

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

What Is Woman's Work After She Is Married?

By WINIFRED BLACK

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SHOULD the married woman continue her vocation after she is married?

I heard a great discussion of that question at a woman's club the other day and I had all I could do to keep from rising up and saying it depends upon the woman, upon the vocation, and upon the marriage, for really, between ourselves, that's just exactly what it does do.

Some women have no vocation at all but to look pretty and be happily married.

The vocation which some women have chosen is sometimes one which no one can keep up and be a wife and mother.

You couldn't travel for fancy skirts, for instance, and catch the 3:25 to Grandville, Ind., or some other equally remote place every other morning or so and be much of a success as a home maker, could you?

And some marriages are a whole vocation in themselves. It takes the woman who makes a marriage of this kind every minute of her time to stay married.



Winifred Black

A Successful Example

I know a woman like that. She was a kindergarten teacher, and a star in her profession.

She loved to teach and she always had more offers of positions than she could possibly fill.

She married a nice, agreeable, energetic young man with good manners and a deep and thrilling voice. He was getting a hundred dollars a month in some auditor's office somewhere.

My little woman gave up her teaching and went into the vocation of marriage heart and soul and brain and body. She has made a marvellous success at it.

She did her own housework, made her own dresses, trimmed her own hats and invited you into the delectable little luncheon in the world, which she served herself in the prettiest little boudoir cap and the most fetching little apron.

When you went home all you could remember about that luncheon was that it was well cooked and charmingly served and that you heard a great deal about "Joe" and what wonderful things "Joe" was doing.

"Joe" was using his personality and his delightful voice making speeches and being on reception committees in all kinds of conventions and things.

"Joe" was wearing very smart clothes. "Joe" had met and so on and so on, the big men in such-and-such a line, and the wife with a vocation for marriage had entertained "So-and-so's" wife at one of her simple little luncheons and the "So-and-so's" were so pleased with "Joe" and his clever little wife that it looked as if "Joe" was going to have the offer of a fine position as secretary in chief to "So-and-so's" brother, the big railroad man.

"Joe" got this secretaryship, and many other things. He joined this club and that benevolent order and the other lodge. He was always going somewhere as a delegate to something.

The wife with the vocation for marriage always went along, and while "Joe" was making speeches Joe's wife was making friends for "Joe."

"She's given up doing her own housework now. Joe's made plenty of money so she can afford a maid and I suspect by the look of her frocks that she has a smart dressmaker do a good many of them."

She runs her own little electric nowadays and it's quite an affair to be invited to one of Mrs. Joe's smart little luncheons. "Joe" is going to run for Congress, they tell me. All the benevolent orders and the lodges and the clubs are strong for him and so are all the husbands of all the friends of the woman with the vocation for marriage. They do say that "Joe" is likely to be elected.

Simply a "Wife"

Mrs. Joe is studying French very hard. They say she expects to see "Joe" minister somewhere abroad one of these days, and, do you know, I shouldn't wonder the least little bit in the world if she did.

"Joe" thinks his wife is the sweetest, prettiest, simplest, most clinging little creature in the world. He can't endure clever women, he says, and doesn't see how a man can live six months with a woman who knows more than he does. When he says this sort of thing, which for some obscure, masculine reason he does rather often, Mrs. Joe opens her eyes very wide and looks as much like a baby as she possibly can and everybody at the party says "Quite so, quite so," or "To be sure," or

"Isn't it the truth?" according to their various habits of mind and of expression.

Now wouldn't Mrs. Joe have been a goose to keep on teaching a kindergarten after she had found such a perfectly good profession for herself right at home with husband?

But, what if husband hadn't had the attractive personality, the rather easily influenced character and the pleasant voice? What if he had been a man who wouldn't be helped, or couldn't be—what then?

Would it have been the thing for his wife to drop her own clever, successful, independent personality and become just the poverty-driven wife of a poverty-driven clerk without the ability to rise to anything else?

Now she lives in a hotel with her husband; it's part of his business to live that way; he doesn't like musical people, so she has to entertain the wives of her husband's business associates. She never was pretty, but she had, before she was married and when she was happy and lived in her own world happily, a kind of elusive charm that was full of fascination. She has quite lost all that charm now and is just a sad-eyed, somewhat querulous person with a pout, who lives with Mr. So-and-so because she happens to be married to him and he is good enough to pay her bills.

A Common Mistake

The husband of this woman who gave up her vocation when she married always says that he cannot endure the type of woman who makes her own way in the world.

I saw him giving the young woman who sells periodicals at the hotel a large bunch of violets the other day. He seemed, strangely enough, quite able to endure her, and she makes her own way through a world which sometimes seems to the observing eye to be somewhat devious.

