

# For the WOMAN WHO THINKS and FEELS

## "This to Me, That to Thee"

HOW different does one picture appear to each one of a group of onlookers! What different thoughts does one strain of melody awaken in the breasts of its hearers! How much a phrase can mean to one, how little to another!

"The truth is this to me, and that to thee," says the poet. Think it over.

Think of our influence, with the wide scope of meaning that each little article on this page has! This to me, that to thee!

Some humorous little story may bring tears to the eyes of one. Some pathetic description may awaken a soft smile in memory of other days. Truths on life and the world appeal to each one of our readers in a different way. We rejoice in the many facets of our precious jewel.

Read this page with sincerity, with interest, with broad-mindedness. It will repay you. The truth that may be hidden 'neath the words may never be discovered by you; but some other appeal will be made. Time will not have been spent in vain.

With a well-chosen collection each week, a rounded, satisfying appeal to made, and you will close the page with a gratification in the fact that time is flying, but you are keeping step with it.

## THE MORNING GROUCH.

DON'T ask father for that now. Wait until this evening."

In other words, father has a morning grouch on, and the wise one will wait till it disappears, like mist before the sun. There are millions of grumpy, grouchy old and young men emptying their eggs in silence and frowning their bacon down their throats because they don't feel like being agreeable! I said millions.

Will some man tell me why he has a special corner in ill-humor? What right has any man, old or young, who is living with others, to inflict an ill-nature every morning on his people? Why should self-control, good-humor, a happy smile, be allowed to come forth only at 11 o'clock?

One of the unusual, inexplicable facts about a grouch is that when he does break out in a warm smile at about 5 o'clock in the evening, every one is so relieved at the lifting of the pall that resentment is forgotten. By smiling, a grouch can bring forth an army of Cheesire cats. No one dares to object or to bring forth the morning grouchy skeleton. And the night fades into the next miserable breakfast.

Frankly, I would not have a grouch in my home. It is in the training of children that the first grouchy intimations should be squelched. The boy who shows temper or dislike in the morning is either in ill-health or should be disciplined. If he cannot recognize the rights of others, he should be forced to eat alone. Normal beings yearn for the society of others. A grumpy boy will quickly recover his smiling, good-natured equilibrium after a week of solitary eating. He will fake a smile, if necessary, until he will acquire the habit.

This is very important to mothers and fathers. Let no future grouches be attributed to your lack of inhibitory powers.

Suppose that you married a grouch that decides that he need not restrain his grumpy proclivities now that you are preparing his breakfast. What are you going to do?

Well, remember that there is nothing like the importance of the first step. Don't cry. Your nose becomes red and you cannot thresh out important questions in a quavering voice. Meet the first grouch with a firm, loving, reasoning objection. Talk out the matter on the grounds of sympathy, interests and love. With the background of a honeymoon you can do anything. Keep up the good work, that's all.

The early morning grouch has no right in a civilized home. The end of married life is the family, the happy, helpful family. Each member should contribute to the general good and advancement. Grouches block the way. They should be removed!

## A PROFESSION OF HOME?

SHOULD a girl give up business when she marries? Most emphatically, YES!

No woman can successfully discharge the duties of a homemaker if her chief interests are devoted to office work. Therefore, when she becomes a wife she should devote all of her energies to the primary duties of wifehood and motherhood.

Many a professional woman will protest that it is possible to be a successful wife and at the same time continue in the pursuit of her chosen work. This may be true, to a certain extent, when children are not involved; but no mother should be obliged to leave the care of her children to others while she spends the major portion of the day in an office or store.

When a woman marries she has a right to be supported by her husband, without the necessity of financial aid from herself.

If she must, through force of circumstances, put her shoulder to the wheel in the work of earning a livelihood, then let her choose some work that can be done in the home, where she can still maintain the supervision of her children's upbringing and education. Virtually all professional women are compelled to give the best of themselves to their profession.

This leaves only the dress of life and vitality for their husbands and children.

The wear and tear of business life, which tires every man, can only send the woman home at the end of the day weary in body and mind, a starer in her eyes.



