

# WHAT I WOULD TELL A MAN--- IF I DARED

BY A PRETTY GIRL



YOU can't help liking X. Y. when you first meet him, he is such a big, jolly, generous chap, always ready for any prank or amusement. But when X. Y. eats, poetry and romance vanish and so does your appetite, owing to his almost ghoulish enjoyment of food and his utter absorption in the pursuit of it.

"Isn't this soup just grand?" he would sputter, with his face, now suffused with a deep red, almost buried in the plate—and not a word of general conversation can be had out of him until every viand has been consumed and the last sip of cordial swallowed.

As X. Y. has made a science of restaurants, none of the cheaper ones ever know his presence, but his sighs of disappointment or explosions of anger over dishes that fail to bring back the first "fine careless rapture" of tasting them make you play never to be around when the "eats" are poor. He will surely burst with rage.

If I dared I would tell this man that he is a cannibal; that his gross way of eating is an offense to society; that if he must gorge in such fashion he should do so in private.

If I dared I would also warn him that any girl who thought of marrying him would think again if she sat opposite him at the table.

X. Y. took a trip to Europe last summer, and of course rained picture postals on his friends, as all travelers do. One of the girls wagered that they would be all restaurant scenes, and they were. He might be said to have eaten his way over Europe. Out of him, on his return, could be pried no word pictures such as the others of his party painted, of wonderful snowclad mountains, of quaint village scenes, of glimpses of royal splendor. Instead, he dwelt lingeringly on the vast "eats" he had encountered. Venice was remembered as the place where he had chanced upon his favorite brew of beer.

If I dared, I would say to this man, and to all others like him: "Don't think for a minute that anybody else cares what you ate or are going to eat, so if you want to be popular you'd better lift your eyes above your plate and see what there is in the world."

I was taught, as most girls are, to regard eating as a rite to be celebrated with conversation and laughter and with the utmost possible concealment of animal zest for food. Sometimes, when the humorous side of it strikes me, I feel like saying to my gourmandizing friend:

"Oh, why do you show such spite against the little lamb in his bed of green peas or the little chicken smothered in gravy? I fear that some time you may devour me if dinner happens to be delayed or the meal turns out a failure, as meals sometimes will. In your passionate regard for food I scent a victorious rival. Adieu, Monsieur X. Y. Return to your mutt—alone."

The amount consumed equals the enthusiasm of the attack. An enormous beefsteak dinner before the play signifies nothing. He will go to supper afterward with the zest of a starved man. If a dish is declined by any one, he growls: "Get into the game! Get into the game!"

## PICKED UP ABROAD

Getting a Dog Through a Foreign Custom House Isn't So Easy as it Seems

BRITISH quarantine laws for dogs are extremely severe, unnecessarily so, it seems to me," said a woman who returned a few days ago from a European tour. "They are rigidly enforced, too, though once in a while they can be evaded, as I have reason to know.

"Do you see this little chap?" exhibiting a bundle which seemed to consist mostly of a heavy dog blanket—all except one end, from which the nose of a Boston terrier protruded. "He managed to elude the British dog catchers all right, mainly because he had sense enough to behave himself like a little gentleman.

"You see, Bunker always goes abroad with me. Usually, when I cross the channel I leave him behind in Paris, but this time it was necessary for me to embark from England. What to do with Bunker caused me great perplexity. I did not want to have him shipped to New York direct from Paris, and the quarantine laws of Great Britain subject a dog arriving at a British port to at least three months' detention in quarantine before his owner is allowed to claim him.

"However, after studying over the matter, I decided it was possible to take Bunker to England with me. He has intelligence of a high order, and I felt he could be relied upon to do his part, which would be simply to keep quiet—this, of course, barring accidents.

"My maid, who is as devoted to the dog as she is to me, agreed to take the active part in smuggling him over. I had a long cape made for her, with an enormous pocket on the inside. On our way to the Gare du Nord Bunker was put into the pocket. I really believe he understood what we told him.

"In the train going to Calais was a pretty young English woman, who had in her arms what appeared to be a baby, with long clothes and a pretty white woolen coat. What was in the bundle seemed so tiny that it aroused my curiosity, and you may imagine my astonishment when I saw a tiny black nose sticking out from the front of a little bonnet. The woman laughed as she caught my stare.

"Yes, it is a dog," she said. "Our horrid quarantine laws make such a thing as this necessary. I simply could not bear to leave my pet in Paris."

