

NETTIE NEEDED A MASTER

NETTIE had changed a good deal since her marriage. Ed sometimes wondered whether or not he would have urged her to marry him, while he still had his way to make, if he had realized that she would not continue to be the good pal she had been at first. There was no great fault in her mode of life, she kept his home beautifully and was not extravagant, but—and the but was a grave one to a sensitive man like Ed Smithers—she had grown unreasonable. Now that Ed made a good living they could have enjoyed many pleasures and joys had Nettie done her part, but she didn't. She very frequently mourned and fussed because they lived so quiet a life and implied that the blame lay with Ed. Ed did like to sit down with his paper after dinner, for he had scant leisure during the day, but he was not unsoberable by any means. If he suggested, any pleasant night after dinner, that they drop in on some of their neighbors Nettie invariably retorted that she was too tired out with her housework or that she was not suitably dressed. If he said he would like to have any of his folks dine with them she always mourned over the extra work involved.

After a while Ed grew tired of the situation and spoke to her plainly. "You don't want to go out and you don't want to stay home," he said crossly; "you know you have to do one or the other. There's a good show at the movie tonight. Put on your coat and we'll go; probably you stay in the house too much."

Nettie, unable to think of a suitable retort had taken refuge, as she did frequently, in a fit of weeping, and Ed, unable to endure the unpleasant sniffing sounds and not feeling in the mood to comfort her, slammed out of the house and remained away until bedtime. He was still angry when he entered the bedroom, but the sight of her tear-stained face on the pillow softened him. Her heavy blonde hair lay in braids about her face and as he stared down a half-smile escaped from her little pink mouth.

"She sure needs something," thought the puzzled man; "she's going to lose her looks and become old before her time if she goes about with that despondent expression. Of course, I have my business to interest me—perhaps some kind of surprise would cheer her up and get her out of the rut."

Far into the night he planned, and next morning his thin, plain face was alight with anticipatory interest. Even Nettie roused herself to wonder at the mysterious gaiety that lurked about his mouth, but he refused to tell his thoughts.

"All you have to do is to dress up and look pretty," he teased, "and you never know what may happen."

The morning of their wedding anniversary Nettie got up feeling out of sorts. She wanted something and she didn't know what it was. "Everything seems so drab and monotonous," she complained. "I wish something startling would happen, something wonderful, the way it does in books."

Ed, eating his breakfast with one eye on his watch, grinned affably. "Isn't it wonderful to think that we've been married for nine years and that we're both well and happy?" He caught her somber eye and paused. "At least you ought to be happy," he added, put out of temper by her unresponsive face; "you have everything you want and a husband to work for you."

Nettie's blonde head lifted mutinously. "I seem to feel a lack—I don't!"

But her husband, enraged by her silly, rapid manner, seized his hat and departed in silence.

But by night he had forgotten the episode of the morning. His midnight scheme to please Nettie was now ready. How pleased and delighted she would be at his thoughtfulness. All the way home he prided himself on his ready mind and he was smiling when he opened the front door.

Nettie had washed her hair and simply braided it without bothering to curl it. She felt tired and planned to go to bed and read.

Ed saw there was something wrong with her appearance, but could not decide where the trouble lay. "Why don't you put on a pretty frock?" he suggested. "Some one might drop in."

"As we never go anywhere no one is apt to drop in," she said dully, and vanished into her bedroom.

"I'll bet a cookie she is dolling up in her best," he thought fatuously and shuffled gayly toward the front door in reply to the loud peal of the bell.

"Come right in folks," he beamed. "I'll call the missus. She'll sure be one delighted baby—" the words died in his throat as he caught a vengeful eye through the partly opened bedroom door—"go right in and make yourself at home," he added, his high spirits quenched.

"Who on earth—" began Nettie, as he hurried into the bedroom. "It's a surprise," he said, staring at her loose hair and nearly completed preparations for the night. "What possessed you to undress at this time? It isn't eight o'clock yet and there are ten people out there waiting to celebrate our wedding day—"

"How did they know it?" Nettie's pink lips were tight.

"Because I invited them. I planned in my ignorance of your unpleasant disposition to give you a happy time. All the refreshments—"

"I won't fix a thing. You invited them, now entertain them. The ideal My hair not curled and my eyes red from crying!" blazed Nettie, and her husband caught the swift flame of anger.

"Just as you like," he said coldly. "Go to bed, do. I'm tired of your ways."

