

For the Woman Who Thinks and Feels

You and Barbara

THE personal element is not rigidly excluded from our pages. We have not felt it necessary to eliminate the "you" and "I." We talk to one another as woman to woman; we meet on common ground. It is our theory that we all benefit by an intimacy that speaks out freely to you, and we in turn welcome your hearty response and your frank criticism. Without this personal touch it were not possible to tear up and to shake free of their earth and dust all of the deeply rooted things that interest us in common.

Into this intimate circle, already fired by the red coals of live discussion, we now introduce the intrepid Barbara Lee, who will take up the cudgel in the name of all that is womanly. Hers is a daring nature, a sane outlook and a radical pen. With her there is neither fear nor hesitation when she aims for the right, and the arrows from her bow are rarely misdirected. She talks with us today on "After Marriage."

After Marriage



ANY woman in her blessed singleness are wont to consider marriage as another name for paradise. To them it is one long blissful honeymoon and the joyous continuous performance of happy courtship days. Now, as a matter of fact, there are endless disappointments for the romantic woman who dons the orange blossoms with this dyed-in-the-wool conception of marriage. It is anything but the endless love-making that the two accessories before the fact promise to the world in general and to each other in particular.

To you, my trembling bride, let me suggest a few stern, cold facts that will confront you after marriage. You probably will scorn to accept them, and, sustained by an unfaltering trust, will place your finger through the ring. But in the days after the honeymoon, when you are settling into the grooves of everyday life, you will remember that in the dim past you heard something of

a warning from a friend.

In the first place, you will awaken to the fact one day that your husband is no longer your lover—just a very mortal man, with very mortal traits. It is true that love is your meter, but do not be surprised if your husband accept it as a part of his life and evince quite as much interest in the rise and fall of stocks or the influence of the attitude of Congress on the sale of his own brand of glue.

You, no doubt, would be entranced at the prospect of uninterrupted lovemaking, but your husband would be bored. Bored. The very ordinary man is built on another plan, and the best thing to do is to accept the fact philosophically.

Man is proverbially selfish; his husband especially. He will want his meals with unromantic precision, and instead of your loving kisses he will demand your witty regard for his dislikes and his preferences. At the breakfast table your husband will prefer good cooking and his morning paper to any little tete-a-tete. But do not sob and wail over your disappointment. Be sensible. Accept conditions as they are, and be happier for it.

In the evening after a very busy day, he will expect a smiling, pretty wife, minus all recitals of domestic trials. If he cannot have this, your faithful John will suddenly discover that he must see

Blank about fixing up a little business matter. You will wring your little hands in solitary despair.

Those little hands which he declared to be the dearest things in the world, and far too beautiful to perform any menial task, will be called upon to do a number of things. The hardening process for yours! Your eyes, into the deep blue of which his soul was "drowned" (or, at least that's what he said) at each fond gaze, will be opened to a few straight-from-the-shoulder facts about your husband.

Now, what are you going to do about it? There is a futility in the wringing of your hands and the emphasis of sackcloth and ashes in your outfit. Brace up and at least let the knowledge that a husband is human dawn upon an intellect that need not feel the disruption of a first terrible shock.

This is not cynicism. It is common sense, for which blessing many a young wife will be saved useless tears and foolish awakenings. When you marry there is an exchange of your uncertain wooing lover for a sure and very human husband. Each one is very fine in his place, but—well, it seems hardly necessary to suggest the fact that the two are not interchangeable. And, after all, a husband is a mighty good thing to have around the house!

BARBARA LEE.

The Widow Jameson



A WIDOW has a pretty hard life in this village, I can tell you.

If she stays at home, she is nursing her grief; if she goes out within the six months' limit, she does not show proper respect for the departed.

If she is seen speaking with an unmarried man or a widower, then all is settled—she has intentions! The shameless creature! If an unknown of the gender masculine happens upon the scene, life immediately becomes interesting in the village.

Now, there was the Widow Jameson. The Jamesons came from the western part of the state. They bought the old Messinger house, had it repaired and lived retired until Mr. Jameson's death six months later, and the widow with her young daughter continued to live in our village.

