

Wife Comes from America

BY JIM NASUM.

BEFORE going any further it may be well to advise the reader that this may or may not be a humorous story. It all depends upon the point of view. I myself would call it a comedy, double-plot, dramatic, possessing all the necessary internal machinery, cast of characters and scenic accessories for a farce comedy, a tragedy, a musical extravaganza, a tear-stained melodrama, a vaudeville skit and a three-act comedy. It may be all or any one of these, according to the point of view. The heart, strings of the reader are tuned. As to my own view in the matter, I am unable to go into definite details, owing to the fact that this copy of reproduction may fall into the hands of my wife and cause serious complications.

I admit that every production should be advertised in advance in its true view, and that it isn't altogether the proper thing to stack a person up against any sort of a production without letting him know where he is going to wade through tears or smiles or just a patetif medicine ad. But I am not going to take any chances by classifying this production and then having some big fellow, who has outgrown my class entirely and couldn't make my weight if he cut off both legs, come into the office and call me a liar, and I am not going to take any chances on internal dimensions at my own fireside either. Not by a long shot.

I would, therefore, advise readers not to open up their tear ducts or their fountain of risibilities too early in the game, as they may be disappointed later on to find that they have mistaken the true class of the production, and the author's object would be defeated. It is terribly discouraging to a struggling author, and not to blast his future prospects. I have suggested that male readers endeavor to restrain their mirth while reading this in the presence of their wives, if they have one or more, as it may result in a fractured rib or a dilated eyebrow.

As an excuse for considering myself competent to discuss this much-mooted question, I wish to offer that I have lived on both sides of the fence, and kept my eye peeled, and should therefore know something about what is doing to the yard and out in the life. Now, if I had been married to my life and never been single, I would be different. I would never have written this, and the road to matrimony would have been a very important sign post. Besides, this being the best of both worlds, warning should be sent out and a cloak of protection, as it were, thrown about the shoulders of the marriageable young men of the country in view of the added dangers from ambitious females. As I am getting scarce rates for this truck, and it may mean a new Winter bonnet at the market for the sake of my wife to wear through the Summer, I feel that she will forgive me for laying bare the family skeleton and scraping off the politeness which we have always worn publicly on our cannibal's bliss.

But, anyway, I would gladly, yes, even hilariously, brave the dangers of spontaneous combustion in my own household in the interest of my fellow man. I am very self-sacrificing in this way. With Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Laura Jean Libbey, Dorothy Dix, Lydia Pinkham, and the other great women of the world, I am championing the cause of the woman and spreading before the world the inequality of sex man, we men need a

champion. For ages songs and poems have been written in praise of "Mother," "The Girl You Love" and everything conceivable in the feminine form. No lyrics touching astrophysics are written about Father till after he dies, and then nobody believes them. Let us get together, men, and stand up for our rights. We, too, must have our champions. Literary champions, yes, but what we need most is a champion like John L. Sullivan was. A champion who can teach us how to duck a swing

from a stove lid and counter with a majolica jardiniere. If mothers only knew how the confiding boys and girls of their race are being imposed upon by remorseless and stronger-minded females, if they only fully realized that many of these "old world" women are in reality maternal protectors and the pie and cake supplied by a loving father to go out into the world and cleave to a woman who is second and third, or additional hands in such great demand, and there is no excuse for it. If mothers only realized this I'm sure we would have their able assistance in this grand movement for the emancipation of man.

It isn't given to every man thrown upon his own resources thus to become a newspaper humorist and amuse untold numbers of people with a mere livelihood as trust magnates and be assailed in scathing tones

take in washing. Let us stand together, men, and crush this terrible foe that is blighting our young lives. It is not to the man of the family, the breadwinner, who forks over his hard-earned dough in exchange for the hard to digest dough that his wife turns loose in the morning with a brush full of long silken hairs, which tickle your face and become entwined around your eye teeth, the man who has never experienced the delightful surprise of creeping upstairs on all fours at 2 A. M. and bumping into an angelic form in negligee and kid curlers on the top landing, who jiu jitsu him into a tangled mass under the clothes tree and gouges out his eyes with a curling iron.

Wedded Bliss Against Single Blessedness

Yes, it is the young man who is starved and am frequently asked to wets not what is in store for him to whom I appeal. The poor, misguided youth, who thinks that the garden of love is a peach orchard, instead of a quince patch. Would that I had a pen of fire with which to write in words of living light the ignominy and degradation, and lot of other things that I can't think of just now, that is visited upon my sex.