Nettie, sulking behind the closed door, was amazed to find that her absence was not marring the mirth of the party. She had no idea how Ed had explained her seclusion, but bursts of laughter, songs and even dancing announced that apparently no one missed her. Suddenly she decided that she would not be barred out from her own party and she began to dress rapidly, dusting powder about her red eyes and stuffing out her fine yellow hair. Selecting a dainty pale frock, she hooked it up and put her hand on the doorknob.

There was a sudden astounding sound and Nettie's blue eyes widened. The door was locked from the outside. She shook it and even hammered on it with no result.

She heard the caterer come and a short time later the guests went into the pretty dining room, where she could hear remarks about the delicious ices and salads. Ed had evidently gone to a great expense to celebrate this wedding anniversary. There had been nothing left for Nettie to do but entertain her guests. Ed had provided the refreshments and the service and the company, but his wife had chosen to sulk in her room churlishly.

During the endless hours that followed Nettie communed with her own soul and the communing was bitter. She saw herself with an unflattering clarity of vision; saw how patient Ed had been with her silly whims and whinnings; saw how he had planned this evening to amuse her. Then her thoughts reverted to the locked door. He must have been in one of his white rages to have done so drastic a thing. Nettie suddenly broke into a wild storm of tears. He would never forgive her now. She had thrown away her happiness. But through her grief ran a queer thread of elation—Ed was not the easy-going man she had thought him. He was strong—he would brook nothing, once he was thoroughly aroused.

Ed inserted the key noisily in the door when the last guest had gone. "Ed, will you ever forgive me?" sobbed a small voice. "I don't know what has possessed me lately, but I seemed to want something that I—"

She broke off, awed by the sternness of the plain, thin face.

"Have you found out what you want?" he demanded, "because—"

"Yes," quavered Nettie, "I guess I wanted—"

"Well, what?" prodded Ed, amazed at the magical change in her. She eyed him doubtfully. "A—master," she wept.

Something sang within Ed's spare frame, his heart felt warm and relieved, but all he answered was: "Well, I guess you've found one; don't let me oversleep in the morning."

"I'll set the alarm clock," responded the docile Nettie.

"Humble Violet Symbol of Napoleonic Faith"

"Corporal Violette"—a curious title surely for a world conqueror, yet one by which Napoleon was known to his admirers, especially during the years of his exile. The associations of violet with the great emperor and his dynasty is no post-humous connection—probably arising from a misconception—like that of primroses with Lord Beaconsfield's memory.

Curiously unresponsive, as a rule, to natural beauty, there is plenty of evidence to show that Napoleon did show a marked preference for the little purple blossoms. One memoirist notes how he paused beside a bed of violets at Malmaison, bent to inhale the scent, and cried: "No wonder the Greeks loved them!"

At St. Helena his schoolgirl friend, Betsy Balcombe, saw a small glass vase of violets on his table and there were old people living until quite late in the Frejus neighborhood who remember being told as children how the emperors went out to welcome the emperor, when he landed on his return from Elba, carrying bunches of violets and scattering them before him.

On that March day of 1814 he truly "came back with the violets," and it remained a saying among his adherents for long, long after, even when he was a prisoner in St. Helena and during his last illness.

"He will return with the violets," they said, and wrote to each other, and they wore a violet or its purple color in coat or scarf or ribbon, to prove to each other by this sign that they were faithful Bonapartists. They spoke of their lost leader as "Corporal Violette" under a very thin disguise. No royalist would be seen displaying either real or artificial violets.—From T. P. S. and Cassell's Weekly.

Washington's Suit in Dispute Authorities differ as to how Washington, our first President, was dressed when he was inaugurated at Federal hall, at Wall and Broad streets, New York, on April 30, 1789.

Washington Irving says he was "clad in a full suit of dark-brown cloth of American manufacture, with a steel-bitted dress sword, white silk stockings and silver shoe-buckles." Mrs. Eliza Morton Quincy, an eyewitness of the ceremony, says he wore a suit of black velvet.

SURPLUS CROP PRODUCTIONS

By W. J. SPILLMAN, Agricultural Economist.

THERE appears to be no possibility of preventing surplus production of cotton, corn, wheat or hay, since in the case of each of these four major crops there exists a considerable surplus acreage. The fact that we produce more of a product than is consumed in this country does not necessarily mean that we have a surplus of it. In the case of cotton and wheat, we produce large amounts for export and the export price controls the price of the home product, but where this price is remunerative to the grower it can hardly be said that we have a surplus of the product.