Even old Miss Turner could find no fault with Widow Jameson's demeanor during the season of bereavement. The days passed by, nothing occurred to disturb the placid flow of village life until one autumn evening a middle-aged man stepped off the train and asked to be directed to Mrs. Jameson's home. The seller of tickets politely asked him to wait until he had closed the office, as his way lay in that direction.

"Dull day, ain't it? Looks like more rain. So wet where you hail from?"

"Yes," replied the stranger, "we have had a good deal of rain."

"Mebby not from these parts, are you?"

"No, I am not."

"Seems to me I mind seeing a man that looked considerable like you down at the Buckley county fair last week. His name was Mervin; he was selling some patent arrangement. I'll be blamed if you're not that very fellow."

"No," said the unknown. "I come from further west."

"Guess you'll not take it amiss if I ask you what you follow."

"Not at all, my friend. I am an instructor in pomology."

"O, yes; that's nice, I reckon. Well, here's the widow's. Glad to make your acquaintance. Good-by."

The Sunday paper was not so popular at the village breakfast table next morning. Dame Gossip is an early riser. The cornucopia needed no syrup, the breakfast food no cream.

Miss Turner ran across the street into Mrs. McClay's kitchen, as that good

lady was likely to be the only one in the town who hadn't heard.

"What do you think of it? I couldn't sleep a wink all night. I watched. It was nearly 12 when she outened the light. You know there isn't any train out after 10:30. You know there isn't any hotel. He stayed, he stayed! I'm sure he stayed. What'll we do? Oh, the disgrace! I can't go to church and face the men folks. The character of our village is gone."

"For heaven's sake, Sally Turner, what are ye tryin' to stir up? Who is it that stayed? Is it crazy ye are?"

"Indeed, I'm pretty near it; this will send me to bed yet. Oh, my! oh, my! Didn't you hear? Didn't Mike tell you? He—oh, I'm so out of breath—a man got off the train last night and went straight to Widow Jameson's. He—stayed all night, and—ye know Rose is not home! Oh, what will we do? Poor Mr. Jameson dead only seven months, too. I've noticed how she's been putting out her hair of late, and Miss Snell said she was wanting her to fix new crepe on her hat."

"Mrs. McClay, busy wiping her dishes, remarked: 'Maybe it's her brother, she—'

"Deed it isn't; deed it isn't. She told me with her own lips she had none," eagerly interrupted Miss Turner.

"Was he gude appearing? Hope it is dark he is. She has such a fair, baby sweet face, I always feel like—"

"Dark or fair ain't nothing to do with it. You never take anything to heart, Annie McClay. You don't seem to realize we're responsible for all our women sex—and she a good standing member in your church, too. Think of the example she sets for your off-springs. Land sakes alive! here she comes herself, right up the walk, all smiling and pert. To think I'd ever have to go through this! Annie McClay, she's coming—right—in your gate!"

A cheery voice sounded at the door.

"Good morning, Mrs. McClay. Isn't this a delightful day? I dropped in to see whether you would take my class in Sunday school this morning. My nephew from California came last night. We were childhood playmates, being nearly the same age. Indeed, he's the only brother I've ever known. His wife and children are coming this evening. You'll take my class, I'm sure; I can see it in your eyes. Thank you, so, so much. Good-by."

Rock Me To Sleep

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time, in your flight, Make me a child again just for tonight! Mother, come back from the echoless shore, Take me again to your heart as of yore; Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care, Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair; Over my slumbers your loving watch keep— Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years! I am so weary of toil and of tears— Toil without recompense, tears all in vain— Take them and give me my childhood again! I have grown weary of dust and decay— Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away; Weary of sewing for others to reap— Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue, Mother! O, mother! my heart calls for you! Many a summer the grass has grown green, Blossom'd, and faded our faces between, Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain Long I tonight for your presence again. Come from the silence so long and so deep— Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown, No love like mother-love ever has shone; No other worship abides and endures— Faithful, unselfish and patient like yours: None like a mother can charm away pain From the sick soul and the world-weary brain, Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep— Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold Fall on your shoulders again as of old; Let it drop over my forehead tonight, Shedding my faint eyes away from the light; For with its sunny-edged shadows once more Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore: Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep— Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long— Since I last listen'd your lullaby song: Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem Womanhood's years have been only a dream. Clasp'd to your heart in a loving embrace, With your light lashes just sweeping my face, Never hereafter to wake or to weep— Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

The STARE-CAT



"STARE-CAT! Stare-cat!" Haven't you heard the other children yell it after you when you were little and disagreeable? And haven't you gloried in calling it viciously from behind a concealing tree after your dearest foe?

