

—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME.



SIDE TALKS

BY RUTH CAMERON.

ONE THING MEN HATE.

"She keeps at me, so!"

Once upon a time I found myself, through the fact that I sometimes employed one of the parties, in the unhappy position of board of arbitration for a husband and wife who were finding it increasingly harder to be happy together, and yet who did not really want to separate.

Her chief complaint was that her husband had grown "terribly irritable and no longer seemed to take pleasure in her society, though she tried in every way to please him.

"She keeps at me, so."

The man was less articulate, at first he admitted his irritability and deplored it. He knew she tried to please him, but—and he grew red with the effort to express himself, and finally spluttered out the above.

"She keeps at me, so."

"Doesn't seem as if I could stand it, sometimes," he went on, "if I'm reading, she'll ask what I'm reading. If I sit thinking, she wants to know what I'm thinking about. She's always asking me what I've been doing during the day. There's nothing I'm ashamed of (promptly), but I hate this giving an account of myself all the time.

"And then, she's always at me to do this or that—things she thinks I ought to do, write my mother, or something like that. I suppose she's right, sometimes, but her keeping at me so,

only sets me more against it.

And if I'm ever such a fool as to say anything decent about another woman, Goodnight! She's everlastingly at me about that! queer, I should think her so pretty, when I always used to prefer blondes (his wife is a blonde). And what was I talking to this other woman about, coming up the street, when I looked so interested? And maybe I wouldn't be so cranky if I was married to her."

About Getting Home Early.

"Then, if we go anywhere she's always at me about getting there early, and then she's at me about getting home early on account of the kids.

"If it isn't one thing it's another—that's all."

Anything, I am afraid, but try to realize that she is something better in the masculine nature that represents being "cabbined, cribbed, confined," even by love and good intentions.

BEAUTY CHATS

BY EDNA KENT FORBES.

MAKE YOUR PRETTY CLOTHES.

A woman's reputation for looks is not built upon her "dressed-up" appearance, but upon the glimpses of her when she is not arrayed for public view. Many a woman's reputation as a beauty has been spoiled by some small boy's comment on her, curled in the back yard with her hair in curl papers!

How do you look around the house? Does your brother or your husband think you're pretty, that I think Mr. Hoover has conserved a lot of domestic happiness as well as food when his department adopted the clever pattern for the Hoover House-dress—the one with the double front and slip-through belt, and the perfectly adorable cap.

House-dresses are so easy to make; it's lines, color and convenience that count; the tailor work can be an amateur's job, but the effect will be there. Natty little short sleeved gingham and percales for summer, with boyish white sailor collars; dark wash silks, or colored corduroys for winter—and all made so that can be slipped over the head or fastened with a couple of snaps, loose waisted so corsets can be forgotten (unless the weather is too stout.) Such frocks can be slipped on in an instant, and the hair curled quickly and hidden under an attractive cap—something becoming, remember, with a little pulled around the ears for looks—and the woman is neat and pretty to go about her work. I think curl papers and sloppy wrappers ought to be grounds for divorce; probably they are a basic reason for many broken homes.

For wear around your own room, pretty little slip-on negligees are very easy to make. Straight lines, a little inexpensive lace, a bit of quilting, is all you need; the material used could be

crepe de chine or tub silk—which are really inexpensive materials, when you consider their long service.

Questions and Answers.

Very Anxious—I wonder how many letters I have received from trusting souls like yourself who have answered some printed promises of "Instant relief" or "magic transformation" by the mere use of twenty-five cents' worth of somebody-or-other's dope! As though such a promise could be made good! It took years to line those wrinkles in your face; do you really believe anything was ever made that could erase them instantly?

There is one way to smooth out wrinkles, and that only does it partially; for the wrinkle is always coming back. That is massage with a nourishing cold cream and an ice rub. This feeds the skin and stimulates the blood and the ice acts as the needed astringent.

COULDN'T STAND HIS MUSIC.

At a certain police court a woman of somewhat ample proportions presented herself before the magistrate and asked for a separation order against her husband.