Since the panic years of 1920-21 the production of dairy and poultry products in this country has been adjusted to our home requirements with an amazing degree of accuracy. At no time has our production of these products exceeded our requirements more than 1 or 2 per cent nor has it fallen below our requirements by more than this percentage.

As to whether or not this remarkable state of affairs will continue I think we can find the answer if we can find the cause of the delicate adjustment that exists between production and consumptive needs.

I am of the opinion that the cause is to be sought in the following facts: That section of the United States known as the corn belt has more alternatives than any other. Corn belt farmers can turn their attention to dairying, the poultry business, the raising of beef cattle, the fattening of steers, the production of pork products, the production of mutton and wool, the growing for sale of corn, wheat, oats or hay. It is because of the fact that the corn belt produces such a large percentage of dairy and poultry products that so far as dairy and poultry products are concerned, production is automatically balanced against market requirements.

FIGHTING WITHOUT BLOWS

By GLENN FRANK, President University of Wisconsin.

Bishop Francis J. McConnell was standing on a street corner in China watching a scene that he did not at first recognize as a dramatization of one of the most important principles of human relationships.

He saw two Chinamen standing face to face, with their noses not more than five inches apart, shouting at each other. Obviously a difference of interest or opinion was at stake. Each contestant had at his back a group of supporters.

Bishop McConnell watched the affair for ten minutes and then, turning to a colleague who had lived in China for many years, he said: "I've watched these men for ten minutes. Apparently they are braced for a fight, but neither has struck a blow, and neither seems nearer to striking a blow now than he was ten minutes ago."

"Oh," said his colleague, "you don't understand the Chinese theory of a fight. The man who strikes the first blow in a Chinese fight indicates thereby to the onlookers that he has run out of ideas."

I venture the dogmatic and sweeping statement that there has not been a war during the last 500 years that has not been due to the fact that statesmen stopped using ideas and began using blows before full use had been made of available ideas.

I commend to statesmen, to men in business enterprises, to men in churches, to men in universities, the Chinese theory that the man who strikes the first blow indicates thereby that he has run out of ideas.

NEED FOR PRESBYTERIAN UNION

By DR. WILLIAM CHALMERS COVERT, Philadelphia.

I advocate immediate and unconditional reunion of all branches of the Presbyterian church. The differences that arose out of the sorrows and griefs of the battlefields of '61 to '65 have long ago found their solution in the hearts of those comrades of the Blue and Gray. If those old fighters, now on their final march, have learned to walk together in the love of a common flag, so may Presbyterians, north and south, who are their sons and share all their pride and their loyalties, walk together under the bonnie blue flag of Presbyterianism. What they can do for their country, we can do for our Christ.

Doctrinal differences which heretofore have separated the various branches of the Presbyterian church are negligible and minor differences. Every argument for reuniting the separated units of our great family has taken on new urgency today. Every objection that has heretofore arisen to postpone and prevent this natural and inevitable oneness, has less weight with the thoughtful and devoted leaders in the church than at any time in a generation.

As to racial groupings in the church, conditions that once justified or made congenial the separate groupings of Presbyterians in the pioneer days have gone by because of the dilution of the old racial stocks and the universality and supremacy of the real American breed of Presbyterianism.

JEWISH RACE FACES EXTINCTION

By DR. ARTHUR RUPPIN, Zionist Statistician.

Conversion to other faiths, intermarriage, a decreasing birth rate and an unchanged mortality rate are disintegrating forces which menace the continued existence of the Jews as a people. Although the rights of Jews as equal citizens has been recognized in a majority of countries and although the last three decades witnessed an unprecedented growth of the Jewish population groups throughout the world, they are in danger of extinction. In the last three decades the number of Jews throughout the world grew from 10,500,000 to 16,000,000, as against 4,500,000 in times of antiquity.

America, which had a Jewish population of 1,000,000 in 1900, had a Jewish population of about 4,500,000 in 1928. The increase was due to immigration from eastern European countries. A process of disintegration of Jewish culture and Jewish religion, particularly in Russia and other east European countries, is under way. Palestine constitutes the only exception. In Palestine the Jewish birth rate exceeds the death rate, and although that country contains at present only 1 per cent of the Jewish population throughout the world, it has shown itself capable of revivifying the Jewish religion and the Hebrew language. Zionism, though it does not destroy anti-Semitism, is bound to deal it a severe blow. The entire world will experience a beneficent influence from Zionism when Palestine becomes an important bulwark.

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