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W. IRWIN

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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J. G. HUTTON, M. D., C. M.

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The Making of a Successful Wife

By CASPER S. YOST.

MANAGEMENT OF A MAN.—Feed Him Well and Make Him Comfortable at Home.—The Average Man Isn't Hard to Satisfy—And Don't Forget the Little Evidences of Love.

(Copyright, 1906, by Casper S. Yost.)

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL—I got your letter just as I was starting to make a bee line for the train, and as I had to make a long jump this trip I've had no opportunity to reply until this very minute. I read it through as soon as I got on board, and then I laid back on my seat and laughed all to myself. Now, don't get excited, my dear. I wasn't laughing at you. Not a bit of it. But the serious problems which you imagine are just about to overwhelm you right at the beginning of your married life remind me so much of the same worries that encompassed your mother "all round about" like the little old woman's petticoat. And the cause of it all was me—me, your respected and revered and much beloved old dad. You wouldn't hardly believe it now, would you? But it's a fact, my little sweetheart and, gee whillikens, what a load she did think she had. Why, I'd be willing to bet a bushel of Ben Davis apples against a peck of railroad doughnuts that she'd have traded me off for a counterfeit half dollar with a hole in it three months after we were married. She never would admit it, of course. She was too sweet and gentle and good hearted. And then she really thought a hap of me, even when I was furthest below par in her estimation.

But it's the way nearly all the time, my little girl. The trouble with you women is that you pick out a man and then, before you're married to him, you build a high pedestal of marble or onyx or something equally fine, and you carve pictures in bold relief all around the sides illustrating his transcendent virtues, just like the monuments you see in the parks to the heroes who "fit" bled and plundered for their country. Then you put the man on top of this beautiful pile, and you look up at him with your hands clasped and your eyes moonin' like a calf with the cc, and you say, "My ain't he betiful?" or, "Oh, ain't he awful nice or some such emphatic and forcible expression of feminine adoration. You don't have a chance to get a reagentine assay of him, and you talk he's all gold and studded around with diamonds like a birthday ring. Then you get married and you climb beside him and you make the terrible discovery that his feet are clay also his hands and likewise his head. In other words, you find that he's just plain garden mud. And then you proceed to have a fit. You don't see "Woe is me!" nor beat your breast or raise the neighborhood with your cries, like they used to do in the three volume novels. Such crudities are no longer fashionable. You things differently nowadays, but your methods are just as effective.

When a Man is Miffed. And all the time the man is standing around one foot with a face as long as a soap suds, wondering what in the dickens he matter. Sometimes, by way of vent, he goes in the other room and kicks over a chair or sneaks onto the back yard and throws rocks at the chickens. I have a kind of recollection that I did something that sort myself. You see, my dear, the man doesn't know that he has set up on a pedestal; he has been going along attending to his own business same as usual, think himself a pretty fair average of an and letting it go at that. That's the way it's been with Bill. I had pretty good chance to size him up while I was loafing around homing for the wedding to come off, it was my judgment

then, and my opinion hasn't changed, that he's all right. He's a man, and that's all any man can reasonably expect. I don't want any cherubim or seraphim in my family, and you'd find life prethecomfortable if you had one of them a husband. Compared with good woman a good man is mighsmall potatoes, but when it comes to getting married there isn't anything available, and so you women are obliged to take them and do best you can with them. And that's the point, I want to get that's just what you want to do—Bill—or William. If

you prefer it. A man is just a piece of soft clay in a woman's hands, and whether he ranks A1 or double naught as a husband depends a good deal on how she handles him. Yes, that places a pretty considerable responsibility on the woman, but you needn't blame me. I didn't have anything to do with laying out this arrangement. It's that way, and I reckon the Lord knows what he's about. Of course some men are too soft and some too tough to do anything with, but the most of them are plastic enough for practical purposes, and I'm satisfied your William's one of the majority.

"Your Material is Mud." It's up to you, sweetheart, to take the material you have and make a good husband out of it. Don't expect nor try to do more than that. Don't attempt to mold him into a figure of Gabriel tooting a trombone. Don't try to put too many fine lines in your model. If you do, the whole blamed thing will come to pieces, and then, little girl, you can never, never put it together again. Just remember that your material is mud, and mud, even in the hands of an expert modeler, has its limitations. Restrain your ambition to the point of making a good husband, and when you have accomplished that be satisfied with keeping him so.

