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**The Making of a  
 Successful Husband**

By CASPAR S. YOST

**A Chapter on That Delectable  
 Matrimonial Sequence, the Honey-  
 moon—Do Not Permit It to Come  
 to a Prolonged End, But Cherish It  
 and Prolong It Indefinitely.**

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**M**Y DEAR BOY—Your mother  
 and I have just returned  
 from the wedding in which  
 you were, to us, the most in-  
 teresting if not the most conspicuous  
 figure. It was a great wedding; never  
 saw anything quite so pretty in my  
 life. Everything was in good taste, and  
 you went through your part like a little  
 man. I was almost proud of you.

And the bride! My boy, I believe  
 you've discovered something that's bet-  
 ter than a gold mine. Unless my judg-  
 ment is mightily at fault, she's all  
 right. Your mother is just as well  
 pleased as I am, and that's saying a  
 great deal for her, for she never could  
 see any girl quite good enough for you.  
 You know she doesn't hesitate to say  
 whom she likes or dislikes, and she  
 usually settles the point on sight, so I  
 was very uneasy, as no doubt you  
 were, about the way Mrs. John Junior  
 would strike her. But she took to her  
 new daughter-in-law like a duck to an  
 orphan chick, and I attach more im-  
 portance to that than I do to my own  
 judgment.

Why, she's so tickled that she per-  
 sists in waking me up in the middle  
 of the night just to have an audience  
 while she stocks  
 of adjectives  
 that would as-  
 tonish a French-  
 man. You little  
 know, my boy,  
 how much she  
 has missed you  
 since you went  
 out to wrestle  
 with fortune on  
 the middle of the  
 night, and you can hardly  
 appreciate what a concession it is for  
 her to look with favor upon this young  
 woman who has taken possession of  
 you. After awhile you will under-  
 stand, but not now.

**Angels Without Wings.**  
 I suppose you are pretty well along  
 with your honeymoon by this time,  
 and unless your lot is different from  
 that of other mortals you have found  
 some discoveries. You have found, I  
 don't doubt, that the wings you sup-  
 posed were full fledged haven't even  
 sprouted. That is the amazing dis-  
 covery every newly married man  
 makes, and the quicker he makes it  
 and becomes reconciled the better it is  
 for his future welfare.

Angels are all well enough in pic-  
 tures, but they would certainly grate  
 on our nerves if we had to associate  
 with them. Nor is perfection to be de-  
 sired in a genuine flesh and blood wo-  
 man. This would be a mighty tire-  
 some world if all of us did exactly as  
 we ought. It is mainly our faults and  
 the faults of others that furnish us the  
 diversion that makes life worth while.  
 That isn't strictly orthodox, but it's  
 true, and I believe it will continue to  
 be true as long as humanity retains  
 that innate cussedness which distin-  
 guishes it.

Don't infer, however, that I consider  
 imperfections and attractions to in-  
 crease in corresponding ratio. A little  
 salt is necessary to make your food  
 palatable, but a very little more will  
 spoil it. A faultless wife is likely to  
 be insipid, and good, healthy imperfec-  
 tions should rather be cause for re-  
 joicing than lament. So, my boy,  
 when you find one in your dear little  
 bride, don't have a conniption fit, but  
 make a note of it, and when you get  
 an opportunity analyze it tenderly.  
 They may keep you pretty busy for  
 awhile, but when you get them all  
 classified you will have that intimate  
 acquaintance which is absolutely es-  
 sential to domestic happiness. A long  
 while ago somebody said, "Man, know  
 thyself!" and I would paraphrase that  
 and, I believe, improve it by saying,  
 "Man, know thy wife!" It's much



*Angels are all well enough in pictures,  
 more important. On the other hand, it  
 is just as necessary that the wife know  
 the husband, but I don't care to dis-  
 cuss that side of the question. I don't  
 feel competent.*

