

# California Women Who Think

## You Want Your Husband to Shine---Where and How?



### Should Shine in His Home

Mrs. M. G. Fritz, 142 Sixth Street, Ashland, Oregon

Are you happily married? Why? If not, why not? How did he attract you at first? How does he disappoint you? Why are you happy when other women are miserable because their husbands are ungenial? Where and how do you want your husband to shine?

These questions I have copied from The Call's symposium. There are a good many of them, and the answering of them is not such a simple matter as it looks. The former symposium on "Where does a man want his wife to shine?" was more easily answered, for the writer was the court of last resort. One can much more easily and surely speak for others than for themselves, when the other is a "mere man." In any case, he would not consider it of enough importance to deny it, even if he read it and applied it to himself—a most unlikely thing, especially the latter. If he did, no one would believe him, for this is pre-eminently the woman's age, and the so-called, or, more truly, the late "lords of creation," must perforce stand aside and watch the procession go on without them. (Quite probably they will console themselves with the reflection that it won't get anywhere without them, but "that is another story.")

This symposium, however, touches a personal note that might more easily produce a jangling discord than "the music of the spheres," while the woman who rushes into print with her marital grievances is in danger of qualifying as a female "Dagberry," as one woman did who broke into a magazine some time ago with an article on "Why I Would Not Marry My Husband if I Had It to Do Over Again." She gave various reasons, ending with the perhaps unconscious bit of humor, "he would not ask me if I were single," and from the revelation of her character as evidenced by her "reasons" he would have been all kinds of a simpleton if he had read it.

For these reasons I hope that the women who wish to take the reading public into their confidence on this subject will do so anonymously, unless they are qualifying for a residence in St. Louis, Paris or Reno, or whatever other city is being substituted for those cities, for the unexpected is always happening—some husband may read them. It is not likely, but still it is possible, and it may hurt his feelings to the extent of making him slau the door extra hard when he goes out, winking the baby or knocking down grandma's picture or something unbecomingly, which is sure to cause his wife a great deal of unhappiness.

In the first place, happiness is a relative term, meaning one thing to one person and something very different to another. (I have said this before, but it is true enough to bear repeating.) Marriage is an institution which

**YOU WANT YOUR HUSBAND TO SHINE—HOW? WHERE?**

What is it you care for most in the man you love? What has led you to choose him above all others? These are questions every woman who loves some one man can answer. And where is the woman who has never been in love?

Every girl has, whether she knows it or not, a deep rooted belief in the inevitable coming into her life of some man, and she invariably clothes the illusory figure in all the glories of the ideal. He has everything but a halo. How many of you have found out the real truth about the ideal? Does the ideal man really exist?

If you have found him, tell us what constitutes his exalted estate. If you have not only found him, but married him, tell us how he wears. There is nothing like marriage for assuring the golden ideal. If you are happy, tell why you are. What is it your husband possesses that places him head and shoulders above the common horde? If you are not happily married, where is the lack? In what way has he fallen short of your girlhood dreams?

These are questions any woman can answer. The Sunday Call is awarding each week two prizes of silverware for the two best letters received. You may be just as capable of winning one of the prizes as the next person. Why don't you try it and see? Silverware is always a welcome acquisition. There are no conditions attached and the prize winning letters are chosen for their cleverness and originality. Don't delay. Make your entry today. Address all communications to the Symposium Editor, The Call, San Francisco.

AWARDED A SILVER COLD MEAT FORK

### The Man I Want to Marry

Cortane Clifford, 729 Jones Street, San Francisco

The man I want to marry must be a big, clean, whole hearted business man, preferably a western product, for the vital man comes from the west.

His qualities must first attract, the foremost being a kind heart. He must have just enough sentiment about him to make his wife big and whole hearted also; he must be strong when she needs his strength, helpful when she needs his advice; he must dominate her by a strong, overpowering love, whose mastery she is unconscious of; he must show deep consideration and appreciation toward women and possess the moral courage to speak his own convictions, and the strength to carry them out.