How? Oh, my dear little girl, you have a better counselor than I right at home. I'm not saying that your mother did a very good job with me, but bless her heart, it wasn't because she didn't know how. The trouble was with the

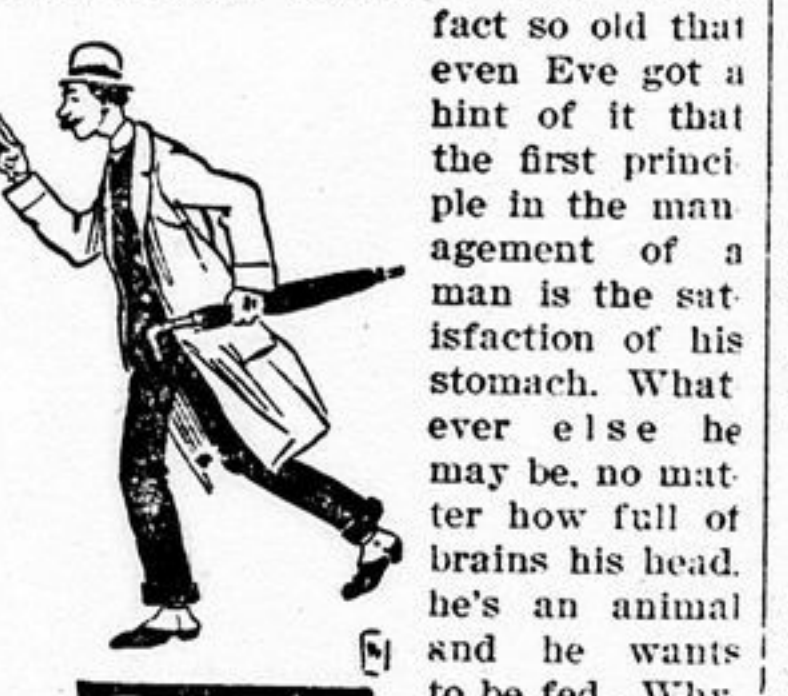


Fill him up and he'll lean back and beam at you.

material. She can tell you much more and much better than I can what and how to do. And yet there are some pointers I can give you that may be of value to you, mainly because they will enable you to get a view of things from a man's standpoint. I have intimated that a man is pretty generally what women make him. His mother gives him his start in character building, and his wife puts on the finishing touches, but it isn't good policy to let him know that you are working on him. A good deal has been said about the contrariness of woman, but she isn't really in the same class with a man if he thinks somebody is trying to improve him. So whatever you make up your mind to do with William, don't, for heaven's sake, give him a hint of your designs. And, as I said before, don't try to do too much.

The Most Important Point.

In the first place, my dear, you'd better get the fact buried in the middle of your gray matter and keep it there that the most important point in the making of a good husband is the making of a good wife. That takes time and experience, but two processes can go along side by side, for you needn't expect Billy to be ready for the last coat of varnish by day after tomorrow. No, indeed, little girl, you can't turn out finished husbands like you can hot waffles, and speaking of waffles brings me right back to the starting point in the home industry I'm talking about. That's a little matter of feed. It's a fact so old that even Eve got a hint of it that the first principle in the management of a man is the satisfaction of his stomach. What ever else he may be, no matter how full of brains his head, he's an animal and he wants to be fed. Why I've seen the greatest apostles of the doctrines of sweetness and light sit down to the table and eat like a blue ribbon porker with his feet in the trough. Yet comparatively few women appreciate the importance of this fact, and many a home is ruined by the theory that anything that happens to be handiest will do for dinner. It won't. Give him the best his income will afford and see to it yourself that it is properly cooked. The average man isn't hard to satisfy. He doesn't hanker after the strange and weird dishes you'll find in the cook-books. He doesn't care for airy wafers and delicate ices. He only wants something plain and substantial and filling, like roast beef or bacon or ham and eggs or something equally gross and just as bulky. Fill him up with such truck and then he'll lean back and beam at you like the father of a first baby—that is, if it's cooked right. If the steak comes to the breakfast table fried hard, if the eggs are swimming in grease or the biscuits heavy enough to use as weights on the cuckoo clock, he's got a kick coming. And it will come. It may not be just then. He may keep it to himself until he collects an assortment and then let out all at once. But sooner or later the kick will come, and the longer he holds it in the harder it will come out. So, my dear, I say to you solemnly and prayerfully, see to it personally that William is well fed. Maybe that's what's the matter with him now. Maybe he's already got the grouch of the underfed or the badly fed. Better figure on that a little, my dear.



A bee line for the first car.

And then, little girl, make home so comfortable and so pleasant that he won't want to leave it, except to go downtown and hustle like a good fellow for the woman who presides over it. When I see a man jump for his hat when the quitting bell rings and make a bee line for the first car that will get him home I say to myself: "That fellow doesn't have to go chasing around nights looking for amusement. He's got all he wants at home." And when a man has that he's bound to be contented, and, being contented, he's bound to be happy, and, being happy, he's bound to be good natured, and, being good natured, he's bound to be a good husband if he's rightly managed on the intellectual side. I'll have a word

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In a new art chair.

to say on that side presently. It's the purely physical side you want to look after first. After he's been fed let him have his easy chair, his slippers and his cigar. Don't keep everything so spick and span and shiny and straight up and down that he's afraid to sit down anywhere because he might disarrange a piece of battenberg or a sofa pillow. What women call a good housekeeper isn't always a good wife, not by a long shot. If a man has to sit up in a spldible back new art chair as stiff as a re-enforced billiard cue he's going to sigh for something different, and the first thing you know he'll be sneaking out on business about three nights in the week. No, my dear, let Bill feel that right at home he can get more solid comfort than he can have anywhere else on earth, and you've got him anchored for keeps.