Generally, when a girl marries, her husband strongly objects to her continuing in professional life. This is as it should be. When a man marries he wants a wife, not a partner in business. He desires, most of all, a mother for his children; and when there are children it is quite impossible for the mother to continue professional work and at the same time be the proper sort of a wife and mother.

Of course, the objection will be raised by some women that they dislike domestic duties. Girls, if you hate housework and dislike children, don't ever marry.

For such a woman matrimony is not the "profession" she should choose. Furthermore, if a married woman who has a husband to provide for her continues in business she is thereby actually taking a living away from some unmarried girl or poor widow who is obliged to support herself. Thus she overcrowds the labor market, helps to keep the wages of women workers low and is the cause of other women living in want. Exceptions there are to every rule.

If a professional husband and wife are children and can afford to live in a hotel, the woman in that case may continue in her profession.

It would also be unreasonable to expect a wife, since she is entirely dependent on her profession just because she marries.

Literary pursuits can be followed at home; music need not take a woman away from her home for any considerable length of time. Many of the greatest artists in both professions have been and are ideal wives and mothers. But to the average woman in business today, I say unhesitatingly, if you marry, give up business in an office and follow the profession of homemaking and housekeeping. You need not be a slave; but to be a successful wife you must be able to conduct a home properly, and make a success of your own household you are as capable of being its chief as your husband is of managing his own business, you will soon find yourself a miserable failure both as housekeeper and wife.

ELISE.

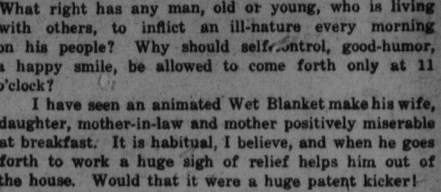
## Kinred Heart

OH! ask not, hope thou not too much. Of sympathy below: Few are the hearts whence one same touch.

Bids the sweet fountain flow: Few—and by still conflicting powers Forbidden here to meet—such ties would make this life of ours Too fair for aught so fleet.

It may be that thy brother's eye Sees not as thine, which turns: In such deep reveries as I see, Where the rich sunset burns. It may be that the breath of spring, Born amidst violets and pansies, A rapture o'er thy soul can bring—A dream, to his unknown.

The tune that speaks of other times, A sorrowful doleful strain, The melody of distant chimes, The sound of waves by night:

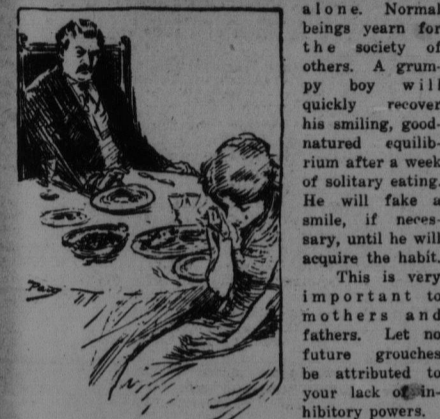


The wind that, with so many a tone, Some chord within can thrill, These may have language all thine own, To him a mystery still.

Yet scorn thou not for this, the true And steadfast love of years: The kindly, that from childhood grew, The faithful to thy tears! If there be one that over the dead Hath in the grief borne part, And watched through sickness by thy bed, Call his a kindred heart!

But for those bonds all perfect made, Wherewith bright spirits blend, Like a mother's love, of one sweet shade.

With the same breeze that bend, For that full bliss of thought-filled, Never to mortals given, Or lay thy lovely dreams aside, Or hit them out— Felicia Hemans.



Once upon a time there were a man and a girl. They were great pals. They read the same books, liked the same music and admired the same pictures. They were companionable, congenial and complimentary and all went merrily until a house party, showed a side of the man's nature never suspected by the friend. He was an AI grouch. In the Amalgamated Association of Grumps he had a quorum. You see, in the years of friendship he had never shown himself in the morning. Afternoons, holidays and evenings gave him to his friends at his most attractive and brightest. It took a little Waterloo of a breakfast to show him in a habitual morning grouch.

That man made every one unhappy. The members of the circle resented the condition; the unkind discourtesy of the grouch's actions were enough to blackball him on any list of friends.



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## The Studio or the Flat?