Don't you recall a very naughty day—when your mother would positively have whipped you if you'd done one thing more—how you, a small, ugly little child, called "Stare-cat!" at the top of your voice after a nice-looking lady who chanced to glance in your direction with the self-possession to which you had not yet attained?

The stare habit is a most disconcerting one, and children object just as strenuously to it even now. Bring forth the angel-faced child who will develop wings while you wait, when forced into the center of an admiring (staring) throng of grown-ups! He will rather turn Titan and exercise his strength to the discredit of the parents who have lately thrust him forth triumphant, but who now drag him out disconsolate.

Children take in their superiors in age—with a wondering and a disconcerting gaze which, however it may strike us at the moment, is to be more readily grappled with than the apparent curiosity of our equals in years.

We stare, as a people, more than we realize. We don't exactly turn round and look after one another; something usually prevents our standing still to stare; but we are, by no means, so plain as we proclaim our anxiety to delve into the mystery and exercise his strength to the discredit of the parents who have lately thrust him forth triumphant, but who now drag him out disconsolate.

Children take in their superiors in age—with a wondering and a disconcerting gaze which, however it may strike us at the moment, is to be more readily grappled with than the apparent curiosity of our equals in years.

Just make the experiment and try how you feel when some self-sufficient creature fastens her feline gaze on you in a defenseless moment when you don't feel like being subjected to her searchlights.

Once sat myself uncomfortably down (nothing on earth could have made me feel any easier in mind on that particular day) in a long-seated trolley car. They are at best an invention of the enemy, and not in the least a discourager to the stare-cat.

I had had a mild tussle with my new umbrella, whose hook handle had caught on my coat fastener. The coat was out of fashion, and I was ghastly uncomfortable in it, anyway. The handle of my bag had tried to come off, but I had got at my purse and paid as I entered.

These things might not have been fluttering at any other time, but I'm sensitive—a little—and I seemed to have been causing a mild sensation and it agitated me.

Everybody was looking at me. The woman directly across might just as well have clapped a concealing hand across her mouth to hide her rudeness, so evidently was she whispering about me.

Her eyes looked it; so did her husband's. Hers was doing it openly and aboveboard by actual word of mouth to her companion, who was obviously entertained, though less inclined to criticism. His face looked appreciation of the fact related; here, amusement.

She did me as a whole; I was not mistaken, and after commenting in a general way, it did not take her long to get down to the concrete. She was interested in my shoes and in the very buttons on my coat, and in my stock collar, which was crushed, after the whole day's wear. She tackled my ride, and the season was too near its end to imply a crisp perfection in headgear.

A woman never quite knows whether her comment is pleasing or displeasing to her, but she got to my actual features presently and, with a woman's keenness, saw the tiny birthmark on the side of my face. This was too much. I gave one unearthly shriek and left the car.

For the Tired

RELAXATION is a fine art, and you need a lot of practice to be able to do it gracefully and to your benefit.

There is no such thing as complete relaxation in a straight chair.

There was, for instance, no gain for the restler, and nothing but surprise for those assembled in a certain house party, when a prim matron, observing, "I think I shall take a little rest," settled herself in an absolutely upright position, as rigid as a poplar tree.

For those who work hard in an office or at home, regular relaxation is prescribed after the following rules:

The hands are raised above the head, then slowly, bit by bit, first the fingers, then the wrists, then the trunk, are relaxed, until the whole body is allowed to tumble slowly down.

This practice will result in perfect relaxation upon a bed or couch.

Ordinarily the woman who has thrown herself down with a religious intention of resting absolutely will find that some neck or arm muscle is still tense, destroying the first principles of relaxation.

Loosen the clothes if you would gain the full advantage of the time given over for your health's sake, throw yourself upon your back, and even manage somehow not to think.

Sham Talk



HE guest lay on a sick bed and listened cynically to the talk that floated up through the open hall from the parlor where some afternoon callers had collected.