"I said nothing about Bunker's presence in the compartment, but I was in mortal terror for three hours lest he should bark.

"Well, when we got on the boat at Calais I immediately obtained a stateroom and left my maid in it with the dog, after telling her to take him out and let him run about the cabin a little.

"I was sitting on the upper deck near the young English woman when the customs inspector who looks after the hand luggage of cross channel passengers



IT APPEARED TO BE A BABY

came along, followed by another man in uniform, who, I subsequently learned, belonged to the quarantine. Just as the latter passed the English woman the dog in her lap gave a little sneeze and the cap fell away from his face.

"The quarantine inspector stopped and smiled. 'I am afraid, madam,' he said, 'that you will have to leave your baby with us when you go ashore.' The woman protested and wept, but it did no good and the dog was taken from her at Dover.

"By this time, as you may imagine, I was almost frightened out of my wits. However, Bunker was good and went ashore in the maid's pocket. We were so fortunate as to get a compartment all to ourselves in a car that had no corridor, and as soon as our train had started for London we took Bunker from his prison. When we drew near Charing Cross Bunker went into hiding again and stayed there until we reached our hotel. The experience left me in a state of nervous excitement from which it took me a full day to recover. Still I shall never again try to smuggle a dog into England."

## OLD LOVE LETTERS

Sir Walter Raleigh to His Wife

THE following letter was written by Raleigh when he believed that he was in the immediate presence of death. Unjustly accused of conspiring against King James I, he had been tried and condemned to death on evidence mainly supplied by Lord Cobham, himself already convicted of treason. Sir Edward Coke, the attorney general, abused Raleigh during the trial in violent and disgraceful terms. Raleigh defended himself with such dignity and eloquence that even some of his enemies were convinced of his innocence, and all parties were ashamed of the judgment pronounced. He was relieved on the scaffold, his sentence being commuted to perpetual imprisonment, and for six of the twelve and a half years during which he was confined in the Tower his faithful wife was permitted to bear him company. He was released in 1617 to take part in an expedition for colonizing Guiana, but that enterprise proved a failure, and immediately on his return he was re-arrested on the old charge and suffered the extreme penalty of the law October 29, 1618.

Firstly, I send you all the thanks my heart can conceive, or my words can express, for your many troubles and cares taken for me; yet, though they have not taken effect as you wished, yet the debt is natheless, and pay it I never shall in this world.

Secondly, I beseech you, by the love you bare me living, do not hide yourself in grief many days, but seek to help the miserable fortunes of our poor child. Thy mourning can not avail me; I am but dust. \* \* \* Remember your poor child for his father's sake, who chose and loved you in his happiest time. God is my witness it is for you and yours I desire life; but it is true I disdain myself for begging it. For know, dear wife, that your son is the son of a true man, and one who in his own respect despiseth death, and all his misshapen grisly forms. I can not write much. God knows how hardly I stole the time, when all sleep; and it is time to separate my thoughts from the world. Beg my dead body, which living is denied thee, and either lay it at Sherbourne or in Exeter, by my father and mother. I can write no more. Time and Death call me away.

The everlasting God, Infinite, Powerful, Inscrutable; the Almighty God, which is Goodness itself, Mercy itself; the true light and life—keep thee and thine, have mercy on me and teach me to forgive my prosecutors and false witnesses, and send us to meet again in his glorious kingdom. My own true wife, farewell. Bless my poor boy. Pray for me and let the good God fold you both in his arms. Written with the dying hand of sometime thy husband, but now, alas! overthrown.

Yours that was, but not now my own.

April, 1603.

You shall now receive, dear wife, my last words in these my last lines. My love I send you, that you may keep it when I am dead, and my counsel that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not by my will present you with sorrows, dear Bess; I let them go to the grave and be buried with me in dust. And seeing it is not the will of God that I shall ever see you more in this life, bear it patiently and with a heart like thyself.

W. RALEIGH.



TONY PAUSED AND CAREFULLY ADJUSTED THE WOOD IN THE GRATE

## Men Who Have Opened Their Hearts to Me

BY A YOUNG WIDOW

IT was very late one afternoon when Tony Gilchrist came in to see me.

Before that afternoon I had never dreamed of catching Tony in a genuinely serious moment. He has played all his life, and since his family don't insist on his working he enjoys himself about as well as any one I know.

He doesn't trouble himself about learning anything and the only thing from a book I have ever heard him quote is something from Robert Louis Stevenson about the schools not being able to do anything for great men.