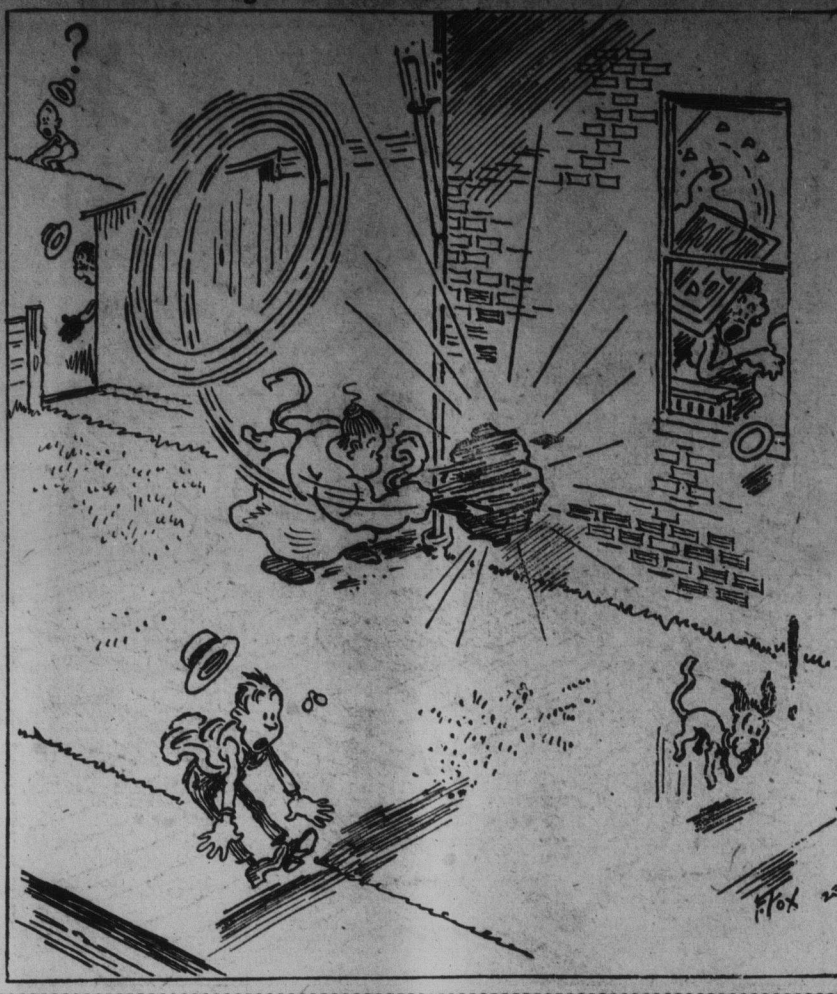
"On what terms do you want the order?" queried the magistrate.

"Because my husband snores so loudly that I can't sleep," was the explanation.

"But didn't you take your husband for better or for worse?"

Applicant: "Yes, but I didn't take him for a brass band!"

The Powerful Katrinka Was in a Hurry So With One Smash She Cracked Enough Ice To Freeze a Gallon of Cream.



THE EVENING STORY

AT THE HOUSE BOAT ON THE STYX.

Doings Reported By Wireless To John Kendrick Bangs.

THE GEHENNA GAZETTE INTERVIEW THE KASER.

"Well, well, well," roared Captain Kidd, as he entered the Library of the House-Boat on the Styx, and greeted Attilla, the Hun, who was seated in one corner of the room sipping his favorite tipple of wood-alcohol and tobacco sauce. "If it isn't good old Att! What's the matter, old man, you look like the Gloom Trust. When I first caught sight of you I thought you were a thunder cloud, and had visions of a heavy rain, you look so black."

"Well, why shouldn't I?" retorted Attilla, with a grim scowl.

"Because, old top," grinned the Captain, "your reign is over; your stunt is to do the rainbow act."

"Humph!" snorted the Hun. "Rain-bow act, eh? After that?"

He banged his hand viciously upon the first page of the Gehenna Gazette, where, capped with headlines of the most approved scabhead pattern, Captain Kidd read the following:

Worthy Son of a Famous Hun—Latest advice from the upper world are to the effect that Kaiser William the Second has taken as his model in the savage forms of warfare he is waging on the women and children of earth his predecessor in pillage, Peter B. Attilla, Esq., formerly of Hunville-on-the-Spre, and now a prominent resident of Hades. Those who have followed the courses of the two distinguished potatoes find an amazingly complete parallel between the infamous conduct of the two men, and a recent interview granted the Potsdam Correspondent of The Gazette by the present head of the German Empire would seem to indicate that the similarity is not a mere accident, but a matter of premeditated choice on the part of the reigning sovereign.

