

AND ...

With Birds Air Ways of Speech

says Mr. Pinchen. "I don't know whether he brings the same wife every year, but the old boy is very familiar with me. When the lamp is lighted at night in the boat my old oyster catcher takes a good night flight by giving me the call, and when I go on deck of a morning he rises and comes along circles about a little, and goes back to his wife."

Lost Caste

"Three generations will think I am the president of the Ananias club," the shade of a General, Sherman, merrily remarked.

"What's the matter?" asked Napoleon.

"Why, Carnegie has abolished war, and the theologians have abolished hell," remarked Sherman, Cincinnati Enquirer.

In the Hookworm Zone

"Is Dobbis a hard working man?" "I guess you can call him that. Any kind of work seems hard to him."—Birmingham Age Herald.

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LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM WHEN IT RECEIVES A REAL JARRING IN THE CIRCLE OF THE HOME

Incompatibility in their Upbringing the Rock which Wrecked their Happiness

as told
to
Carolyn Aronsohn

UR new maid is the cause of the trouble between Carter and myself at present. She was such a dear little thing, so willing and capable in various other ways, that I began to wonder what she was doing in her position. She was the proper way to serve a complicated course dinner. So, of course, she made mistakes at our small dinner last evening, and served it pretty badly. But then Carter needn't have let the matter see his wrath and discomfort. And if they had had one grain of a sense of humor they would have laughed when she brought in the affligger as dessert instead of salad. As it was, she and Carter talked fondly to each other the awkwardness and all the other little hitches which occurred before that meal was ended. If only Carter had not been born with or indulged in his superior sense, sometimes I think he has it where other people have their spirituality, it means so much to him, this necessity to live life beautifully in its tiniest details, this faculty of his for becoming annoyed whenever the boards of life creak for him. Do you know what I mean?

There is much talk these days about the science of eugenics. The world seems awfully agitated about the future of unborn children and determined to see that they are brought into the world under as healthy and happy circumstances as is possible for a human being. That is all well and good. I am glad people are looking ahead to taking action that will be effective in

creating happiness, which only seems probable to-day when luck is with you. But I contend, from the depths of my experience, that it would be better to start a little further back at first and see to it that couples are born into the matrimonial world under the right conditions.

I AM not pessimistic. I am sure there are innumerable people living happily together from every standpoint.

The whole trouble in our case is that we were brought up under such different environments. My family were of

good, solid German stock. We had been accustomed to take the economizing at

who are so temperamentally uncongenial, that their lives are full of friction. Our different type of natures are continually combusting spontaneously. I am placed, "Bourgeois" is the term Carter applied to me, during one of the moments when his aristocratic disposition was antagonized by mine. I suppose he is right. Certainly I am intelligent, else I could never have made the Phi Beta Kappa fraternity at college. But what I seem to lack, from Carter's angle of vision anyway, are the aesthetic feelings. I know I have them inside me, because I feel them at concerts and beneath one of those autumn sunset skies, of burnt orange and blood red. But I can't show them on the outside. I have not the faculty of expressing them in the trifles and details of living, in perfection of

attitude in our mode of living with Dad's business began to pay enormously. Then we kept it up from habit ingrained. Thank Heaven, anyway, we never put ourselves in that objectionable "nouveau riche" class, making pretense and doing things for show. We simply increased our comfort. Our household routine went on in the same way, except that mother had an extra maid and laundress. Then, too, we formed the habit of going abroad in the Summer time, closing our suburban house.

FINALLY these trips bored me. There was too much traveling, sight-seeing, skimming the surface of cities without getting close to their real hearts. Besides the month at father's home village in Germany bored me after the first time.

So I received permission to spend one Summer visiting my college chum, Glen Nicholson. It was at her country place I met Carter Meredith. He was in the interior decorating business, having studied first as an artist. He had come to spend a week at the Nicholson's on a combination social and estimating visit, as they were considering having the house decorated by his firm.

My dear, never was I so fascinated. Never in my life had I met such an exquisite sort of person, one so well groomed, so poised, so able, it appeared, to hold the world in the hollow of his hand as though it was a bonbon for him to eat. And the way the family deferred to his opinions. Glen had a brother who liked me immensely. But his bulky athletic manner and absolute lack of subtlety in his makeup made him appear gross next to Carter.

