

## WIFEHOOD'S WAGES ARE SELDOM JUST

Married Man Discusses Wisdom and Justice of Separate Allowance for Wife—What a Bride Said After Wedding Journey on Working for "Board and Clothes"—Average Man's and Woman's Expenses Compared.

By JOSEPH M. WEBER, Theatrical Manager and Author.

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THE question, "Shall a wife have a separate allowance of her own?" must invariably be answered by a man by his wife's husband. His is the last voice, the final word on the subject (not a too common event in married life), and all theories pro or con must vanish before his simple "yes" or "no."

So an opinion on that all-important theme will perhaps be more authoritative coming from a man (a husband, too, of course), than from a woman. It is perhaps the only subject connected with marriage on which woman's testimony is not far more valuable than that of "mere man."

And—as a "mere man"—as a husband—as a father—as a person of average common sense (I hope) and honesty, I say most unhesitatingly: "Every man should have his own pocket money."

And, I may add, if she is a good wife, she earns her allowance, no matter how large it may be. For the average housekeeper and homemaker does work that comes under the head of "skilled labor," and the most skillful kind and keeps it up daily for a term of hours that would cause her expulsion from any labor union under the sun. For a man expects to get such service and to pay for it merely by food, lodging and clothes, is reminiscent of the famous exchange column item:

FOR EXCHANGE—ONE CANCELED 2-CENT stamp, in perfectly good condition, for a diamond ring, a 24-foot cat or a cat's foot.

Men don't realize what an unheard-of good bargain a really good wife is. For the same amount of work (not done half as well) any paid housekeeper would expect board and lodging and at least \$30 a month. Why grudge your wife the same sum?

A girl of my acquaintance was married a few months ago. On the return from the honeymoon she had the ensuing little business talk with her husband:

"By the way, dear," she began, "you know I'm to keep the house in order, manage the servants, plan the meals, entertain your guests, keep your clothes in good condition and do a few hundred more tasks of the same trifling order. What do I get out of all this?"

The surprised benedict began to mumble fond nothings concerning a life-long devotion, the love of a good man, etc. But she cut him short.

"For all that," she said, "I make full return in kind. But what do I get for being your housekeeper and general supervisor?"

"You get a good home," he retorted, a little nettled, "and I will see that you have as good clothes as any woman you know, and an average high price to pay for the privilege of writing 'Mrs.' before her name!"

An allowance—a general allowance—undoubtedly bestowed—is the solution to more domestic difficulties than this world dreams of.

## IF YOU DO NOT KNOW YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

THAT—

Cuba has \$4,000,000 in her treasury, or, in other words, her revenues amount to \$18,800,000 and her expenditures to \$14,000,000. In 1898 her imports exceeded her exports by \$21,715,000; to-day her exports exceed her imports by \$12,000,000.

India has a population of 300,000,000 people, a fifth of the entire population of the world, and it is so dense that there are 167 persons per square mile of territory, whilst our own population is only a little over 25 persons per square mile. It pays bounties for the destruction of tigers and leopards; in 1902 it paid for 4,400 leopards and 1,300 tigers, not including those shot by sportsmen for sport's sake. During the year 1,046 people were killed by tigers, one man-eater being credited with 65 individuals. Thirty thousand cattle were killed by tigers and a still greater number by panthers and leopards. These animals are also charged up with 3,700 human victims, while 24,000 people are known to have died from the effects of snake bite. Good place to keep away from.

Chicago has 63,396 widows—all of them. Her excess male population is 63,246, and there are only 24,000 widowers. Widows and all there are

## TALE OF A BOOKWORM WHO FOUND A CHANGE OF DIET

BY BILLY BURGUNDY

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Once upon a time there was a man whose long suit was knowledge. His name was Kelsey Kempston Kantell. Kelsey wore more characters on the end of his name than a railroad official, and he had a perfect right to do it, for he was graduated from everything from grammar school to Heidelberg university, which is more than can be said of a G. P. A. & T. M.

could classify a flower by its odor, a fish by its bite, or a bird by its tail feathers. Kelsey knew William Shakespeare by heart, Richard Harding Davis by sight and Mary MacLane by reputation. In fact, he knew everything except the current brand of woman.

Kelsey had everything except a wife, and when the women got wise to that fact they baited the hook for him and made no bones of it. They ordered deep down pat. Then she would put the calf-boards back on the shelves and cook up a scheme to have the subject come up by accident, so that Kelsey would think she knew just as much about everything else. But when Kelsey said something always happened to steer him away from what she had been looking up.

If she referred to Kipling's latest poem, Kelsey would shift to the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, of which she had never heard. If she spoke of Rembrandt, Kelsey would drift into a discussion of the perspective plane as seen thru the spectrum. Every time she tried to deal a lead she would fumble the cards and hand out a mislead.