Professionally, he must possess "force"; be self-made, crisply direct, principled and aggressive; not the candy giving, theater providing kind, but the practical, dollar pulling string. A producer, for he is endowed by nature with qualities for two.

His attitude toward woman in general must be reverential and considerate; he must treat his wife as a companion, one who feels and understands and respects his step, with him when necessity demands; encourage her individuality; respect her rights as an equal; treat her candidly as man to man, not as a clinging, dependent doll from whom he must be freed; his everyday life must be hidden. He must accept, not scoff at her logic; teach her to philosophize on human life from a man's broad standpoint, for woman is by nature a

AWARDED A SILVER OLIVE SPOON

### My Rock of Gibraltar

Mrs. R. A. Howard, 1700 Ward Street, Berkeley

The symposium page was full of good things yesterday, and if every woman who read it enjoyed it half so much as I did there were surely many appreciative hearts. Verily, California women who think are coming to the fore with their opinions in answer to The Call's continued queries on these subjects of such vital interest to its feminine readers.

What woman did not say to herself when she saw the latest question propounded by the symposium editor, "Here I shall be treading on firm ground. I shall know my subject thoroughly." "You want your husband to shine: Where? How?" Need there be any cogitation? Does not every woman know the very reason why she chose her husband to be her life companion from among all the men of her acquaintance? For there is always some specific trait which most commends her to his affection, and which she would not care to part with. It may be his absolute truthfulness in matters both great and small which led me to place in his hands my life's happiness, and I have never for one moment regretted my step.

I had known my husband (whom I shall call Robert for the sake of convenience) for some time before I became engaged to him. During our acquaintance I had been most favorably impressed by his unswerving regard for truth, both in business and in friendship. It is a well known and universally acknowledged fact that men are more truthful than women, much to the shame of our sex. Women are not untruthful intentionally, but are not duly impressed with the magnitude of the offense. However, most men would not scruple to tell what is possibly called a fib, but my husband would not deviate from truth's narrow path by the fraction of a hair's breadth. To him there are but two direct answers to all direct questions, "Yes" and "No."

I am going to tell of an incident which occurred during our engagement days, and which but tended to strengthen my already staunch love for him who was to be my husband.

Six months before the date set for our wedding a young man of wealth, education, social prestige and undeniably good looks asked me to become his wife. He had asked me on several occasions to go out with him and I had always refused. Finally, although my engagement had not been formally announced, I told him that I could not accept any attentions from him, as I was engaged to be married. It was then that he told me of his love for me and asked me to break my engagement and give him the chance to win my love. Strive as I would to check his speech, all efforts were useless. There he stood before me, handsome and polished, and many a girl would have been flattered. But there arose before me a picture of Robert, six feet two in height, with 200 pounds evenly distributed over his enormous frame, his broad shoulders thrown back and his clear, brown eyes looking unflinchingly into mine. I asked myself if his uncompromising honesty would permit him even to think of my becoming his wife had he known of my engagement, and quick as a flash came the answer, "Never." Yet that other man had not only thought, but had actually spoken. He did not accept my refusal, but sent a relative to plead his cause and also to tell me that, if I accepted, his love, his patience, his tenderness, his mighty power to cope victoriously with all the problems which confront him and his determination to surmount all the obstacles which rise before him, make him for me a tower of strength, a veritable rock of Gibraltar.

### Shining Unnecessary Qualification

Miss Barclay, Lake Shore, Oakland

Last June my brother brought his little southern bride out to visit me. One Sunday we were all of us seated out on the big front porch, looking over The Sunday Call. It was the one containing a picture of all those women artfully seated on pedestals. I held the picture up to my brother with, "Where do you want your wife to shine?" He looked at the pale, frail, little creature he had made his wife and said solemnly: "In the kitchen."

I frowned. "No, really, I mean it. The paper is giving prizes for the best answers." He took the paper and looked at it reflectively. "I can employ a good cook. I can buy all the books I want to read. I can hear a good lecture 'most any time for a dollar.' He eliminated the women one by one. "When you don't want your wife to shine at all!" He shook his head. "No, I want her to be just a comfortable home body, with enough attainments to hold her own when she comes in contact with the world."

