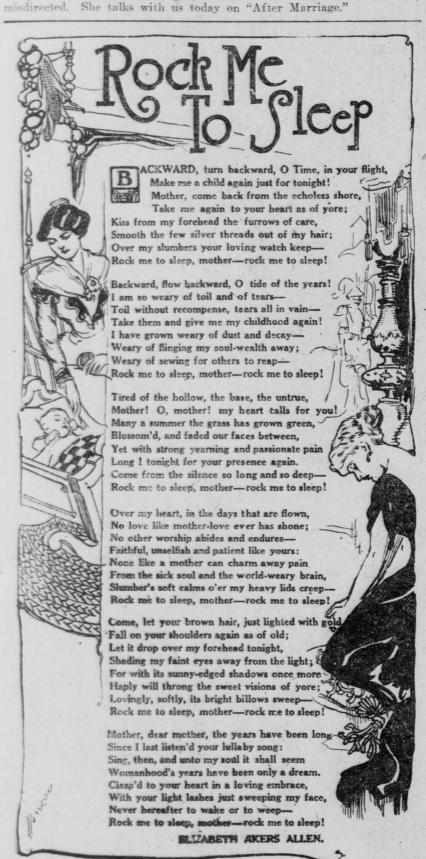
For the WOMAN WHO THINKS and FEELS

HE 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 hesitancy when she aims for the right, and the arrows from her bow are rarely





SOMOING UP? G Slam! went the elevator door. "Face the door, please," and made seven. Exactly seven stiffcrowned derby hats glued fast to exactly seven manly heads in front of me.

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

I know, because I couldn't help count-

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?"

"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 presenty, 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

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

better, I could tell it by their faces. "Fifteen?"

"Fifteen!" The three hats filed off together. Not off their respective heads, but off the elevator.

took off his hat and held it in his hand to the seventeenth. Ye gods! A gen-

The Viewpoint

COU can go anywhere if you've Y got your pocketbook full!" rose on the morning air, in high falsetto notes from the midst lace and plumes.

Can you, indeed? thought I, and a wee small voice within me gave answer in the negative.

Just then it occurred to me that everything depends on the point of view. Her "anywhere" isn't my anywhere, nor mine hers. Would I not
beg to be delivered from the bondage
of her pet pleasures? Would she not
crave freedom from the tyranny of
my cramping conventions?
Enjoyment is as curiously personal
a thing as is the sense of humor.
A READER.

Concentrate to Win

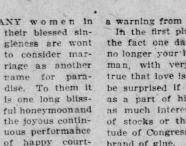
ONCENTRATION is doing one thing at a time, and only one, and doing that one thing well. It is doing it with all the force and vitality that you can muster without expense of crippled

whether a business scheme or a social venture be the target at which you aim, the curow of your effort must be sent directly to the point with a strong bow, a true eye and an unwavering arm.

Everything, in other words, must be brought to bear on the bull's-eye. To deviate is to miss the mark.



You and Barbara After Marriage



ful 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 crange blossoms this dyed-in-the-wool conception of marriage. It is anything but 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

TheSTARE

66 TARE-CAT! Stare-cat!" Haven't

little and disagreeable? And haven't you

gloried in calling it viciously from be-

hind a concealing tree after your dear-

when your mother would positively

thing more-how you, a small, ugly mite

of a child, called "Stare-cat!" at the top

of your voice after a nice-looking lady

who chanced to glance in your direc-

tion with the self-possession to which

The stare habit is a most disconcert-

ing one, and children object just as

strenuously to it even now. Bring

forth the angel-faced child who will de-

velop wings while you wait, when forced

in a defenseless moment when you don't feel like being subjected to her searchlights.

I once sat myself uncomfortably down (nothing on earth could have made me feel any easter 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 flustering 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 hus-

Her eyes looked it; so did her husband's. Hers was no mere mental comment; she 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 facts related; hers, 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 hat, and the season was too near its end to imply a crisp perfection in headgear.