"Yes," said the Kaiser, as he graciously received your Correspondent in the dark room where he was having his daily flash-light taken, "I am perfectly willing to admit it. Attilla is my great exemplar. They say I am contented, and regard myself as the great originator of all the truly progressive movements of my time, when as a matter of fact there never has been in all recorded history a more modest man than myself—print that myself with a capital M, please, like the G in Gott—not a more apt pupil of an inspiring teacher. It was not I who invented German Killers—I—I mean Kultur—but that rare spirit Attilla, my illustrious predecessor in Teutonic effort. It was he who first laid down the fundamental principles upon which the glorious regeneration of a degenerate world might be begun."

"Would your Imperial Majesty deign

to state in a single word just what the fundamental principles of these fundamental principles is?" we asked.

"With pleasure," replied the Kaiser, scratching his left ear with the prong of his right moustache. "It is simplicity itself. To eradicate weakness from the world, strike at its source. Eradicate the weakling. In other words war upon the helpless. The helpless are a burden to every community. Every dependent person in the world is a hindrance to the growth of the stronger individual upon whom he depends, and to that extent regards his progress, and thereby diminishes the possible sum total of the world's advance toward that perfection of which we Hohenzollerns are the supreme efflorescence. It was upon that basis that Attilla the Master invariably acted, and in this present conflict in the most approved scabhead pattern, Captain Kidd read the following:

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YOUR HEALTH

By ANDREW F. GURNER, M. D.

PRE-NATAL INSTRUCTION OF MOTHERS.

We have only begun to consider the question of disease as the result of the terrible war in which all the world is now engaged.

We see how it has not only slaughtered millions of men, but has depopulated country after country.

We can do yet scarcely realize the ghastly effect it has had upon communities where the civil population is worn and weakened with war and anxiety, and where there is, and will continue to be, hunger, thirst and nakedness.

Is there any power in medicine or sanitation which will stay it. Will there be doctors and grave diggers enough to go around?

The mind reels at the prospect. The men who are being killed and invalided are the virile, the active, the reproducers.

But suppose there was a chance for reproduction; the women are filled to the brim with hatred, bitterness, with suffering of every description—what is the chance for their unborn offspring?

What will be their inevitable inheritance, physically and mentally? Only recently has the importance of instructing expectant mothers in the hygiene of pregnancy been recognized as part of the duty of the Health Department.

What duty could more positively be paramount? No observant farmer needs to be told that his stock will bear better offspring if they are well cared for when pregnant, than if they are neglected or abused.

Why should there be a different result when the pregnant female is a woman?

From the moment a woman enters the pregnant state, she enters a new condition of being, physiological, it is true, but as liable to mishaps and derangement as the performance of any other function—digestion or assimilation, for instance.

A way with you that would superinduce heat in a modern steam-heated flat. As a coal conservator you would have Garfield's joy, because you shovelled palaces, and public libraries, and private dwellings into the furnace, whenever you felt your feet getting cold; and if you'd been hanged for just one minute for every human being you caused to be buried before his time, you'd have been hanging yet.

"Granted," said Attilla. "Granted, and proud of it. I went the limit. I left scars in my track that appalled the Furies themselves. When it came to pure pitiless pillage I had Molock, Anthropophagus, Blue Beard, Beelzebub and old boy Belial himself lashed to the mast. Messalina was a lady and Nero a movie-idol alongside of me. I was a glutton for rascality. If ever a loose fish swam the sea, or a harpy flew the air, our pal Att was it. Malevolence was my middle name. My joy, ferocity my twin; but

"That's what I've been waiting for," said Kidd. "Knew there'd be a but before long. But what—

out with it?"

"I never was a hypocrite!" said Attilla. "What I did I did to gratify my own lusts and passions. If I skewered a baby on the end of my pike-staff I did it for the pleasure of hearing him squeal, or seeing him squirm. I never pretended I was doing it as the instrument of God, or for the benefit of society. Murder, arson, rape, mayhem? Sure! I revelled in 'em. They were to my life what hors d'oeuvres are to a fifty-cent table d'hôte. I was a scoundrel, a catfish, a ruffian, a bully, and a brutish beast, but I never stayed safely at home in a nice warm steam-heated palace ninety-seven miles from the front, kidding the world into believing that all my barbaric savagery was the work of a Seraph of Light sent to lift a fallen world up out of the pit of degeneracy to perfection. I may be Attilla, Kidd, but by the living Jingo, I'm not Pecksniff!"

