

A woman can only love one man at a time, and the husband has but to see that *he* is that man.

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See to it yesterday, to-day, and forever that your deeds as a husband are as tender as the lover-words. But this is reasoning for the millennium.

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Don't say "that's just like a woman," insinuating that she is illogical or silly. You know, you had a pretty good idea that she was a woman when you married her.

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If she is ordinarily polite to other gentlemen, there is no reason why your mind should be racked and tortured by a thousand barbed suspicions. Don't try to force her to eat onions when she is going out.

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Remember that "a daughter is a daughter all the days of her life." This being the case, it is neither wise nor decorous to call your mother-in-law "Old Sitting Bull."

Fiction and precedent to the contrary, she may be a very charming person, and well worth cultivating.

The French for mother-in-law is *la belle mere*—the beautiful mother.

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What matter if there are a dozen sprigs on the olive-tree already? Never, under any circumstances, make reproaches or laments because of a probable thirteenth. It is neither manly nor kind. If she *will* moan, let her make it a solo.

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Now it is a secret worth a great deal, but I'll tell it to you:

If you have offended her, the best way to make her forget it is to pretend you are offended yourself. This is a trump-card that always restores equilibrium.

A short absence favors love, a long absence kills it.

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It is only celibates and disappointed bachelors who make mean flings at marriage. It was one of the latter who said he wished that Adam had died with all his ribs in his body, and when the Pope heard of Father Hyacinthe's marriage, he exclaimed: "The saints be praised! The renegade has taken his punishment into his own hands. Truly the ways of Providence are inscrutable."

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Don't compliment your wife on her conspicuous traits or points of beauty. She knows them better than you do. Let her see you have discovered some overlooked excellence that has escaped general notice. She will have a much higher opinion of your intelligence and discrimination.

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Husband and wife should read the same books and keep up common interests. By this means, if they cease to be lovers, they may be agreeably surprised to find themselves friends.

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There is no use in asserting that you are master, for if she is the wise woman I take her to be, she will tell you she is mistress of the master, and you cannot go one better.

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There are other ways of proving your fondness for the domestic hearth than by spending most of your time elsewhere. Nowadays you may find a man at home anywhere, except at home.

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Never boast that you are not tied down by the connubial garter. No one suspects that you are. We all know—that is, most of us—that this very necessary gear is *extremely elastic*. It has one drawback, though. When it breaks, it has a nasty habit of hitting the one who has done the stretching.