Woman's Life and Love

By WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Fifty-seven Varieties of Husbands: Jealous Ones

EVER since romantic love began jealousy has seemed to be proof positive of passion. We have condoned crimes, almost to the act of murder, if they were actuated by that feeling. At least on the part of men. In the case of women it has usually been regarded as contemptible and hysterical. Othello smothering his lovely bride arouses sympathy and compassion; but a wife who suffers tortures from jealousy often is said to be unreasonable, nagging or foolish!

WINIFRED HARPER COOLEY

Everywhere—on Main Street, as in the hectic capitals—one sees husbands who are tempestuous and unreasonable. Their jealousy renders life unbearable for the object of their affection, yet outsiders are apt to pity him more than her. The blood-curdling accounts in the public press of "outraged" husbands gunning for supposedly successful rivals elicit sighs of envy from spinsters whose own lives are colorless and drab! They cherish a secret longing for some predatory male to care so much for them that they will battle for them. The old conception of love as ferocious possession dies hard.

Is it really the violence and lawlessness that we admire in the jealous husband, or the imagined idolatry underneath it?

Real love can no more admit of jealousy than of spite and cruelty. One reads of a husband who so "loved" his wife, that he "beat her up" and thrashed their boarder, because he fancied the latter was attentive.

Can any thinking person couple love with brutality and unreasonableness? The male brute is merely a survival of the jungle. Or, among domesticated animals, of the tom cat that howl and spit and fly at each other's throats for the favor of their desired one! The effects of humanity's upward climb from the animal are supposed to be softening, civilizing. Love is a gentle, unselfish yearning, which longs for the happiness of the beloved.

The husband who is jealous is suspicious. He permits his lower nature to sanction sins of the spying and hounding of a free human being, who has complimented him by linking her fate to his. He odiously fans his base suspicions and feeds upon his low conceptions of her inability.

If a wife is square and honest and loyal, it is insulting to suspect her. If she is mean and trivial and contemptible, she is unworthy further attention. A husband who committed murder of a brutal kind actually told the court that he used an axe because he so "loved" his wife! Is it possible that modern people can get a thrill out of so depraved a passion? Immature girls and inexperienced spinsters mistake this for a strong, wonderful affection which is a compliment to the recipient.

Really, it is not the degenerate violence that meek women admire, but a fancied godlike passion behind it.

The extreme cases that lead to murder, however, are rare. In the main a jealous husband contents himself with small, contemptible prying, with spiteful innuendoes, with trivial but cruel malice. Few wives who have endured the continual petty persecutions and cheap gusts of fury can endure a man who is temperamentally jealous. It is true that he himself suffers monthly. Sometimes he recognizes his tendency and has periods of remorse. Mr. A goes into paroxysms of jealousy every time his wife chats with a man, but soon afterward has a reaction, and expresses profound regret that he has given way to his besetting sin. On the rebound, he is repentant and casts himself at her feet, embraces her in fervent expostulation, calling himself a fool and tyrant. Now, the young wife may be profoundly touched by this, and melt into his embrace forgiving. She may experience a secret thrill of pride at the realization that he adores her so fervently as to suffer torture at the mere thought of her speaking to another man.

She may feel this a few times.

But soon a wave of disgust comes over her. She turns away with loathing, as from cheap theatricalism. The romantic reaction has lost its novelty, she views him calmly and disgustedly, as we look at any one who is without self-control. She resents his attitude of possessive suspicion. She feels outraged in her mature dignity. He has a right to watch her as if she were an escaped criminal. Usually she grows to detest him. Sometimes she boils over with indignation and retaliates to punish him. "I'll give him something to worry over. Why have the name without the game?" she decides, if feelings. Then there are real "scenes," in which he becomes violent in proportion to his certainty.

We all have known ordinary, everyday folks who had no inclinations toward coquetry or infidelity, who endured so much petty inquisition because of a husband's naturally jealous nature that they became nervous, fidgety women, terrorized and unfitted for the tasks of life. In walking with young married women one often has to clutch her arm, and exclaim hysterically, "There! I knew I was being followed. What shall I do? He has been shadowing me for days, trying to 'get something' on me! Oh, I am a nervous wreck. I positively tremble lest some man I chance to know will innocently stop and chat with me. That would be fatal!" In vain, you reason with her, insisting that if her conscience is clear she may be followed for months without any harm. The result of the strain is an abnormal state of mind, hysteria. She accuses him of hounding her down; he declares that he is going to "know the worst" and generally chaos reigns.