Then I was dazzled by the charming way he commenced to make love to me.

During the unpleasantness that marred the perfection of our very first two married years, I wondered what he saw in such a bourgeois person, like me, to care for. But now I think of it, I suppose my prettiness helped, because it is the delicate, dainty type he adores. Then he must have visualized my red-gold hair against every sort of charming background. Besides, the country, not this horrid city that Carter says we must live in for his business connections, is my native element, and he saw me in my best setting. Moreover, as I wore simple middie blouses about the place, he had no idea as to my lack of taste in clothes. Really, you know, it is absurd for people to get engaged until each has seen the other under the conditions they grow up in, which have so much to do with moulding them.

WATCHING Carter play a tennis game as good as Glen's brother, only dressed in spotless white flannels, unperturbed and graceful as he took the balls easily, brought me to the point that he was essentially city bred and "broke" to ideas that had never come into my life. Nor, as we only saw each other after that, when Glen and I continued into town to lunch or dine with him, and then bring him out with us, how could he tell that I was the kind of girl who was brought up in an environment quite different from where he met me, unvarnished plain, in good old fashioned simplicity, reaching for dishes across the table, instead of ringing for a maid, and all that, without "tugs"? How could he tell that my awkwardness in presiding over the order of household had to maintain would be an actual source of annoyance to him? The Gilbert-Sullivan song, "A magnet in a hardware shop fell in love with a silver jug." Well he

was the silver jug, I'm magnet. If I hear coupling.

THIS does not mean that Carter is effeminate. Not a bit of it. Why, his favorite pastime is to go on a hunting trip, and he plays polo on what I would call a dangerous mount. But the point is—he likes life for its setting. I for its genuine joys. A country walk on a dusty road does not appeal to him.

An evening spent at home with me in a house shrouded for summers, like mother's, would be torture to him. He would not see me for looking at the place. Never will I forget the quarrel over this very thing the first year of our marriage. No we had not much money and we had to stay at home during the Summer, except for week-end visits to wealthy customers or clients, as he calls them. So as mother had always put striped linen covers over the furniture, I phoned down and left an order for some with Carter's head clerk. When he heard of it—when! He came home actually livid. Said I had put him in a ridiculous position at the studio-shop. He informed me that he could not live in any such fashion. The next day he sent up a white enameled set for the living room, accompanied by a note, saying that cretonne hangings would be sent to replace the velvet drapery in the house. I could have cried. For that money we could have had three weeks in the mountains. That never occurred to Carter. He saw an immediate need to be indulged in, that was all. The subject of the covers never came up again.

But I winced when mother came over to a meal and looked at my uncovered sideboard, and the special Summer furnishing. "Kinder are so extravagant these days," she mourned. "I could not afford such for many years."

What I call wandering from the subject," I rejoined. "You began about calls and you end up about the thoughtlessness of city friends in staying to dine with you when they are urged to do so. You are not obliged to invite them, you know."

"Mother would think it was dreadful if we were not hospitable," said my Cousin, plaintively. "I love to see people but this Summer it is really getting to be too much of a good thing. We have scarcely had a 'dinner' or luncheon to ourselves in the last three weeks. The country around our place is so lovely, you know," she added by way of explanation, "and the roads are so good. But about calls. Are all these people obliged to call on us right away again just because they have broken bread in our house?"

I laughed in her face. It was rude of me, but I really couldn't help it. She had put on such a comical woe-begone expression.

"That would certainly be a sort of endless chain of calls and dinners wouldn't it?" said I, "which would soon eat up both your own and your mother's incomes and put a mortgage on the house. Of course, these people are not obliged to call upon you soon again just because they have been asked informally to dinner. If they come in a fortnight it will be because you and your mother make themselves so agreeable that they cannot keep away, not because they are obliged to do so by any social law. The question of a call depends to a large measure upon the formality or informality of the entertainment offered. While a formal dinner or luncheon, even a small one, requires a call, and so does a dance, no such obligation ensues after the acceptance of an informal invitation."

"The whole subject of 'obligatory' calls has always seemed to me to be very complicated," said my Cousin. "NOT after you once understand it."