**Reform Your Faults, Not Hers.**  
 You may wonder that I don't suggest  
 a study of your wife's virtues. Lord  
 bless you, my boy, you don't need to  
 study them. They will fall upon you  
 and envelop you and permeate you,  
 and all you have to do is to appre-  
 ciate them and give frequent evidence  
 of your appreciation. Virtues seldom  
 cause domestic trouble unless they are  
 allowed to become aggressively active,  
 and then, as a rule, they cease to be

virtues. Just confine your attention to  
 her faults. If these are little ones, be  
 thankful and let them alone. If any  
 should look to be serious, don't try to  
 remove them with an ax. You are  
 likely to sprain your arm and dull the  
 tool. Treat them with tact and pa-  
 tience and love, and in the course of  
 time, perhaps a long time, you can so  
 modify them that they will become un-  
 objectionable or even likable.

All this, however, presupposes some  
 attention to your own failings, which  
 are probably more numerous and more  
 pronounced than hers, and in the case  
 of a man there are more circumstances  
 which call for the use of a metaphorical  
 surgical instrument. If you don't  
 wield it yourself, the little girl ought  
 to, and if you need it she will unless I  
 am mistaken in my judgment of her.



*You can't run a home as you would a factory.*

In that way. Dictation, opposition,  
 force, may get results, but it will be at  
 the expense of happiness. You can't  
 run a home as you would a factory.  
 Your wife is not a servant or your  
 inferior in anything but physical  
 strength. Besides, she is a woman  
 and as such is entitled to the fullest  
 measure of that chivalric courtesy  
 which every gentleman owes to the  
 other sex. That she is your wife in-  
 creases your obligation in this respect.  
 I have heard of women who doubted  
 their husbands' love if they neglected  
 the periodical beating, but I never saw  
 any of that class, and I doubt their  
 existence. No; the only way to correct a  
 woman's fault, if it really needs cor-  
 rection, is by a pressure so gentle she  
 never suspects its existence, applied  
 with the patient persistence that is in  
 all things irresistible. You know that  
 in the grinding of a lens for a great  
 telescope the final work is done with  
 the palm of the bare hand. If you  
 bend a twig sharply, it will break, but  
 if you bend it gently and secure it in  
 its new position you can by constant  
 repetition of the process mold it to any  
 form you desire. So the ideal husband  
 and wife consciously and unconscio-  
 usly mold each other's disposition. Do-  
 mestic happiness, my son, is the high-  
 est form of bliss attainable on earth,  
 and it is worth all the trouble it gen-  
 erally takes to secure it.

**A Perpetual Honeymoon.**  
 The popular idea of the honeymoon  
 is a period of a few weeks immedi-  
 ately following the wedding during  
 which the couple skylark around over  
 the country, making spectacles of them-  
 selves for the amusement of anybody  
 who happens to be observing them. It  
 is a period of unrestrained billing and  
 cooing by the end of which they are  
 supposed to have become satiated and  
 return home to settle down to a prac-  
 tical, everyday life in which love and  
 its outward manifestations are not ex-  
 pected to figure to any great extent. I  
 sincerely hope you will not take that  
 view of it. The honeymoon should not  
 be subject to limitations of place or of  
 time. As a mere outing it should be  
 made brief; as a sentimental condi-

tion, modified by the activities and  
 necessities that demand bread and but-  
 ter at regular intervals, it should con-  
 tinue until death breaks the bond. I  
 have been married thirty years and  
 am still in the midst of my honey-  
 moon, and I hope to see this moon in  
 its meridian for many years to come.  
 You should never cease to be lovers.  
 I can see no reason why the return to  
 earth should cause an entire change of  
 relations. Some people seem to think  
 that the tender little attentions which  
 mark the period of courtship and that  
 immediately follow the wedding are  
 incompatible with the struggle for a  
 living; that the kiss, the caress, the lit-  
 tle compliments, are not only unneces-  
 sary, but even foolish. If you desire  
 happiness as nearly absolute as pos-  
 sible here below, don't make that mis-  
 take.