In this glad leap year the handsome young men of the community take extra precautions for their own protection. Young men between the ages of 16 and 20 should never go out alone and unarmed, and when a person of the opposite sex approaches the dead line in their conversation they should aim to plant their bullet between the sixth and seventh ribs on the posterior side. Handsome and graceful young men like myself are in hourly danger. I have often wished that I had been born with less physical beauty, and more brains, so that I could take my curvy comb or an old rasp and disfigure my features. But my naturally attractive nature and grace of manner would probably be useless to do this.

The young man of today does not sufficiently appreciate the dangers of his physical beauty. In place of this, from the time that he is first attracted to a girl of long tresses he beats a trail to the drug store to buy purple lotions and hair bleach, and like the foolish moth, goes around looking for a flame to burn. He gets his wings burnt. These young men need education along the proper lines, and were it not for the over-estimating of their own worth, they should throw myself into the breach and go out into the world to take up the burden.

I would give these unappreciated young men some instruction concerning wedded bliss. I would tear the cloak of romance from the matrimonial question, and leave the poor shivering girl bare to the eyes of the world, that all the time she is being deceived by the tricks it makes itself appear attractive. Not that I think this educational course would decrease the number of matrimonial marriages, but it would prepare the young man for the future so that he would be able to cope with the exigencies of the case when they arise. I would show him that wedded bliss is not a game of solitaire, and that when any player insists on holding all the cards and taking all the tricks it puts the game on the bum.

Yes, I would throw the broad light of publicity into wedded bliss and show the youth of our great country what they are up against. Not in the least to discourage them from entering the venture, but so that they would know what to expect and not be caught out of form. I would teach them to appreciate the advantages of wedded bliss, and to appreciate her singularity in this respect. Wedded bliss all depends upon the way you look at the different little details connected with married life. The man who has a keen sense of the humorous will extract a great deal of pleasure from a matrimonial venture.

Yes, it is the young man who is starved and am frequently asked to wets not what is in store for him to whom I appeal. The poor, misguided youth, who thinks that the garden of love is a peach orchard, instead of a quince patch. Would that I had a pen of fire with which to write in words of living light the ignominy and degradation, and lot of other things that I can't think of just now, that is visited upon my sex.

In this glad leap year the handsome young men of the community take extra precautions for their own protection. Young men between the ages of 16 and 20 should never go out alone and unarmed, and when a person of the opposite sex approaches the dead line in their conversation they should aim to plant their bullet between the sixth and seventh ribs on the posterior side. Handsome and graceful young men like myself are in hourly danger. I have often wished that I had been born with less physical beauty, and more brains, so that I could take my curvy comb or an old rasp and disfigure my features. But my naturally attractive nature and grace of manner would probably be useless to do this.

The young man of today does not sufficiently appreciate the dangers of his physical beauty. In place of this, from the time that he is first attracted to a girl of long tresses he beats a trail to the drug store to buy purple lotions and hair bleach, and like the foolish moth, goes around looking for a flame to burn. He gets his wings burnt. These young men need education along the proper lines, and were it not for the over-estimating of their own worth, they should throw myself into the breach and go out into the world to take up the burden.

I would give these unappreciated young men some instruction concerning wedded bliss. I would tear the cloak of romance from the matrimonial question, and leave the poor shivering girl bare to the eyes of the world, that all the time she is being deceived by the tricks it makes itself appear attractive. Not that I think this educational course would decrease the number of matrimonial marriages, but it would prepare the young man for the future so that he would be able to cope with the exigencies of the case when they arise. I would show him that wedded bliss is not a game of solitaire, and that when any player insists on holding all the cards and taking all the tricks it puts the game on the bum.

Yes, I would throw the broad light of publicity into wedded bliss and show the youth of our great country what they are up against. Not in the least to discourage them from entering the venture, but so that they would know what to expect and not be caught out of form. I would teach them to appreciate the advantages of wedded bliss, and to appreciate her singularity in this respect. Wedded bliss all depends upon the way you look at the different little details connected with married life. The man who has a keen sense of the humorous will extract a great deal of pleasure from a matrimonial venture.

Yes, it is the young man who is starved and am frequently asked to wets not what is in store for him to whom I appeal. The poor, misguided youth, who thinks that the garden of love is a peach orchard, instead of a quince patch. Would that I had a pen of fire with which to write in words of living light the ignominy and degradation, and lot of other things that I can't think of just now, that is visited upon my sex.

