WOMEN AND THEIR INTERESTS

THE LOVE OF A MAN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

"Out upon it. I have loved
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it proves fair weather."

With woman, Love is an event; with man, it is an occurrence. There are many proofs that men love more lightly, more frequently, more critically, more selfishly than women. "None of it," says Cupid, displaying his stock of Man's Love, "is as good and pure and faithful and unselfish as the love of a woman, and there is disillusion in store for the girl who expects it." As proof that men live lightly. Somewhere, there are four girls in love with the same man. This is the way he writes about it:

"I am in love with four girls, and they are in love with me. One is a blonde who talks. Another has light brown hair and cooks. One is dark-haired and is a musician, and the fourth is a brunette and dances. Which of the four would be the most economical one for me to marry?"

A strange question from one who commits the extravagance of thinking he loves four girls at once. There can be no waste of bread and butter after marriage more inexcusable than this waste of emotion before.

Doubtless each one of these four girls thinks she is the one-love-for-life in this man's heart. For his part he will not remember their names six months. He is loving like a man. They are loving as a woman loves.

Advice Wasted

Advice to such an extravagantly emotional creature is wasted, for the reason that he has forgotten ere now that he asked it. If he remembered and accepted it, his love for the girl suggested as "the most economical one to marry," would not survive the route from the engagement to the altar. He would not take advice, so why give it, for not one of these girls is the girl for him. The man who loves wastefully is the man who will have to be sheltered inside the home after marriage while his wife stands outside and keeps the wolves away, and not one of these girls seems to be on the salaried basis that matrimony with him demands.

A very much worried girl tells of another variety of man's love. She and her sweetheart have been in love with each other for two years, and the only time he ever gives her is Sunday afternoon and evening, pleading in excuse that the ride to her home which requires an hour, is too long. He is faithful, reliable and honorable; this is his only fault. Shall she give him up?

By no means! That would mean to lose him, and I don't want any girl to lose a man's heart when it is both sound and whole. Mixed with his love there is a grain of laziness and several grains of possessive selfishness, which means that he feels so secure of her affection he doesn't think any effort is needed to retain it. Nagging and entreaties only confirm such a man in his belief that exertion is unnecessary, and this little worried girl must try diplomacy.

Don't ask him to increase the number of his calls. Never mention the subject again, but occasionally tell him in the most innocent way of the gentlemen who call during the week. He will not come in response to entreaties, but he will come oftener to inquire into your happiness. That is the way a man loves.

A Tightwad

Sophia has been keeping steady company for six months with a man of good habits, of fine moral character, and who calls sometimes four evenings a week. But his time is all he spends on her. When not calling on her, he is going to the theater, or other places of amusement all by himself. He tells her he loves her, and so far hasn't shown proof in the price of a flower or a gum drop.

With the lamentations of wives of penurious men ringing in my ears, I can only urge, and almost command, Sophia, to refuse to see this man again. He loves in the way many men love, and it is the variety that means the greatest humiliation and privation for its object.

Another girl writes:

"I am 20, very attractive to the opposite sex, and this worries me because so many men propose to me. One of these men is now threatening to kill himself unless I reciprocate his affections. What shall I do to prevent the tragedy?"

Refuse him, of course! He will not kill himself, and if he did he would be doing you a greater kindness than if he compelled you, under such threats, to marry him. As for your misfortune in being so attractive, don't worry, Little One; that is an affliction that Time will soon heal.

Another little girl wails that her lover is indifferent to her before folks. She doesn't know that it is good sense to confine demonstrations of affection to moments when they are alone. She says he is good, honorable, kind, reliable, and her mother approves. With so much in his favor, I hope she will forget his fault. It is dangerous to make too much of a little flaw.

"None of it," says Cupid, displaying his stock of Man's Love, "is as good and pure and unselfish as the love of a woman, and there is disillusion in store for the girl who expects it."

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Their Married Life

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

Warren's Brother Announces His Engagement and Calls on His Fiancee

"Do I have to call to-day? Oh, I DO dread it so!"

"Got to go some time," shrugged Warren. "Might as well have it over."

"Tell me what he said about her," pleaded Helen "He must have told you more than that."

"Oh, he reeled off a lot of stuff—the sort of thing every man says about the girl he's just engaged to. She's a nice girl, all right, but I never took much stock in her father. Puts on a lot of side."

"But they're very rich, aren't they?" conscious of a vague jealousy that Warren's brother should be marrying a girl with a fortune.

"Yes, the old man's got money. Holds on to it, too. Miserly old cuss."