A certain woman known from one end of this continent to the other for her great beauty, her great talent as a musician and her great business ability, told me once that people were always wondering why she made such unhappy marriages.

"I've been married four times," said the great beauty and the great singer. "Every man I've married fell in love with me when I was on the stage. I didn't want to stay on the stage; I wanted to marry and have a home and make things to eat in a charming dish and wear smart little breakfast frocks and meet husband at the door with a smile when he came home, tired, from business."

"But that's where I made my mistake. My first husband married me because he fell in love with an actress—a beauty, and a public idol. Just as soon as I ceased to be these three things he ceased to love me."

"It was so with every one of them. Men marry a woman for one quality—and then fall out of love with her when, for the sake of marriage, she sacrifices the quality which won him."

"Marriage is a profession—a profession of existence. After this I am going to stick to it, if I have to marry a dozen different men to do it."

Since the great beauty said these things to me (she has married again) I notice that she is still in her profession—of being a beauty. I should not like to advise her to give it up. Should you?

FORTY—THE MAGICAL AGE



Mme. Frances Alda

Singer Lauds Modern Women

By Madge Marvel

THE woman of 40 seems to dominate the world," declared Mme. Alda, of the Metropolitan Opera, in a recent interview. By the way, she herself is barely thirty.

"It is absurd to think there was a time when 40 was considered the beginning of old age. Yet we have only to look back over the family album to see grandmother with a cap and an expression of resignation, looking as if she had earned her right to sit quietly by the fire and knit or spin and let others run the universe. It is a distinct shock when we look up dates and find the nice old person was but 41 or 42 when the picture was taken."

"A woman of 52 whom I met at a recent dinner told me she had been so engrossed by all the dancing of the winter that she had neglected much of the study she mapped out for herself at the beginning of the season. Dancing and buying pretty things for my newest grandchild take all my time," she said. Then, as I inquired for her daughter, whom I remembered as a most graceful

and attractive girl, the mother replied, "Poor child! She amuses me, for she takes life so seriously. I tell her she is very young, and when she gets to be 30 or so she will learn how to enjoy herself and not worry so much."

"I think the woman of 40 is the most fascinating and wonderful being! She has all the beauty and charm of youth and the poise and sympathy and tolerance and understanding which comes with experience. She has learned how to live, and she is able to apply the knowledge to her benefit and the joy of all who know her. She has ceased to try to right all the wrongs of the world by fretting and trying to shoulder all responsibility, and she has evolved a very practical and helpful philosophy of life."

"If the age limit on a woman's charm and activity is further extended," continued Mme. Alda, "there will be no chance for the debutantes. Already at all the social affairs I have attended this season the most beautiful women are the young matrons or their mothers. They have a completed beauty, the beauty of understanding with humanity, a kindness toward the world at large, coupled with an enthusiasm and optimism which is simply irresistible."

"Isn't there really food for thought in the place the mature woman occupies in life today? It is such a reversal of the old order. The woman of Forty is the Woman of the Hour."

Great Novels in a Nutshell

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"

Condensed from the STEVENSON novel by HELEN S. GRAY.

THIS story is a study of dual personality. A lawyer named Utterson and a friend of his were out for a walk one day in London and passed a queer building, which reminded the latter of an incident, which he related.

Once he was passing there at 3 in the morning and saw a child, sent for a doctor, and a man collide at the corner. The man trampled on her like a human juggernaut and went on. Her screams brought several people. Without having any namable malformation, this man, Hyde, gave the impression of being deformed, and filled the beholders with loathing. They demanded damages. He went in and brought out from the building a check signed with the name of a highly esteemed man.

Utterson went home, took out of his safe the will of his old friend, Henry Jekyll. It provided that in case of his death or unexplained absence for more than three months, Edward Hyde should have all of his property.

One evening Dr. Jekyll's butler came to Utterson in great distress. He feared there had been foul play. For a week he had not seen his master. A voice not his had answered knocks at the door, and when he opened the door, there lay Hyde writhing in the throes of death, a suicide. No trace could be found of Dr. Jekyll. Among his papers were a will bequeathing his property to Utterson and a sealed packet for him.

Utterson then went home and read a letter from Dr. Lanyon, who had been an old friend of his and Dr. Jekyll's, delivered after Dr. Lanyon's death, and marked "Not to be opened till the death or disappearance of Dr. Henry Jekyll."

In it Dr. Lanyon said that he had once received a letter from him, asking him to get a certain drawer and its contents in his laboratory and deliver it to the messenger to be sent for it at midnight. He was convinced his friend was crazy, but complied. A man revelling in appearance came for it, mixed some of the drugs it contained, and drank the potion. It threw him into a paroxysm. He seemed to swell and his features to alter. He was then recognized as Dr. Jekyll. Then he confessed all of his experiences with his dual personality.