In this glad leap year the handsome young men of the community take extra precautions for their own protection. Young men between the ages of 16 and 20 should never go out alone and unarmed, and when a person of the opposite sex approaches the dead line in their conversation they should aim to plant their bullet between the sixth and seventh ribs on the posterior side. Handsome and graceful young men like myself are in hourly danger. I have often wished that I had been born with less physical beauty, and more brains, so that I could take my curvy comb or an old rasp and disfigure my features. But my naturally attractive nature and grace of manner would probably be useless to do this.

The young man of today does not sufficiently appreciate the dangers of his physical beauty. In place of this, from the time that he is first attracted to a girl of long tresses he beats a trail to the drug store to buy purple lotions and hair bleach, and like the foolish moth, goes around looking for a flame to burn. He gets his wings burnt. These young men need education along the proper lines, and were it not for the over-estimating of their own worth, they should throw myself into the breach and go out into the world to take up the burden.

I would give these unappreciated young men some instruction concerning wedded bliss. I would tear the cloak of romance from the matrimonial question, and leave the poor shivering girl bare to the eyes of the world, that all the time she is being deceived by the tricks it makes itself appear attractive. Not that I think this educational course would decrease the number of matrimonial marriages, but it would prepare the young man for the future so that he would be able to cope with the exigencies of the case when they arise. I would show him that wedded bliss is not a game of solitaire, and that when any player insists on holding all the cards and taking all the tricks it puts the game on the bum.

Yes, I would throw the broad light of publicity into wedded bliss and show the youth of our great country what they are up against. Not in the least to discourage them from entering the venture, but so that they would know what to expect and not be caught out of form. I would teach them to appreciate the advantages of wedded bliss, and to appreciate her singularity in this respect. Wedded bliss all depends upon the way you look at the different little details connected with married life. The man who has a keen sense of the humorous will extract a great deal of pleasure from a matrimonial venture.

again every evening, you should not become angry and kick her pet lap dog down the stairs, but you should go about the duty of listening to little love songs and extract what pleasure you can from the performance. If she feels inclined to let off a little surplus steam and exercise her vocal organs, telling you what a beast you are for going out to the club and leaving her alone in the house with only six children, three servants, four pomeranian dogs and a snarling cat, you should part in the wedded bliss game to en-

joy the performance and appreciate her efforts. And if she winds up by kicking you under the bed and standing on your wishbone while she chortles large, irregular notches in your complexion with a bread knife, think only of the pleasure it must afford her and laugh heartily at the picture you must have presented as you turned three complete revolutions in the air and looped-the-loop around the bedpost.

If your wife deems it necessary to have you move the children's bed from the second floor to the mansard playground every morning, and move it back

to the first floor, you should not complain, but you should appreciate her efforts. And if she winds up by kicking you under the bed and standing on your wishbone while she chortles large, irregular notches in your complexion with a bread knife, think only of the pleasure it must afford her and laugh heartily at the picture you must have presented as you turned three complete revolutions in the air and looped-the-loop around the bedpost.

If your wife deems it necessary to have you move the children's bed from the second floor to the mansard playground every morning, and move it back

to the first floor, you should not complain, but you should appreciate her efforts. And if she winds up by kicking you under the bed and standing on your wishbone while she chortles large, irregular notches in your complexion with a bread knife, think only of the pleasure it must afford her and laugh heartily at the picture you must have presented as you turned three complete revolutions in the air and looped-the-loop around the bedpost.

ter it is to get beat up at home and keep the pleasure all in the family, instead of going out to the booze joints and letting some total stranger enjoy the sweetest of pleasures. These little economies in the entertainment line are one of the best features connected with home life. You will find, too, that it is pleasant to be somewhat of a party to your mind for you on all occasions. Heretofore you have always had to attend to this duty yourself, and it is an awful responsibility. Wives are rarely sacrificing in this respect, and unhesitatingly relieve their husbands of the arduous duty of making up their own minds. Many women will make up their husband's minds more cheerfully than they make up the beds.

Too many women do not appreciate the fact that what they seek wants love and affection, and consequently this job is too often turned over to the hired girl. This puts the wedded bliss game on the bum. Any wife who turns this part of her family duties over to the hired girl should be prosecuted, as it puts her husband in a bad light before the world during the divorce proceedings. It wouldn't be so bad if the wives who do this didn't usually insist on hiring the ugliest-looking slobs, a girl who presents herself for the job, and then she has a hand-cap, too, for a husband to be compelled to learn the ropes of making love in Polish or Afghanistan, or some other foreign lingo, and to get an embarrassed him somewhat to have his wife come in to the kitchen and witness his first poor, weak efforts, when he is really doing the best he knows how.

