POOR DOCUMENT

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INTERESTING

A Feature Page of Interest to Everyone

INSTRUCTIVE

Dorothy Dix

Is Your Wife Extravagant?—Try Telling Her the Truth
About Your Income—Is Your Stenographer Incompetent?—Give Her a Chance by Telling Her Exactly
What's Wrong—Truth and Woman Won't Explode
When Brought Together.

THE one thing in the world that women yearn for most, and get least, from men, is the truth. Man flatters woman, and he scolds and blames her, He cajoles her and he jollies her, and occasionally he browbeats her, but he seldom favors her with absolute veracity in his dealings with her.

Whether men consider that the naked truth is too shocking a spectacle for feminine eyes to behold or not, no one can say. But certain it is that before a man presents a fact to a woman he has generally so adorned it and embroidered it and upholstered it that its own mother wouldn't know it, and it would take an excavating shovel to get off the disguises and down to the reality.

STRANGELY enough, too, lying is a tribute that man pays especially to the fair sex. A decent man does not lie to other men. Even to be accused of such a thing has ever been considered an insult that one was justified in washing out in blood; but men have no shame in lying to women.

On the contrary, popular sentiment counts it unto a man for cleverness and wit to be able to make his wife or fiancee believe that he is sitting up with a sick friend when he is opening bottles for chorus girls.

Three-fourths of the comedies on the stage have this ingenious theme for their motive, for the one thing on which any playwright may count on to provoke mirth is a man's ability to lie to woman. to provoke mirth is a man's ability to lie to woman.

Yet in reality this false idea of man's that woman must never be told the truth is at the bottom of half of the troubles in the world and explains, as nothing else can explain, what we call the vagaries of women. We see a woman acting unreasonably, idiotically, and we set it down to her being a fool, whereas, in all probability, it is all because she has been misled as to the facts in the case and is figuring out the situation from a false standpoint.

THIS is bad enough in society, but for the business woman it is tragical.

No one but the working woman, who has had to deal with men, knows how hard it is to get a man to tell her the truth. He will make her a thousand promises he never means to keep; he will delude her with rosy hopes he knows to be false; he will make a million excuses that have no foundation—rather than come bluntly and plainly out and tell her just how things really stand.

This is particularly hard on the girl who is just beginning to work.

If a man employs a boy as clerk or stenographer, and the youth makes mistakes, his employer will say, "Now, look here, if you don't learn how to spell, or if you don't come earlier, or quit looking at yourself so much in the mirror, you will get fired." And the boy thus adjured has, at least, a chance to correct his faults and learn his business; but not so the girl.

Her employer doesn't tell her the truth and give her an opportunity to learn her trade. He makes some feeble plaint about business being bad and having to reduce his force, and dismisses the girl, who might, had she been told the truth about why she failed, have learned to be a useful worker.

What we call women's unreasonableness is nearly always to be attributed to their not knowing the facts in the case.

ONCE upon a time I saw a half-dozen clever men—lawyers and trustees of an estate—absolutely balked by the uncompromising attitude of a woman who refused to be persuaded or cajoled or driven into doing the one sensible and obvious thing they desired her to do.

Finally they appealed to me for advice. "Go and tell her the exact truth about the situation," I said. And the bravest of the lot took his courage in both hands and remedies for hysterics in his pocket, and did so. The woman listened to him without a sob, and the minute she understood the real situation she did exactly what they desired.

In the domestic relationship the lack of truth between men and women is even more to be deplored. Who can doubt that there would be fewer disappointments in marriage if, instead of telling a a girl she is an angel and that if she married him she would never have to do anything with her lily white hands but soothe his weary brow, a man would say: "See here, Mary, I know you have a temper and a tongue, and so have I, and if you marry me life is not going to be any picnic by a long shot. I'm poor and I expect my wife to help me, and you'll have to wear made-over gowns and do the work of willing hands, and, please God, we will win out together."

OF COURSE, no lover says that—he draws a fancy picture of an impossible Eden, and then when the girl goes up against the sordid reality she feels, and feeling, resents being roped into a confidence game.