So I was all the more surprised on that afternoon when Tony told me about the girl. Of course there always has been a girl since Tony was a child. Usually he has had a record of 24 annually, but somehow in spite of the sentimental halo which Tony tried to throw around these romances they always failed to move me. Even when he threatened to commit suicide over the girl who played the part of a poodle dog in the last Broadway burlesque I couldn't take it seriously.

This time, however, it was quite different. There was a picture of one of the new opera singers on the table and Tony looked at it absent-mindedly. Then a curious expression came over his face and he said: "It always gives me an electric shock to see things connected with the opera."

I waited breathlessly, for I knew that a real confession was coming. I wasn't disappointed.

"Something happened to me at the Metropolitan two years ago, Grizelda," he said, "and if I had found that girl in time I believe she would have made a man of me."

"Oh," I gasped, but Tony didn't wait to hear.

"You remember," said Tony, "the afternoon Sallie Farley gave the matinee party and we were all there in three boxes—all that winter's crowd of men and girls?"

He didn't wait to be assured of my recollection.

"There was a girl just below us in the orchestra," he said eagerly; "the most altogether satisfactory girl I have ever seen. I know lots of girls who are beautiful; but she was good, too. I know lots that are good, but they're not beautiful. I know some that are both, but somehow they're not interesting—not real, somehow."

I really couldn't have been expected to remember the girl, so I avoided the question by asking if he had ever seen her before.

"Every day," said Tony; "at one time we were great chums until I was 15. Then she went away to school and I never saw her again until that afternoon at the opera. Gradually I forgot about her, but in the old days, you see, she believed I was perfect, and it always made me come up to the scratch—seemed to put backbone in me. I know if she'd been in America I'd have gotten through college and there wouldn't have been any poodle dog."

Tony paused and carefully adjusted the wood in the grate. Then he continued, his face a little turned away from me:

"And that afternoon at the opera, Grizelda. I was knocked all of a heap. You see, I hadn't seen her before the house was darkened. Some one was late and the usher came along with his light and suddenly her face flashed out at me from the darkness—just as grave and serene as it used to be and more beautiful.

"The usher went on in a moment with his light and left me a bunch of electricity peering into the darkness. And I—well, I suddenly knew that she was what I had really been looking for and really needing ever since she went away."

"Of course you went to her at the end of the act?" I asked eagerly.

"I started," Tony replied, "but in the foyer I met old Snowdon, who held me up for a chat. As I was trying to break away the girl passed us."

"See her?" said Snowdon. "There goes a rare girl, beautiful and good. One of the old fashioned sort, high ideals, womanly self-sacrifice. Really a wonderful girl! And what do you think they've done to her?"

"Well, what?" I asked, delighted with what Snowdon had said and never dreaming what was coming.

"What they do with all our girls nowadays," he scolded. "They've married her to a pup of a foreigner; a low lived, selfish little beast! Never even brought her back here to her home to give our men a chance."

"I left old Snowdon still scolding and I didn't go back to the matinee party. Sallie may not have believed my note saying I was ill, but I was, and it lasted a long time, too."

"And you have never seen her since?" I asked.

"Never," said Tony, "and I don't want to, either." There was a queer huskiness in his voice as he added, "It's better and wiser that we should never meet."

"Better and wiser," I caught myself murmuring after he had gone. And so there was a real man with a heart that aches and a will that is strong under that flippant, boyish Tony we all know!

# "ASK YOUR FATHER!"

Jack and Janet Go to a Restaurant for Luncheon and Almost Lose Their Appetites

BY TUDOR JENKS

"NOW," asked Mrs. Townsend, when they were settled in their places at the restaurant table, "what shall I order for luncheon?"

"Let me see the bill of fare," Janet said, reaching for it.

"In a minute," Jack answered; "I just want to see what kinds of soup there are."

"I don't want soup," said Janet.

"Neither do I," her mother added.

"But I'd like some," Jack insisted. "Now, here's some of the mullagatwny. What's that like?"

"If you take soup we'll have to sit doing nothing while you eat yours," Janet objected. "And, besides, one portion is more than you can eat, and it will be wasted."

"It won't save it to eat it, any more than to, leave it after it is paid for," was Jack's answer.

"You don't have soup usually at home," his mother remarked.

"That's why I want it. What's the use of going to a restaurant if you just eat what you get at home?"

"You're not here for amusement, but to get some food," Janet observed.