He Married a Companion.

And yet that isn't everything. For instance, if you were to fall into the habit of strolling over to a neighbor's every evening while he reads the papers he'd have good cause to grumble and probably would. He married to get a companion, not just a housekeeper, and he wants you with him, not all of the time, but most of the time, when he's at home. He wants you to sit on the other side of the table by the fireside; he wants to read to you or have you read to him; he wants to gossip with you just like pals; he wants to tell you of his hopes and ambitions; he wants you to help him in his struggle with the world by your sympathy, your encouragement and your advice; he wants to hear your troubles—not the endless repetition of the daily string of annoyances which come to every wife, but the real troubles, the problems which you find it hard to solve for yourself. And, over and above all, little girl, he wants to feel the gentle caress in touch and speech; the little evidences of the love that does not die with the honeymoon, but lives on and grows stronger and stronger with each passing year.

That's the intellectual side, sweetheart. That's the side that gives married life its sweetness and beauty and makes home a home of happiness, but it will peter out mighty fast under a diet of soggy rolls and weak coffee. Just remember that, little girl; just remember that. Your affectionate dad, JOHN SNEED.

Recollection.

The stout man on the back platform declined to agree with the conductor. The conductor thought he hadn't paid his fare. The stout man was of the contrary opinion. They exchanged harsh words over the matter.

"I gave you a nickel when I got aboard," said the stout man.

"I haven't taken in a nickel on this trip," said the conductor.

The stout man grew very red. His hair seemed to bristle.

"That's just enough of this," he growled. "I don't want to have any trouble with you. I had trouble with a conductor once. I'd hate to tell you what happened."

The conductor drew back a little and made no further attempt to collect the stout man's fare.

But when the stout man was about to alight from the car at the Pennsylvania crossing the conductor's curiosity was too much for him.

"Say," he asked, "what happened when you had that trouble with the other conductor?"

The stout man looked back.

"I was in the hospital six weeks," he mildly answered.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Face the Music."

There are several theories concerning the origin of the slang phrase "Face the music." It is said to have come from the army. One of the difficulties in training horses for the military service was that of getting them to face the regimental band without cutting up a rumpus.

Another authority says also that it is of military origin, but that it was applied to soldiers when they were drummed out to the tune of "The Rogue's March." Still another version is that it is used by actors behind the scenes when preparing to go on the stage to face the music literally.—Minneapolis Journal.

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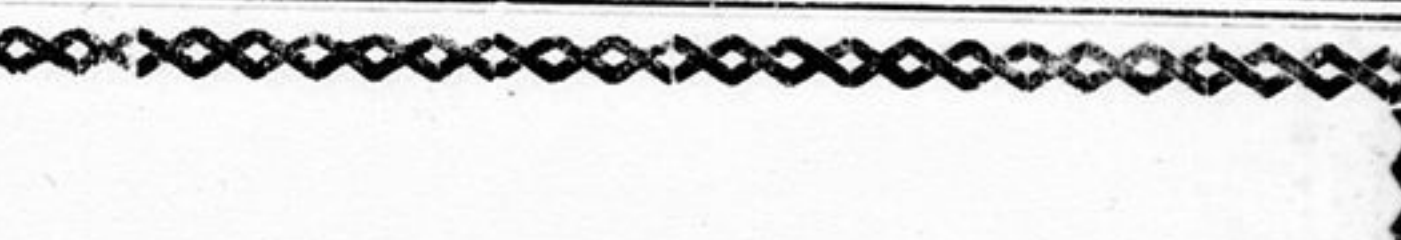
Men's and boys' leather, kid and mocha mitts and gloves.

See our New Dress Goods, Waistings, Furs, suitable for handsome Christmas Gifts.

For your Christmas Baking, new Groceries

We have new Raisins and Currants in bulk and in packages. New Dates, Peels, Nuts shelled and unshelled, Spices, Icing sugar, Gelatine, etc.

JAMES IRELAND McIntyre Block.



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Our Store is filled with New and Beautiful Goods. Our preparations for a large business this season have been on a large scale, therefore every department is full of the latest and best, and notwithstanding the advance in nearly every line of merchandise, we are still quoting old prices. With over 40 years experience our buyer knows how to get goods right; and his aim is to get the best goods for the least money. We have done the hard thinking and now you can do the

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