Whenever a subject on which she was particularly strong came up something would happen to change it before she could shoot her bolt.

Such was the case with every dame who stacked the cards so that she could keep Kelsey into thinking she was real intelligent and eligible to preside over the aft end of his table.

Of course, the poor little creature never for an instant imagined that Kelsey, who would shut himself up in the parlor and bury his face in the encyclopedia until she had something beneath and they are more generally becoming to youthful figures than are the lighter ones. The model is made of dark blue zibeline with collar of velvet and is studded with Corticelli silk, but all of the cloaking materials of the season are appropriate, chevrot, cloth and the like.

The coat is made with fronts and back and is fitted by means of shoulder and under-arm seams. The fronts are faced and turned back to form lapels which meet the collar that is seamed to the neck. The sleeves are wide and ample below the elbows, but snug above, in conformity with the latest fashion, and are finished with shaped cuffs.

The quantity of material required for medium size (12 years) is 2 1/2 yards 44 inches wide or 2 1/2 yards 36 inches wide. The pattern is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10, 12 and 14 years of age. In ordering pattern fill in this coupon.



"KELSEY COULD READ SANSKRIT WITH ONE EYE AND GREEK WITH THE OTHER."

Kelsey could read Sanskrit with one eye, Greek with the other, write Arabic and talk Latin to beat the pope all at the same time. He could translate the hieroglyphs on the stones of Egypt, explain why magnetic disturbances are indicative of the approach of the period of maximum sun spots, why one-half of a sedition powder is always wrapped in blue paper and the other in white, and why hens don't crow. He

gained debating contests, bibliographical parlors, societies, bugging and botanizing expeditions and a lot of other pastimes calculated to inveigle him into stepping, unbeknownst, upon their flypaper.

Whenever one of the petticoated trappers got a promise to call from Kelsey, she would shut herself up in the parlor and bury her face in the encyclopedia until she had something

454,062 unmarried women and 517,608 unmarried men. The city boasts of two widows under 15 years of age, 57 between 15 and 19, 2,200 between 20 and 24, while the widowers of that age number but 569. From 45 to 54 there are 14,492 widows and 4,877 widowers, and from 65 up there are 14,527 widows and 5,538 widowers.

The strikes of last year cost us \$500,000,000.

## UP-TO-THE-MINUTE FASHIONS.

A Daily Hint of Practical Value  
to Journal Readers of the  
Fair Sex.

The fashion pictures given daily in this department are eminently practical, and the garments pictured can be reproduced easily from the paper patterns which may be obtained at trifling cost thru The Journal. The models are all in good style, pretty and original in effect and not too elaborate for the ambitious amateur to reproduce.



4576 Girl's Box Recker, 8 to 14 years.

Loose coats are exceedingly smart for young girls as well as for the older folk and are to be commended from every point of view. They slip on over the gown with ease and readiness, they do not rumple the waist worn