"All right," Jack agreed; "then you can just eat oatmeal with bread and butter. That'll be cheap and filling."

Janet began to look cross.

"Here," Mrs. Townsend said, "let me take the bill of fare. I will order the luncheon." After a moment she looked up. "Suppose, Janet, you and I have some tea and fancy cakes, and for Jack I will order—some baked chicken pie."

"I don't like chicken pie. I'd rather have mock turtle soup and chicken salad and ice cream."

"That's too much," his mother replied, "and it's too expensive."

"Well, then," Jack grumbled, "if I can't have what I want I won't take anything!"

"That's just like you!" Janet exclaimed. "You just go and spoil everything!"

"Well," Jack muttered. "I'm not going to guzzle tea and crumble dried up cake. I'd sooner take chewing gum!"

Mrs. Townsend put down the bill of fare in despair. "I do wish you wouldn't be so troublesome. I'm sure I can't suit you all without ordering a lot of things we don't want. And it is wasting money, too. All we need is a light luncheon so that you will not get too hungry before your dinner." She picked up the bill once more. "Let me see. What do you say to a nice salad with French dressing, and some rolls?"

"Don't like leaves," Jack muttered, while Janet looked equally unhappy, and asked, "Can't we have some dessert?"

"Dessert!" echoed Mrs. Townsend. "Yes, we could.

Suppose we say rice pudding?"

This was the last straw. Jack went down to the depths of despair, and Janet's lower lip began to tremble.

"Well, children," their mother said, "shall I give the order?"

"I'd rather go without anything," was Jack's reply, and he turned indifferently from the table.

"So would I," Janet agreed.

"Have you ordered?" inquired a waiter, approaching briskly.

"Not yet," said Mrs. Townsend. "I'll let you know in just a moment. Come, children, what will you have?"

"You won't let us have what we want," Jack answered, coldly.

"I'm sure I don't know what to do. You suggest ridiculous things and won't say yes to anything else."

"Women don't know what men like for lunch," Jack observed grandly.

"Oh, very well," Mrs. Townsend replied. "We can't wait much longer. Your father wished us to be prompt so as to be in time for the matinee. Now he will be— Here he comes. I'm glad. If you don't like me to order, you can just ask your father."

Mr. Townsend came in briskly, smiling and gay. He made his way to the table, and greeted them affectionately. Then he noted the frost in the air.

"What's the matter?" he inquired. "Luncheon not served? Where's your waiter?"

"We couldn't decide what to have," said Mrs. Townsend. "Janet wanted some ice cream—"

"I didn't say so," Janet interrupted.

"And Jack chose mullagatwny soup!"

"Mock turtle," Jack corrected. "I only asked what mullagatwny?"

"That's neither here nor there," his father remarked, hastily consulting his watch. "And what did you want, my dear?"

"Only a cup of tea," Mrs. Townsend answered, "and some cake."

"That'll never do," her husband said, frowning and shaking his head. Then, rapping sharply on the table, he brought the waiter on the run. "Here, waiter," he said, "bring two portions roast beef, rare, with gravy; mashed potatoes, and have them served quick as you can. We're in a hurry!"

"Yes, sah," replied the waiter, and disappeared with a napkin trailing in the breeze.

"The longer you wait the less you can tell what you want. Roast beef is always in season, makes good red blood, everybody likes it, and, after all, there's nothing better. We've got just 20 minutes. Let's talk of something else."

And so they did.

## STUDIES IN DISCONTENT

By a Woman Who Rebels Against Sacrifice

WOMEN are supposed to be happy only when sacrificing themselves. I have learned that this is not always true. It depends sometimes upon whom the sacrifice is for.

I believe that I am not a particularly selfish woman, and yet I feel as though the sacrifices that I am called upon to perform were crushing me to death. This is, of course, because I did not myself choose the kind of sacrifice. There are other kinds I could have borne.

My husband and I were married late and after a long engagement, made necessary by the fact that he had to support his mother. So when we did marry my mother in law had, of course, to become a member of the establishment. Any other arrangement would have been inhuman. In fact, we could only have been married on this condition.

When we had been married three months my brother in law died suddenly, leaving my sister and her young child with no other shelter in the world but that which we could offer them.

She demands more of her son's time. And my sister is, I think, even more helpless than when she was first a widow. She was not made for responsibility and it seems to me that she has failed utterly in rearing her little son, whom neither my husband nor I consider a lovable child, but regarding whose faults and misdemeanors we are, of course, obliged to keep silent.