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

I gave one unearthly shriek and left the car.

about me. Her eyes looked it; so did her hus-

you had not yet attained?

have whipped you if you'd done one

on't you recall a very naughty day-

you heard the other children

yell it after you when you were

endless lovemaking that the two acces-

sories before the fact promise to the

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 metier, 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-a husband especially. He will want his meals with unromantic precision, and instead of your loving kisses he will demand your wifely regard for his dislikes and his preferences. At the breakfast table your husband will prefer good cooking and his morning paper to any little tetea-tete. But do not sob and wail out 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

For the Tired

D ELAXATION is a fine art, and you

R need a lot of practice to be able to do it gracefully and to your

There is no such thing as complete re-

There was, for instance, no gain for

those assembled in a certain house

party, when a prim matron, observing,

"I think I shall take a little rest," set-

tled herself in an absolutely upright

For those who work hard in an office

The hands are raised above the head,

then slowly, bit by bit, first the fingers,

then the wrists, then the trunk, are re-

laxed, until the whole body is allowed

This practice will result in perfect re-

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, de-

stroying the first principles of relaxa-

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 some-

Sham Talk

heroine, villain and plot were pulled to

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 sec-

ond rate, stuff without a grain of gen-

uine worth in it. But the visitors were

all loud in their praise of the exciting

plot and the way the hero had out-

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

witted the villain.

HE guest lay on a

sick bed and lis-

tened cynically to

the talk that

through the open

hall from the par-

lor where some

latest novels were

discussed-"b e s t

and dime novels

in \$1.08 bindings.

The voices rose

high in excite-

ment as hero,

had collected.

or at home, regular relaxation is pre-

position, as rigid as a poplar tree.

scribed after the following rules:

to tumble slowly down.

how not to think.

laxation upon a bed or couch.

laxation in a straight chair.

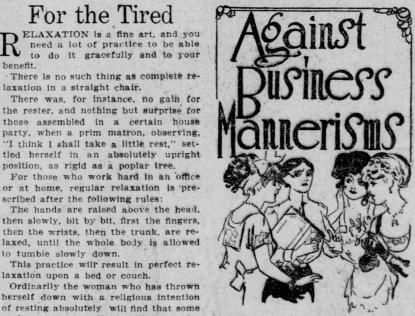
matter. You will wring your little hands in solitary despair.

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

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.



eon 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 her in its clutches. She was bookkeeper to the backbone. The tricks of her trade clung to her even when

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 driv-

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 needn't make a bookkeeping operation out of ordering a lunch-

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 senshie, 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 to 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 siip away unless a girl is on her guard to prevent their doing so. sible, practical results. Women are

Fools

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



this village, I can tell you. If she stays at home, she is nurs-

ing 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 Mensinger 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

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 placed 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

'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 Mercer; 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-bye." The Sunday paper was not so popular at the village breakfast table next morning. Dame Gossip is an early riser. The corncakes needed no syrup, the breakfast food no cream.

Miss Turner ran across the street into Mrs. McClay's kitchen, as that good much. Good-bye."

WIDOW has a pretty hard life in 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-you 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 puffing out her hair of late, and Miss Snell said she was wanting her to fix new crepe on

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

'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 swate face, I always feel like-

"Dark or fair ain't nothing to do with 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 offsprings. 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 Callfornia 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

heart. There was my very opposite, I

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 astonishmonds. The yellow, the blue, the rose, the pure white were displayed before my amorous and ingenuous eyes the first time I invested. I took the yellow, I think, because it was the largest for the money. Then something happened-I forget 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 griefready to die-but father knew human nature in the stage of puppy love, and I was soon smiling at life and taking no-

tice.

"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

suppose, and I succumbed. "I walked into the jeweler's soon after

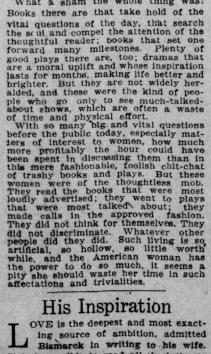
my return home, but that time I passed by the yellow stones. Oh, no! Something a little finer this time. I showed a wonderful discrimination in colors, the salesman said. "Well, that's a sad story, and a closed

book. I did not ever see that ring

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.

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—will you 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 sprained 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." gave me experience in the selection of



DVE 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 hlm, provided him with a human outlet, which left him free to mount to greater heights outside.

Concluding the tale of here. side.

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."