

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

WHEN WOMEN HOLD THE PURSESTRINGS.

The Authorman insists that he can tell by looking at her, any woman who has the financial supremacy in the home—that is who either earns more money than her husband or who has inherited money.

That is, of course, a statement made stronger than the facts justify in order to carry home the idea, but I think we all recognize the truth under the emphasis.

Financial dominance in the home often does imprint a hard look on the face of the woman who possesses it.

A Face As Hard As A Rock.

I have in mind a woman who inherited money shortly after she was married. Her husband was a scholar but no money-maker, and they

lived largely on his wife's money, which she conserved and invested. That woman's face is as hard as a rock. And that look has all come since she inherited the money.

Nor is it merely in their faces that the women who have this financial upper hand, show it. All too often they betray it in their manner, too. I once knew a woman who had been much more successful in business than her husband and it really made me uncomfortable to go into her home, because she had a manner toward her husband that made me blush for both of them. More than once I have heard her say to him when she had asked him to do something and he had had the hardihood to demur, "Do as I tell you, Robert." A mother could not speak with any greater authority to a refractory child. If she knew how unbeautiful it sounded, I am sure she would find some more gracious way of enforcing her commands—if they had to be enforced.

I heard of another case where a

MY COLUMN

BRIDGE.

Have you ever played Bridge? If you haven't, take my advice and don't. Never let yourself be trapped into taking a hand, not even if its "just to fill up." If you do, you are lost. I was caught once. I happened to be at a party and I was asked if I played Bridge. I said no, and asked if it were a round game and if you played it out of doors. My hostess replied that you played it with cards and that it was "so interesting." My excuse that my state of health debarred me from participating in "interesting" games was not accepted. "You really must help us out and fill up. It's such a simple game top," is the command I received. What was the use of raising any more objections. I had no choice. I was asked if I "led" advisedly—to a table at which two women and a man were seated. I was pushed into a chair opposite one of the girls and my hostess departed. "I really don't play Bridge," I apologized, but my partner was not having any. "You'll soon learn," she said. "It's so very easy." The cards were shuffled and dealt. I looked at mine. Somebody said "two hearts." The person on my right said "three clubs." I said nothing. My partner looked at me expectantly. "Six diamonds," I said. The sudden silence that followed caused me to look up. Expressions of astonishment showed on the faces of the three companions. "You don't mean it, do you?" asked my partner. "Why, yes," I said. "Look" and I threw my cards down on the table. Amongst other things, my hand contained six diamonds. Another silence ensued which was broken only by the other man. "Don't you think we had better play Old Maid," he suggested. That was my first venture at Bridge.

RIMES OF THE TIMES.

THE STRIKE HABIT.

If you're asked to play a game
You don't like
And an excuse you can't frame
Go on strike.

That's the modern thing, you know
Everywhere you'll find it so.
Doesn't matter where you go
There's a strike.

If you're ever forced to go
On a "hike"
Don't plead that you've grass to mow,
But just strike.

Don't look like a frightened "chow"
Don't show worry on your brow.

woman with an independent income of many thousands married a salesman making a couple of thousand at the most. She decided that he did not have sufficient prospects to justify his continuing with the work and persuaded him to give it up so that they could travel whenever she wanted to. Eventually we heard this story. They were in the habit of making an all-night trip from their home in New York to visit her parents. The baby, who had been added to the menage, interfered with her mother's sleep on the train. Therefore she sent her husband with the nursemaid and baby one night, and came over herself the following night.

If I were a man and had my choice between the job of stone, crushing in the road or being the husband of a wife with money and without fine feelings, I think I would choose the former.

Hard To Be The Wife.

On the other hand, I do not think it would be easy to be the wife with money. It would take infinite tact and sensitiveness to fill the position gracefully.

As I wrote, I have been wondering whether the possession of money makes women any harder than it does men; or whether the hardness shows up more in contrast to femininity. And I have decided that it does actually make women harder. But that is not in any way an argument against the entrance of women into the business field. I think it is merely because they have been financially starved so long that they react so violently. I believe greater economic independence for women is going to bring a readjustment of power and obligation that will be better for both sexes.

Everybody does it now.
Go on strike.

THE CUB-EDITOR.

HE WANTED TO KNOW.

At his customary rising hour of 4 a. m. the employer got up, dressed, lit a lantern and went forth to start the chores. He fed the stock, milked three cows, split some wood, and single-handed, ministered to the chickens, meantime filled with wonder, which turned to disgust, at the unaccountable tardiness of his employees.

At ten minutes after 5 o'clock, when the first pink streaks of dawn were reddening the eastern sky, the new hand came around the corner of the barn.

The farmer dropped the fork he was welding and stared long and hard at the tardy one.

"Well," he asked, in tones of heavy sarcasm, "what have you been the hell forenoon?"

TRUTHFUL COPY.

The reporter was sent to write up a charity ball. His story came in late and it was careless. The editor reproved him, the next day by quoting an extract:

"Look here, Scribbler, what do you mean by this?—'among the most beautiful girls was Alderman Horatio Dingley. Old Dingley isn't a girl. He's one of our principal stockholders.'"

