

WHAT I WOULD TELL A MAN— IF I DARED

BY A PRETTY GIRL



I SHOULD like to tell him that candy, compliments, flowers and hotel dinners are all very well in their way, but they are not essential to my happiness. They are only adjuncts, and indeed they bore me unless the man who offers them can make himself interesting and can appeal in some way to my mind.

What is the use of a dinner at Sherry's or at the Waldorf if it is accompanied by a dull conversation? Better a simple chop in a cafe and an interesting discussion. Of course, I don't mean to say that the New York man is naturally dull; indeed, he is very bright on the money making question.

But I am only an ordinary English girl, and therefore I don't know much about business; I haven't been here long, so I don't know much about the politics of this country; I am sick of the eternal sex question, and on what other topic can the average New Yorker talk, I should like to know? The art and literature of the world have little or no interest for him. He doesn't see the real beauty and poetry of life, because that side of his mind is uncultivated.

His way of making love is distinctly crude. The men of other nations are far ahead of him. I suppose you think this is rather a sweeping statement, but I assure you I am speaking from experience.

He applies the same method to this delicate art as he does to his business; he must get ahead

of the other fellow, and so he hustles through, and before you know where you are he wants to kiss you. When you make yourself an inch taller and turn on him a cold, blank stare he is quite upset and stammers out that you are so English, not a bit like an American girl. I have heard this remark several times, and I take it as a libel on my American sister. I don't believe she likes to be taken by storm any more than an English girl does. Please don't think that I am a prude and that I would never allow any one to kiss me, because if you think that you're wrong. My cold stare merely expressed contempt for his lack of artistic ability. I should like to tell him that he is hopelessly crude and stupidly clumsy.

I haven't met a single American yet who could carry on a subtle flirtation. He has no finesse in this respect. He spends all his ingenuity on making money.

He will tell you that life is short; that he hasn't time for everything. He must concentrate his mind on getting rich, and then learn how to talk to a pretty woman afterward. But afterward is often too late. Is this "getting rich" really worth while? Wouldn't it be better to remain contented with a little

less money and devote a little more time to the cultivation of good manners and a proper appreciation of the really best things in life? What can a man do with his money when he's got it? Only buy a wife, if he hasn't learned how to woo her, and bought wives are likely to be both expensive and unsatisfactory.

I think that complete absorption in business on the part of the New York man is the reason for the extravagance in dress on the part of the New York woman. She appeals entirely to his eye, because she knows he has only time to look at her.

I should like to tell him that if he would only learn to appreciate a gentle voice, a refined manner and a modest style of dress he would be much happier, and that it would be much better for his pocket.

Money Is
Not
the Only Thing

Crude
Love Making
Is a Bore

When the Children Need Punishing

Perplexities of Mothers Over the Eternal Problems
of the Nursery

"WHAT do you suppose Jack's latest is?" asked the mother, tragically. "Yesterday while I was entertaining callers he went to my room, took my new muff from its box and cut all the fur off the ears of the foxhead ornament. What would you do with such a child?" she asked, anxiously.

The kindergarten teacher was calling; so was Jack's uncle; his aunt was present also. She had children of her own, so she felt qualified to speak first.

"Do? Why, punish him severely, of course."

"Of course," repeated the other mother, "but how? That is the question. Should I whip him?"

"You know," said the kindergarten teacher, gently, "that Spencer insists that the reasonable punishment of a wrong act is its own logical result, and that the punishment given by the parent or teacher should simulate the natural result of the offense as closely as possible."

"In fact," said Jack's uncle, "one should 'make the punishment fit the crime,' as the Mikado suggests."

All laughed, except Jack's mother. She shook her head.

"It's all very well for others to be amused at this, but the matter is not funny to me."

"I know," said her brother, "new muffs come high."

"That is not what I mean at all. Naturally, I am very sorry the muff is injured, but what distresses me is the fact that the deed that injured it was one of wanton mischief and wrong doing on the part of my boy. He knew that the furs were a Christmas present to me, that I prized them and that he had no right to touch them. Yet in spite of this he set deliberately to work to ruin them. I should think his love for me, his pleasure in my pleasure would have prevented his doing this."