I replied, "Besides calling after dinner etc., the guests at a home wedding reception or breakfast after a church wedding must call on the bride's mother or her mother is dead on whatever relative gives the reception. And also on the bride herself just as soon as she returns from her trip and is comfortably settled in her new home. On the other

Watching Carter Play a Game of Tennis in White Flannels

table service in my home, in its furnishings or in my attitude toward the artificial, complex elements inherent in living as a fashionable city life. Carter would have been happy with the kind of woman Margery is in Wells' book, "Marriage." And I should have married someone like her husband. You must have read it.

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when he would be his old, gracious self for a number of days, and then I would assure myself that I loved him, and that perhaps our frequent disagreements added to the most trivial thing, a storm would gather and burst, leaving me hopeless and shaken.

When our boy came I prayed that we might learn to understand each other better, and for a few weeks all went well, then the old harsh, merciless, unforgiving nature of my husband came to the surface again, doubly predominant. He would harass and bewilder me with his fault-finding until I would break down and cry, then he would go over to the church and preach a sermon or conduct a prayer meeting with the air of a saint. Many a time I have sat in our pew and listened to the finished sentences that fell from his lips, almost hating him.

The bitter part of the whole thing was that I could not tell any one what was in my heart. Mother and father believed me to be perfectly happy, and I could not bear that they should know the truth. I realized that I must keep my secret and bear it all alone, and I prayed for strength to do it.

MY PRAYER has been answered and in spite of much buffeting I have weathered the gale. I never misanderstand Robert now. Time has softened many of his harsher traits, but he has some faults that are ingrained. His strong personality still keeps him on the pedestal of high favor with his parishioners, and the real man, no one knows save myself. I have no more tears to shed, but I have learned to stand up for my rights and make him respect them. Our boy has grown up and is in business for himself. Robert was deeply disappointed because he did not decide for the ministry, but I am very glad. One minister is enough in our family.

Then she exclaimed at the number of dishes on the table, service plates and such. "When you only got one maid," she would shake her head, "it is nice to give her so many dishes to wash!"

HOW Carter would squirm. Not that he doesn't love her—no one could help that. She is the dearest thing. And she loves him, because, you know there never was a sweeter, more charming man than my husband in every respect except when we clash on these aesthetic matters. They are an obsession of his artistic temperament.

Amusements are another of the points of dispute between us. We both like the same things, but—oh, what a butt! We take them differently. Carter likes to have the best seats in the theater, no matter what we have to do without, which the extra money would buy us. He always has a taxicab to take us. Now, all that to me is absurd extravagance. If we did not get anything for ourselves with the money we spend in this way, we could give it to charity. Then, too we could go places twice as often if we went in more plebeian fashion. Oh, well, he would be miffed if he knew how often his wife went to matinees and concerts without him and sat in the rear of the balcony with perfect contentment.

IT is absurd for these points of difference to prevent us from being as happy as our mental latitudes and self-section would otherwise make us, isn't it? But I read only a little while ago in the newspaper how a woman, left her husband whom she seemed to be perfectly happy with. She took a row on the lake and never came back all she was traced. The press seemed to think she was crazy because her only excuse was that there were so many little things she could not stand while living with her husband. Things got on her nerves. But it is the heaping up of these, the self-restraint too, that starts a veritable mountain of gloom over your love.

To prevent this, I say, do not get engaged until the two of you see each other in your own homes, your native element. There is nothing more than incompatibility of temperaments, there is an incompatibility of upbringing which militates against happiness.

I often wonder how Carter feels about these things I have been telling you. I know what I think of his mother for bringing him up to indulge his super-guestliness, that any way is certain. Now to train in that new maid to please Carter.

Carter Likes the Best Seats in the Theater

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REMEDY FOR LUMPY SALT

There is nothing better than keeping salt from packing in the shakers and refusing to come out. Heat a teaspoonful of the rice and salt in a shaker. It will absorb the moisture, and the salt will come out dry as the sands of the desert, and the rice will keep it moving when shaken.

Calls Everybody Should Make

By Mrs. Edward Brunson Clark

I WAS invited to rather a large luncheon last week," said my Country Cousin to me. "Does it need a call after it like dinner?"

"Strictly speaking it does," said I. "One should always call after a dance, a dinner, a breakfast, a musical or a luncheon, whether one accepts the invitation or declines it."