Utterson next read the letter to him found among Dr. Jekyll's papers. In it Dr. Jekyll said in his youth he had been struck by how much evil there was in him and how much good, and had dwelt on the thought of separating them. In his medical studies he had found some drugs that would do that. Everywhere he aroused feelings of repugnance, because Edward Hyde was all evil, whereas in others good and evil are commingled. He rented a house for Hyde's use, and, lest he should ever be unable to change back to Dr. Jekyll, drew a will in Hyde's favor.

For two months he did not yield to temptation. Then the evil in him broke loose and he murdered Danvers Carew. One day as he sat on a park bench a paroxysm came over him and he was Hyde. If he should go to his home to get his drugs he would be arrested. So he wrote to Dr. Lanyon. The next day he became Hyde again without the use of drugs. Only under their immediate stimulation was he now able to be Dr. Jekyll. At any hour he was liable to be seized with a convulsion, especially if he slept or dozed.

His terror of the gallows drove him continually to return to the subordinate station of a part instead of a person. His supply of drugs was now getting low. He tried to get more of the same quality, but could not. He was writing his confession under the influence of the last of the old powders. He felt the end was near.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Power Radiates in the Warm Glow of a Smile

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B. M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins).

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ONE may no doubt smile and still be a villain, but there is a sallow sickliness about most heathenish smiles which makes the character behind them plain.

Smiles really show more than passive innocence, as you may yourself see when a babe smiles. He smiles and sleeps with innocence to himself and a cheering contagion which is spread to others.

See a babe smile and stretch forth his dimpled elbows! He opens wide his globular eyes and his little felled flesh flutters with winged joy, spreading radiance round about.

Eternal smiles do not betray the emptiness that bubbling brooks beset. A hearty smile is like a good deed in a naughty world. Like the quality of mercy it blesses him that has it and him that sees it.

The Animal Behaviorists—those subtle psychologists who deny that there is any psychology which cannot be seen by others in your actions or the actions of your cat and dog—say that if you can prove that a brute smiles, you must admit that he has a sense of humor. From this it follows, if the canine smiles in his sleep, he must dream. If he dreams, he thinks; ergo he reasons and has free will.

Such is utter nonsense, for infants smile before they co-ordinate their movements, yet no one can say they choose wisely or too well.

For smiles from reason flow. To brute denied, and are of love and food may have held 800 years ago, but not today.

The very word "smile" has a healthful value as can be proved by a Milky Way of specimen phrases, such as "In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile," or "Heine Mencken hugged his broad Beidel of malt with a bouncing smile upon his rotund cheeks."

When told Sir Plume had drawn Charles down, he dropped in, and killed him with a crown. She smiled to see the doggy dog die again. But at her smile the beast revived again.

Thus Pope exhibits the magic revivifying power of a smile. Can a maid be denied a boon with a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye? No more can she than with a reproof on her lips and a tear in her eye.

The Angel of Health hovers over the living structures of the smiling person. A smile is as invigorating to a muscle as it is to the liver.

Choler and spleen are no more at home in the neighborhood of a smile than an icicle is in the tropical sun. Sluggish fluids, inert digestion, the poisons of passion and the icy pallor of the bone-marrow are all stirred to manly vigor and rip-roaring robustness beneath the glow of the delectable smile.

On the whole, if you smile you not only tone up your muscles and vital tissues beyond the help of drugs and potions, but you out-radium radium in your electronic radiation of health to those you meet.

Observations of a Cynic

Hard to please—The stage villain.

The dead past buries its dead. The future will believe in cremation.

The proposal of marriage does not have a double meaning when it is refused.

There may be no marrying in heaven, but happy couples are prone to assert there is heaven in marrying.

There is hope for the man whose reputation is such that he is known to be lying when he is lying, but when he is believed to be lying when telling the truth, he is lost.

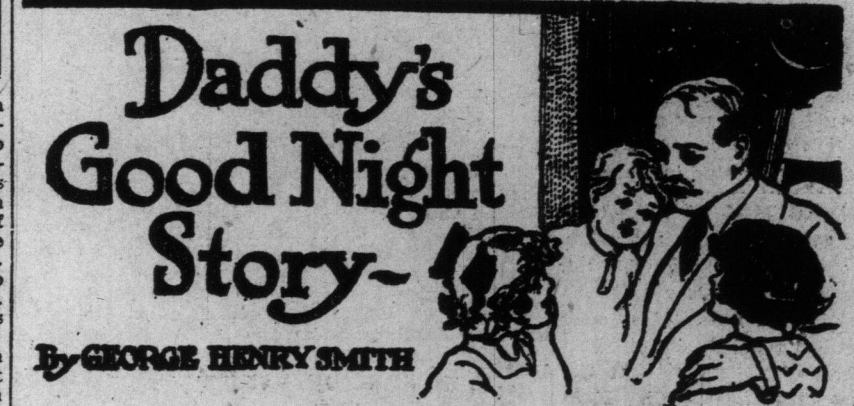
Old maids in their second childhood naturally become new women.