"You must remember," said the teacher, "that if you punish a child severely he will be afraid to acknowledge a wrong."

"But," urged the aunt, "he has not acknowledged this wrong. It was discovered. So there has been no confession on his part. Were the boy mine I would ask him first if he had done this thing."

"And give him an opportunity to add a lie to his other offense?" asked the brother. "Why inquire? In doing that she mother would be acting a lie, pretending that she did not know who the offender is, when she is certain of it. Jack is no fool, and he would know she was not candid. Children have a keen sense of justice."

"Send him to bed for the rest of the day," urged the other mother. "I find that a good practice. Jack has always loved to cut things up and you have never punished him for it."

"But he never did any real harm before," insisted the mother. "To be sure, he did cut a corner out of the shabby buffalo carriage robe, but as it was old I did not care, so did not reprove the child."

"But children of six years of age do not always discriminate," pleaded the teacher.

"There!" exclaimed the man. "You have hit the nail on the head. You let the first bit of mischief pass unchallenged. You viewed the result, not the destructive spirit back of it. We all do that with our children. Let them do all kinds of things until they annoy us, ourselves, or happen to injure our valuable property, then we punish. You should have begun your discipline sooner."

"But now that I am beginning, how shall I start right?" wailed the mother. "Oh! it is very hard for a mother to have to experiment on her own dear boy!"

"And it's a bit hard on the boy," said the uncle.

"ASK YOUR FATHER!"

BY TUDOR JENKS

"SAY, Janet," Jack exclaimed, looking up from a book he was reading, "I've got just a jimm-dandy idea! You see, I've been reading this story about a boy who had an allowance."

"Well, I don't want any allowance," objected Janet. "Sometimes I don't want any; other times I want a lot, and then I go to mother."

"But it's good to have a regular allowance," Jack insisted, "so you can save it up, and have plenty."

So Jack, full of his new idea, went to find his mother.

"Mother," he said, "I think it would be a mighty good thing if you would let me have a regular allowance."

"What for?" asked Mrs. Townsend.

"Why, boys do in books and that's how they learn to manage money. And I'd like to keep accounts in a little book and put down all I get and all I spend. I like to be orderly."

"Then you might go and put your schoolbooks away," his mother said.

"Pshaw! I don't mean that. I want to learn how a penny saved is two pence clear and many a mickle makes a muckle and all that, you know. How much do you think I ought to have?"

"Thirty-six and a half," remarked Mrs. Townsend to herself.

"A week?" asked Jack.

"No—no. I meant that this waist is thirty-six and a half inches. What are you talking about?"

"I wish you'd pay attention, mother. I think it's time I had a regular sum every week to spend so I can keep accounts. Don't you?"

"Jack, dear, this dress puzzles me so I can't listen to you. Do run away and this evening you can ask your father."

ing about it and first thing they know they have nothing left."

"Very true," Jack, Mr. Townsend answered, cordially. "What is the trouble now? How much do you want?"

"Nothing special, just ten, thank you. But I thought you'd like to put me on an allowance, you know. Then I could look ahead and sort of 'keep the wolf from the door,' and all that."

"I see," Mr. Townsend said, nodding and smiling. "You want to run your own finance department?"

"Yes, sir. That's the idea. If you'll give me a regular sum every week—say every Saturday—"

"H'm! What is today?"

"Saturday," Jack admitted.

"Oh! Well, suppose we start promptly next week?" Jack looked dissatisfied, and his father saw it.

"That doesn't suit you?" Mr. Townsend inquired.

"Why—er—you see, I wanted to begin today. I thought I'd get a nice little red leather account book and make it all ready."

"No need of that," his father said. "Just fold up a sheet of paper and go ahead. Why waste money on an account book?"

"But," Jack objected, "one of my chief ideas was to learn to keep my accounts neatly, and if I had a nice book that would make me careful."

"You might practice by keeping the household accounts for your mother," Mr. Townsend suggested.

