

**She Who Bore Men May Be Either Pretty or Ugly, the "Colonel" Declares—And She Bore in Many Ways—By Telling About Her Ancestors, by Trying to Appear Intellectual, by Being Too Curious, by Lavishing Her Love Where It Is Not Wanted, and so on Ad Infinitum.**

As a grave digger the bore with a pedagogue can outclass all the ghouls of creepy lore.

She fancies that this gives her an air of profundity, but the mistaken soul has only enveloped herself in the repulsive atmosphere of a morgue.

Then there is the bore who wants to be considered so intellectual. She buttonholes some learned man with the idea of exploiting how much she knows, but she misses the business by disclosing how little she knows.

Now, very learned men are, as a rule, the most stupid of social creatures. The man who writes jokes is usually a dull conversationalist. The deeply engrossed scientific automaton likes to lock up his brain once in a while and the woman who thinks herself smart bore him until he feels like a target after an exhibition practice. He doesn't want to talk shop. A silly little fool would tell him a lot of nonsense or retail a bargain counter of small talk and gossip that would relax him, but to be pursued by the intellectual clank who wants to go through college in a sort of installment plan by buttonholing every man who she thinks can give her a pocket dictionary lecture course is enough to induce apoplexy in the average scientist.

Again there is the woman who is so charged with society. She wants to know a man's business, where he works, how much he makes, the details of his habits, and everything that does not concern her.

She also is a bore who likes to impress a man with her attainments, who tells of her various accomplishments and how useful she finds them in her home. And incidentally here we might add the "mimicry" habit, who facetiously imitates the man's speech and holds him in a vice while she recounts her delectable "stunts" and "experiences" with this lovely wife that she would make for any man. Of course, if a man can be patient, he might get a little out of this, but to be pursued by a woman who tells in love with a man who won't fall in love with her, no matter how hard she may try to drag him into business, is also a big bore. This is really a sad case and our sympathies are with the poor dear man. He is really a slow fight and green music, unattractive and is enough to make a man feel downright ill, no matter how he looks at a woman for the rest of his days.

This bore is of the pursuing brand. She pursues, and still pursues, and keeps on pursuing, and if the poor man is not caught within the border of the United

States (of matrimony) it is not the lady's fault. She sends him flowers for his office desk that make him write when his friends guy him. She goes into rhapsodies over



**THE WOMAN WHO BORES MEN**

ALWAYS TO SAY "DON'T YOU THINK I AM TOO SWEET FOR ANYTHING?"



into a six-day race whenever he sees a coming. But the ardor of such a fealty is superheated to that degree that neglect only serves to aggravate the pursuit.

Women have been known to climax such pursuits by the coyness that offers a heart and hand regardless of the expense that such a luxury as a husband has been known to entail; and the queer denouement of such a scheme is that the woman will ensnare him because he has not the nerve to resist. This is really a harrowing tale of love.

But the "real thing" in the way of feminine bores is the woman who assails the statesmen of the national capital.

These women, sadly unfortunate in the majority of cases, rob the situation of every element of pathos through their methods.

The woman may be young and pretty, or she may be old and frayed out, or she may be middle aged and angular, but, be that as it may, she means business, and many a solon of this great nation has had such women bore him until he has felt like a sieve.

When such a woman is hunting an office, rushing legislation, or chasing a morality phantom (and in the nation's capital, too!) in the way of regulating the army or navy, or any other old thing, she is no longer a woman, but, rather, a species of devil fish, whose long tentacles the man finds it almost impossible to escape. Indeed, the dear man, who may have rushed at his colleague who opposed him with almost murderous intent, becomes passive and lymphatic when he sees the pursuing female on his trail.

Such women are simply galvanized nerve. They are impervious to rebuff, impenetrable to insult. Their importunities

would mutilate a bronze statue and their courage would hold a battalion at bay. They will not be ignored, as many a statesman remembers with the dread of a nightmare. Avoiding them requires strat-

egic genius, and the big man "from our State" drops into a big chair in the reception-room with an air of pious resignation that writes a whole litany on his face. If you have never seen these awful females and martyred, inoffensive statesmen it is worth a visit to the national capital as a sort of psychological study.

One day several years ago a party of distinguished men met at a well-known cafe of the capital, where after discussing important legislative matters were to be discussed. The host of the party stood fully six feet and carried about 200 pounds, which was emphasized by the embonpoint that is a sure guarantee of a statesman's popularity.

The dinner progressed with artistic perfection until coffee was being served, when the host suddenly sprang up, making a mad dash for the rear door that nearly put the bric-a-brac out of business, and completely demoralized the dignity of the punctilious dusky servitors. The guests arose in alarm and a small-sized guest reigned.

A few minutes later the host, panting and breathless, was led back. He really had not experienced a sudden seizure of D. T. It is but, as he mopped the damp dew of fear from his statesmanlike brow, he explained that he had caught a glimpse of a woman (the poor little thing did not weigh over seventy pounds) passing the window.

"Great guns," he gasped between sobs, "I went all through the Civil War, but nothing makes me show the white feather like that woman. She follows me, she haunts me. It is impossible to do what she wants done, but she said she would give me in peace until I did it—and she got it."

The story further relates that he hired a detective to make love to her. I don't know about that, but the story itself is true.

It is no disparagement to the lords of creation to stigmatize them as the most unmitigated cowards where a woman is concerned. In the nation's capital men wearing honor medals and having enviable records for total insensibility to danger make a wild dash when a bent-on-business woman looms up. The most dignified will fairly play "hide and seek" in the resounding corridors in futile efforts to escape.

