

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 3:30 to Evansville, 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 lunches 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 so-and-so and so-and-so, 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 fine 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 entertain a chance with throbbing hearts with pretty good results, and never steps 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

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Forty—THE MAGICAL AGE



Mme. Frances Alda



Singer Lauds Modern Women

By Midge 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 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 fireside 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.

"Don't there really fold for thought in the place the mature woman occupies in the world today? It is not 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 his laboratory. They wrote down the door. There lay Hyde writing 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 "See to be opened till the death of the bearer of this." The letter was dated as if it were for myself, and never let them annoy others.—Southey.

received a letter from him, asking him to get a certain drawer and deliver it to the messenger to be sent for it midnight. He was convinced his friend was crazy, but complied. A man revolting 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 of after. 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 see his wife he would be arrested. So he wrote to Dr. Lanyon. The next day he became Hyde again without the use of drugs. Only under his 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 dined.

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). Copyright, 1914, by L. K. Hirschberg.

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 jellied flesh flutters with winged joy, spreading radiance round about. Eternal smiles do not betray the emptiness that bubbling brooks resemble. A hearty smile is like a good deed in a naughty world. Like the quality of mercy it blesseth 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 now, 'Tis best desired, and 'tis of love and food may have held 300 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. Pesswig, one vast substantial smile," or "Heine Mencken hugged his broad Seidel of malt with a bounding smile upon his rotund cheeks."

When bold Sir Flame had drawn Charles down, Once stopped he, and kissed him with a frown, She smiled to see the doughy head alight, But at her smile the bean revived again.

Thus Pope exhibits the magic revivifying powers 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 a icicle is in the tropical sun. Sluggish fluids, inert digestion, the poisons of passion and the icy pallor of the bonemarrow are all stirred to manly vigor and rip-roaring robustness beneath the glow of the debonaire 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. Old maids in their second childhood naturally become new women.

The dead past buries its dead. The future will believe in cremation. Butter gains strength with age but jokes do not.

The proposal of marriage does not have a double meaning when it is refused. "This suspense is killing me," gurgled the horse thief after the vigilantes caught him.

There may be no marrying in heaven, but happy grooms 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.

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.

Daddy's Good Night Story

By GEORGE HENRY SMITH

"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 peering 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 microscope and brings joy to the young. He doesn't say—"Before you wed, let me look at your tongue."

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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.—Theophrastus.

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, 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.