"Nobody can keep those straight," said Jack, contentiously. "Why, she forgets what she had and doesn't know where she spent what she doesn't have. There's no good my doing that. I thought you'd like to have me learn how to be tidy and regular and saving, and all that! But if you don't care I'm sure I don't! And when I come to a spendthrift's grave—let me have fifteen or twenty cents to buy a measly little account book—why, don't blame me! That's all!"

GHOSTS

By Ethelyn Leslie Huston

Ashes and dust and wreckage,
Flotsam of wasted days,
The leaf unread and the word un-
said—
And the debt that memory pays!

The flower without fruition,
The sheaf without the grain.
The long years spent and the good
intent
And the garner year of pain!

The owl that hoots in the shadow,
The night that is creeping near,
The silent Fates, and the closing
gates,
And the hooded form of Fear!

Men Who Have Opened Their Hearts to Me BY A YOUNG WIDOW

HE was an old man, the type that might be known as a "cheerful drinker." That is, he never let it interfere with his work—he was city editor of a paper I did "specials" for—and was perfectly content to be as he was, and perfectly frank about it. He had an infectious laugh that kept everybody near him in good humor. I never saw him unhappy unless he was thoroughly sober. I thought he was a man of many friends at first, but soon discovered that few of those who told him their troubles and received help—generally financial—knew anything about the old fellow.

He and I stayed on in the office one night after everybody else had left, I to finish a "special" and he to clip unnecessary punjab, smoke his interminable pipe, and—to tell me his story.

"I know you think I'm nothing but a sorry old dog," he said, after he had maneuvered for a start "but I'd like to make you see that we don't all go down without being knocked down."



SHE LET HIM KEEP THE LOCK OF HAIR.

"I fought in the civil war and was wounded (I got my brevet as colonel for that) and was shipped home. Our train was within a few miles of our town, and my heart was nearly hammering my ribs out—for there was a girl there—in the town. She had my ring and I a lock of her hair. Well, the train was wrecked. I escaped, but others were killed. Her brother—we'd fought side by side—was pinned under a mass of rails and ties and wreckage. The wreckage was on fire, and he was—alive."

The old man very carefully laid down his pipe here. He needed to, for his hand was quivering.

"He screamed—high and piercing, like a woman—and begged us to kill him. It was absolutely hopeless for us to try to get the wreckage off—in time. And the flames—as if they were planned in hell—they were just keeping off—just leaving life enough to be agonized by them."

"I tried to turn away, but it seemed to me that the circle of blinding fire around that man was around me as pitilessly and impellingly. And then he screamed again for death and writhed around so that he faced me. His arm was free, with the mark of the bullet in the hand that he'd got at Bull Run, and he just stretched it out and said, 'Dan, we were mates.'"

"I stood like stone one instant more, looking into the look in his eyes—that look—God!—then I moved. It seemed to me that I was stiff and ages slow and that I moved like a log and was far, far away, but they say it was all done before they knew it was to be done. I seized an ax from a wrecker's hand and sprang up on a burning tie and swung the ax—and that ended that look."

After a while he went on: "No one told her that it was I who did it. She was grateful—yes, grateful—but did not know to whom. But the first welcome, the first embrace and kiss, showed me that I'd have to tell her, that I couldn't marry her with that between us a secret."

"I had her in my arms when I told her, and I remember how her flesh quivered—yes, shuddered—back from me, as if it acted by itself and felt itself the horror. She tried, tried bravely for weeks, but whenever I touched her that shudder came—so. She let me keep the lock of hair, though," and the warped old fingers slipped inside his coat.

"That's why. There is generally a reason for a man's just lying inert at his lowest level. I have capabilities you never dreamed of, but you'll have a career and I'll die city editor of a country paper, never doing a lick I don't have to do to hold my job—and contradicting myself by being faithful in that. I do the easiest thing, for I've only one real thing to do, and that is—keep that face away—stop feeling that shudder. I can't stand that face. I can't stand that shudder. So when I'm not working I drink."

"But, Colonel," I cried in amazement, "what about your daughter?"

He laughed then. "I was born that way," he said. "It's the line of least resistance. And then it helps—to keep away the face too—and that's all I can look for, I guess, till the end comes. Then—I wonder."