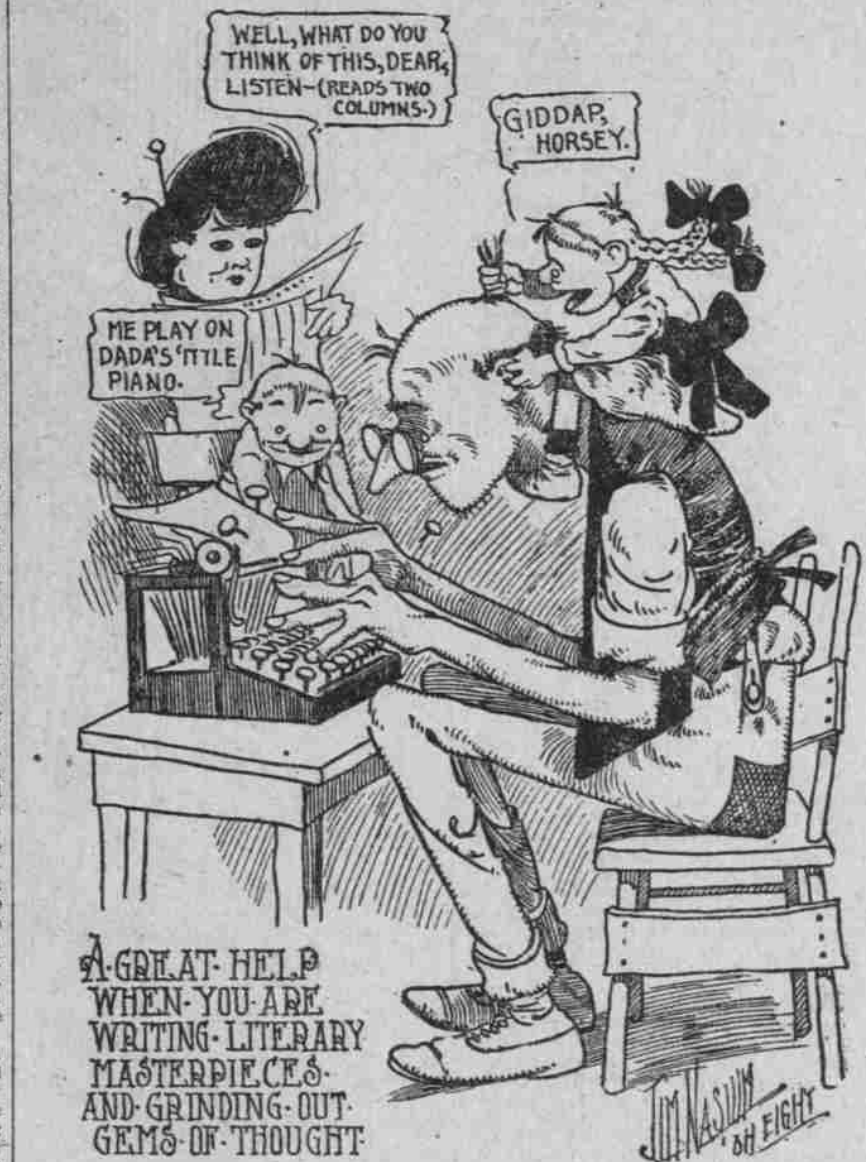
But, there's no two ways about it, a man never knows what true happiness is until he gets married—then it is too late. The young man who is living in single blessedness has all the responsibility of his own mistakes to shoulder. He has denied the pleasure of having a wife to blame his mistakes on, and hasn't enjoyed the advantages of throwing the parlor ornaments at the children when the market goes against him. He is placed at a disadvantage by having to form his own plans, instead of having an advisory board composed of his wife's relatives to go into executive session and map out the course which he is to steer. Looking backward now, through the vista of the years to the time when I worked in single harness, I can't see how I ever got along at all without the assistance of this home cabinet and strategy board. It does seem to me that a man's future is bound to go to the eternal bow-wow, without their able assistance and advice.

And the lonely existence of single blessedness is apt to pall on the man who pines for social activity. While he is compelled to sit in the narrow confines of a two by four room with a few crates and a scuffle of spuds and smoke the pipe of peace, while he spits tobacco juice over the surrounding bric-a-brac in comparative comfort, and the married man can be enjoying the company, or not only his wife, but of her mother and father and all her maiden aunts, who issue a declaration of war without the formality of an executive session every time he lights his pipe in the house. This serves to prevent ennui, whatever that is.