Can there be any greater torment? Either of two alternatives is tragic. If the union is broken up, there is suffering and violence. If they cravenly go on, in endless quarreling and bickering, they are lower than the animals, who fight out the problem, the victor walking off with the prize.

Surely civilization has reached a height of decency and common sense where adults realize that the mating of two mutually attracted persons does not imply ownership, violent possessiveness, the right to pry and torture! A man who finds a wife cold or untrue can never rekindle the amorous flames by jealous rage. In the case of proved disloyalty, only two courses are open to a decent, clean-minded person: unqualified forgiveness through understanding of the human soul and its temptations; or a dignified dissolution of the legal tie when the moral one has been severed.

But jealousy seldom waits for proof. It is an abnormal passion akin to disease. It is rooted in self-love and egotism. It is born of man's firm belief that he is a miniature god. Somehow, he confuses his wounded conceit with his "honor." If a wife shows preference for another man, he feels justified in actually murdering her or the man. It is inconceivable but true that juries sometimes excuse the taking of human life merely because a husband is defending his "honor"!

Whatever laws, technical or moral, a wife has infringed by loving a man not her spouse, there are adjustments other than outrages on the life and liberty of human beings supposedly free.

Perhaps no fate is harder than to live with a man who is jealous. His obsession is a menace and an insult. It is a two-edged sword, that wounds the object of his tantrums and himself.

WHAT'S WHAT

By HELEN DECIE

As noted in a former What's What, wedding announcements are ordered from the stationer, to be sent out by the bride's parents and in their joint names. If only one parent survives the announcement is sent out in his or her name. When both parents are dead, a brother, sister, aunt or uncle, cousin or friend may send the announcements always using the Mr. and Mrs. form in the case of married relatives or friends, thus:

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Walker
announce the marriage of their sister
Clara Louise
to
Mr. Richard Burns
on Wednesday the Twelfth of October
Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-one
Houston, Texas

If the couple have been married in a church, the name of the church precedes the name of the city.

Sometimes a widow—and sometimes a spinster—chooses to marry regardless of the wishes of the family. In that case the couple send the announcements as "Mr. John Thompson and Mrs. Laura Evans have the honor of announcing their marriage, etc."

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

"Lucky" Investments

"ON MONDAY I bought stock in steel;
On Tuesday I was a millionaire;
On Wednesday took a grand ride;
On Thursday in my carriage I glide;
On Friday drove to the beach (bah!);
On Saturday came on to Jerusalem hall!"

That is the refrain a good many people have sung of late, and which may turn out to be the tune of a song sung wrote in to a well-known editor, asking: "Why do you spend all your time advising us about bonds, mortgages and gilt-edge stocks? No man can get rich by investing his savings in gilt edge stuff. One lucky investment is worth a lifetime of saving. Why don't you help us find that one lucky investment?"

The attitude of this man typifies that of many of his brothers who get sore eyes and nervous hysteria hobbling to and fro with the gyrations and manipulations of the "market," searching for some form of investment that will bring large and, if possible, quick returns.

Take the list for the next ten years and study the inventory of his estate and see the amount of "profit" in his safety deposit vault.

Facts and figures indeed are real hard to get at the age of forty have saved some money; but nine out of every ten men who reach the age of sixty-five are totally dependent, and this is largely because they have lost the hard-earned savings which would have made them comfortable in trying for "lucky" investments to make them rich.

Safe investments are always better than "lucky" investments.

Put your money in the savings banks and, when enough has accumulated, buy Liberty Bonds, which at present prices yield almost 6 per cent. Any honest banker will advise you that in the long run that is the best course for the man who wants to get the most out of his savings and, for that matter, out of life.

Compared with the extravagant promises of windfall peddlers, the yield may seem rather small; but you'll find the dividends friends in deed when in need.

Of course, the man who sinks his money in so-called "lucky" investments may possibly, after years, strike one that pays out; but the odds are overwhelmingly against him; the dice are always heavily loaded in somebody else's favor, and oftener than not they are thrown by a contemptible crook; even with the best of luck, the law of averages proves he will have less in the end than the man who saved and invested regularly and conservatively—kept compounding his investments' wages. The little oblong coupons it is such a pleasure to clip—with the certainty that they will be honored.

