

How the Nagging Wife Spoils Her Husband

THEY were talking about wives on the hotel piazza.

"She'll never last!" was the rather flippant remark of one of the young matrons. She was referring to the wife of one of her friends. "One of these days her husband will get good and tired of standing it, and then there'll be a divorce."

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"She nags him about his business. There's such a thing as taking an interest in your husband's business, and there's also such a thing as taking too much of an interest in it. She knows the day his life insurance payment comes due, and she worries herself sick a week before for fear he won't hand over the money. In time, she worries for fear he'll die before he pays up his bills, and she keeps counting over their securities to see what she'll have as a widow."



"She really transforms herself into a genuine financial expert trying to make plans for the possible future. So earnest does she become in this anti-mortem concern for her welfare in case of accident to the family breadwinner that in time she really begins to take a sort of morbidly comfort in the operation. She makes a study of investments and practically settles on the way to place the life insurance money."

"If he comes home looking at all worried, she torments the life out of him until she has found out just what it is all about. She doesn't understand a word of business, but she makes him explain the whole thing, asking trane questions that almost drive him mad. She is all the time reminding the poor man of some bill that ought to be paid and asking him to account for every penny he has, not only how he spends it, but even how he intends to spend it. Worse than all, she attempts to 'save' and her methods of saving means that they must go without all the comforts of life while the fit lasts."

"There must be something wrong with her."

"There is. She ought to be in business instead of matrimony."

"But perhaps he is careless in money matters."

"No; he is not. He does not do things just on the minute, perhaps, but he would be certain to do them in good time if she didn't say a word to him. Nagging will reform no husband. It only infuriates him. The best thing to do if you are not pleased with a man is not to marry him. Once you wear his ring there's nothing for it but to make and look happy."

"You seem to be an expert on the subject," I couldn't help saying.

"My dear, I've watched lots of wives and husbands, and I've come to this conclusion—the little things are the ones that count. I'll try to make an epigram of what I have in my mind."



MISS JULIA KERN.

No matter which way the presidential election goes, the administration will be well supplied with young people. Should Mr. Bryan be the choice of the people Miss Julia Kern, the daughter of the vice president by his first wife, will share social honors with Miss Grace Bryan.

The woman who makes big sacrifices for her husband is foolish, but she who doesn't make little sacrifices for him is even more so. A man certainly does not appreciate big things that are done for him by his wife. Probably a good deal of that is caused by his masculine pride, which doesn't like to make his obligations toward her any larger than he can possibly help. Any one who has been married even six weeks will tell you that the man wants to be the whole thing. So you can see yourself that when a woman takes his position away from him, even in the guise of doing him a good turn, she is going right against his nature and grating on his nerves, so that every time he thinks of what she has done for him he almost has a fit instead of giving her the gratitude she

naturally expects. But now we come to the small things—the toadying, the coaxing and the waiting on him business. My dear, that all serves to swell his pride and sense of importance. He can stand any amount of that sort of thing, which doesn't cost

a woman anything but a little hypocrisy. One single phrase like "My poor boy, I'm afraid you are working yourself to death!" (when she knows he is going it as easy as the law allows) will make more of a hit with him than lifelong sacrifice.

"And, speaking of sacrifice, how I should like to read a lecture to brides! I could tell them under no circumstances to attempt to save money by pinching and going without things. When two married people start to save money there is only one who really saves, and that is the wife. Of course, when she discovers that, there is bitterness, sometimes lifelong. That's why I would like to tell brides not to do it at all. Let your husband do the saving if you have to wait years for him to get ready."

At this point one woman turned to another and whispered, "I wonder how she knows so much about it?"

"By being married herself," came the answer, "and, by the way, she got her divorce last Saturday."

"Bitter experience?"

"Rather! He was a poet, and she financed the family. With that is left she went to live in a fourth story hall bedroom."

"And what about him?"

"Oh, he's just been made associate editor of X's magazine. That's his first good job, and he claims she never understood him."

At this point the luncheon bell mercifully interrupted gossip.

It seems to me people who stay in New York get more excitement than we do here in the country. This is what actually happened the other evening at about 7 o'clock right in front of two large apartment houses on Central Park West. Some friends of mine who live there were at dinner when suddenly they heard a shriek on the sidewalk. Thinking it was some child playing, they paid no attention, and then they distinctly heard the cry, "Help!" "Police!" "Murder!" "Thieves!"