**Love is Not All.**  
 Love alone is not sufficient for a  
 woman. She hungers for its outward  
 and visible manifestation, and it is a  
 hunger that can never be fully ap-  
 peased. A man can rest content in the  
 confidence of his wife's affection and  
 doesn't worry if she neglects to ex-  
 press it in words or actions, but she is  
 of different fiber. She wants to hear  
 you say "I love you" once in awhile,  
 to feel your arm steal around her and  
 your lips pressed to hers. She never  
 grows weary of these things, and she  
 never grows too old to appreciate  
 them. Their neglect is the beginning  
 of indifference, and indifference is  
 love's deadliest foe.

Without love marriage degenerates  
 first to a mere convenience and then to  
 a condition of bondage in which iron  
 chains take the place of roses, chains  
 which the divorce courts are too often  
 called upon to sever. If you do not

give your wife frequent evidence of  
 your affection, you will have only your-  
 self to blame if she turns to some one  
 else for that which her nature de-  
 mands. No; you cannot possibly attach  
 too much importance to these seem-  
 ingly insignificant things. They are the  
 very foundations of domestic happi-  
 ness. You may provide a comfortable  
 home and every material desire of her  
 heart, you may treat her with courtesy  
 and kindness, you may give her high  
 social position, but if she loves you all  
 these are as nothing if unaccompanied  
 by the purely sentimental expressions  
 of your own affection for her. With  
 visible love she will live happily in the  
 humblest cottage.

Some people would smile at this.  
 Some would call it an old fashioned  
 idea that has no place in the advanced  
 civilization of today. The mountains  
 and the hills, the lakes and the rivers,  
 are old fashioned, and they are no  
 more immutable than human nature,  
 of which love is the highest expression.  
 In spite of all of our culture, men and  
 women, under the veneer, are just the  
 same as they were when Pan played  
 his pipes in the groves of Arcadia. We  
 are as God made us, and while we may  
 develop the brain we can't alter its  
 composition, nor can we eradicate the  
 love longing from a woman's heart. So  
 let her have all she wants.

**Keep the Lovelight Burning.**  
 I am writing all this now because I  
 want to keep you from settling down  
 in the all too customary way after  
 your return from your wedding trip.  
 You will have to resume the chase  
 after dollars, and you'll have to sprint  
 a little faster than before, but that  
 won't justify you in putting the little  
 girl up on a shelf like a piece of val-  
 uable bric-a-brac nor in showing her  
 back into the kitchen to become your  
 cook. She is neither a goddess to be  
 worshipped from afar nor a menial to be  
 bossed at close range. She is just a  
 delightful bundle of flesh and blood  
 and nerves, designed for everyday  
 wear and attaining her highest happi-  
 ness in loving and helping you.

Do all you can, therefore, to keep  
 that lovelight burning brightly, for if  
 you are the right  
 sort your own  
 happiness will  
 be based upon  
 hers. Love her  
 always and let  
 her know, let her  
 know that you  
 love her. That  
 is the fatal mis-  
 take of so many  
 —keeping their  
 love to them-  
 selves, as if it  
 were something  
 upon the shelf,  
 to be ashamed  
 of, until continual suppression extin-  
 guishes it entirely. Exercise is as ne-  
 cessary to love as it is to all attributes  
 of life, physical, mental or spiritual. This  
 is not theory, but fact, which has been  
 proved over and over again since the  
 world began, and my own experience  
 does not differ from that of countless  
 thousands of others who bear testi-  
 mony to its truth.

Your mother reminds me that it is  
 time for me to be in bed, so I must  
 bring this epistle to a close. With love  
 to the new Mrs. Sneed—God bless her  
 —I remain your affectionate father,  
 JOHN SNEED.