There is worry enough entailed in the making of money without opening the door for more by putting earnings in schemes that invite chills and fever at their every thought.

When it comes to investing, play safe; when in doubt, buy Liberty Bonds—and when not in doubt.

You will be serene, contented, peaceful of mind and with excellent digestion long after the man who takes "flyers" is living on milk, crackers and dyspepsia tablets.

The Heart Pirate

By HAZEL DEYO BATCHELOR

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Theodora Caldwell has become engaged to Jimmy Bland and to her surprise is not happy about it. She tells her employer, Richard Blakeslee, that she is leaving to be married, and because he feels that she has no rights aside from his wishes, he kidnaps her and carries her off on his yacht, bound for a South American business trip. A broken propeller, however, forces the yacht to make for shore, but not before Richard Blakeslee, seeing Theo for the first time as a woman instead of an office machine, falls in love with her. He is amazed at her refusal, for he has always had what he wanted out of life. But Theo is determined to remain true to Jimmy in spite of the fact that she realizes she never loved him, and that Blakeslee's tempestuous wooing has swept her off her feet. When the yacht lands at Savannah, Ga., Theo escapes and takes a train for New York.

CHAPTER XXXVII

The Return of the Prodigal

THEO stood quivering hesitant before the telephone. She hated to take down the receiver, a dread sense of foreboding gripped her, for she somehow felt it was going to be desperately hard to explain things to Jimmy. But she must see him soon, she must get it over. In spite of the fact that her conscience hurt her for having unwittingly fallen in love with Richard Blakeslee, she knew that she had done nothing wrong, nothing that Jimmy could object to if he were fair and believed what she had to tell him.

"I don't think I'm fair to him," went her thoughts. "Why should I be so afraid to see him and tell him the truth, and why shouldn't he believe me? Doesn't he love me?"

With a deliberate gesture she reached for the receiver, gave the number of his office and waited, her heart drumming loud in her ears.

"Mr. Bland, please." Her lips felt dry and it was difficult to speak. Another wait, and then Jimmy's voice.

"Hello, who is it?"

"Jimmy!" she breathed the word and waited. What would he say, would he recognize her voice?

"Theo, it isn't you!"

Her breath caught in her throat with the intensity of her relief.

"Yes, when can I see you? Shall I meet you somewhere? I must see you, Jimmy, and explain."

"Yes, I rather think you must; I'll come up there."

"Can you do that?"

"Of course, I can't talk now, and we might as well get this thing settled. I'll be up around noon."

Theo was about to answer, but the click of the receiver broke the connection and she hung up.

He was angry! Well, that was natural. But then he might have said something to welcome her back. His voice had been hard and unrelenting, with a note of superiority in it. Jimmy had never taken that attitude with her before. Impatiently she began to walk up and down the apartment, up and down, up and down, her thoughts in a jumble. When he came she must try not to be angry at anything he said. After all he had a right to be unreasonable, and an explanation was due him. She intended to explain calmly and reasonably everything that had happened. But it wasn't going to be easy. She hadn't realized until last night just how hard it would be to tell the man she had promised to marry just why she had disappeared for several days. Perhaps he wouldn't believe her, but then that was ridiculous. She had never lied to Jimmy; he must believe her!

She reached the end of the tiny hall and turned to walk back into the living room when a vigorous ring of the bell halted her.

There he was now. He must have left the office directly after she had telephoned to him, and she had had so little time to plan what she would say to him.

Impulsively she rushed to the door and flung it wide. A little smile curved her lips, but it vanished the moment she saw his face. It was white with rage and his rather thin lips were drawn into a hard line.

She stepped back, as he came into the hall, and slammed the door behind him, standing for a minute facing her.

"Well!" The word was hardly spoken, he brought it out with a sound that was almost like a snarl.

"Well, what have you to say for yourself?"

Tomorrow—The Truth.

Organdie Brings Gown Above Commonplace

By CORINNE LOWE

Simple Simon has a temporary counterpart. His name is Simple Simonetta and her day has been long. For two seasons or more we have elevated the whim of simplicity in dress to a religious belief. In Paris this severity includes the discard of jewels for evening wear. The snap of the clasps on the bodice has fulfilled all obligations of necklace and brooch.

The above little frock of white black taffeta or black velvet affords a welcome relief from the mere tunnel lines to which we are so accustomed. It is made arresting by sleeves and panel of white organdie, both of which are trimmed with the clipped gray rabbit that outlines the neck.