Butter gains strength with age but jokes do not.

"This suspense is killing me," gurgled the horse thief after the vigilantes caught him.

The most advanced woman of the age does not appreciate the value of blotters when writing. Her hand she regards as suitable.

There are beautiful thoughts which have never been uttered, but enterprising poets are in close pursuit of them. They have a cash value these days.



O. H. MOTHER! Look! Look! The ground is covered with ice cream!" shouted Charlie Chick.

"That is not ice cream," said his mother; "that is snow."

"What makes snow?" asked Charlie, as he snuggled under his mother's wing.

"Snow is frozen rain," replied Mrs. Cackle. "The air becomes so cold that the rain drops freeze and drop like little cotton balls."

Charlie peeked out the window again and watched the snow flakes fall in the air. Then he walked to the crack in the door, first peeking to see if his mother was watching him. He saw that her eyes were closed. He hopped right out in the snow, but he did not stay long.

"Ouch! Ouch!" he shouted, as he came back. His mother jumped up quickly and ran to the door.

"Oh! Mother, my feet are burning up!" whined Charlie.

"No, my dear, they are cold, not hot. The snow makes your feet tingle." Charlie crawled under his mother's wing and lay very still. He felt quite warm, but his feet were cold.

He pushed his head out and said: "Mother, my feet are cold now. I must have stepped on a frozen rain drop. Does the snow come from as far as the stars?"

"No, my dear, the rain and snow come from the clouds only a few miles up, while the nearest star would take 40 million years to reach, going as fast as a train could go," said Mrs. Cackle.

"I know how fast the train goes, Mother, but perhaps some day I will fly up and sit on a cloud."

"You are very ambitious," said Mrs. Cackle, as she closed her eyes.

Cupid, Incurable Gambler

By Tom Jackson

EUGENICS now is quite a fad, at least among a few. Still people marry in the way their parents used to do; still Cupid is the God of Love who does his work by stealth, and doesn't undertake to run the local board of health.

He rules without a stethoscope and brings joy to the young. He doesn't say: "Before you wed, let me look at your tongue."

Love takes a chance with throbbing hearts with pretty good results, and never stops to count the beats or comment on the pulse. When man and maid make up their minds that it is time to mate, he buys a ring and gaily they face their future fate.

Though ancestor she might have had, who one time threw dice, it doesn't worry him at all—no, not a little bit. Though his grandma once had the mumps and chronic rheumatiz, the maid will take him for her own and make her for his.

We've been a pretty husky race from way back times of yore, and we'll continue just the same without Eugenics lore. But even if we had the same, when hearts beat as one, 't would be the Parson, not the Doc, who got a little mon.

Heart beat, of course, is everything, which no one can gainsay, still loving will take a chance in the old-fashioned way; and even should Eugenics be to butt in Cupid's game, it wouldn't do a bit of good—he'd tie the knots just the same.

Sayings of Wise Men

Misers mistake gold for good, whereas it is only a means of obtaining it.—Rochefoucauld.

It is a sure evidence of the health and innocence of the beholder if the senses are alive to the beauty of nature.—Thoreau.

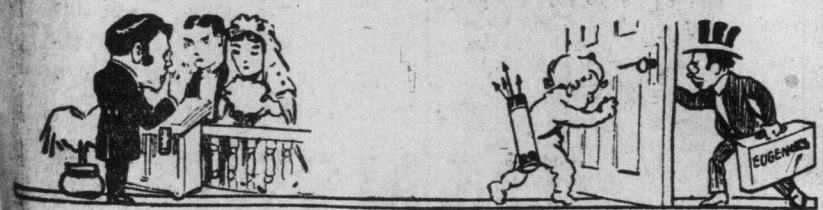
Men of God have always, from time to time, walked among men, and made their commission felt in the heart and soul of the commonest hearer.—Emerson.

A large library is apt to distract rather than to instruct the learner; it is much better to be confined to a few authors than to wander at random over many.—Seneca.

The reason why so few people are agreeable in conversation is that each is thinking more of what he is intending to say than of what others are saying; and we never listen when we are planning to speak.—Rochefoucauld.

Philosophers have done wisely when they have told us to cultivate our reason rather than our feelings, for reason reconciles us to the daily things of existence; our feelings teach us to yearn after the far, the difficult, the unseen.—Bulwer.

I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, that they might look bigger and more tempting. In like manner I make the most of my enjoyments, and though I do not cast my cares away, I pack them in as little compass as I can, and carry them as conveniently as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others.—Southey.



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