I might add here a funny story of one Solon who rarely indulges in even a glass of wine, but who showed the subtleties of feeling, a combination of madlin intoxication and uncomfortable deafness to protect himself from the woman who bored him. Of course his scheme worked beautifully. Even the woman who kidnaps statesmen could not withstand that combination. But—should she ever discover the trick?

name and the guarantee of a home, free from care. The right kind of a man wants his wife wholly dependent upon him and having paid her the compliment of asking her to take himself and all that it implies, he expects a return of affection and appreciation of what he is willing to give as far as his means will allow.

A woman whose husband is kind, considerate, and responsible in every way is a blessing not to be underrated. A woman who can go to her various tradesmen and gratify the whim of the passing hour, who has a lovely home, and her modicum of pin money too often regards it rather as a right than as a blessed privilege. She not only fails to appreciate it, but she fails to make the home happy, that owing to her husband's liberality should leave him entitled to all the good that love and companionship can throw about him, and yet many such women by continuous fault-finding and a system of pin pricking nagging make the home a torture chamber that a man gladly avoids, even when his heart is most hungry for its peace and comfort.

Women who never know a care are often the most exacting and least appreciative. Never having had to practice self-sacrifice, they know nothing of the bitterness entailed; but should such a woman suddenly find herself robbed of that support by death, financial losses, or kindred visitation, she would soon realize the worth of the blessings that she failed to appreciate when enjoying them. I am convinced that the great secret of happiness in married life is rather a prolonged siege of flattery which the wife administers tactfully and in judiciously proportioned doses.

A man likes to consider himself the one and only "it" in the estimation of the woman he loves; he likes to be flattered into the belief that nothing or nobody ever existed who can be compared to him, according to his own ideas.

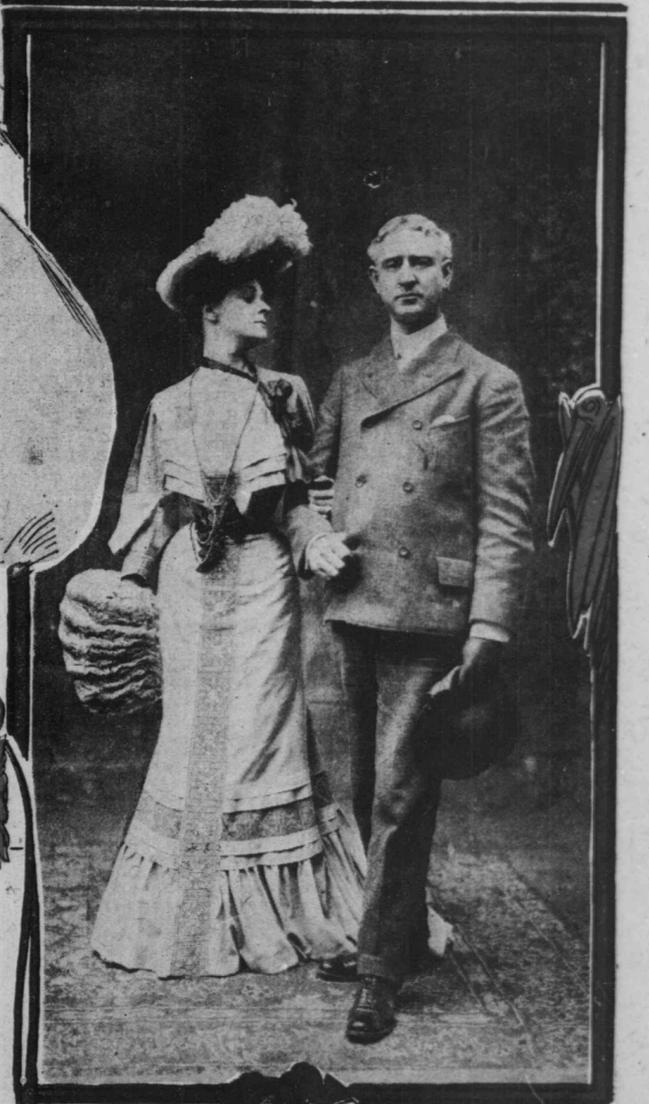
When a wife fails to accord him this homage he will seek it elsewhere, and by giving his confidence to the woman friend to whom he unburdens his soul he runs the risk of learning to make comparisons between the wife of his bosom and the woman who he thinks appreciates and cares for him, and then it is that a man is in his greatest danger, and in proportion as the other woman sympathizes, in like proportion will he lose his regard for the woman who fails in this respect. It is the appreciation of every trifling attention, of every thoughtful present, of every kindly regret when perhaps a man cannot do exactly as he would wish, that wins him and holds his regards.

It is the want of appreciation that sends the first cloud scurrying through the heaven of matrimony and obscuring the brilliant honeymoon, and it is safe to say that the man who spends all his time in his home, who lavishes his love on his wife, is the man who has married the woman who appreciates him, and nine times out of ten she can thank herself that through this appreciation she is able to retain her hold on his fickle fancies.

Pardon, gentlemen, now you know as



"SHE DELIVERS POINTLESS LECTURES ON HIS PECCADILLOS"



"SHE HAS A PENCHANT FOR SAYING NASTY LITTLE THINGS ABOUT EVERYONE THEY PASS"

to listen to tales of past adventures and glories that imagination conjures up until the poor dear soul of the poor dear man is stifled by the dusty, musty airing given the skeletons of family pride.

States (of matrimony) it is not the lady's fault. She sends him flowers for his office desk that make him write when his friends guy him. She goes into rhapsodies over

his photographs, and the girl who hears her thinks it great fun to laugh at the poor fellow's embarrassment when she mimics the scene. She rides downtown to meet him, until he feels like entering

well as I that a man can't help being fickle and the only way to avoid it is for the wife to be so charming as to make him forget that there are really—others.

COLONEL KATE.