There on the corner, full in the blaze of street lamps, ran an old woman with her hat half falling off and her face as white as death. A man had just grabbed her purse from her hand, giving her a blow as he did so, and he ran across the street and leaped over the park wall before any one except the old lady even saw him. No policeman came by for a good half hour. And this, mind you, was on one of the busiest streets in the city, with cabs and automobiles and cars passing at every second.

Friends of mine who come direct from Paris say that all dresses there are short waisted in the extreme. That is all very well; but, for my part, I don't care for a short waisted effect in combination with a short skirt, and the American woman will wear a short skirt on the street.

There is a very stout young married woman here in the mountains where I am staying, and of course she has to dress in what she believes to be the latest styles regardless of her figure. She appears in the most beautifully



made pale blue, pale pink and even white linen gowns made short waisted in the back and with a square, abrupt belt line in front, which is horribly

unbecoming. Now, if you were she, wouldn't you risk being out of style a little and wear a long waisted effect? I'm sure I would.

If you want something delicious for breakfast (we have it here every morning), try blueberry griddlecakes. You mix the blueberries, which have been slightly crushed, with the batter which is then browned to a turn and served with sirup made from melted maple sugar.

There is nothing prettier on a dark haired girl than a soft white felt hat with a black band. These hats are equally useful for shipboard and golf. It was on the links that I saw one

yesterday, and the stunning brunette who wore it had on a perfectly plain white linen princess, which was gored to perfection and was trimmed only with two bias folds on the skirt and nicely made eyelet embroidery on the yoke and cuffs. This was just short enough to show white canvas shoes and silk stockings slightly embroidered around the ankles. The effect was stunning.

It is now considered quite the thing for a woman to go out driving in a runabout with a smart trotting horse attached to it. Formerly this was considered rather sporty, but now any number of society women favor it.



MRS. JAMES S. SHERMAN.

Mrs. James S. Sherman, wife of the Republican candidate for vice president, is decidedly domestic in her tastes. She is devoted to her home and to her family and has no ambition to shine in public life or in society. In her comfortable home in Utica, N. Y., she feels more satisfied than in the gay winter life in Washington, where she could have shone brilliantly had she chosen to do so for years, as Mr. Sherman has long been prominently identified with important legislative matters in congress and both are welcomed at the most exclusive homes at the capital.

Before I left New York I saw on Riverside drive Mrs. Batonyi, formerly Mrs. Burke-Roche, driving a fast horse harnessed to a plain black top about. On either side of the carriage ran one of the little white terriers she is so fond of.

She was dressed appropriately in a small round toque and a plain tailored made, for, of course, one has to be gowned accordingly, and the dressy costume which would be appropriate in a phaeton is entirely out of place in a runabout. The latest thing, by the way, in that sort of carriage has a black body with yellow wheels, and the harness is fitted with brass.

You see, there are fashions in shoe.

A friend of mine who owns her own horse and is afraid of his slipping in these mountain roads pays \$8 for his shoes, which have the latest wrinkle in rubber pads attached. As a horse needs to be shod at least once a month I've come to the conclusion that I prefer to hire my animal.

Hats Clyde

Lake Placid.

PATTI'S WIT.

Once in Italy a card was brought to Mme. Patti, the prima donna, from a man whose name she did not know, but who was so very anxious to see her that she allowed him to be shown into her room. When the unknown came in, he proved to be a little old man who was quite red and speechless with nervousness. Suddenly Patti noticed smoke coming out of his coat, so without saying a word she seized a glass of water and threw it over him. It turned out that the old man had put his lighted cigar into his pocket when he entered the room and so had set fire to his coat. "Sir," said Mme. Patti, "I have had many admirers who professed themselves burning with admiration for me, but I have never before met one who went so far as to set himself on fire to prove it."

THE LATEST SASHES.

Of course everybody knows that sashes are fashionable, but the ultra ones are not plain. Indeed, they are draped so peculiarly sometimes that it is difficult to tell just whether they are sashes.

LIFE IN TAHITI.

