

She Wanted A Master

To Do Her Thinking and Decide For Her

By F. A. MITCHEL

I had been paying attention to Julia Adams for some time. Indeed, I would have proposed to her had I been reasonably sure of an acceptance. But Julia had another suitor, Frank Digby, and I fancied he was her first choice.

To tell the truth, I was at a disadvantage about that time, having, on being graduated from college, gone into business, for which I was by no means fitted. I had made a failure of it and was casting about for some thing more to my taste. My poverty was the principal reason why I did not propose to Julia.

The only talent I had ever shown was for sketching, and in that as a boy I showed considerable ability. When it was plain that I would accomplish nothing as a business man I made some sketches, which I showed to publishers and secured orders for illustrations to go with their publications. But I knew it would require some time to get this new hold, and while doing so I kept my own counsel from my friends and acquaintances. Julia tried to find out something about what I had in view, but I gave her no satisfaction. If I should fall in entering a new field I would be in a worse position than before. I put her off by pretending to be in doubt as to what I would do—said I would not hurry in making up my mind, and all that.

The result was what might have been expected. She accepted Frank Digby. Soon after I heard of her engagement I had a talk with her bosom friend, Edith Martin, about her, who said:

"Julia has been brought up with some one to do her thinking and make her decisions for her. Frank Digby has a strong will, and she can rely on him for guidance. He will take the lead in everything. There is nothing weak, nothing vacillating about him. I think it will be a very good match."

"Quite likely," I replied, watching under what was probably not intended, but what was a lecture to me, holding up my shortcomings in contrast with Digby's strong points. I made the best of my disappointment, but I confess to having been mean enough to hope that he would rule Julia with a rod of iron since that seemed to be what she wanted.

Miss Martin, besides being a bosom friend of Julia's, was a gambler. It wasn't difficult to set her talking, and since she was a sort of confessor for Julia, I received a good deal of information simply by propounding leading questions. For instance, one day she said to her:

"The more I think of it the more I believe that our mutual friend, Julia Adams, has a fine prospect before her with Frank Digby. Opposites should mate. If the woman is easy going the man should be decided, and vice versa. I wouldn't mind giving a strong-minded wife myself. I'd rather like to be ruled by a woman."

"Would you?" replied Edith, swatting the ball and the book together. "Why don't you marry a window smashing, theater burning suffragette?"

"Just what I'd like. I'm glad Julia got the kind of man she wanted. When are they going to be married?"

"I don't know. Not at present any way. I wouldn't have you repeat it, but sometimes I think Frank is just a teeny weeny bit too decided for Julia. You see, there are certain things we girls like to have decided for us and certain things we like to decide for ourselves."

"For instance?"

"Well, I ask week Julia bought a hat. When Frank saw it he said, 'Why didn't you buy a muff for your head and have done with it?' You wouldn't wish me to be out of fashion, would you?" retorted Julia. "Fashion," said Frank sneeringly. "Do you know what fashion is? It's a lot of men who sell you women things, giving you new designs that are as different as possible from that you've been wearing so that you can't wear or make over what you've got. It wouldn't have mattered if he'd stopped here, for we all know that but he had to go on and say, 'I have always hoped that when I got a wife she'd have more independence than to submit to such nonsense.' But the fashion? persisted Julia. "We can't ignore the fashion." Fashion be damned! Frank answered. "I wouldn't want my wife to wear a hat like a greaser or put a pot or a kettle on her head." At this Julia swept out of the room without deigning to notice him.

"Hi!" I said.

"As I told you, we girls want some of our decisions made for us, some we want to make for ourselves."

"I see. You don't wish to be interfered with in the matter of your list or your religion?"

"Certainly not."

"What things do you girls wish to have decided for you?"

"Let me see. There are lots of them, but I can't think of one all of a sudden. One couldn't be expected to do that."

"Of course not."

"We are all more or less dogs in the manger, and I am sorry to say that I was much pleased at this recital. If I couldn't have Julia I was not so unselfish as to wish her happiness with another man. I dare say it would have been very noble in me to do so, but that's not my kind of nobility. On the contrary, I felt as if I would like to throw some bones of contention between the two myself. But this was out of the question."

"I was interested in the matter not only because I wanted Julia for myself, but on account of the fact that she had engaged herself to Digby because she wished to be bossed. She had intimated to me that I wasn't a strong enough character to domineer over her, but I had my doubts about the woman of the present day needing an overseer. That might have occurred in the days of our grandmothers, when no one thought of leaving out the word "obey" in the marriage service, but now, when women are ambitious for a voice in the government, it is different. The suffragette doesn't look like a woman planning for a master, and all women who earn their own living become more or less independent. I therefore took Julia's desire to set up a king for herself with a grain of salt. If, however, it was sincere I hoped that she would have the same experience as the frogs that chose a stork for a ruler."