"It was at this point that the conversation singularly enough was interrupted by the offending Editor himself, James Boswell, who came rushing excitedly into the room."

"Save me! Save me!" he cried, the celestial heights of spiritual cowering down behind Attilla.

"Have you from what?" growled the Hun, eyeing the trembling Boswell ferociously.

But the answer was not needed. Hot on Boswell's trail, equally excited, and with his face flaming with wrath, came Benedict Arnold.

"Where is the hound—where is he?" he cried. "Is Boswell here?"

"You can search me," replied Kidd. "I'm not Jim's keeper. What's the trouble?"

"I'm going to pound him to a pulp. I'm going to cut him into ribbons," said Arnold, brandishing a revolutionary sword over his head.

"But why?" insisted Attilla, drawing his robe across the shoulders of the cowering Boswell, to hide him from view.

"He likened me to LaFollette!" cried the angry interloper.

"He did, did he?" said the Hun. "He did, did he? Well, that's too bad, and I'm sorry for you—but he likened me to the Kaiser, and all I have to say to you, sir, is that when you get through with him I wish you would send what's left of him to me by parcels-post. I have a sulphuric geyser in my back-yard just waiting to give fellows of his sort a pleasant little shower bath. He came in that doorway over there—but I didn't see him go out."

Whereupon Benedict Arnold started

off in hot pursuit, and Attilla, lifting his robe from the cowering journalist, sat down and roared with laughter.

"Jim," he said, sticking his finger at the quivering bicyclist. "Stand up, and stop giving us a fool imitation of an earthquake. If you weren't an immortal I'd kill you for what you've done to let you off altogether, not because I forgive you, but for the pleasure it gave me to see how perfectly you had touched that piker, Benedict, on the raw. Murderers, pillagers, rapers, huns, vandals, thugs, hoodlums and what-not—if we dig deep enough sometimes we can find some good in them, but in hypocrites and traitors? Never!

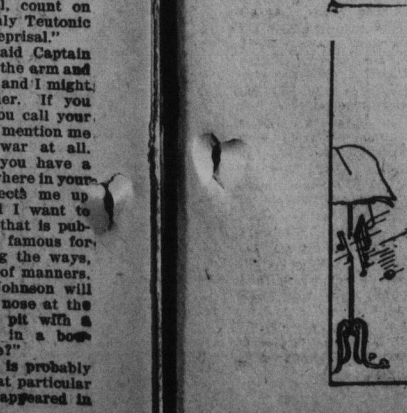
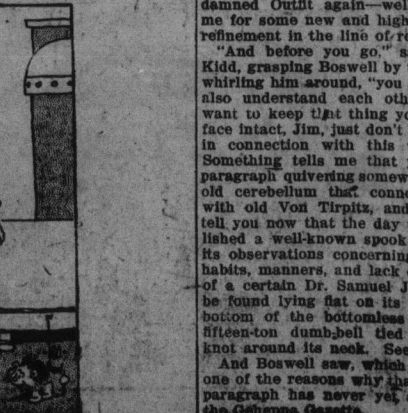
You may go, but I warn you here and now that if you ever mention me in the same breath with any of that Potsdam Outfit again—well, count on me for some new and highly Teutonic refinement in the line of reprisal."

"And before you go," said Captain Kidd, grasping Boswell by the arm and whisking him around, "and I might, might understand each other. If you want to keep that thing you call your face intact, Jim, just don't mention me in connection with this war at all. Something tells me that you have a paragraph quivering somewhere in your old cerebellum that connects me up with old You Thripix, and I want to tell you now that the day that is published a well-known spook famous for its observations concerning the ways, habits, manners, and lack of manners, of a certain Dr. Samuel Johnson will be found lying flat on its nose at the bottom of the bottomless pit with a fifteen-ton dumbbell tied in a bow-tie around its neck. So."

And Boswell saw, which is probably one of the reasons why that particular paragraph has never yet appeared in the Gehenna Gazette.

By LEO.

WEDLOCKED.



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