



Reading for Women and all the Family



Life's Problems Are Discussed

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW

If I were so minded I could write a book, compiled from the letters I receive, on the "Model Husband, His Darker Side."

I always did doubt him, but I never know how well founded my suspicions were until I began to glean from the various unknown correspondents the details of what might be called his heartstone manner.

There is such a thing as being too good. One poor woman writes me that her husband has on public exhibition all the virtues known to man. Every one congratulates her on having secured such a prize, but in spite of her efforts to seem enthusiastic on such occasions, she can only respond in a half-hearted, lukewarm sort of way because back in her mind there lurks the knowledge that when he comes home in the evening he always enters the house via the kitchen, where he pauses to inspect the cupboard, garbage pail, refrigerator, etc., and to carefully interrogate the cook on the subject of the day's expenditures and the manner in which the mistress of the house has spent her time, and whether or not she has been guilty of entertaining any of her friends.

The writer wonders if there is something wrong with her, that she falls in appreciating this treasure at the valuation the world puts upon him.

All I can say in answer is that if there is something wrong with her there must also be with me, for I am in the same unregenerate class as herself.

It seems to me that in a choice of evils the man who came home occasionally in a furniture-breaking mood and sent a flat-iron stove-plate skimming at your head would be preferable to the daily snooper among the garbage and the nightly nagger over the waste of a wish-bone.

One might rise to such large dramatic affairs with the attendant excitement of dodging a stove-plate and the big emotional scene of reconciliation afterward; but any woman's spirit would lie down in the dust and die at the prospect of a long life with one of these pantry prowlers.

There is a deep instinctive belief in every woman's heart that since "man may range the court, camp church, the vessel and the mart," it is not within his sphere to bring his powers of business organization to bear upon the home.

Another woman writes me: "I have been married about twelve years and at the time of my marriage I was making a fairly good salary, and of course bought as I choose. Going to business I did not realize the amount of clothes I need at home and I always dressed very plainly. My husband has a steady income of three thousand five hundred dollars a year and always makes commissions of at least a thousand more.

When we were first married I did all my own work, bought only what clothes were absolutely necessary and was very often rebuked by my friends for not looking better. I also helped my husband in his work in order to push him ahead; in fact I am still doing office work for him.

"But the eternal argument is money. My husband is willing to live in a nice apartment, he runs a car for his sole benefit and allows me eighteen dollars per week for my pin money, newspapers, magazines and the table. He thinks two hundred and fifty dollars per year is enough for any woman's clothes. I contend that it is not.

"He is willing to take me out in the evening if there is a chance of playing cards, but he absolutely refuses to sit and listen to music and conversation. He also refuses to go to dances. I am young and feel that I am entitled to go at least once or twice a year.

"I am perfectly willing to go back to work and support myself, but he also refuses on the ground that the people will think he can't support his wife. I can't stand any longer this pulling both ways. The matter cannot be thrashed out by talking, as he states his side and refuses to

hear mine. What shall I do? How much do you think a woman is really entitled to out of an income as above? We have no children."

In reply I can only state principles. Marriage is a contract entered into by two people. The husband earns the money, the wife is supposed to disburse the necessary amount in the maintenance of the home. If they are people of ordinary business sense they first decide how much they wish to spend on their living expenses. Then if they are prudent they save a certain amount. The remainder should be divided equally between them so that each may meet his own personal expenses and save, invest or spend as he chooses.

In this case where the wife was and still is a self-supporting woman, for her husband to impose upon her the restrictions he does in regard to her time, her amusements and her spending is absurd and unfair. He is evidently imbued with the medieval idea that his wife is his property, a chattel, and should be contented to submerge herself in his profound selfishness. The day for that is past.

I wish some of my readers would write and tell me just what amount they think is proper for a woman to spend on her clothes, her husband's income being the sum given above.