The next time I met Edith Martin she had great news for me.

"Haven't you heard?" she exclaimed excitedly.

"No. What is it?"

"It's perfectly awful!"

"What's perfectly awful?"

"But he deserved it, every bit of it!"

"Deserved what?"

"Some time was required for her to express her opinion about it before she could see herself to tell me what it was. This feminine trait, which seems to me akin to spending a lot of time over the address of a letter to breaking it open to look at the signature, having spent its force, Edith came down to facts and told me the story. She had got it direct from Julia and had not troubled herself to inquire into the man's side of the story."

"Things had been going from bad to worse between them," said the bosom friend, "when one morning Frank called to see Julia for a better understanding. Instead of going in the afternoon or evening he went about 11 o'clock in the morning. He'd been used to running in on her informally, and being told that she was in the laundry making a pie, he just went in there. 'I've come,' he said, 'with the olive branch I dare say I have faults, but the principal trouble between us is that occasionally I would like to have my own way about some things.'"

"You don't mean he was as unreasonable as that?" I exclaimed.

"Unreasonable! Julia took it as an insult. 'That means,' she said, 'that you consider me a person who wants to have her own way about everything; that I am obstinate, selfish, pigish—everything that is unreasonable.' You are putting those words into my mouth," he replied. "I have wanted a good, strong, noble man for a husband, but I haven't wanted a tyrant. Our engagement is broken. So there!" She had a scoop filled with flour in her hand, and she was so mad that she threw it all over him.

"You don't mean it!" I exclaimed.

"How he must have looked!"

"Looked! He was white as a sheet in front and black behind. Julia ran through a door into the kitchen, then upstairs and into her room, locking herself in. Frank dusted the flour off his clothes as best he could with his handkerchief, then left the house."

"They'll make it up," I suggested.

"Never—Julia is one of those pigheaded creatures who, when they are decided to separation, will turn, and when they turn they will never crawl again."

"Crawl?"

"Yes. Julia gave way to him till she couldn't stand it any longer."

"Poor girl!"

Not long after that, having proved that I could make a good living as an illustrator and believing that Julia's engagement with Digby was not likely to be renewed, I called upon her. I think she had had enough of being bossed and had demonstrated to her satisfaction that she didn't need an overseer. At any rate, she didn't mention such necessity, and when I told her that I had found success in a new field she seemed interested. I think Edith Martin had told her that I was looking for a wife to boss me, for Julia gave evidence that she would like the job. So I proposed and was accepted.

We get on very well together. I have a way of out-herding Herod with her. When she wants her way a little bit I give her a bucketful of it all at once. This breaks her up. I have tried yielding to her when her acts are sure to lead to grief, hoping to teach her by example. But this has been a failure. She invariably throws the fault on me. I never argue with her and when I find it necessary to set on my own opinions do so without a word. This plan works admirably.

ROUND THE WORLD

Russia has nearly 101,000 primary schools.

Berlin has fifty-two power propelled cars in its mail service.

Steam freight trucks are forbidden on the streets of Montreal.

At a fire in St. Louis a woman saved her pet dog and forgot \$1,500 in jewels.

Sweden has ordered 1,000 tons of American armor plate for new battle ships.

Judge Gemmill of Chicago favors permitting schoolboys to work after school hours.

The Civic federation in Boston would have rug beating in the back yard stopped.

New Yorkers are discussing the advisability of limiting the height of office buildings.

Minnesota in 1912 sold 2,200 acres of state lands at prices ranging from \$2 to \$21 an acre.

C. R. Bacon of Trenton, N. J., proposes an annual "oyster day" celebration for that state.

Inasmuch mission Philadelphia uses an auto truck to convey its missionaries about the city.

More than 4,000 suffrage meetings have been held in Great Britain during the last four months.

Cleveland's mentally deficient children may be sent to study classes on the city's pauper farm.

Inventured alcohol burned in specially designed apparatus is used to heat a new type of freight car.

M. O. Neff of Cincinnati estimates that 10,000,000 persons in the United States daily visit film shows.

In the Swiss canton of Zurich the number of electric lamps in use exceeds the number of inhabitants.

Pittsburgh grumbles because so many wealthy residents are seeking suburban homes, causing a drop in tax valuation.

Boulogne, France, is one of the great fishing ports in the world. The value of its catch in 1911 was over \$4,507,000.

There are about 100 gas stoves in use in Hongkong. The Chinese cooks prefer their old methods, preparing their food over charcoal and wood fires.

The international joint commission will convene in Rome during the meeting of the tenth international geographical congress, on April 2 next.

A French scientist has suggested an international monetary standard which he claims is adapted to all values now in use. The value of the basic unit being 5 cents.

Electricians in Japan are trying to obtain the consent of the government to a plan to illuminate the top of the celebrated mountain Fujiyama with a powerful light.