No, fellows, no more single blessedness for mine. I am of naturally active turn of mind, and I prefer the excitement and turmoil of wedded bliss. I prefer to spend the evenings standing with my wife with a baseball bat while she apes an eight by ten patch on the quarterdeck of my office trousers, to roaming the world alone and unaided, and to the visits of a man to white away the weary hours.



JIU JITSU HIM INTO A TANGLED MASS UNDER THE CLOTHES TREE.



A GREAT HELP WHEN YOU ARE WRITING LITERARY MASTERPIECES AND GRINDING OUT GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Preferential Plan Choosing Candidates

How the System Could Be Applied to Primary Elections to Eliminate a Minority Choice.

BY H. DENLINGER.

IT HAS BEEN demonstrated in elections held under the direct primary law, where numerous candidates are seeking the same nomination, that the successful candidate is not always to be the most generally popular choice that could be made. It only takes a plurality to nominate and a plurality may be far less than a majority. In Seattle there are nine candidates for Mayor at the Republican primaries. There are something like 14,000 Republican voters and it is said that it will take but 2000 to nominate. It is, then, possible for 2000 voters at the Republican primaries, led under some special interest (as the scumming interest for instance), to nominate the candidate for the whole party. Then, if at election time the party is loyal to its nomination, and he is able to secure a plurality at the general election, the minority parties in the field) we might witness the election of a Mayor who would be the real choice of not more than 15 per cent of the voters of the city.

It certainly looks as if there was something radically wrong about such a method of conducting elections, and it is small wonder that large numbers refuse to support this system. But the convention system is no better. The history of the Republican party in this State shows this. A convention is held, and a small body of voters, too. Nominations from a convention will generally be controlled by a machine or boss, and any aspirant who is not connected with the same thing, and the resulting "bolt" and dissatisfaction would be just as apparent as it is now. A notable example of the way this works may be recalled in the nomination of Thomas Tongue for Congress in the Second District.

A few days ago I had the pleasure of attending a meeting of the Horticultural Society at Oregon City, at which Mr. Lowndale gave us a very interesting and instructive talk on horticultural subjects, and I cannot help regretting that he has seen fit to leave that subject, on which he is so well qualified to speak, to take up the subject of Chinese and Japanese immigration, on which he is not qualified to speak.

FOR UNITED STATES SENATOR. Choice. List 2d 3d 4th

X	A
B	
C	
D	

Importation of Laborers From Asia

Oregon Wants No Japanese and Chinese for Work in Orchards or Elsewhere.

BY E. F. CARTER.

I HAVE just finished reading an article in The Oregonian from Mr. Lowndale, headed, "Asiatics as Laborers: Necessary for Farm and Fruit Industry."

Now right here is the nub to the whole situation. Mr. Lowndale has an orchard of something over 300 acres and must employ a large amount of labor to care for that orchard, thereby making his living and large profits on his investments in other men's labor; therefore, being unwilling to pay the price of labor among the people of his own state, he cries for Asiatic cheap labor.

Is All Mankind the Child of the Devil?

Modern-Day Inquiry Into Possession of "Land Which the Lord, Thy God, Giveth Thee."

BY J. L. JONES.

HONOR thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord, thy God, giveth thee." This means to get in harmony with the laws of God and nature. God is father; nature is mother. The religion of God is the higher law, the absolute truth, and relates to the immortal. The religion of nature has to do with the development of the mortal race. It includes the laws of health and reproduction.

The reader must note especially the distinction between mortal and immortal for this is the key to many apparent contentions that confuse the Bible student. Mortals are those who are subject to death. Immortals are those who have overcome death. These have not yet made their appearance on the stage.

When the devil led Jesus up to the top of a high mountain and showed him all the kingdoms of the world and offered to give them to him under certain conditions, he was able to make good his promise. The deeds were there to show. Tiberius (the brood of the Tiber) was then Emperor of Rome and ruler of the whole known world. Even the devil himself was ashamed of this gloomy monster and wanted a more desirable person for the office.

What is that colony of Japanese who have rented 1000 acres of land on Puget Sound going to do with it? Now, if Mr. Lowndale wants to find out the temper of the people of Oregon, let him run for some State office and advocate the free importation of Asiatic cheap labor. But, says Mr. Lowndale, I only advocate the strictest immigration. I suppose that means a restriction imposed by such men as Mr. Lowndale, who want to hire the cheap labor of the Orient about like a revision of the tariff by the friends of the tariff.