Women may also justify their extravagance on the ground that they are rarely told the truth about their husbands and fathers' business. Not one woman in a thousand knows what she really can afford to spend, and men have only themselves to blame for the consequence of a woman thinking she can afford champagne on a beer income.

The pathetic part of all of this is that men put themselves to so much trouble for nothing and perjure their souls without reason. The truth and woman are not two inharmonious elements that explode and blow up when brought together. Rather do they make a soothing combination that makes for peace and harmony.

IT IS because women know they are being lied to that makes them unreasonable, suspicious and jealous, for we all fear ghosts that we cannot see more than the perils we do see.

A man can never know what a sensible, practical good fellow his wife is until he begins to tell her the truth about things.

THIS is a dead-straight tip to husbands.

DOROTHY DIX.

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INCO, THE ELEPH ANT, RUNS AWAY

Twins slept in little white beds, was held open by a wonderful stop.

This door-stop was an elephant, a beautiful elephant made of china as white and smooth as satin. There is nothing unusual about an elephant, or even about a china elephant, but when I tell you that this elephant had bunches of roses all over him, even down his trunk, painted on tight, you may say what other people before you have said—that you never heard of such a thing before in your life.

china elephant. Where at first the Twins would pat him when they passed, or even get down on the floor and plant with him. and put things on his back to ride, now they never seemed to have a minute for a word. They never wondered any more even, why he had big roses painted on.

Perhaps that was one reason why the poor thing never raised his eyes. And perhaps that is the reason he did what he did, for something unusual certainly happened.

Inco.

"Inco" was short for "Inconsistent" for the Twins' father had said he was inconsistent all over. First because a door-stop should be made of iron instead of chins and second because it would have looked more natural to have peanuts painted on him instead of roses. There were several other reasons for the name, but that is not in the story.

Inco stood patiently beside his door, guarding it with all his twelve inches of might and main.

He stood there, and stood there, and stood there, eyes gazing at the floor,

stood there, eyes gazing at the floor, stood there, eyes gazing at the floor, his trunk half raised to show it off to advantage, his tail—but, oh my dears! I almost forgot—he had no tail at all. Simply, absolutely, positively none. He never mixed with the other animals in the Twins' bedroom. The rabbits and hens and squirreds and ducks on the wallpaper stood in the greatest awe of him. The butterfles and dickybirds on the furniture did their best to attract his attention by fluttering their wings in a dozen different ways, but in vain.

THE door into the bedroom where the you? That's the way it was with the Twins slept in little white beds, china elephant. Where at first the

before in your life.

But there he was, keeping guard at his post of duty day in and day out, night in and night out, as rosily as a June morning. It never occurred to him to be ashamed of his decorations.

To add to his oddness his name was leep with his face turned toward the door and his arms stretched out. And at night inco's eyes lifted themselves a

A Thought

Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.—Romans 13:10. HEAVEN has no rage like love to hatred turned.—Congreve.

GIVES TOWN FIRE ENGINE BERNARDSVILLE, N. J., June 12-

vain.

He kept his eyes steadfastly down, Inco did. It is quite a responsibility, being a watchman.

Well, sir, time went on and went on and after a while the Twins got so that they never noticed poor Inco at all. Try it yourself if you don't believe me. You know a picture is on a wall at a certain place, but you don't look at it every time you go into that room, do



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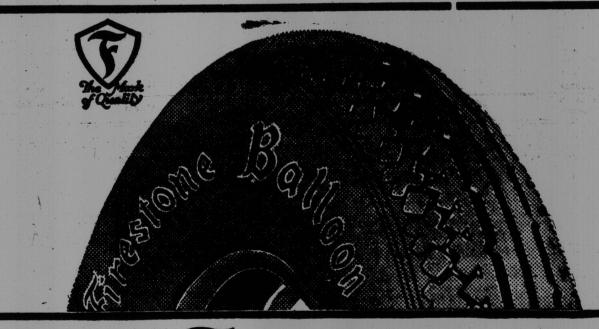
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