THE occupant of the big Morris chair laid aside his paper and looked around his cozy bachelor apartment, with a sigh that did not match his heady, good-looking personality. Next, his pipe was lighted, but, after a few fitful puffs, was also laid upon the table. After frowning absently for five minutes at an unoffending Christy girl on the wall, he drew a letter from his breast pocket and began to read for the twentieth time.

"Dear Ted—Here I am at last, away from the little city and in the big one, and very well pleased with myself and surroundings. In fact, I'm so much in love with my new studio that I'm going to tell you about it, first of all; it may be some time before you see me, you know, because at first I shall be much too busy for social diversions; after, of course, when I've sold some illustrations to good magazines, I shall have an afternoon, and ask my friends to tea. Beatrice Grant is moving into a room at the top of the Bogie Building—it is rather a dingy old place, I'll admit, and the four flat-tops are not very pretty, but the rent is lower than here's a dollar, and good-looking persons don't look for luxuries in Bohemia. We bought three lovely chairs at an antique shop, to begin with, and an impressive divan in the corner; please don't remark the coincidence of its height with that of the humble soap box of commerce. The cover is a real oriental rug and the cushions are of cushions. Our easels and drawing-boards and 'properties' look very professional, and I think the artistic atmosphere would impress even an indifferent, practical lawyer like you, were you did any such unpleasant things about living in studios, and try to preach to me about the beautiful modern flats you had seen—conventional, humdrum things!

I'm perfectly happy, and sure I'm going to have a glorious time. And I'd truly like to have you come to see me after awhile—that is, if you'll promise not to talk about the studio, or, at least, winter. That's all decided, you know, and I'm most anxious to be convinced that my choice was right, and that art is my real vocation; and I'm sure I can convince the publisher, even though I haven't had much experience yet. I shall always be fond of you as a dear old friend, Ted; but you know a career is a sacred thing, and I must work out my own individuality.

You don't know Beatrice, of course, she's an art student I met at the shore last summer, and she really helped me to decide, for she was well to try studio life, too, and we talked it all over and determined to take the step. She paints portraits—that is, she's going to—in the 'Wasp' magazine, and she's given me lots of new ideas, and she knows some students who have lived in the lovely, romantic Latin quarter in Paris. I'm so anxious to meet her artist friend! Personally, she's fascinating. She reminds me a little of the pictures of Sarah Bernhardt, sort of willowy and decorative and intense, and I'm sure we shall have perfect times together. Now I must stop writing and go home to dinner, which is coming to earth with a thump, for my boarding place is disgustingly commonplace; of course we wanted to live at the studio, but Dad drew the line there, and only consented to my coming if I'd board with an eminently respectable old lady acquaintance from our town. Poor Dad! He doesn't understand me any more than you do, you dear old matter-of-fact Ted! Good-bye! I'll tell you know when to call.

"BISS."

He replaced the letter with a smile, but amusement had expanded into a heavy, thoughtful expression. She writes against a baby. Think of creating an atmosphere of sweetness and light in such destitute surroundings, with printer's ink and shaking like a steam-boat with the jar of presses downstairs! She doesn't know that I had

## MARCH WINDS

"No, a non!"

"I tell you, it was a lamb!"

"You sound a lot like a lamb yourself, fair one!"

And Billy laughed in that irritating, fascinating way of his, and tossed back the curly hair from his eyes.

"What on earth was this fight all about, anyway? What does it matter how March came in?"

"Because March is going to be a very important month for me." And Betty's little face grew suddenly serious—positively portentous. "That's why I asked you to take this walk with me. I want your advice before I decide to take a step."

"Fire away!" said Billy, gleefully. Betty's plans never included him.

"The subject of this story is a friend of mine who—"

"Meaning yourself, this 'friend' business always means that."

"You are being rude, Billy. Besides, I can't tell this if you take it to be about my 'real' life."

"Go on," answered Billy, noncommittally. "This friend of yours—"

Betty's voice grew deep and earnest—a funny trick with her little, pliant face. "She's never done anything in her life that wasn't eminently respectable."