STUDIES IN DISCONTENT

By a Woman Who Cannot Love Her Husband
Because He Is a Tyrant

MY discontent is inherent in the world's attitude toward me, for even in America, where woman has more nearly emancipated herself, my position is little better than an African savage girl's who is chosen for a mate by a man who knocks her on the head with a club. In America he knocks us on the heart instead of on the head—that is, after matrimony. The conventions require me to act, to pretend to be contented. When my husband is discourteous or unkind, when his manners are bad, his spirit ungentle, I run the risk of being called "naggy" if I tell him so.

My husband has all these distasteful qualities, and I must either silently endure them or make a frightful scene by bringing them to his notice. I loved this man and I wanted to be able to take his hand and talk to him of these defects in our life. I would be quite willing for him to treat my faults in the same way. Instead, he takes his hat and flies out of the house, throwing back to me at the same time the remark that I was fairly well pleased with him before I married him. He never once considered that if I had seen a sign of this nature in him there would have been no marriage.

Along with all this is his intense jealousy. I am not permitted to talk pleasantly with any other man without being accused of being "half way in love already." He never once considers that another man is likely to give me the consideration that he gave me before I became his wife, and that I am only human and crave congenial companionship.

After my day has been given up to the children and household duties I feel it is my due to have some one to talk to. The best and truest love of my heart was given to this man, because I had respect and confidence in him. I wanted to be proud of him, to wear the chains of his affection and hug them close to my bosom, let them hurt if they must. But I wanted to feel that in doing that I was being a victor. I am far from that. I am among the vanquished!

After the babies came I found my pleasure in them and put all disloyal thoughts away from me. Now they are at an age when they do not need my constant thoughts, and I've tried to "find myself" in some work that would interest me. I was fairly success-

ful with my pen and would send articles to various magazines and frequently have them accepted. When my husband would find it out he would not only scoff at their style, but go into a rage and say he would not have his wife making the world think that he could not support her! So after a time I gave that up. Domesticity palls on me frightfully, yet in spite of that my house is in order, my children are carefully mothered and I have too much time for thinking.

I know that I would be a far happier woman if I could be encouraged in finding congenial work; nothing in the least undignified, but some sort of outlet for my unhappiness. I know that my life is a failure. We can talk about living our lives over again in those of our children, but for a woman on the sunny side of 40, not a homely one, to give up her individuality, to resign her ambitions when what she wants will injure no one, is old fashioned and out of date. We do not take a back seat, wear caps and knit at 40 nowadays. Instead we ought really to begin to live. I see life with a clear eye, unbiased and unprejudiced, and I want my chance.

I feel that I am really steeped in immorality. For any woman who is the wife of a man whom she regards as I do mine is immoral. In my husband's business it is necessary for me to bow to the conventions common to the social code, and I do. It seems to wither my soul to live the lie that I do every hour of the 24. I want to be able to live my life in my own way cleanly, discreetly, but broadly and according to my own ideas of right. Under considerations of that kind I could develop into something worth while.

What I want is the chance to be a "pal" to my husband, to have him confer with me on matters of importance, as he did before I was his wife and the mother of his children.

I want a not too meager allowance. I want equality in the home and before my children, who are getting to an age where they notice "father's" attitude toward "mother." Or I want the chance to find my happiness in work, fine uplifting work of some kind. Give me that and I feel sure that I will develop into a contented woman.

PICKED UP ABROAD

American Travelers Tell The Call Some of the Trying
Experiences They Had While in Europe

"OF course, it usually pays to have a good acquaintance with a foreign language," said an American who returned the other day from a long automobile tour in Europe; "but an experience of mine convinces me that dense ignorance of all languages except your own sometimes pays."

"We were on our way up through the Black Forest. The automobile, a 'forty Mercedes, was giving a good account of itself, and with our crew of two men, a driver and a machinist, we had been able to avoid unnecessary delays, the latter's sole duty being to keep the car in good shape. One of our men was a Frenchman and the other was an Englishman, but neither spoke a word of German. The friend who was with me and I both spoke enough of the language to make our wants known."