PATTERN NO. —  
Size —  
Name —  
Address —

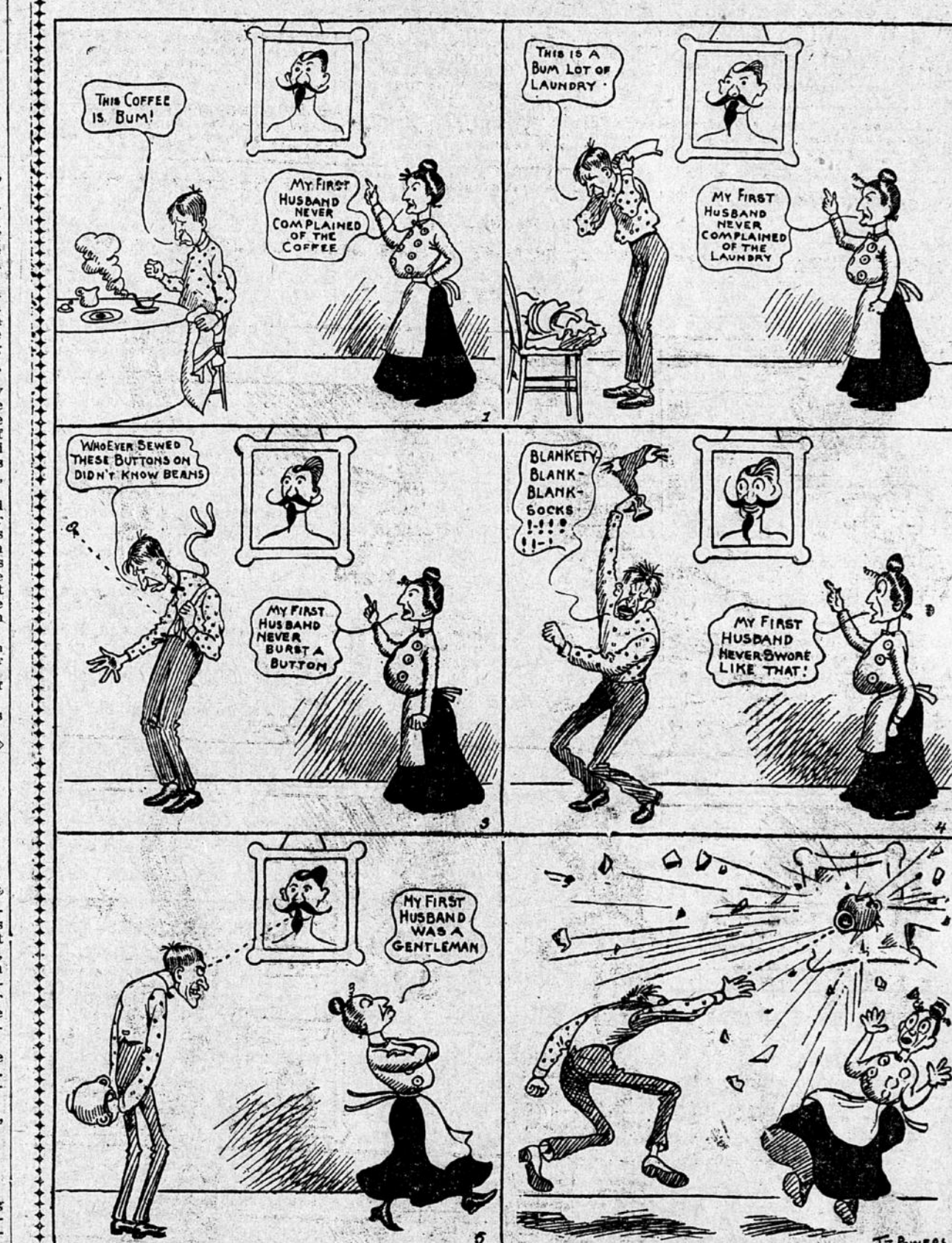
CAUTION—Be careful to give correct Number and Size of Patterns wanted. When the pattern is sent, measure you need only mark 32, 34, 36 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Pattern for this department will be sent postpaid on receipt of 10 cents. Be sure and mention number of pattern. Address —  
PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT,  
JOURNAL MINNEAPOLIS.

SHOOTING IN THE ARMY.  
Standing, kneeling, sitting and lying down are the four positions prescribed for firing by the army regulations. The lying position alone is prescribed for the 800 and 1,000-yard ranges. The lying and sitting positions are used. At 100 and 200 yards the sitting and standing positions are prescribed. Whenever the kneeling position is prescribed the kneeling position is prescribed. For the majority of persons the sitting is by far the better position of the two.

## Married Life as Seen from the Inside.

BY T. E. POWERS.

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MORAL:  
Never refer to your first husband if you wish to keep peace in the family.

## THE MISSING MAN

By MARY R. P. HATCH, Author of "The Bank Tragedy."

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### CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

#### The Cashier's Return.

"Are you sure?"  
"Yes; and the green-haired woman who spoke to you was named Leonard, and she was Ashley's wife."  
"I have no recollection of any such name. Dreams are hard to explain. But how do you know all this about Ashley and a wife named Leonard?"  
"It was brought out by Bruce's investigations," said Mr. Carter. "You see there was reason for suspicion."  
"So it seems," said Ashley. "My double. There are wonderful resemblances in the world, and it isn't to be wondered at, either, when we consider that of all the millions born, with trifling exceptions, they all have the same sets of features—two eyes, a nose and a mouth, and there are only a few varieties of hair. The wonder is there are no more doubles."

"Bless my soul, I never thought of that. It is only now, when I am talking with such scanty material, could make millions, no two just alike, for there is always a little difference, is a wonder."

"Yes; but no one else ought to suffer. But I still feel as if I must have been mistaken. If it could be proved that I was in some other place, that would be the same as saying that some man used my name and position for fraudulent purposes."

"Did you appear sane at Seattle?"  
"So they said. They said I seemed keen enough about most things and was a fair workman. The only thing that connected me with a former existence was an idea that I was going to Grovedale, that a man there named Carter needed me to work."  
"True enough, Vane. And did that lead to anything?"  
"That seemed to be the point around which my faculties rallied. It came to me after awhile that Grovedale and Mr. Carter were in New Hampshire. Next, I remembered my home and family, and last my own name. At that point, satisfied that I had recovered my lost identity, I started home, the workmen clubbing together to provide the means. I shall send it back to them at once."

"What name did you go by till you recollected your own?"  
"Vane," said his wife, "will you tell us who you went away?"  
"The children had now retired and the three sat alone together."  
"Why I went away?" he repeated, slowly.