"That is why I feel so for her troubles," she said. "She thought she was too old for him for one thing; he seemed like a boy to her. And then, there had once been another man—a man who had come into her life and gone from it, leaving behind him a memory and an obligation. As long as there was a chance of his coming back,

again, my friend did not think that she had the right—"

"Betty," whispered Billy. "It was as she had suspected, ever since she stopped caring. It was a boy-and-girl affair to him; he had crossed the ocean, and forgotten; and he had married there and had children. Then his wife had died, and he had remembered again, and had come back to tell the girl he had known that she might have him again. She—she sent him packing."

Betty's laugh bubbled up from somewhere in the depths, with a sigh trailing behind it. "I think she—the accidentally set the ball up on him."

"Then she came to me for advice. She said, 'Now that I've seen false love, I think I know true. And I'm not so calm and sensible as I thought I was, and he's very old for his age.'"

"Betty," whispered Billy again. "But, went on Betty, chokingly, 'he'll never ask me again. And it's less than I thought I was. And I advise me—'"

"And, Billy, would YOU advise her?"

But whatever she said next was smothered on Billy's shoulder.

"Oh, Billy," she gasped at last, "I don't realize how terrible, how terrible it would be. What can you think of me? I think she'll ever look you in the face again."

"Look, Betty," answered Billy, as his clasped fingers nervously curled, "and shaking the baby leaves on the trees, and blowing all the worries and bad memories from your brain. It's about you, everything now. I thought that you love me, and that I love you. Look up, honey, and see."

"I don't care anything about the wind," she murmured. "But March is certainly going to go out like a lamb!"

ALICE MARTIN.



WHOS that at the door? Here, Ebenezer, get out of my way. Why, let me see. Who is it? John Jones? Why, what? Where have you been all these many months away from your poor wife and children? Come in and sit down. You look real peart and comfortable, too. What's that? You've got a good position in Riverton, an' you've been savin' money, an' you haven't touched a drop since you went away? Well, John Jones, what'd you suppose has become of that poor wife of yours an' all your children since you went an' left 'em? Starvin', most likely. Oh, you've heard they're all right? Well, my good man, I can tell you that if my Brother Jim hadn't come home from the west with his fortune in the very nick of time and fixed me up the way he did, with a bank account, I don't know what would have become of that poor widow an' orphans of yours. Well, wait a minute 'r two an' I'll set you down to your house with you. Mustn't let you walk in, with your poor wife unprepared, as it were. Now, John Jones, I'm ready an' I must say I'm sorry to take you home to where it will lift the burden from my shoulders to where it rightly belongs. Oh, it ain't no use in you sayin' so humble like that you can 'never do enough to prove your gratitude to me,' for you can. You can just up an' make enough to keep that sweet little uncomplaining wife an' those all-too-good-for-you young ones in comfort. What sort of position have you in Riverton? Salesman? Well, you couldn't get that here, an' Miss Smith, she's all perked up; always ready for you, an' ready for them in Riverton? Well, it might be a good thing to go to a new place, but I wouldn't advise you an' your shiftless doins are not known. No, you needn't no talk about payin' me back, not if you give me a good one for 1890 years. No, just as you say, you couldn't repay me, except as I say, by bein' good to your wife an' family. Here we are now. You wait outside on the piazza while I go in an' break the news.

How do do, Misses Jones. Where's all the children? Johnny taken 'em out on his sled? Well, now, that's nice. Johnny's a real comfort, ain't he? Looks a mite like his father, don't he? Do you miss that scamp yet, Misses Jones?

my first office there and it nearly killed me! Well, I've given her a month and kept away like a hero; but tomorrow afternoon I look up this gay Bohemia thing. I've a notion that the psychological moment has arrived."

He reached the studio out of breath and out of temper, for even he had underestimated the dirt and desolation of the old building. His irritation was increased when he passed on the stairs a lanky girl, with unkempt, mustard-colored hair, a vixenish face and stony eyes, whom he mistook for Beatrice. The studio door stood slightly ajar, and as he paused a moment to take about he heard a faint but unmistakable sob, followed by a plaintive little "Oh, dear!" in a familiar voice. Without further ceremony, he walked in and gathered into his arms the forlorn figure on the soap-box divan. After one amazed and terrified glance, Bess gave a glad cry and clung to him, sobbing.

"How did you know? What made you come?" she whispered with a long sigh of relief.