People, Schools, Food Products, Cost of Living, Etc.

The following report concerning the inhabitants of the Society Islands and their advanced social condition has been received from Consul Julius D. Dreher of Tahiti:

Of the total population of the Society Islands and dependencies, composing the French colony of Tahiti, numbering 31,000, more than 27,000 are of the native race, a fine type of Polynesians; about 2,300 are French, and about 1,500 are of 14 other nationalities, mainly British, Chinese and Americans, ranking numerically in the order named.

nearly two-thirds of the population live in the Society Islands, the group most advanced in civilization. Notwithstanding the fact that the hundred islands composing the colony are scattered over an area of the South seas extending 1,300 miles from north to south and 1,600 miles from east to west, the inhabitants of most of them have had more or less contact with civilized people for a century. Various denominations have churches in the principal settlements in the larger islands.

The town of Papeete, which is the seat of the colonial government and the commercial center of the colony, has a population of nearly 4,000. Here are large wholesale and retail stores, two banks, several hotels, four schools, five churches, a free library of French

books, a good hospital, a philharmonic society, two social clubs, a chamber of commerce, a telephone system, and a semaphore station. The streets are swept and the rubbish hauled off every week day. The water system is abundantly supplied from a pure mountain stream. The market, which is under the supervision of a food inspector, is supplied with an abundance of fresh meats and a great variety of fish, vegetables, and fruits (including nuts, about 40 kinds of fruit grow in Tahiti). Bread, milk, and ice are delivered by carts daily.

Bicycles are common, and there are a few automobiles, for which the good roads kept up by the government are well adapted. There are letter carriers in town and a daily mail throughout

the island of Tahiti. Foreign mails arrive every 25 days from Auckland and every 36 days from San Francisco. Besides the government establishment there are three other small printing offices in Papeete. With the exception of the small sheets published by the missionaries, there is only one paper published here, the *Officiel de Tahiti*, which is devoted mainly to official matters and announcements of all sorts.

The climate of Tahiti, though warm, is healthy. The mercury seldom goes higher than 90 degrees or lower than 65 degrees F., except in the mountains, which rise to the height of about 7,000 feet.

Owing to freight rates and customs duties, almost all imported articles of food, including flour, bacon, lard, and

canned meats, salmon, butter, vegetables, and fruits, cost from 50 to 75 per cent more in Tahiti than in the United States. In the market prices are as follows: Beef, from 20 to 25 cents a pound; mutton, 20 to 30 cents; pork, 15 to 18 cents; chickens (small), 20 to 30 cents each; turkeys, \$2 to \$5 each; eggs, 35 to 55 cents a dozen (eggs are imported at times from San Francisco); milk, 10 cents a quart; canned butter in stores, 30 cents a pound (no fresh butter in market); potatoes, 50 cents a peck. Fish, though plentiful in the sea, are dear in market. Vegetables, grown by Chinamen, are cheap, and so are fruits, which grow almost without cultivation. Living, on the whole, costs about 50 per cent more here than in the United States.

IOWA SEASON PROMISING.

With 39 members of last year's football squad anxious to return to school for the opening of practice, the state university of Iowa faces one of the most successful football seasons in its history. The schedule this year has four western state universities and three Iowa colleges, besides the alumni game, making a total of eight games, five of which will be played upon Iowa field.

Coach Catlin and Asst. Coach Griffith expect to have at least four full teams practicing on Iowa field at the opening of the football practice, which is Sept. 21. This will mark a new era in football at the university, as last year only two teams were practicing at any one time. Among the old men who will be

back for early practice are Hastings Connor, Seidel, Gross, Stutsman, Hazard, Hanlon, Carberry, Kirk and Collins. Besides these will be Hyland, Curnburn, Thomas, Klein, Comly, Jacobs, Wallace and a large number of others.

DENVER AND RETURN \$20.00.

Via D. & R. G. Sept. 5th and 6th. Final limit returning Sept. 20th. Stopovers allowed.

LADIES' DAY.

Wednesday, Sept. 2nd, Saltair. Cut prices: McWhirter Baking Co.

"What! Mr. Cuspy-Man has
several moments to spare?"
"That's the case."
"How does he do it?"
"By using a Studebaker
Electric Run-about."