"I went on business. Did I not tell you so?"  
"Yes, you told me so, but that does not explain why you went away every May since our marriage and stayed two weeks. You know and I know that there was a secret reason for your going."

"You are still in force. The secret is not my own. It was the same old story. He started to his feet, as if stung by her words, but was calm in a moment and answered reasonably and kindly."  
"Is not the defect in you, Constance? I see none in myself. I feel the same toward you. It is you who are changed."  
He arose and looked for his hat and gloves.

"What, bless my soul! You ain't going, Vane?"  
"Yes, I will go to the hotel for the present. Is that your wish, Constance?"  
She bowed her head and murmured something about "changes to be made."  
"Oh, but I wouldn't. Don't go," said Mr. Carter, getting up and fussing about the room.

"I think Constance is right," a little stiffly replied her husband. Still he went to her side, and as she did not lift her face kissed her on her cheek. Then he went out with a warm glow on his handsome face, a perplexed look in his eyes.

"What do you mean, Constance, by turning a man out of his own house in this way?" burst forth her uncle, as soon as he was gone.  
"I did not turn him away. It was his own proposal to go to the hotel."  
"But why, with a house full of rooms? I could have given up mine if you had no place in yours."  
"The children sleep in my room, uncle."

"The women beat the deuce-utch." "Uncle Carter," said Constance, facing about and setting down her lamp, for she had started to retire, "I don't feel quite sure that I go to Vane."  
"Are you crazy, Constance?"  
"No; but somehow I feel a doubt."

"Well, of all the notions you ever took up, that is the greatest, and you've taken up enough of them. Priests, Edes, for instance. You thought, I believe, that he looked like Vane, when nobody else could see a look. Perhaps he was your husband. Why is it?"  
"Still she did not answer."  
"Was there anything else?" If so, "I have forgotten."  
"You have not brought the same

self that you took away," she cried, passionately. "You are not the same. He started to his feet, as if stung by her words, but was calm in a moment and answered reasonably and kindly."

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to prove his identity, and he will have to tell me why he went away before I believe him. About that I am determined."

"What folly is this? Constance, you are a changed woman."  
"Then my husband burst into an uncontrollable fit of weeping."  
"I am a most unhappy woman," she sobbed, "I know that."

"Unhappy when your husband, for whom you mourned, has just come back?"  
She did not answer, but took up her lamp and went to her room, her form shaking with emotion.

When there, she sat down, still and quiet now, and thought deeply. Then the sound of a violin stole across the fields and reached her, the faintly. But she did not raise her window for a moment, as she had sometimes done. She sat still and listened till the sound died away and then she retired. But she did not sleep. She lay all night thinking, pondering, wondering, fearing—what?

CHAPTER XIV.  
A Meeting of the Bank Officers.  
Mr. Hamilton, for so I shall call him despite the doubts of Constance, evidently had no intention of deserting his own fireside for hotel precincts. He returned early and breakfasted with the family, much to Mr. Carter's delight and not to the too evident displeasure of his wife. He still remained after Mr. Carter went to his office and the children to school, for a meeting of the bank directors had been called at 10 o'clock at his own residence.

It is that unhappy secret. I have been gone so long, too; so many troubles have intervened, that I have tended to get you apart from me. Is not that so?"

"Perhaps so."  
"Then I would not have you do violence to your feelings. I will stay here—it is better so for many reasons; but you shall live your own life. There was a silence of some seconds after any one spoke. They were evidently digesting in their minds this curious loss of personality, which was the first instance of the sort known to the most of them. At last Mr. Hartwell said, cautiously:

"Did you say your memory had returned to you?"  
"Not fully. I remember all of my past life, I think, now, with the exception of the brief time when the suspension of my ordinary faculties took place. Whether the events of that period will ever be known to me I cannot tell. I shall consult a physician in regard to the matter. At present it is all a blank."

"You came to yourself in Seattle, you say?"  
"Can you give us addresses there where we may be able to learn corroborative facts, Mr. Hamilton?"  
"I can give you addresses of the workmen and of the men who owned the factory. As to the latter, I am all for I made few acquaintances, as you will understand. But those with whom I came in contact will readily corroborate my story."

The president took down four or five addresses given him by Mr. Hamilton, after saying, gravely:  
"It is necessary that the matter be thoroughly investigated, as well for your sake as ours."

"I court the closest inquiry. You will find all my declarations true."  
"No doubt," said Mr. Cowdrey, one of the trustees. "You have heard something of the grave charges made against you. Indeed, there is, I believe, a warrant out for your arrest." Mr. Cowdrey knew perfectly well that there was, but it was an awkward thing to say to a man in his own house. The Hamiltons gave a start.

(To Be Continued To-morrow.)