"I wonder what I'd better wear," murmured Helen irrelevantly.

"We'll have to have them here to dinner," Warren always ignored Helen's question of clothes, "you might as well invite her now."

"Oh, I know it's going to be dreadfully embarrassing. What shall I say to her? What do people say when they make such a call?"

"How do I know? Women are supposed to know about those things. Say you're glad she's coming into the family, you hope she and Bob'll be happy—the usual stuff. Well," draining his coffee cup and pushing back his chair, "shall I phone Bob that you'll call on her to-day?"

"Yes I—I suppose so," reluctantly, following him out to the hall where he shrugged into his overcoat.

The rest of the morning Helen worried about this call on her intended sister-in-law. Not only had she never met this young girl, but Bob himself, who spent most of his time in the Chicago office of his company, seemed almost a stranger.

The engagement was not yet publicly announced, but Bob had told Warren and the rest of the family last week. Mrs. Curtis and Carrie had already called, and now Helen was to go this afternoon.

It was half past four when she started out. The address Warren had given was a fashionable uptown apartment. With a shrinking dread of the ordeal before her, Helen left the subway and walked toward the imposing marble-fronted structure.

A Big Rental

"Ten rooms and 3 baths—$4,500," read a black, gilt-letter sign by the entrance. Four thousand five hundred dollars! It was an extravagant rental, and Helen knew Bob could not afford to keep a wife in such an apartment.

Inside the hall was lavishly ornate with carving and gilt. A uniformed, white-gloved doorman announced her on the telephone.

What should she say first? How should she begin the conversation? The big bronze elevator stopped at the ninth floor.

A trim white-capped maid opened the door and ushered her through to a large, over-furnished over-decorated drawingroom. Everything was expensive and aggressively new.

"More money than taste," was Helen's first impression, and with a glow of pardonable pride she thought of her own simpler apartment with its charming antiques.

Then Louise entered—a tall, slender, dark-haired girl, attractively gowned in a soft blue frock.

Blushing vividly, she came forward. Helen saw that she was painfully embarrassed, and putting aside her own self-consciousness she tried to put the girl at ease.

"I've been wanting to come to see you all week," Helen began bravely, "ever since Robert told us, but I—I," striving desperately for an excuse, "I felt you might not want callers so soon."

"I'm very happy to meet all of Bob's family, although," with a deepening flush, "it's a little embarrassing."

"Oh, I know," sympathetically, "I remember when I was engaged to Warren how I dreaded meeting his people."

Helen Is Delighted

Delighted that the conversation had taken so natural a turn, Helen told Louise about her own engagement.

"I remember every detail of his mother's first call, even to her dress and her black handled parasol. It was in the summer, she sat by a window and the curtain blew out against her face. I remember the very gesture so like Warren's—with which she kept brushing it back."

"What did you talk about?" Louise leaned forward eagerly. "Mrs. Curtis was here yesterday, and I know I must have seemed stupid."

"Well, there hadn't been any rain that summer and we talked about that, but I felt all the time that I was being 'appraised,' that she was wondering whether I would make Warren a good wife."

"That's exactly what I felt! And when his sister called—oh, I was even more embarrassed with her than with his mother."

"Yes, I can understand that. Carrie is always a little formal." Then fearing that might sound like a criticism, Helen added hastily, "but I'm sure you'll like her when you know her better."

They were getting along famously now, the restraint and awkwardness were wearing away. Helen liked this girl, and felt instinctively that they were going to be friends.

Suddenly Louise turned to her with an impulsive.

"There's something I want to ask you. I—I hardly know how to put it—it's about Bob. I mean it's about the little differences Bob and I have. I know I'm quick tempered, but we're constantly having—well, they're almost quarrels. You see Bob's so set in his views about everything—and I—I'm not exactly pliable."

Louise paused, as though expecting Helen to make some comment, then she went on with a confused little laugh.

"I wonder if two people who clash like this before they are married, even though they love each other very much, if—if they will clash afterward."

"I don't suppose there were ever two people who always agreed," murmured Helen guardedly.

The Cause

"No, of course not, but if Bob would only be willing that we SHOULDN'T agree—that I should have my opinions and he his! But he insists on my always accepting his views. For instance, last night we went to the theater. 'The Problem Unsolved'—perhaps you've seen it?"

Helen shook her head.

"Well, on the way home Bob became incensed because I wouldn't agree with his criticism of the woman's character. Of course it wasn't of any importance, but he insists on me always yielding my opinion—and I CAN'T! I don't see why I should," proudly. "You don't think I should—do you?"