And so it went. I don't think I want him to shine at all. Shining objects are sometimes hard. I have met a few brilliant men in my life, and some of them seemed mighty



### Our Spanish Lesson

SEXTA LECCION DE ESPAÑOL (Sixth Lesson in Spanish)

The Spanish language has three conjugations; the first part, called the root, never changes; but the final part, called the termination, changes often, except in irregular verbs; these have little change in the root; also several auxiliary verbs, which I shall explain later, so as to avoid confusion.

The first conjugation is "ar," like "amar"—"to love." The second conjugation is "er," like "temer"—"to fear." The third conjugation is "ir," like "partir"—"to divide."

#### IRREGULAR VERB VERBO "ALMOZAR"—TO TAKE BREAKFAST

Spanish	Pronunciation	English
Yo almuerzo en el hotel	eeo ahl-moo-ayr-zo	I take breakfast
El (ella) almuerza en el restaurant	ehl ahl-moo-ayr-zah	he (she) takes breakfast
Usted almuerza en el hotel	oost-ayd ahl-moo-ayr-zah	you take breakfast
Nosotros almorzamos nosotros	ahl-mor-zah-mos	we take breakfast
Vosotros almorzais en vosotros	ahl-mor-zah-mos	you (pl.) take breakfast
Ellas (ellos) almuerzan en la Universidad	ahl-moo-ayr-ees zah	they take breakfast

#### VERBO "CENAR"—TO TAKE SUPPER (First Conjugation)

Spanish	Pronunciation	English
Yo cenó	eeo thay-no	I take supper
El (ella) cena	ehl thay-nah	he (she) takes supper
Usted cena	oost-ayd thay-nah	you take supper
Nosotros cenamos	nosotros thay-nah-mos	we take supper
Vosotros cenais	vosotros thay-nah-ees	you (pl.) take supper
Ellos (ellas) cenan	ayee-yahs thay-nahn	they take supper.

#### VERBO "COMER"—TO TAKE DINNER (Second Conjugation)

Spanish	Pronunciation	English
Yo como	eeo como	I take dinner
El (ella) come	ehl co-may	he (she) takes dinner
Vd come	oost-ayd co-may	you take dinner
Nosotros comemos	nosotros co-may-mos	we take dinner
Vosotros coméis	vosotros co-may-ees	you (pl.) take dinner
Ellos (ellas) comen	ayee-yos co-mayn	they take dinner

#### CONVERSATION

Mañana yo cenaré (future) en casa del Principe X—(the house of the Prince X—).

Ayer yo almorcé (past) con la señora D. (with the lady D).

Hoy yo como (present) con mi padre (with my father).

¿A que hora come Ud? Yo como a las seis de la noche.

¿A que hora almuerza Ud? Yo almuerzo a la siete de la mañana.

¿A que hora cenan Vds (plural)? Nosotros cenamos a media noche.

¿Que hora es? (What time is it?)

#### RECAPITULATION

Spanish	Pronunciation	English
es medio día	ays may-dee-deah	it is 12 o'clock (noon)
es la una	ays lah oo-nah	it is 1 o'clock
son las dos	son lahs dos	it is 2 o'clock
son las tres	son lahs trays	it is 3 o'clock
son las cuatro	son lahs coo-ah-tro	it is 4 o'clock
son las cinco	son lahs thenc-co	it is 5 o'clock
son las seis	son lahs say-ees	it is 6 o'clock
son las siete	son lahs see-ay-tay	it is 7 o'clock
son las ocho	son lahs och-o	it is 8 o'clock
son las nueve	son lahs noo-ay-vay	it is 9 o'clock
son las diez	son lahs dee-ays	it is 10 o'clock
son las once	son lahs on-thay	it is 11 o'clock
es media noche	ays may-deeah no-chay	it is 12 o'clock (mid-night)
medio—media	may-dee—may-dee-ah	half
sexta	sax-tah	sixth
almorzar (verb)	ahl-morzahr	to take breakfast
el almuerzo	ehl ahl-moo-ayr-zo	the breakfast
comer (verb)	co-mayr	to take dinner
la comida	lah comee-dah	the dinner
cenar (verb)	thay-nahr	to take supper
la cena	lah thay-nah	the supper
aquí	ah-kee	here

SUZANNE GODARD.

