

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

[Letters to the Editor of this page should be addressed to the Editor of the Woman's Page, The Advertiser, London, Ontario.]

The Selfish Woman.

Are women so very selfish, or only thoughtless—or inconsiderate? They do so many "horrid" things that one can't help asking the question. Should we not be a little more considerate, and if someone else is condemning us, the commonplaces of life are the situations wherein we note what women do and marvel thereat.

There is the street car woman of ample avoirdupois, who, after paying for one seat, occupies three. Should you be bold enough to gently move a few superfluous yards of frills out of the way you are rewarded by such a stony glare that you sink into a small space beside her and miserably stare out the window, wishing that you had never been born.

That's one reason why "chair" cars would be a universal boon, because then, at least, there would be no doubt as to the amount of seat one person should possess. You are reminded of this particularly when on your way to the station. The excursion trains, which never have enough cars, are always crowded. Yet in the game, will plunk herself down in a double seat, with a sigh of relief, and proceed to spread herself, a small boy, and an array of boxes and bundles that look as if she were going to look after an army. The other woman who has the nerve to say, "Is this seat taken?" needs a coat-of-mail, impervious to other looks of tongue, if it is a man, he feels so horribly uncomfortable that he moves out pretty quickly, but the other woman gets fighting mad, and she is so early in the morning. Oh, or better still, the one who gets there just at the time when everyone else wants to get in. She will stay there for a whole hour, quite

While we are still on the train, let's talk about the lady who gets in the dressing-room of a parlor car so early in the morning. Oh, or better still, the one who gets there just at the time when everyone else wants to get in. She will stay there for a whole hour, quite

And are entitled to a seat.

WHY YOU SHOULD NOT MARRY A BEAUTY

The Husband of a Pretty Woman Tells His Matrimonial Trials and Tribulations.

"What a lucky dog you are!" said all my men friends and relations eight years ago when I married the most beautiful and charming girl in the whole neighborhood. They still think me a most fortunate man—but they do not understand.

Let me state first all that my wife and I are perfect friends, and that the little ripples on the usually smooth waters of married life which occur are entirely brought about by fussy, thoughtless, well-meaning, individuals.

My troubles began in an apparently very unpretentious way.

It was my wish, and my wife's wish also, that she should be married in her traveling room, for both she and I are like my income—of modest character. But our wishes with regard to the wedding were not to be denied.

Each of our many friends said it would be a downright shame for so pretty a girl to be married in a beautiful white marriage garment, of course we gave way, for at such times one cannot afford to act too big.

On returning home after our honeymoon we found that our little abode was in perfect order, and that the maid-servant whom we had previously engaged was as we had directed, ready to receive us.

Imagine my disgust, however, on discovering that a second servant was to be engaged. It appeared that my mother-in-law, aided and abetted by numerous relatives and others, had taken upon herself the task of engaging girl number two, because she was quite certain that the new housemaid would be the stairs were too lofty for one girl to manage alone. It would be a great pity, said my mother-in-law, that my wife should be obliged to have all her good looks ruined at the outset of our married life by a superabundance of household duties.

Of course with a roomful of wedding presents and in the first blush of wedded bliss, I did not relish the idea of making a family row, but, all the same, from that day to this I have not ceased to regret that I did not put my foot firmly down and tell all and sundry that, in my own affairs, I intended to be absolute master.

As time passed on, I found that my wife's beauty made many persons anxious to have her as a friend and adviser. She was invited here and there, and begged to go to social functions of all sorts.

This continual going out to various places made it necessary that she should have a more liberal supply of dresses than she had been the case had she been left alone more and allowed to remain quietly within her own home.

I was glad to see my darling happy, but in my heart of hearts I could not deny that this perpetual appearance under other people's roofs, and the consequent obligations to invite such folks to pay us a return visit, considerably irritated me, as well as increased my domestic expenditure.

I have not failed to talk seriously to her on the question of expense, and she, in her turn, has not failed to promise to curtail in certain directions, but after all, what is one woman's will against a score of others?