We have no children. It would not be wise for us to have any, for there would be no means of feeding and clothing them. So we deny ourselves that supreme joy.

Ought such a sacrifice be demanded of a woman? I know that it ought not.

I believe that a woman should live wholly for her husband and children; that her sacrifices should be all for them, her happiness all in them, and I know that, however narrowly or meagerly, every little family should live alone.

But in what way could I have expressed a protest? What other disposition could we have made of our dependent relatives?

Of course "it may be different some day." I think I have had consolation offered me in just those words. But—we may be old then, Herbert and I. Children should have young, strong, hopeful parents. And as for my husband—after so many years of sharing me with others, of doing without true domesticity, will he not then be permanently weaned? Will he really care very much then for the intimate companionship which marriage ought first of all to imply?

And it is grim to think that after all there is no virtue in what I have done—no "grace," in the religious sense—for I have done it all unwillingly. I have hated every day that I have had to forbear my husband's companionship. I have resented every expenditure that limited the comforts and pleasures that he ought to have. And day and night I have cried out fiercely against the fate that forbids me motherhood.

I wonder if the religious people know this—that there are sacrifices that are too big for the soul and that work evil to it? I wonder if they know that one can be a much sweeter and better woman if one has some legitimate happiness and is not always cramped and thwarted and denied?

### A Home Without Privacy

All of this was five years ago. How many times in that five years do you suppose my husband and I have really been alone together? I can recall only once—when we two went away for a week in the middle of a particularly fortunate summer. So that although we love each other devotedly all reasonable expression of our love is denied. My husband is away all day (we live in the suburbs) and the short and terribly unsatisfactory evenings we four adults spend together! I suppose I have a secret selfish feeling that my sister and my mother in law ought each evening to go to their own rooms, in order to leave my husband and me alone.

But of course I see plainly that this would be an unreasonable demand of a woman who is 70 years old and adores her only son. Yes, and whose only son adores her! And, to the further embittering of my character, is still constantly guided and influenced by her. He knows, of course, that there is no real affection between us two women and it troubles him, because he does not understand.

The situation would be easier to bear if it were growing better, but my mother in law is more exact-

### The Necessary Denial of Motherhood

ing than when we were married. She demands more of her son's time. And my sister is, I think, even more helpless than when she was first a widow. She was not made for responsibility and it seems to me that she has failed utterly in rearing her little son, whom neither my husband nor I consider a lovable child, but regarding whose faults and misdemeanors we are, of course, obliged to keep silent.

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## HOW "THE WIZARD OF OZ" WAS WRITTEN

"IT is quite true that some playwrights have success thrust upon them," said L. Frank Baum, the fairy tale author, whose extravaganza, "The Wizard of Oz," is now in its eighth year and boasts the longest successful run in its class of entertainment.

"The thought of making my fairy tale into a play had never even occurred to me when, one evening, my door bell rang and I found a spectacled young man standing on the mat.

"Mr. Baum?" he inquired.

"Yes," I said, "what can I do for you?"

"I want to write the music for your opera of 'The Wizard of Oz,'" he answered.

"There's a mistake," I said, somewhat stiffly, "The 'Wizard of Oz' is a book."

"But it ought to be a play—an opera or extravaganza or something—and I ought to write the music," he insisted.

"The young man interested me then.

"Come in," said I, more cordially, and he walked into the hallway.

"Have you ever written the score for an opera?" I inquired.

"No," said he, shifting on his feet uneasily, "but I—"

"Ah, I thought not. I'm afraid that—"

"Did you ever write a libretto?" he interrupted.

"Ah—no. But I—"

"Ah, I thought not. But there's no reason why you can't or why I can't write the music," he suggested, easily.

"Take off your coat," said I, "and come into the library. Your name is?"

"Tietjens. Paul Tietjens. I've come from St. Louis to do this work with you," he explained.

"I thought it over for a moment. The idea seemed good, and I wondered I had never thought of it myself. Doubtless I could dramatize my book if I set about it, and the extravaganza suggestion caught my fancy at once. But my visitor was wholly unknown to me, and I hazarded a question as to his musical accomplishments. For answer he sat down at the piano and began to play. It was a minuet, a delicate, dreamy morceau, so dainty in conception, so rippling with melody that I drew a long breath when the last sweet notes died away. It was afterward the famous 'Poppy Chorus' in the 'Wizard of Oz.'"