"Going into Offenburg the road descends a steep hill, fine for coasting, and therefore tempting to the chauffeur. Ours had, however, been thoroughly posted, as to the nature of the German signs against the top of the hill. When I saw one of the "Automobilien! langsam fahren!" signs flash past I shouted angrily to the driver, but before he got the brake down another sign, reading 'Stunde geschwindigkeit 20 k., flew by. This meant that we had been going about three times the official limit."

"People came running out of the houses, and in the market place in the distance I could see a great crowd gathering. We soon dropped to a snail's pace, but when we got to the market place no fewer than six policemen, backed by a crowd of five hundred people, blocked the way."

"The policemen addressed the driver and then the machinist, but all they got in reply was French and English! 'Pretend to know no German,' my friend whispered to me."

"One of the policemen, evidently a sergeant, demanded of us what we meant by exceeding the speed laws and delivered a long harangue, the gist of which was that we had laid ourselves liable to arrest, a heavy fine and perhaps detention. My friend and I shook our heads. The policeman regarded us in amazement. Finally one of the crowd, who said he had once lived in Third avenue, came up and questioned us."

"You are in a fix," he told us. "The last Americans who were here had to pay a fine of one hundred marks and were kept here two days. However, I will see what I can do."

"He turned to the policeman who had addressed us. 'They are Americans—high officials in their country,' he said. 'They do not speak German and they are sorry they broke the law!'

"Ach! Americans!" rejoined the policeman, throwing up his hands. 'Then they do not know any better. Let them go,' he said to the others, and they immediately cleared the way. I threw some ten pfennig pieces at the boys in the crowd and while they were scrambling for them we sped away to the Bahnhof hotel."

"WHY is it that passengers get away from a steamship so much more quickly at any European port than they do from a New York or Hoboken pier?" was asked of the general passenger manager of one of the great steamship companies upon his return the other day from a tour of inspection that took in most of the principal offices of the company in Europe.

"Not having to make a customs declaration and the fact that in the eyes of the law over there all men are not liars," was the quick reply.

"When an American comes back from abroad he has to sign a paper stating whether he is bringing back anything dutiable. If he says he is not his word is questioned, and he has to wait upon the pier until all his baggage has been assembled, and then submit cheerfully while each trunk, valise or bundle is opened and its contents tumbled out in an effort to prove him a liar."

"In Europe, on the contrary, if one looks honest, one's word is generally taken, and the examination is perfunctory. Usually the inspector asks that one



ITS CONTENTS TUMBLED OUT, IN AN EFFORT TO PROVE HIM A LIAR.

piece of baggage be opened, and after deprecating dive into one corner of the same he closes the lid carefully, chalks something upon every piece, and bows, and you feel as if you were being welcomed. However, it must not be forgotten that everywhere they are constantly on the lookout for cigars, cigarettes and tobacco. Occasionally an American who doesn't understand the language of the country becomes a liar innocently, and immediately feels the weight of the law. I had such an experience when I landed at Naples.

"In Italy anything made of tobacco is comprehended in the question 'Tabacco?' which the customs officers puts to you. I didn't realize this, and when the inspector, who had laid his hands on one of my valises, put the question, I answered 'No.' Over here, when we speak of 'tobacco' we think of smoking or chewing tobacco."

"The inspector smiled and directed that the valise be opened. Inside were two boxes containing, together, forty-four cigars. He promptly grabbed them and explanations didn't go. After some jabbering I was made to understand that I would have to pay seven lire (\$1.40) duty, and a fine of five lire for smuggling. This aroused my ire, and I told them to keep the blanked old cigars. This, however, they declined to do. They needed the money, so I had to pay up. If I had had sense enough to declare the cigars I would not have had to pay any duty, I learned later."

In the Hospital

By Josephine Wells Richardson

THE window nearest to my bed
Looks out into a waving tree—
A tree that bows and nods its head
And seems to try to speak to me.

The grass and flowers I have not seen
This summer, though I sometimes try—
Only a little bit of green
Once when they held my head up high.

But everybody is so kind,
And if I cry it makes them sad,
So I pretend that I don't mind
The times my leg is hurting bad.

Today it happened very queer,
A lovely lady came to see
Another little boy in here
Who's hurt a good deal worse than me.