A FLARE-UP AMONG HAT BRIMS

Photos by Old Masters and Shelton Looms

It isn't that they are annoyed at anything, but just that they consider themselves more becoming that way. And so, if one happens to be made of suede on a silk hat it breaks here and there, to be filled in with accordion pleated fans of the silk. When it is of the same shiny satin as the hat, doubled and allowed to be full, it is held back in by means of a ribbon run through the middle and tied. In spite of the ribbon, it ruffles in reckless abandon. A bolm of smooth tan velvet, on a hat of the same with a folded crown, has more of a rolling motion in its upward turn and draws points of metal ribbon along with it as trimming

What Do You Do With Left-Over Coffee? Mrs. Wilson Tells Some Ways to Use It

Various Cream Desserts, Puddings and Cakes Can Be Made With This Liquid, Which Many Housewives Throw Away

By MRS. M. A. WILSON

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Dear Mrs. Wilson—We like coffee for breakfast and evening dinner, and we usually have some left over. I would be glad if you could give me some ways of using it.

(Mrs.) RITH E. BARR.

If you will save the day's leftover coffee you can use it in many splendid and appetizing dishes. A mocha sauce made from coffee and served over gingerbread pudding is delicious.

Cut squares of gingerbread and then split the squares in three or four layers and spread each layer with a little jelly and some coconut. Put together and garnish with hard sauce and serve with mocha sauce.

Mocha Sauce

Place in a saucepan
One cup of cold coffee,
One cup of milk,
Six tablespoons of cornstarch.

Stir to dissolve the starch, and then bring to a boil and cook slowly for five minutes. Add
One-half cup of sugar,
One-half teaspoon of vanilla extract.

Beat to blend, and then serve either hot or cold.

Coffee Cornstarch Pudding

Place in a saucepan
One and one-half cups of milk,
One cup of strong black coffee,
One-half cup of sugar,
One-half cup of cornstarch.

Stir to dissolve the starch and sugar, and bring to a boil. Cook slowly for ten minutes, and then add one tablespoon of vanilla. Rinse custard cups with cold water, and then turn in the pudding. Set aside to mold. Serve with either mocha sauce or crushed canned fruit.

Mocha Tapioca Pudding

Place in a double boiler
One cup of water,
One cup of black coffee,
One cup of milk.

Bring to a boil and add three-fourths cup of granulated tapioca, and cook for thirty minutes. Now add
Two-thirds cup of sugar,
Two tablespoons of butter,
Yolks of two eggs.

Cream the butter and sugar and yolks of eggs together before adding the tapioca, and cook for fifteen minutes longer. Now add
One teaspoon of vanilla,
Stiffly beaten whites of eggs.

Remove from stove and pour in small glass dishes or custard cups. Serve cold with a teaspoon of jelly on top.

Russian Coffee Cake

Place in a mixing bowl
Two thirds cup of sugar,
One-half cup of shortening,
Six eggs.

Cream well, and then add
Two and one-quarter cups of flour,
One-half teaspoon of salt,
Four teaspoons of baking powder,
One quarter teaspoon of cinnamon,
One cup of black coffee.

Beat to a smooth batter, and then add
One cup each of prunes, cut in thirds.

Turn in well-greased and floured deep tube cake pan, and spread the top smoothly and cover with crumbs made as follows:

Place in small bowl
One-half cup of flour,
Four tablespoons of brown sugar,
Three tablespoons of finely chopped nuts,
Four tablespoons of shortening,
One quarter teaspoon of nutmeg,
One quarter teaspoon of allspice,
One teaspoon of cinnamon.

Rub between the fingers until a fine flour mixture, and then spread on top of the cake, and bake in a moderate oven for thirty-five minutes.

Coffee Ice Cream

Place in a saucepan
Two cups of cold water,
One cup of milk,
One-half cup of cornstarch,
One and one-half cups of sugar,

Stir to dissolve the starch and sugar, and bring to a boil. Cook slowly for five minutes and then remove and let cool; then add
One tablespoon of vanilla,
One pint of cream.

Whip with eggbeater to thoroughly blend and freeze in the usual manner, using three parts of ice to one part of salt.

Coffee Mousse

Place in a saucepan
One cup of coffee,
One cup of milk,
One half cup of cornstarch,
One cup of sugar,
Yolks of two eggs.