"I can't help that," returned the realistic reporter. "That's where he was."

CITY MAN IN THE COUNTRY.

A Scotch minister was asked to pray for rain and his prayer was followed by such a downpour that the crops were injured. During the storm one old farmer said to another: "This comes of trusting sic a request to a minister who isn't acquainted wi' agriculture."

A CLOSING ARGUMENT.

Agent—"Morally, I came to-day to close up this life insurance contract we've been talking over."

Morality—"What's th' hurry?"

Agent—"Dolan heard that you called him a liar, and I want our medical examiner to see you before Dolan comes."

PERTINENT QUESTION.

The Frenchman did not like the look of the barking dog baring his way. "It's all right," said the host; "don't you know the proverb, 'Barking dogs never bite?'"

"Ah, yes," said the Frenchman, "I know ze proverb, you know ze proverb, but ze dog—does he know ze proverb?"

A DIFFERENT ADDRESS.

A San Francisco woman, whose husband had been dead several years, went to a medium, who produced her satisfaction the spirit of her dead husband.

"My dear John," said the widow to the spirit, "are you happy now?"

"I am very happy," John replied. "Happier than you were on earth with me," she asked.

"Yes," was the answer. "I am far happier now than I was on earth with you."

"Tell me, John, what is it like in heaven?"

"Heaven!" replied John, "I'm not in Heaven."

ANY ONE AT ALL.

The owner of a menagerie was in Chicago on business when a telegram was handed him. It read: "The leopard has escaped. The lion is about town. What shall I do?"

Bill was one of those fellows who have to have explicit directions to do anything even in an emergency. He was always afraid of making a mistake. The owner rushed from the table and sent a reply.

"Shoot him on the spot," he wired. Being unusually busy, he forgot all about the affair until about two hours later, when he returned to the hotel. Another telegram was handed him. It proved to be from a careful, conscientious Bill, and asked:

"Which spot?"

THE OTHER FELLOW NEVER HAS.

Engineer—"Well, Dan, we decided at the meeting last night to strike. Why wasn't you there?"

Fireman—"I couldn't get there on account of the trolley strike. The trolley men ain't got no consideration for the public."

CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK.

"Does the baby take after your husband?"

"Yes, indeed. We have taken his bottle from him, and the other day the little darling tried to creep down the cellar steps."

ECZEMA

You are not alone in suffering from this skin disease. It is the most common skin ailment. It is caused by an irritation of the skin. It is not contagious. It is not a punishment. It is a disease. It is a disease that can be cured. It is a disease that can be cured by using Dr. Chase's Ointment for Eczema and Skin Irritations. It is a disease that can be cured by using Dr. Chase's Ointment for Eczema and Skin Irritations. It is a disease that can be cured by using Dr. Chase's Ointment for Eczema and Skin Irritations.

Now On Sale—Mid-Month List

Advance June Releases

Columbia Records



Jolson's Swede Girl and Blossom Seeley

A delightful musician, but dangerous as a cool, is Jolson's Swede girl "Scandinavia," newest, funniest character created by this exclusive Columbia artist. Coupled with "Funeral Blues," first Columbia Record made by Blossom Seeley, star comedienne.

A-3382-85c

Frank Crumit Is Unucky in Love

Laugh at this rejected lover's lament, "I Used to Love You But It's All Over Now." Then hear this exclusive Columbia artist burst into tears in "No Wonder I'm Blue," and laugh louder still.

A-3388-85c

Hickman's Orchestra's 1921-Model Fox-trots

Here are two new 1921-model fox-trots combining speed, syncopation, and pep. "Siren of a Southern Sea" and "Day Dreams" are delightful dances, both just recorded in San Francisco by this exclusive Columbia organization.

A-3387-85c

A Few More Mid-Month Hits

Turkey in the Straw
The Gum-Suckers March
Tiddle. Fox-trot
Beela Boola. Song One-step
I Lost You. Fox-trot
Yokohama Lullaby. Medley Fox-trot Intro. Kentucky
Just We Two
Rose of Athlone

Percy Grainger A-3361
Percy Grainger \$1.00
Paul Biese Trio A-3383
Paul Biese Trio 85c
The Happy Six A-3384
The Happy Six 85c
Howard Marsh A-3357
Howard Marsh 85c

New Columbia Records on Sale the 10th and 20th of Every Month

U. S. PICTURE & PORTRAIT CO., Grafanola Department.

Rigging, Turnbuckles, etc.

We have received a new stock of Turnbuckles of every style and size from 1-2 inch up.

Also Ring Clews, Jib Hanks, Sheaves, Shackles, Sail Thimbles from 1 to 4 inch, Rowlocks, Heart Thimbles from 1 to 10 in.

Blocks of every size, including Snatch Blocks. Blaying Pins, Rouse Chocks. Gin Blocks.

JOB'S STORES, Ltd.

MUTT AND JEFF

MUTT DROPS A DOLLAR IN THE DEMPSEY-KEARNS STRONG-BOX.

By Bud Fisher.