Several of the latest novels were discussed—"best sellers," "trash and dime novels in \$1.08 bindings." The voices rose high in excitement over a hero, heroine, villain and plot were pulled to pieces.

There came a lull for a few minutes, and then they plunged simultaneously into a discussion of some current play which all had seen. Again it was second rate, stuff without a grain of genuine worth in it. But the visitors were all loud in their praise of the exciting plot and the way the hero had outwitted the villain.

Another lull. Then the news of the day came in for its share of discussion; some notorious divorce cases, a few murders and other equally profitable reading, and, finally, the visitors rose to depart satisfied that they had spent an hour or so in edifying conversation.

What a sham the whole thing was! Books there are that take hold of the vital questions of the day, that search the soul and compel the attention of the thoughtful reader; books that set one forward many milestones. Plenty of good plays there are, too; dramas that are a moral uplift and whose inspiration lasts for months, making life better and brighter. But they are not widely heralded, and these were the kind of people who go only to see much-talked-about shows, which are often a waste of time and physical effort.

With so many big and vital questions before the public today, especially matters of interest to women, how much more profitably the hour could have been spent in discussing them than in this mere fashionable, foolish chit-chat of trashy books and plays. But these women were of the thoughtless mob. They read the books that were most loudly advertised; they saw the plays that were most talked about; they made calls in the approved fashion. They did not think for themselves. They did not discriminate. Whatever other people did they did. Such living is so artificial, so hollow, so little worth while, and the American woman has the power to do so much, it seems a pity she should waste her time in such affectations and trivialities.

His Inspiration

LOVE is the deepest and most exacting source of ambition, admitted Bismarck in writing to his wife. It is impossible to read all the intimate letters of this great man to the woman he loved without realizing that his home instead of hampering him, provided him with a human outlet, which left him free to mount to greater heights outside.

Concluding the tale of how he won his wife, he was given to remarking, "And she it is who has made me what I am."

Against Business Mannerisms



SHE was one of a jolly little luncheon party in a restaurant.

When it came her turn to write out her order, she put down each article, its price, and then carefully footed up the total. Her business had been in its glories. She was book-keeper to the backbone. The tricks of her trade clung to her even when pleasuring.

Business mannerisms are apt to fasten themselves upon a girl before she is aware of it. They certainly detract from her charm and are hard to shake loose, once they have got a good grip. They need to be guarded against from the start. It is essential to be businesslike in the office, but the reserved, cold manner that is sometimes necessary there need not be carried into home and social life. The odd little mannerisms peculiar to it should be steadily frowned upon.

It is often remarked of a girl after a few years in business that she is losing all her pretty ways. Repose changes into rapidity; refinement into brusqueness; gentleness into curtness; graciousness into an overbearing and dictatorial manner. Many a business woman in a position of authority laments that she is becoming cold, hard, "bossy" or nagging. But if the evil is recognized in time, it can be prevented. It should be nipped in the bud. The first and every inclination toward such habits should be checked. A woman can be gracious and refined wherever she is. She can administer reproofs gently. Better service can be gained from those under one by arousing their loyalty than by driving.

High spirits, vivacity and whimsical girlishness are, of course, out of place in business. But that doesn't mean they must be cut out of life. The quietness and dignity of office hours can be laid aside with the office apron and oversleeves. One need not make a bookkeeping operation out of ordering a luncheon.

It is said of many a business man that he is one person in his office and another at home. It is safe to assume that the official habits of men are, as a rule, worth woman's imitation. Men have the essentials of this life down to a fine art. For centuries they have been grinding at the business mill. They have eliminated all that is useless. They have added all that is useful and that makes for health and pleasure and sensible, practical results. Women are just starting, and they are recklessly throwing away health and personal charm, and many other good and useful things in the first flush of enthusiasm over their entrance into a gainful occupation and the independence it brings. They will get over this in time, no doubt, and settle down to a steady pace that will bring about better results. But they might as well do this at the start and take their work in the calm, matter-of-fact way men do. For one thing, they should not sacrifice their womanly charm and refinement, their pretty girlish ways for the Moloch of trade. Much of the charm of home and social life depends upon the winsomeness of girlhood and the sweetness of womanhood. It is not necessary that these should be driven away by business life; but they will unconsciously and gradually slip away unless a girl is on her guard to prevent their doing so.