Yet I am perfectly sure I should have been a much richer man today had I married a plain woman, rather than a pretty one, and probably a happier man, for it is the constant pressure of little annoyances that is the chief bar to domestic happiness.

Ignoring the fact that a whole car full of women are patiently awaiting their turn. Her only match is the one, who, when she does get in, sails up to the dressing-table, determined of visage and aggressive of mien, and by some means, makes known only to herself, plants herself right in front of the mirror. How she got there no one knows, but she did it, and that, too, directly in front of the woman who was in position, and who was too surprised to utter a word of protest.

In a moment, the self-assured lady has the whole beauty regimen working overtime. She takes down her hair and keeps a whole busy waiting while she performs an elaborate coiffure. Then out comes powder, eyebrow pencil, orange-wood stick and a whole paraphernalia of adjuncts to beauty. When she gets through she spends about five minutes extra doing contortions in front of the glass to see if her skirt is hanging straight and if her back hair is still there.

Then there's the woman shopping. She doesn't know what she wants, and she makes the girl drag down everything in the store, while she tries to decide whether white or cream or black will be most effective. Does she want it narrow or broad? Really, she can't make up her mind today, and she prances out, without buying a thing, and without even saying that she is sorry to have been so much trouble.

The woman who has any consideration for the woman who works for her is a rarity. She never thinks of performing any little service that will lessen the tasks of others, but has an idea that if people are paid for their work they should get all that is comfortable to them. That's one reason for the woman who works for her. No girl wants to get up at 6 a.m., and be out working until 10 p.m., or later. Why should she, when there are easier positions to get, where she will be a trifle more independent?

One might go on indefinitely, but, "nuff said." Women are selfish, and so are the men. Oh, yes, but a girl different way. A woman is selfish through thoughtlessness, and because she loves herself. A man is selfish because he does not want anyone he loves to love anyone but himself.

IS IT GOD CUPID OR JUST HEREDITY

Have Family Traits More Influence in Shaping Matrimonial Destinies Than Love?

"The marriages of a family are a good guide to go by in determining its characteristics," said a woman whose business it is to hunt up pedigrees. "I should warn any girl who has many old maid aunts and bachelor uncles not to dally with her first proposal if she would not be an old maid herself. Likewise I believe that a girl's chances for remarriage if widowed early can be judged pretty accurately from the antics of her family in this respect."

Just as a certain sort of eyebrow or cheek or chin formation is to be traced throughout an entire family, so the attitude of the family toward marriage seems to be handed down.

"When in the course of my work I am in doubt about the identity of a family I am guided a good deal by the character of the marriages set down. For these illustrate the dominant traits which govern as much in love matters as in other concerns of life."

In some families early marriages predominate. The men invariably marry before they are 25, and the women at a correspondingly early age. Again, late marriages will be the rule with members of other sex.

"Some families show few second marriages and rarely a third. Marriage to matter how soon the married state came to an end. Other records are replete with second and third marriages, and even divorces, the part of widows and widowers."

"Often it occurs that in families of nine or more brothers and sisters, only one or two have married, and the descendants of those two or three displayed a similar proneness to bachelorhood and spinsterhood."

"Our family are not great on marrying," a girl, one of four single sisters, remarked to me lately regarding the family likeness she was showing all grouped together on one wall panel.

"And I could not but feel that that array of contented-looking single entities among her kinspeople must exert some influence on her own matrimonial prospects."

"Some families display a marked tendency to marry their kinsfolk, or the connections or relations of their kinsfolk. Others again seem by common impulse to have gone as far from home quarters as possible in search of mates."

"In records that go back only a few generations, there are instances of men who have taken three sisters successively to wife, and of women marrying their brothers-in-law and cousins-in-law, or their stepfathers, the same tendency to race affiliation cropping out again and again in the line. In other families living in the same neighborhood and environment, not a single instance of marriage with relations or relations-in-law occurs."