Helen faltered a confused "Why no—no, of course not."

"Mr. Curtis—Warren—doesn't always expect you to yield in such things, does he?" persisted Louise. "Oh, forgive me," as Helen flushed, "I don't mean to be personal, but at times Bob's disposition almost frightens me. If I yield to him now—I feel I'll always have to. And I don't think either of us would be happy that way—do you?"

"No," there was a suppressed tremor in Helen's voice, "a wife should not allow her husband to wholly dominate her. Yet it's a woman's nature to yield—particularly when she loves a great deal."

"I do love Bob a great deal, more than I ever thought I could love any one. But I'm not always going to give in to him! I don't think it would be good for either of us."

Helen longed to cry out that she was right! As she valued her happiness, she must not begin by submitting to Bob's domineering nature. She must never allow her own individuality to become submerged in that of her husband.

That this had been her own mistake, Helen knew. From the beginning she had allowed Warren's masterfulness to dominate her. She wanted to tell Louise this and a great deal more—but her sense of loyalty to Warren kept her silent.

Helen Has Regrets

She felt Louise's disappointment at her evasive, guarded replies. And now, as though regretting her impulsiveness to which Helen had not seemed to respond, the girl became more restrained and quickly turned the conversation to a less personal subject.

It was not until after Helen had left that she realized how almost cowardly had been her evasion. This young girl, frank, earnest, sincere, had come to her with straightforward questions of a problem which she rightly sensed might affect her whole life—and Helen had not had the courage to answer her.

For the moment Helen felt an overwhelming sense of responsibility. She was almost tempted to go back, to tell Louise just what her own life that if she married Bob; to warn her that if she married Bom, above everything else she must cling to her own individuality. Never must she make the mistake of merging her personality into his!

It had all been so different from what Helen had expected—this call, Louise herself, and the things they had talked about. Instead of the merely pretty and shallow girl, that for some reason she had pictured, she had found a strong, sweet personality, a girl with the ability to think for herself.

Although Helen had seen little of Bob, she knew he had much of Warren's masterfulness, much of his forceful but selfish egotism. And this proud, high-spirited girl—what would marriage with Bob mean for her?

Would she, too, be crushed into an abject servility, a colorless reflection or her husband's dominant nature? Or would she have the courage to retain and wholesomely assert her own personality?

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Recent Deaths in Central Pennsylvania

Mifflinburg. — George A. Miller, a prominent citizen, residing a few miles east of Mifflinburg, died at the home of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. George Hassenplug, at Cowan, after an illness of several months, death being due to a serious accident that befell him while at work on the new State road, between Mifflinburg and Vicksburg. He was 62 years old, and surviving him are his wife and these children: Annie, wife of George A. Mincemoyer, of Renovo; Mary, wife of the Rev. Floyd E. Fisher, of Hillsboro, Ore.; Nora Maude, wife of George R. Hassenplug, of Cowan; James M. Miller, of Mifflinburg.

Washingtonboro. — Elias B. Smith, 54 years old, died yesterday from typhoid fever, after a short illness. He was a cigarmaker and besides his wife, there survive three children and a brother.

Columbia. — Dr. Richard Vaux L. Raub, one of the prominent physicians in Lancaster county, died at his home, in Quarryville, after an illness of one year.

Millersburg. — Mrs. Kate Knouff, 83 years old, died at the home of her son, Frank Knouff, on Thursday night of diseases incident to old age. Mrs. Knouff, while a native of Millersburg, lived in Harrisburg for a number of years, where she conducted a stand in a markethouse, retiring from business only a few years ago. She was a member of the United Brethren Church. Funeral services will be held at her son's home, on Sunday afternoon, the Rev. Mr. Heaseler officiating.

Rapho. — Christian Sheetz, a retired farmer and gardener, 60 years old, died yesterday after a long illness. He is survived by his wife, three children and a number of sisters and brothers.

EXPENSIVE RUNAWAY

Sunbury, Pa., Jan. 3:—A horse of John Engle, a dairyman, ran away yesterday morning. It dashed into another dairyman's team and the latter's horse ran away. The first horse scaled a fence, and was badly injured. The wagon was demolished and one hundred dollars' worth of cream destroyed. The other wagon was wrecked, but the horses were captured before they injured themselves.

GAVE BASKETS TO POOR

As the result of collections made by the Salvation Army on the street corners during the holiday rush, sixty baskets were distributed to poor and worthy families in Harrisburg, in addition to medical aid for the sick.

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