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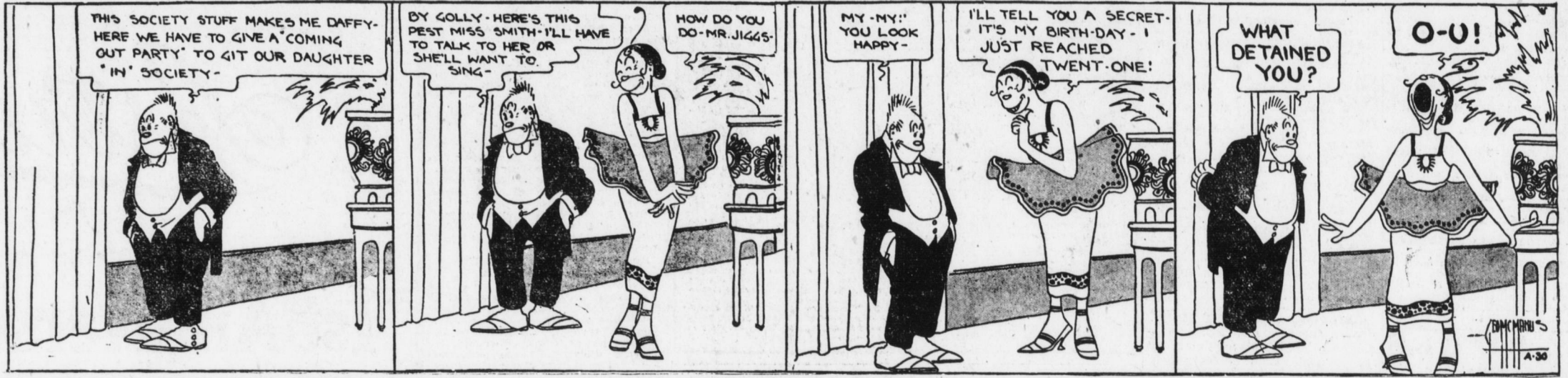
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Bringing Up Father



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By McManus

THEIR MARRIED LIFE

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"Dear, is it raining?"

"Yes, it's raining, and you'd better stay in the house and take care of that cold. I've had time enough helping to knock it out of you."

Helen left her seat at the breakfast table and wandered to the window. "I wonder if it's going to rain all day," she said disconsolately, as she gazed down into the rain-swept street.

Warren, who was struggling into his overcoat, remarked, not over-good-naturedly, "I suppose you're starting to worry about to-night."

"Well, I do want to look nice. You know, it's going to be quite a dressy party. It's Lieutenant Griscom's last night!"

"Not full dress!"

"No, Warren, of course not, but I did want to wear my new crepe."

"Well, wear the new crepe and bundle up well. But for heaven's sake don't get yourself up in that cape of yours. Of all the impractical things I ever saw, that's the limit!"

Helen kissed him goodby without replying. She was still hoping that the weather would change so that she could look as well as she had planned to. Just to wear the blue dress without any accessories and to have to wear her old tweed coat would be heart-breaking. Anyway, she would hope for the best.

Every few minutes all day until it was time to get ready for the dinner she kept running to the window. At 5 o'clock it was still raining, although the rain was not coming down as hard as it had been. Warren, breezing in at 5:30 and beginning to get his own things ready and to run the water for his bath, remarked that it had stopped raining.

"But the streets are terrible," he finished, "and you be sure to wear rubbers and your heavy coat."

"But, Warren, if it isn't raining, why can't I wear the cape. I hate that old coat."

"That's right, sacrifice your health for a little pride," he scoffed. "But it isn't raining, and you said it wasn't a bit cold."

"All right, wear the cape," he conceded. "But if you dare stir out of this house without rubbers."

Helen ruminated as she finished dressing. She stole to the window when Warren was out of the room and already the wind was beginning to dry the streets. By the time they were ready to start the streets would be in good condition, quite good enough to let her to wear her rubbers without rubbers, which she loathed and to say nothing to Warren about it.

"Got your rubbers on?" he queried when they were ready to go.

"Oh, come on, Warren, I'm all right," Helen returned evasively, and Warren, thinking that she meant the words as an answer, said no more.

"It will be just a nice walk," he remarked, as they emerged into the street, and a cold wind caught Helen's light draperies, which were only slightly concealed beneath the flowing cape. She felt a little misgiving as she felt the dampness strike through the thin soles of the new shoes, but naturally said nothing. It wasn't until they had arrived at their destination and were being greeted by their hostess that Helen realized that her pumps were wet through. Of course it was too late to say anything then, and she simply sat through the evening of dinner and cards, with the consciousness that her throat was beginning to feel sore, and her cold, which she had nearly thrown off, was tightening again.

Helen and Warren left with Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, and because Mrs. Stevens could not find her extra rubber, and Warren and Mr. Stevens were helping to look for it, the attention of both men was drawn to Helen's silk clad ankles and her thin shoes.

"You don't mean to say that you didn't wear rubbers over those thin pumps," asked Mrs. Stevens, scandalized.

Helen flushed scarlet, and as Warren looked at her irately her eyes fell before the anger in his.

"Well, of all the fool stunts," he stormed. "I asked you before you left if you had them on and you said you had."

"I didn't," Helen returned. "I told you not to worry about me. Besides, I'm all right."

"It's enough to give you pneumonia, and for my part, I think it would serve you right."

"Well, my rubbers leak in the toes, and I didn't want to ruin my shoes," Helen explained, with scarlet cheeks. She was beginning to feel really ill and, terrified at Warren's suggestion of pneumonia, knew that he was quite right in saying she deserved to have it.

(To Be Continued)



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