"One comes upon families in which an unmarried man is not talked of as a disgrace, and in which the unmarried state is a great rarity and families in which marriage seems to have come easily and as a foregone conclusion, and in which none of the widows or widowers stayed single for any length of time."

"In studying out relationships in 'kindred,' old-fashioned communities, one comes upon families that seemed bound to marry at cross purposes, as it were, both as to the age and standing of the mates chosen. A widower

takes for a third wife his son's step-daughter, or a widow marries the son of the man whom her daughter married. Just so there are families in which a marriage at a very advanced age or with a partner of lower rank scarcely ever occurs.

"I think fortune tellers could add to the effectiveness of their prophecies in love matters if they could have the advantage of scanning the family annals of the applicants."

There is a great deal of genealogical record in so fascinating a noting the record implied by the marriages on a family tree. But the genealogist of the future will have more complicated work in tracing out lines and traits that exist now on account of the divorces figuring in the matter."

IS IT VULGAR TO BE FAT?

BY A STOUT LADY.

I am a stout person, and I am not in the least ashamed of the fact. Why persons who have put on flesh are commonly said to be vulgar is mainly because they are forever trying to disguise their condition. Of course it is just as possible for a really fat man or woman to hide the fact of his or her fatness as it would be for a Zebra to hide its color.

I do not deny that many have been done by habitually wearing quiet and sober colors, and by having their hair pulled up as high as possible, and by jumping a brook and so on. But it is on the face of things that the vulgar is exposed. For a person of huge dimensions to try to exercise suitable only for the creature of average size.

Fat persons as a class are, I am afraid, too much given to dwelling upon their own generous proportions; they seem to think because they are so large, they are conscious of their bulk, everybody else is alive to it.

It is a matter of common knowledge that we are often even unaware of many obvious matters until they are pointed out to us. It was this morning that I was told that I was fat. I had not thought of it until then, and I was surprised to find that I was.

Some years ago I was in the habit of travelling to town several times a week with a friend whose figure was as ample as my own. He was a very fat man, and he was very kind to me. He would talk day after day about the inconvenience and discomfort they are always experiencing. He would insist upon others knowing this, they must not blame their friends for being so fat. He would insist upon time they are the objects of sympathy and even pity.

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It should be so, yet it is an undeniable fact. Now, why is it so? To begin with, fat women in every ten to fifteen years, look upon the man as the natural ruler and director of affairs in general. The old woman in every ten years, makes her voice heard by preaching sex equality and so on, but she does not really attract much serious attention. It is nearly always a plain and elderly lady who adopts the role of teacher in these matters: a woman who, as a rule, knows more about politics than the correct tilting of her hat.

Nine women in every ten who permit themselves to be pleased, attended and courted, hold the man who takes the law into his own hands in much higher esteem than they do the natural ruler and director of affairs in general. The old woman in every ten years, makes her voice heard by preaching sex equality and so on, but she does not really attract much serious attention. It is nearly always a plain and elderly lady who adopts the role of teacher in these matters: a woman who, as a rule, knows more about politics than the correct tilting of her hat.

One only has to insist upon a fact long enough and often enough, and to a plain housewife, to begin with, it will at length associate one with that fact to the exclusion of all others. It is a great mistake to suppose that anything that can in any way reflect disadvantageously upon oneself, should not be spoken, for it is perfectly clear that the effect would not be long in coming.

Perhaps fat women are more frequently accused of vulgarity than fat men. The causes of this are not difficult to find. I have myself again and again noticed that fat women are more likely to be vulgar than fat men. They will loudly imagine that if only they will persist in wearing their voluminous light-colored dresses, their neighbors will be bewildered. They forget that tight-fitting clothes are more likely to attract attention than loose-fitting ones. And they will not admit of the simple truth of the old but weighty saying that "a white cow is usually fatter than a black one."

So that the result of their tight costumes and light colors is invariably to attract attention. It just intensifies their stoutness.

If I were asked to give a few hints to fat women, I should begin by urging them to avoid as far as possible, all fitting things, all loud colors, and all conspicuous accessories.

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