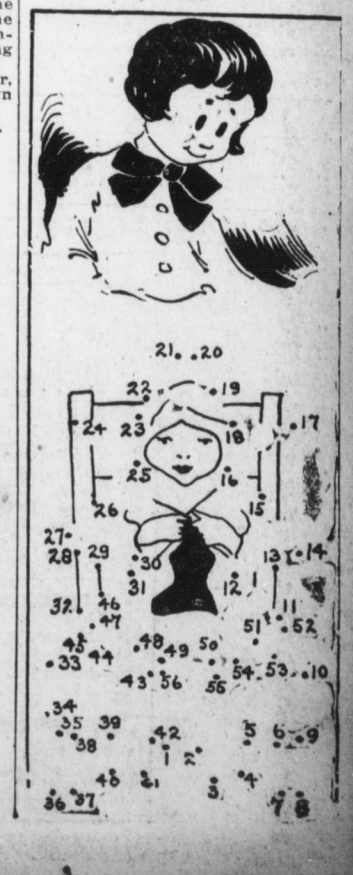
IT WUZ GIVEN TO ME BY CASEY!

WE HAD A DISPUTE OVER SOME CARDS IN A FRIENDLY GAME AN' HE HIT ME WITH A STOVE LID-

I'M GOING TO PRAY FOR YOU SO THAT YOU'LL FORGIVE CASEY-

DON'T PRAY FER ME NOW- WAIT TILL I GIT WELL AN' THEN PRAY FER CASEY-

## Daily Dot Puzzle



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