Stir to dissolve and bring to a boil and cook slowly for five minutes. Chill. Now fold in
One-half pint of whipped cream,
Stiffly beaten whites of two eggs.
One tablespoon of vanilla.

Turn in mold and cover top of mold with piece of wax paper. Cover the mold and then take two-inch strip of muslin and dip in melted lard. Use this to cover the seam between the lid and can. Pack mold in mixture of ice and salt for two and one-half hours. Use two parts of ice to one part salt.

Chocolate Coffee Cake

Place in a mixing bowl
One and one-quarter cups of sugar,
Two-thirds cup of shortening,
Two eggs.

Cream well and then add
Three cups of flour,
Four level teaspoons of baking powder,
Two-thirds cup of cocoa,
One teaspoon of cinnamon,
One tablespoon of vanilla,
One cup of black coffee.

Beat to thoroughly blend, and then bake in two well greased and floured layer cake pans in a moderate oven for thirty minutes. Cool, and then put together with

Black Chocolate Icing

Place in a saucepan
One and one-half cups of black coffee,
Two-thirds cup of sugar,
Two-thirds cup of cocoa,
One-half cup of cornstarch.

Stir to dissolve the starch and sugar, and then bring to a boil and cook slowly for ten minutes. Let cool, and then add
One tablespoon of vanilla,
One-quarter teaspoon of cinnamon.

Spread between the two layers and ice the top of cake with water icing, made as follows:

Place in a mixing bowl
One tablespoon of lemon juice,
One tablespoon of butter,
Two tablespoons of boiling water.

Mix and add sufficient sugar to make a mixture that will spread, and then ice cake with it.

Adventures With a Purse

ONE shop is having quite a remarkable sale of silk stockings. Originally the values were from $3.50 up, but now all of them have been reduced to $2.65. They are of a well-advertised brand, and are pure silk from tip to toe. They come in drop-stitch designs, some are perfectly plain, while others have black lace inserts. Taking it by and large, I don't know when I have seen a nicer collection of really good stockings.

If your family likes baked apples, apple dumplings and the like, I suppose you are of the opinion that it is all very well were it not for having to core the apples, a difficult and thankless job, unless you have one of those handy apple corers. I cannot exactly describe it, anyhow, as I have said many times before, not being for mechanics, but anyhow, all you need to do is to insert this corer through the center of the apple, give it a twist and out comes the whole center. Undoubtedly, you should have one in your kitchen. The price is twenty-five cents.

I just dropped in to pass the time of day with him, and he took me over to the piano to hear a piece of music he is fond of. When he finished it I exclaimed involuntarily, "Why, it actually hurts!" And it does—that's how pretty it is. It is an instrumental piece by a New York young man whose music reminds one at times of Nevin. It is written in five flats, which always seem much easier to me than sharps, and is not too difficult for you who, like me, are not any too good when it comes to technique. The melody is simple and plaintive, and some of the chords are lovely. I know he would be glad to play it for you, and I am sure that once you hear it you will want it.

For names of shops address Woman's Page Editor or phone Walnut 3000 or Main 1601

Please Tell Me What to Do

By CYNTHIA

At Any Age

My dear Cynthia—Kindly print this letter in your wonderful column:

At what age would it be proper for a girl to go to a dance accompanied by her mother?

Also, if a young man whom you know very well asks you for the next dance during an intermission, and when the music starts you are separated and you see him looking for you, would it be proper to go to him?

DANCER.

At any age, from two up, as long as mother goes with you.

If the boy is looking for you and you can attract his attention by a wave of the hand or a move in his direction, do so; otherwise wait with your chaperon till he finds you. It's better not to go out on the floor after a man. Let him come for you once he has seen you.

Perhaps They Will Explain

Dear Cynthia—I come to you with the old, old question. Are there any boys that still care for the girl that isn't ultra modern? In the way of experimenting I learned to jazz, bob my hair, use powder and dressed more fashionably, although I did not go to extremes. As a result the boys began to take notice of me. Can you explain to me why the boys care for that type of girl, for I am sure that most girls would prefer to be their natural selves.

"UN."

No, Cynthia cannot explain why so many boys care for the type of girl you describe, except that they do not think and just follow the crowd. When it comes to marrying they don't want that type, however. And there are many fine men who are not at all interested in paint and powder dolls.