An electric motor to vibrate gently a fruit tree so that the sap flows to the buds and blossoms and enables them to resist frost has been patented by a Colorado orchardist.

The smoking of hams, frankfurters, and the like is accomplished by one method in Baltimore in a smokehouse heated by gas, which is said to be a new departure in the curing of meats.

Uruguay, which has the distinction of being the first country to appoint a woman to its diplomatic service, has just provided for the instruction of women telegraphers for government service.

The grave of General Booth in Abney Park cemetery, London, has already become a shrine. As many as fifty visitors to that grave alone have been counted in one day. They come from all parts of the world.

The reigning Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe sold 100,000 acres of farm and timber land to a syndicate of German and Hungarian banks. It is one of the largest sales on record in Germany and is said to have involved \$10,000,000.

The furniture makers of Nantes employ about 900 workmen. Their wares are largely exported to England, Germany and South America. The wood used is imported from Norway, Sweden, Canada, the West Indies and Africa.

The leather exports from the United States go to all parts of the world, especially in the form of boots and shoes, which went last year to no less than ninety countries and colonies, representing every grand division of the globe.

A short time since 40,000 feet (board measurement) of lumbar and 8,000 feet of tanguil were exported from the Philippines to the United States as samples for cabinet making, and it is said that a strong endeavor will be made to make it popular.

Half a dozen different islands in the Philippine group contain oil for example, Cebu island, Leyte island and the peninsula of Taybas. It is intended to develop these, and as a preliminary step a United States government expert is going out to select lands for drilling.

A religious census at the Imperial university in Tokyo has revealed the fact that more than 4,000 of the students frankly declared themselves either atheist or agnostic. Only eight desired to record their allegiance to Shinto. Fifty were Buddhists, and sixty were Christians.

A judge the other day sent a New York coal dealer to prison for giving short weight. The driver was given two tickets, one for 4,000 pounds for the customer, the other for 3,000 pounds for the city inspector. The cart had 1,000 pounds short of the two tons he claimed to deliver to the customer.

Animal Life.
The May fly's life is complete in four to five hours, during which it is born, matures, loves, fights, mates, procreates and dies. The ordinary moth lives three to four days, the locust (grasshopper) lives four weeks, dragonfly six to eight weeks, male bees or drones four to five months, snails two to three years, queen bees two to three years, mouse six years, squirrel six years, pigeon ten to twenty years, canary twelve to fifteen years, rabbit ten years, her fox fourteen years, crow thirty-five years, toad frog forty years, cat forty years, bear fifty years, raven 100 years, older duck, 100 years, parrot 100 years, golden eagle 104 years, white headed vulture 118 years, pike 200 years, carp 240 years, elephant 200 years and swan 300 years.

Considering the fact that the average man's age is only about thirty-three years, it will be seen that many members of the animal kingdom have a great advantage over the human race in their allotted length of life.

An Insult.
Angrily the head of the haberdashery concern stormed into the employment agency and demanded an interview with the manager.

"I understand," he said, "that you have been recommending as A. J. Col lectors certain young men whom you represent as having collected money from us. If they can get it from us they can get it from anybody. That's the way you make it appear, consequently your clients land good jobs."

With visions of possible libel suits rising before his guilty conscience, the agent attempted self justification.

"You are considered pretty hard nuts, you know," he said.

"Oh, that's all right," said the man. "It ain't that I'm kicking about, but not one of your men has ever collected a dollar at his shop, and it don't do any good to lie about it."—New York Times.

It Might Have Been Worse.
Mark Twain during one of his lecture tours was waiting at a station for a delayed train. The lecture committee and several townsmen were with him and talking their best to pass the time away. One had told about a frightfully unhealthy town he had read about, and it was a gruesome tale of dining and burials and that sort of thing. Twain followed in his slow and direct manner. "I lived in that same town for two years, and I never died once—not a single time." The way he said it seemed to dazzle the crowd, and not a man said a word in response. "Of course you may think I'm lying," the humorist continued, "and I'm sorry, for I can't get any witnesses to testify that I didn't, because everybody else that lived there is dead."

Dr. Johnson and Tea.
Johns Halloway was an inveterate foe to tea and wrote a pamphlet in which he ascribed the majority of nervous disorders to tea drinking. He declared that the practice was sapping the vigor of Englishmen and spoiling the beauty of women and expressed horror at the fact that no fewer than six ships were employed in the China tea trade. Dr. Johnson, who reviewed Halloway's diatribe in the Literary Magazine, preferred his criticism with the frank avowal: "The author is to expect little justice from a hardened and shameless tea drinker, whose kettle has scarcely time to cool, who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solves the midnight and with tea greets the morning," but even he admitted that tea drinking was not good for the working classes, as he thought it an inducement to idleness.—London Chronicle.