"But that is such a nuisance," objected my Cousin. "If a few friends come in some evening and get up a little impromptu dance, are they all expected to call upon me within two weeks? You know very well they won't do any such thing. Or supposing a friend motors out from town, as one or two are continually doing during the Summer and mother begs them to stay for dinner as she always does she is so hospitable and doesn't consider that the cost of living has risen considerably in late years—have my motoring friends got to come and see me again within two weeks? If they do I just know mother will ask them to stay for dinner all over again and probably they'll stay. People seem to think that the country hostesses can pick supplies off of bushes. They have no idea how fearfully it adds to the household bills if somebody or other drops in for dinner at every meal," she added plaintively.

"That's what I call wandering from the subject," I rejoined. "You began about calls and you end up about the thoughtlessness of city friends in staying to dine with you when they are urged to do so. You are not obliged to invite them, you know."

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THREE-PIECE SET FOR WASHABLE FROCKS

A certain girl who has more skill with her needle than she has money to buy things to sew upon, varies the effect of her plain material washable frocks with a three-piece detachable set of accessories, which she makes from plain white batiste and all-over embroidery edging. The collar is a shawl-shaped affair, which fastens the neck and furnishes revers for the fronts of a frock and she makes it chiefly of the all-over embroidery edging, merely piecing out the back, which is very deep and sharply pointed with an applied section of the plain batiste. The cuffs consist of wide bands of the embroidery edging starting from under two triangle-shaped turn-backs of plain batiste, placed at either side of the wrist. And the giraffe is composed of a waist band of the batiste, very narrow at the center of the back but gradually widening to the sides, where it runs under a triangle in all-over embroidery with a squared and double-tucked and reinforced to hold a row of invisible hook fastenings.

FOR A GLOOMY PLAZA

A dark plaza may be much relieved by the use of willow chairs in their natural state, with cushions of bright crimson. The bright red cushion in the white or green enameled chair is also very inviting and cheering.

CRETONNE-LINED LUGGAGE

No longer is it considered smart to go about with shabby-looking luggage. As soon as possible every piece is washed from the surface of a suit case or trunk, every marring scratch is polished out and every bit of brass is polished. But above all, the interior of the luggage is considered. Against with the common looking lining thing. In its place there are the daintiest of flowered cretonnes, tucked to the under side of lid, the upper side of tray and the upper side of the bottom by the nimble fingers of the girl who expects to put her prettiest gowns into the box or the case.

hand if you are invited only to the church to witness the ceremonies a call is not required."

"Must I call before I can venture to invite a new acquaintance to any little festivity at my house?"

"Women who are careful to carry out all the correct observances always do so, but many people are lax in this respect, owing to the busy age we live in. Offense must not be taken if one receives a cordial invitation from a hostess who has no time for such civilities. The very punctilious hostess is also careful to leave cards on a woman whom she does not know but to whom she has been asked to give an invitation, especially if the stranger is a guest of a relative or intimate friend. This rule, however, does not hold good in the case of an elderly lady who has been asked to invite a young girl."

"The bridesmaids, maid of honor, best man and ushers must call on the bride's mother shortly after the wedding and also on the bride as soon as she is ready to receive visitors. Brides who settle away from their home cities or towns, or strangers who are newly arrived in a country neighborhood, should never make calls until they have first received them from the older residents."

"Don't you think that people we have entertained at our country house during the Summer should call upon mother and I when we come to town for a month or two every winter?" said my cousin.

"Of course they should if they have any way of knowing that you are in the city. It is only courteous for them to call shortly after you arrive and not to wait until near the end of your stay. They should also extend to you some little hospitality to repay you in a small way for your kindness. If they are neglectful of this, they are certainly very selfish, ill-bred people and I should advise you to cross them off of your list for the next Summer."

"Is it proper to make morning calls?"

A MORNING call is never made to return a previous visit or in any case where a ceremonious call is required. It is correct to make such a call if you have business with the hostess. This business can be partly social, such as asking her to serve on a club committee or to take part in some entertainment. But these things could just as properly be arranged over the telephone or by note. Social calls are in most large cities paid between the hours of three and five in the afternoon. It is better when one is for any reason obliged to call upon a stranger or a person not upon one's visiting list to try not to hit upon the lady's day at home, if she has one, for this might be very awkward."

"It is correct to pay evening calls?"