Fools

CHARLES KINGSLEY flung a sentiment on the balance on the side of marriage when he wrote, "People talk of love ending at the altar! Fools!"

HATS OFF



"GOING UP?"

"Siam!" went the elevator door. "Face the door, please," and the last man in turned round and that made seven. Exactly seven stiff-crowned derby hats glued fast to exactly seven mainly heads in front of me. I know, because I couldn't help counting.

"Third floor!" The backmost man scrambled over the others and out, and the door slammed to on six black derby hats.

Monotonous, of course, and strange how a whole army of men could content themselves in the same identical hat! Less trouble to buy, I thought, and not so expensive, either, as women's, but deadly monotonous!

"Floors?"

"Fourteen."

"Ten out."

"Tenth floor!" and two more elbowed their joint way out, leaving four plain, tiresome, round-topped black felts to gaze at and to remind me that presently, when gentle spring should really bud, there would blossom a flowery crown on every stenographer's head long before the manly sense of propriety (if it existed) would permit them the relief of a uniform straw hat. Those black-banded straw hats would all be alike again, and they, too, would "stay put" on every well-cropped head that wedged its way into the overflowing elevator. It was very tiresome to confront it all day after day—it was all so rude. An occasional shapely head would be a welcome sight.

"Fourteen!"

"Fourteen!" One man off and still three stiff, black derby hats on—but they didn't one of them know any



THE DIAMOND EXPERT

"IT'S an ill wind, you know, etc.," the extremely good-looking man said as he waved his hand toward the landscape that was slipping past at a mile a minute. His companion raised his brows in an encouraging curve and the good-looking talker, seeing an appreciative audience before him, could not resist.

"I mean that my present vocation of buying and selling diamonds was reached via proposals and their acceptances. I must confess that my loves have been like the red, red roses in June—plentiful and transitory. You see, my father was pretty liberal to me, and whenever I decided to clasp the pretty bauble over the slim third finger of a fair one's left hand the money was there. I remember my astonishment at the different grades of diamonds. The yellow, the blue, the rose, the pure white were displayed before my amorous and ingenious eyes the first time I invested. I took the yellow, I think, because it was the largest for the money. Then something happened—I forgot just what stopped our mad career—and the ring was returned with very frosty thanks for the pleasure of wearing it.

"Of course, I was wild with grief—ready to die—but father knew human nature in the stage of puppy love, and I was soon smiling at life and taking notice.

"The very yellow diamond was sold when I was stranded out West and in need of money. It is a curious coincidence that coming home on the yellow diamond's saving grace I met my fate—my second fate, I mean. She was a little widow, and her sweet reasonableness and maturity appealed to my heart. There was my very opposite, I suppose, and I succumbed.

"I walked into the jeweler's soon after my return home, but that time I gazed by the yellow stones. Oh, no! Something a little finer this time. I showed a wonderful discrimination in colors, the salesman said.

"Well, that's a sad story, and a closed book. I did not ever see that ring again.

"Then I became critical of the precious stones worn in my presence. When two diamonds were worn by my cousin, with an utter disregard for the matching of the colors, I protested. They were as C and C sharp—positively hurt my feelings.

"I was most unfortunate in all of my engagements, or perhaps I should say fortunate, for, of course, my little affairs were nothing of importance. They gave me experience in the selection of stones, though. I was able to cast an eye over the display on a lady's hands and give the valuation. I was in great demand when my youthful comrades wished to invest in the preliminary ring. Each time put another facet on my experience, to speak technically. 'Here, Billy! You know all about diamonds—you'll just step in with me to guide my ignorant fingers to the best thing!' was the usual salute from the ardent lovers.

"Of course, I punctured my years with a few more personal purchases, and then when the last ring was flashed back to me I decided to wait until my wings were stronger. I tried to forget my spurned heart by reading about diamonds. From the interesting accounts I went to the technical side of the subject—and here I am, unmarried and an expert! That's a perfect specimen, by the way. Just look at it. I am keeping that for the perfect woman."