More Than Was Asked.
The old tombstone, in the quaint fashion of its kind, implored the passer by to pause and drop a tear, and no sooner had the beautiful girl read the inscription than she began to weep. But her mother reproved her.

"Cecilia," she exclaimed, "why can you not have more restraint? You are requested merely to drop a tear, and here you have burst into several!"—Puck.

Patronizing Papa.
Father—Upon my word, you children are getting too dainty for anything. I am and better on the same piece of bread, indeed. Why, when I was your age I was glad to get enough dry bread to eat. Bobby? You have a much better time living with us, don't you, father?—National Monthly.

Comforting.
Wife—Why did you tell the Baboons that you married me because I was such a good cook, when you know I can't even boil a potato? Hubby? I had to make some excuse, my dear, and I didn't know what else to say.—London Opinion.

His Advantage.
"An aviator has one big advantage over other men."

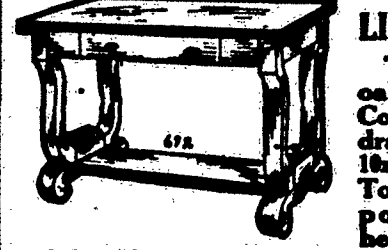
"Most of his advantages are over men, but what is this special one?"

"He can want the earth without being called grasping."—Baltimore American.

Economical.
Johnny—Mamma, will you wash my face? Mamma—Why, Johnny, can't you do that? Johnny—Yes, but I'll have to wet my hands, and they don't need it.—Lippincott's.

Not Like the National Game.
Gerardine had you ever play kismet? Gerardine—Yes, and I remember the same games that didn't have to be called on account of darkness.—New York Times.

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Stage "Fire Dogs."
Here is an instance which, for almost pure stupidity, has rarely been equalled, writes Mary Shaw in the London Strand. A stage manager sent a list of properties to a small place ahead, naming, among other things, "dogs for the fireplace." When the company arrived, late in the afternoon, they found six or eight curs lashed up in the theater, barking and yelping and tugging at their chains. The stage manager, not knowing what these canines were there for, took no notice of them, but began going over his "props." With the property man at his elbow he ran down the list, asking what he could get and what he could not get. Presently he came to the item and asked, "What about the dogs?"

"Well," answered the man, pointing to the yelpers, "these were all I could get."

The stage manager for the first time realized what the curs were for, but he didn't want to give the local property man away before the others, so he very seriously and critically inspected the dogs and then said, shaking his head almost sadly:

"I'm afraid they aren't just the right kind. You had better send them back."

East Indian Acrobats.
The wandering acrobats of India, says a writer in the Wide World, are recruited from a low caste of people called "Dombarnanos," who live by this profession alone. The children are trained from their earliest childhood and do not receive any education in schools. They travel from village to town and give their performances, which are really wonderful, in the open air before crowds of onlookers. Their tricks are quaint and sometimes astonishingly clever. Supported by one other, these men will balance themselves in a crazy kind of pyramid rising fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, and one of their number will then climb this living pyramid with a heavy weight in his teeth. Babies not yet able to walk are often seen being made use of in the most dangerous manner during these performances. Rajahs and rich Indians are very fond of the acrobatic display and engage the best of the men to perform before their guests at entertainments.

How Names Are Changed.
There was a curious transformation of names among the refugees who flocked to England after the revolution of the edict of Nantes. Many of the Huguenots translated their names into English, sometimes with a slight alteration of the sense. Bolleau became Drinkwater; Delamere, Bythames; Joffemine, Prettyman; Loloan, Eldr; Lefevre, Smith; Dubois, Wood, and Sauvage, Savage or Wild.

Some names became so corrupted as to be unrecognizable. Chauspi became Shoppee; Beaufoy, Boffin, and Comode, Cuddy. Similar havoc, though on a less extensive scale, has been played with English names in France. Mazarin's successor, Colbert, descended from an Englishman named Cuthbert, and the real name of the famous artist who decorated Versailles was not Le Brun, but Brown. And we may counter that with the Toifers, who are the Tailfeifers of France.

Two Thrusts.
A certain congressman was disappointed in Washington an international "marriage de convenance."

"Two men were talking about this marriage cynically, but truthfully," he said. "The first man remarked: 'Of course the earl won't be able to support Miss Lottie Golde in the style she's been accustomed to.'"

"Oh, said the other, 'her father will make allowance for that.'"

The congressman gave a grim laugh and resumed:

"The first man looked thoughtful for a moment. Then he said: 'Despite the stories about the earl's past, it does seem to me that he's Miss Golde's devoted slave.'"

"Oh, yes," was the other man's reply; 'he's eager for the books, all right.'—Washington Star.

Harold, do you love me for myself alone?
"For yourself alone. And that's why I object to leaving your father money and standing for your Miss Lottie's posthumous."—Kansas City Journal.