"Oh, I— I wanted to see you," he answered, truthfully enough. "I've given you a comprehensive look about the place, oh, my dear, with its few pathetic little attempts to relieve the dinginess and primitive discomfort. Now, chin up, sit right down and tell me, child, all about it. Somehow the scenery doesn't quite name up to your despondency. And are these weeps your idea of having a glorious time?"

"Don't, Ted. Yes, go ahead—I deserve it! Oh, what an idiot I've been!"

"Then you haven't convinced the publisher?"

"Yes, I've convinced me. Why, I haven't a bit of capital but a lot of little cheap ideas, that have been used a hundred times; not the least notion of the technique, nor the hard work. And I'm ashamed to say it, but when I think of the years and years of training I would imagine and giving up everything else—why, I—"

"Don't feel so keen about working out your individuality," he quoted, wickedly, though his smile was tender.

"It's worked out," Betty—down and out! she smiled quickly. "I think I'll be satisfied to go back to dinner cards and candle shades for the Woman's Exchange; I can do that well. A little attempt to relieve the dinginess even in making an apple pie, when your family calls you as an expert—if you're not to proud to take the prize, it's something to find yourself, isn't it?"

"It is. And how did you find the Beatrice girl on close acquaintance?"

"A perfect horror!" flashed Bess. "She's all pose and affectation, and she says catty things, and she's fearfully untidy, and she knows the widest lot of people—why, Ted, some of 'em don't even look clean! And she's just gone off without paying her part of the rent for this month, and that hateful agent will come and the landlord so impatient if you don't tip him—and my allowance is all used up." She paused on the verge of tears, and he administered silent comfort.

"I don't know why I'm telling you all this, when you're the last person I'd expect to have expanded me!"

Ted, you must know, despite me!" He reassured her, and after a moment apologized for being so rude last night, when you tried to tell me about those fitful puffs. You admired so much. Tell me more about them, Ted. I'm interested."

## Weld Not To Temptation

"HELLO! Yes, yes, this is Doctor Richardson, Oh, yes, doctor."

"What's that? Can I operate in your place? Yes, I see. Who did you say? Oh! Yes, doctor, I'll go at once! Good-bye."

Dick Richardson hung up the telephone receiver and sank back in his chair.

Drops of perspiration stood on his forehead, and his face had a tense, drawn look that comes of deep emotion. His wife came over and laid her hand gently on his shoulder. "What is it, dear? Must you run away from me tonight? Oh, Dick! Don't go if you can help it; remember your promise."

"Do remember, sweetheart—but I will have to go."

"My wedding anniversary, Dick. You promised faithfully you would take me to the theater. I have set my heart on going."

"My darling, it cannot be helped. Doctor Johnson has asked me to take care of a very sick little boy, one of

an aged and childless uncle, who, through some curious reasoning, had sworn he would leave every penny he possessed to his first grandnephew, cutting off entirely his own nephews.

The life of a struggling young surgeon in a large city was not an easy one. He thought of all the unpaid bills in his desk at home, of his wife and infant daughter, a cripple from birth; of the hard times making it impossible for those who owed him money to pay. All this and more flashed through his brain. One little slip of the knee blade, a half second with the chloroform, and the boy would soon cease to exist.

The coroner's verdict would correspond to the medical certificate. "Surgeon operated and died from exhaustion."

It would be so easy and it would make things so easy for him; but suddenly he saw his wife's accusing eyes. She loved him because he was a good man.

His baby daughter's face stood between him and the still form on the table.

Must save the child's life at all hazards; the awful, murderous thought fled before those just and good, and with silent prayer for strength he put forth a steady hand. The little boy lived. The operation was successful.

In recognition of his skill, Doctor Johnson appointed Dick Richardson as his chief assistant and the medical journal published a detailed account of the delicate and difficult operation performed on Ralph Hastings. A codicil had been added to his uncle's will, leaving Richard Richardson the sum of \$100,000 in appreciation of his skill in saving the life of little Ralph.

Throughout the rest of his successful career, Doctor Richardson kept ever before him the words: "Weld not to temptation," which he obeyed to the letter.

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MARGARET G. HAYS.