**English Pronunciation.**  
 There is a village in north Devon  
 which the signposts call Wolfardis-  
 worthy, but which we have heard pro-  
 nounced "Woolserthy." Very likely,  
 however, if you went there and pro-  
 nounced it so you would be reproved  
 for the contraction.

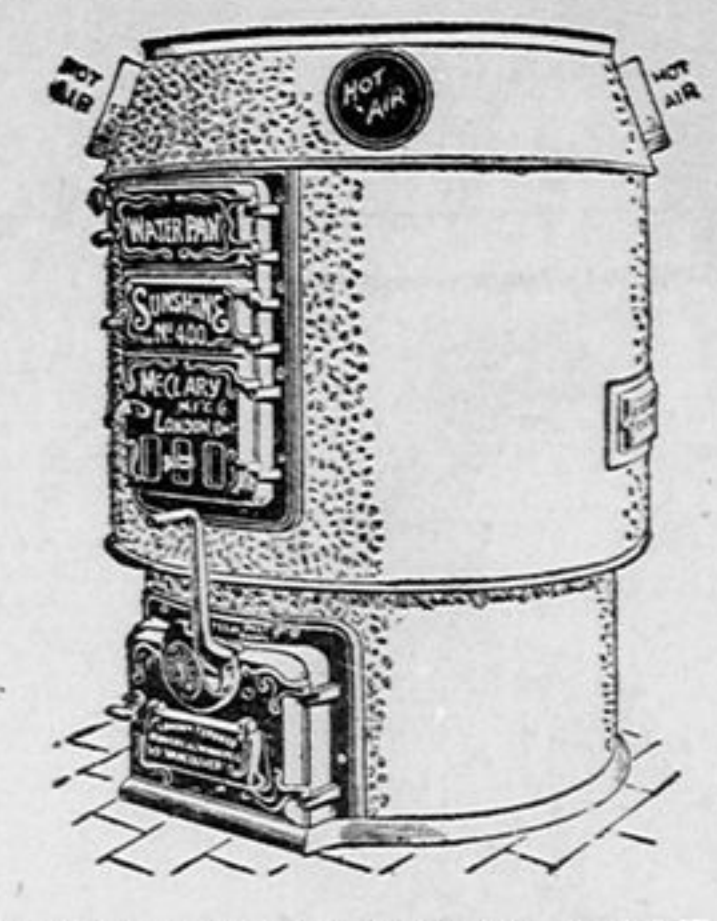
This was what happened to us at  
 Cirencester. Passing through that town  
 we were solemnly corrected for calling  
 it "Cieester." On the other hand, when  
 wandering in Norfolk and drawing  
 nigh to a place which was marked on  
 the map "Happisburgh," we found  
 ourselves quite unintelligible because  
 we did not pronounce it "Hazebro."

Even in English the difference be-  
 tween sight and sound is confined to  
 a small minority of words, though  
 some people seem to be of the same  
 opinion as a young Hanoverian lady of  
 our acquaintance who naively remark-  
 ed: "You English do pronounce so  
 strangely! There is your great au-  
 thor. You spell him D-i-c-k-e-n-s, and  
 you pronounce him Boz."—London  
 Spectator.

**Why They Wanted to Prolong Life.**  
 It is curious to note the inadequacy  
 of the objects for which men would  
 seem to wish to prolong their days.  
 Collingwood, as his epitaph informs  
 us, "a pious, just and exemplary man,"  
 would have liked to have had another  
 blow at the French. Lord Peterbor-  
 ough, Pope's contemporary, desired to  
 live in order "to give that rascal (Bish-  
 op Burnet) the lie in half his history"  
 —an aspiration of which he proved the  
 sincerity by carrying with him the  
 volumes, carefully marked, when, al-  
 ready believed to be dying, he went to  
 Lisbon. And Bentley, nanking up his  
 mind to reach the age of eighty and no  
 further, observed that "it was an age  
 long enough to read everything worth  
 reading."—London Standard.

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