How to Be Popular

Dear Cynthia—How can I (a girl) who wishes to be congenially popular with girls who work where I am employed? Most of these girls are my opposite in every way. For instance, one girl has an idea I should be at her "beck and call" whenever she so desires. If I do not wait on her (as she thinks I should), she becomes rather cross. I have refused her on many occasions, although I have done small favors for her. Please don't misunderstand, thinking I wish to be disagreeable, for, indeed, I am not. She also has a habit of addressing me by my surname. Any advice concerning this matter will greatly be appreciated.

VERY MUCH IN DOUBT.

You are right not to wait on another when she is unreasonable, but if you can do a favor for her or any of the others do so, without speaking of it, and you will find you will be appreciated by them.

They're Crazy About Her

Dear Cynthia—Will "Heartbreaker" and some of the other young men who read this column please tell me what follows think a girl means when she smiles at them? I'm sure I don't mean a single thing by it unless it is to be sociable. When I go in a store and smile at the young man back of the counter and tell him what I want he tries to hold my hand; if I accidentally walk on a man's toes in the trolley car and smile a little bit and say, "Pardon me" he wants to take me out to lunch; if I smile and thank a young man for preventing me from getting run over on Broad street, he wants to know what night he can take me out; if a salesman comes in the office and I smile and say, "No, I'm sorry, but we don't need anything today," he tries to kiss me. I want to know how they get that way. Do you know, Cynthia?

MARCELLA.

You must have one very sweet smile. You'd better change it a little, my dear.

Scores "Somebody's Stenog"

Dear Cynthia—I have been an interested reader of "Somebody's Stenog." To me it seems to be a case of "Nobody Home." I am some years older than she. I have lived more in my life than the average person. And I want to say that in all my travels I have met more men with ideals that she craves than she would believe. To my mind, she has been associating with more dance hall "Johnnies" than have been good for her.

Perhaps they are the only kind she cares to travel with. But I, for one, am of the crowd that does not dance. While I consider dancing a delightful recreation, still I do not care for it. As a consequence, my associations have been with boys who do not dance.

And now in defense of our sex I'll ask "Somebody's Stenog" this question: How many girls can she point out that do not go with a fellow with the expectation of having him start something? I have been with all kinds and classes. And the kind that are willing to be a good pal to a fellow are few and far between.

As it is, with me at the present time I go with no girl. I have been waiting patiently for the right kind to come along. But up to the present time every girl I've been with has quickly disillusioned me. It has generally been a case of empty pockets and hurt feelings. So you can see that the girls are not the only ones who suffer. The girl who wants to play "square" will always find a "white" man somewhere. Actions speak louder than words, remember; so let your thoughts guide your actions, and you can't be mistaken when the right fellow comes along. What say you, Cynthia?

C. H.

A good diagnosis.

Her First Caller

Dear Cynthia—A boy is going to call on me Thursday evening. This is the first time I ever had one to call on me. Can you tell me what to do?

A CONSTANT READER.

Introduce him to your family (that is your parents) and talk to him of the things that interest you both. Play the talking machine, look at interesting magazine pictures, discuss movies, plays and books.

Things You'll Love to Make

Cire Ribbon Flowers

For little sister's new fall bonnet what could be lovelier than CIRE RIBBON FLOWERS? Cut the flower forms as shown from cire ribbon. Roll the edges slightly. Pull in each flower at the center; attach three strings of brightly colored beads to each. (These represent the stamens of the flowers.) Bind the edges of the bonnet with narrow cire ribbon of the same color as the flowers. Just a few of these CIRE RIBBON FLOWERS are sufficient to make a velvet bonnet look stunning.

FLORA.

The Psychoanalyst Says the Mind Forgets the Things That We Don't Like

He Declares That We Break Hated Wedding Presents and Forget Unpleasant Calls—But Hasn't It Always Been the Opposite?

THINGS that are unpleasant to us are always forgotten, a psychoanalyst says.

There is a "censor" in our minds which just conveniently forgets things for us when it knows that we don't like them.

We forget the name of the person whom we dislike, we forget to go to meetings that will bore us, and we forget to mail letters if we have been annoyed at the request when they were given to us.

It isn't absent-mindedness, he declares, it's very present and active. It is our busy little subconscious mind that does it all for us.

The psychoanalyst is very wise. He knows things that ordinary mortals never heard of, and he can explain things that make them gaze in wonder and awe.

But, in the interview that he gave to be published in one of the magazines he made one statement that must surely be wrong.