### Only a Blacksmith, But---

Heater L. Hartley, San Leandro

Deep in the heart of every woman lives the image of an ideal man; that is, of course, an ideal according to her own standard—an ideal whose grandeur is measured by the caliber of the woman herself, and so, unless there be a spark of true greatness in her own makeup, none will be mirrored in "his." But we are living in so commercial, so competitive an age, and so fierce has the struggle for individual supremacy become that many a woman of really noble characteristics forms a warped conception of what constitutes true and perfect manhood.

She would have her husband a Wall Street dictator or the greatest of all statesmen, or perhaps, a foreigner, the proud possessor of a string of titles. She would have him shine resplendent with the glory of power or of achievement; she would have him reach the very topmost pinnacle of fame that she might be the most envied of all women.

But let me sketch you my ideal: He is a real, live man, and one whom the world, perhaps, counts a failure, or would if it took any notice of him whatsoever.

The only son of a formerly wealthy southern family, he is college bred, but now in middle life is earning a livelihood as "the village blacksmith" of an obscure mountain town.

Taking the law course at college, he started

life with the towering ambition to become the greatest lawyer and politician of the age. But he soon discovered that to realize his ambition he needs must use methods which, try as he might, he could not reconcile with his standard of right; and so he stepped right "down and out," to make an "honest living with his hands."

He is only a blacksmith, but his name is a synonym for perfect integrity and honorable dealing. Every man is his brother, and his kindly smile and democratic manner have won him staunch friends among the simple country folk.

Ever cheerful and patient, his whole presence radiating fraternal love, he is the confidant of all in trouble, and his advice, often sought, is always fraught with his favorite dogmatism, "right."

His family is his only pride, and no queen ever received greater homage than his wife. To him, she is perfection and entitled to every respect and attention that can be given her.

He is only a blacksmith, but he has a nature full of the joy of living, full of patience and simple endeavor, full of purity and love and broad charity and hope.

He is only a blacksmith, but he is living up to the highest and best that is in him.

And this is my idea of the ideal man.

### Words of Appreciation

Symposium Editor, San Francisco Call: I tell you how much I appreciated the cream ladle you awarded and sent to me so promptly. It is a beautiful piece of silver. I am more than pleased with it.

ETHEL B. DUINP. Palo Alto.

### The Ideal of a Young Girl

Katherine Schweitzer, 234 Haight Street, San Francisco

Where do women want their husbands to shine? Now, naturally, we all have our own ideas. I am young, unmarried, and people all say: "Wait until you become older and wiser, and your ideal is not to be found." Nevertheless, I will journey through life hunting for him.

If a woman's husband is a business man, she wants him to shine in business, to be bright, accurate and industrious. A woman likes to look up to a man with pride and think he is above the average man.

A young girl usually says her husband must be very courteous, a prince among men; but in the end she may marry a poor working man anything but handsome—in her eyes he is everything she wanted. Of course, this is a case of love. There are exceptions where a girl marries for money and social position.

### Not Many Like Her Man

D. M. D., 2903 Broadway, Alameda

Replying categorically to your questions relative to "Where do I want my husband to shine?"

Do you want your husband to shine? Yes. Where? In domesticity.

How? By exemplary habits.

I attribute our happiness partly to our home training; partly to the fact that there is little difference in our ages, and we therefore have similar tastes; partly because we were past the romantic age—which endows the beloved with all the attributes of a superhuman being; when married, therefore had no broken ideals and no air castles tumbling down.

My husband is considerate, honest, generous to a fault, patient (until "patience ceases to be a virtue"—then look out) and industrious. He is not highly educated, has no "high