"Not in very fashionable society. But ordinary people can call upon intimate friends in the evenings, if they choose to do so, and also on Sunday afternoons or on Sunday evenings after church. If friends meet at services they can, if one lives near, go home with her if they like and chat for an hour. Calls of condolence or congratulation should be made without reference as to whether the friend called upon owes one a call or not. When a death is announced all intimate friends call to leave their cards with expressions of sympathy written upon them but do not ask to see the bereaved family. Calls of congratulation can only be made upon very intimate friends, upon a woman when her engagement is announced or when some special bit of good fortune befalls her."

Hints for the Campers Out

CAMPING out is lots of fun provided you have most of the comforts of home stowed away within your tent. Few of us can stand the strain of being parted from these comforts for very long.

A nice thing for the camping outfit is one of those compact little fireless cookers, for a good square meal, piping hot, is a most comforting sight on one of those wet cheerless days which have a way of appearing at inopportune times during camping season—the sort of day when the camp-fire refuses to burn and you wonder what on earth induced you to come. Then comes the fireless cooker to the rescue and you can cheerfully quote: "Fate cannot harm me. Fate has dried to-day."

Another convenient thing is the cooking vessel and alcohol stove combined. The cold handle can be unscrewed and it and the stove packed saucy-pin in such a way as to take up a minimum of space in the packing.

Be sure to take the weighted salt-cellar with you. They will save your morals many a time, for they simply can't tumble over and spill into things as ordinary salt cellars have a way of doing. They are made after the fashion of the ryal-poly dolls and have their same comfortable habit of remaining upright. The folding knives and forks are easily packed, are less liable to rust than the ordinary sort and far less likely to jab the one whose doom it is to have to do the packing. Aluminum and enameled tinware which are easily washed, collapsible cups, compressed soap tablets and even compressed wash-cloths are a few more of the comforts provided for those who spend a happy healthful week or two within the forest primeval."

Shall Parents Choose Their Daughters' Husbands?

By Martha Wicks

It is only in rare instances that a father and mother do not feel the right to aid in the selection of their daughters' husbands. The writer of this article tells of her experience with a husband chosen by her parents.

circumstances, was remarkable for him. We went to the mountains for our honeymoon and from there to the parish house, which had been renovated and refurnished during our absence. For the first two or three months I lived in the reflected glory that is accorded a clergyman's wife. Our parishioners adored Robert, who went about among them clothed in just the right amount of dignity to inspire respectful admiration. I, too, began to make friends with them, and then I stumbled upon the first reef in my matrimonial sea. I discovered that Robert was extremely jealous. Not of me, but of his own popularity. He wanted me in the background, not the limelight of parish favor. If friends did anything for him, he smiled benignly, but any courtesy accorded me was met with disapproval. He was as jealous as a matinee idol over his glory, and we had not been married a year before he wove a network of prohibitions about me that frequently put me to embarrassment and caused me to assume a reserve with acquaintances that I was far from feeling. He never admitted his jealousy, his constant complaint was that I grew "too friendly" with people, that I did not seem to appreciate the fact that I was his wife, and that I ought to hold up the dignity of my station.

HE was forever upbraiding and finding fault with me, and the long periods of silence that I had before marriage considered a mark of the thinker, were nothing but protracted spells of guiltiness. There were times

a little, loving, light-hearted boy, who made desperate love to me, and who was very unhappy when I refused him. I received another offer of marriage from a business man, whose love for me awoke no responsive echo in my own heart, and when I was twenty-three I met my minister. There was a religious convention in our city and among the several hundred ministers who were present was Robert. He was invited among six other clergymen to make our home his headquarters, and before the week was over he began paying me marked attention. He was five years my senior, tall, dark and for the most part rather silent, a trait that impressed me with the idea that he was a profound thinker. When he asked me to marry him, I gave him my permission with a sudden sense of humility. Was I really worthy of the regard of this noble man?

AFTER a six months' correspondence Robert visited us again and asked me to be his wife. I was very happy and Mother and Father were delighted. My sister alone was gloomy over my engagement, and begged me over and over again to wait at least two years before marrying Robert. She argued that I knew so little about him, and she thought him too selfish to make any woman happy. We came very near quarreling hotly over my fiancé. Robert was awake of her dislike for him and resented it, but treated her with a courtesy, that in the light of subsequent

When I was eighteen I received my first proposal of marriage from a young man whom I had known for years. He had just begun to practice law and people said he would one day be a great lawyer. But I knew him for