"Have you remarked?" he asked, "how the wedding present that you hate is certain to be broken? Or, how the party call on the couple you dislike is always forgotten?"

DID you ever know anything that would break the wedding present that you hate?

Did you ever know any married couple fortunate enough to be able to get rid of the atrocity that somebody sent them without deliberately throwing stones or TNT at it?

Why, that huge mustard-colored jar, or bowl, that the Smithsons sent, remember?

It is too short for an umbrella holder, too wide-spreading to hold anything but a whole bush of short-stemmed flowers, too heavy and dark and intricately grooved for a punch bowl, and too ugly to be allowed to live anyhow.

The family has treated that jardiniere like a stepchild for years.

Any child who kicked it was applauded instead of scolded; anybody who dropped an umbrella into it and let it fall over the edge was congratulated—and copied.

It has been placed where somebody would have to knock it over, or push it down the steps.

It has been stuck away on narrow shelves where it would most assuredly have been knocked off or crushed by storage boxes or rugs if it had been anything valuable.

And it still, after all these years, all these attempts to do away with it, complacently remains, without a scratch, as ugly, as useless, as hated as ever.

This has happened in almost every family in the world.

Why, that hated wedding present is just about the one thing that you cannot break.

AND that call upon the couple you dislike—well, you discuss it enough before it happens, to remember it all your life.

When you get there and see the ghastly color scheme of the living room, the extra-cordial manner of the unpopular pair and the dullness which settles down over the atmosphere as soon as the door is closed—can you ever forget it?

The evening drags out with dreary talk of high prices, poor weather, a good place to have upholstering done, the reason for the medicine taken at 9:30 by husband and wife.

It seems eight hours long, and by the time you have said good-by and have heard that door close behind you, it is all you can do to keep from running all the way home, or turning handsprings or screaming loud and clear.

"Thank heaven that's over!" you say to the person who went with you.

But forget it? Well of course, you put it out of your mind right away.

BUT it stays somewhere, no matter what the "censor" has to say about it. For at intervals of weeks, months and years afterward, one of you will say to the other: "Will you ever forget that night we called on the Claphams? Remember that awful lamp on the table? And we talked about the most uninteresting things—I'll never forget it as long as I live!"

Yes, the psychoanalyst is very, very wise, but he surely slipped up on those two.

The Woman's Exchange

About Marriage License

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Can you tell me if a marriage license can be had the day the girl is twenty-one, and if it can be kept out of the papers? How would I go about it?

A READER.

Yes, if both the parties are twenty-one they may obtain the marriage license themselves. You would have to ask the Marriage License Clerk, Room 413, City Hall, about your other question.

The Wedding Gift

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Kindly advise me regarding the proper rules of etiquette to follow in this case. My father and I received an invitation to the wedding of the daughter of one of his business superiors. Do we send a gift and to whom shall we address it? If not gift, do we send cards; that is, our own calling cards? Is it proper to write congratulations on same?

A DAILY READER.

Unless you have also received an invitation to the wedding reception, no gift is required. You do not have to send cards either. Should you want to send a present, though, send it to the bride-to-be.

Sweater Shades

To the Editor of Woman's Page:

Dear Madam—Will you be kind enough to let me know the latest shades for sweaters? Also, whether there is a German Consul in this city, and if so where and when can I see him?

R. C. P.

Tan and gray are still used a great deal for sweaters. Then there is a lovely shade of old blue and a bright fuchsia shade of pink that will be very popular. Of course, the sweaters of fancy design are worked with a variety of colors, some having a tan background with the design itself worked in reds and dark blues, while others are white with a black one or black with white.

There is no German Consul in Philadelphia.

For the Emergency

I keep a pack of large, plain, white blotters in the drawer of my sideboard, and when anything is spilled on the dining-room linen, instead of reaching for a freshly laundered napkin to sop it up with, I reach at once for one of the blotters, and the spilled liquid is absorbed immediately instead of being made larger by useless sopping. This simple process saves considerable time in laundering, because if it happens that milk or water has been overturned, the blotter takes up the moisture so quickly and thoroughly that the accident may often pass entirely unnoticed, and the linen may be used several times more. On the other hand, if the stain is of fruit or coffee, the blotter system is equally efficient in that what there is of the spot is much smaller in area, so that there is less linen to be rubbed and scalded.—Good Housekeeping.

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