Wedded Bliss Against Single Blessedness

Yes, it is the young man who is starved and am frequently asked to wets not what is in store for him to whom I appeal. The poor, misguided youth, who thinks that the garden of love is a peach orchard, instead of a quince patch. Would that I had a pen of fire with which to write in words of living light the ignominy and degradation, and lot of other things that I can't think of just now, that is visited upon my sex.

In this glad leap year the handsome young men of the community take extra precautions for their own protection. Young men between the ages of 16 and 20 should never go out alone and unarmed, and when a person of the opposite sex approaches the dead line in their conversation they should aim to plant their bullet between the sixth and seventh ribs on the posterior side. Handsome and graceful young men like myself are in hourly danger. I have often wished that I had been born with less physical beauty, and more brains, so that I could take my curvy comb or an old rasp and disfigure my features. But my naturally attractive nature and grace of manner would probably be useless to do this.

The young man of today does not sufficiently appreciate the dangers of his physical beauty. In place of this, from the time that he is first attracted to a girl of long tresses he beats a trail to the drug store to buy purple lotions and hair bleach, and like the foolish moth, goes around looking for a flame to burn. He gets his wings burnt. These young men need education along the proper lines, and were it not for the over-estimating of their own worth, they should throw myself into the breach and go out into the world to take up the burden.

I would give these unappreciated young men some instruction concerning wedded bliss. I would tear the cloak of romance from the matrimonial question, and leave the poor shivering girl bare to the eyes of the world, that all the time she is being deceived by the tricks it makes itself appear attractive. Not that I think this educational course would decrease the number of matrimonial marriages, but it would prepare the young man for the future so that he would be able to cope with the exigencies of the case when they arise. I would show him that wedded bliss is not a game of solitaire, and that when any player insists on holding all the cards and taking all the tricks it puts the game on the bum.

Wedded Bliss Against Single Blessedness

Yes, it is the young man who is starved and am frequently asked to wets not what is in store for him to whom I appeal. The poor, misguided youth, who thinks that the garden of love is a peach orchard, instead of a quince patch. Would that I had a pen of fire with which to write in words of living light the ignominy and degradation, and lot of other things that I can't think of just now, that is visited upon my sex.

In this glad leap year the handsome young men of the community take extra precautions for their own protection. Young men between the ages of 16 and 20 should never go out alone and unarmed, and when a person of the opposite sex approaches the dead line in their conversation they should aim to plant their bullet between the sixth and seventh ribs on the posterior side. Handsome and graceful young men like myself are in hourly danger. I have often wished that I had been born with less physical beauty, and more brains, so that I could take my curvy comb or an old rasp and disfigure my features. But my naturally attractive nature and grace of manner would probably be useless to do this.

The young man of today does not sufficiently appreciate the dangers of his physical beauty. In place of this, from the time that he is first attracted to a girl of long tresses he beats a trail to the drug store to buy purple lotions and hair bleach, and like the foolish moth, goes around looking for a flame to burn. He gets his wings burnt. These young men need education along the proper lines, and were it not for the over-estimating of their own worth, they should throw myself into the breach and go out into the world to take up the burden.

I would give these unappreciated young men some instruction concerning wedded bliss. I would tear the cloak of romance from the matrimonial question, and leave the poor shivering girl bare to the eyes of the world, that all the time she is being deceived by the tricks it makes itself appear attractive. Not that I think this educational course would decrease the number of matrimonial marriages, but it would prepare the young man for the future so that he would be able to cope with the exigencies of the case when they arise. I would show him that wedded bliss is not a game of solitaire, and that when any player insists on holding all the cards and taking all the tricks it puts the game on the bum.

Wedded Bliss Against Single Blessedness

Yes, it is the young man who is starved and am frequently asked to wets not what is in store for him to whom I appeal. The poor, misguided youth, who thinks that the garden of love is a peach orchard, instead of a quince patch. Would that I had a pen of fire with which to write in words of living light the ignominy and degradation, and lot of other things that I can't think of just now, that is visited upon my sex.

In this glad leap year the handsome young men of the community take extra precautions for their own protection. Young men between the ages of 16 and 20 should never go out alone and unarmed, and when a person of the opposite sex approaches the dead line in their conversation they should aim to plant their bullet between the sixth and seventh ribs on the posterior side. Handsome and graceful young men like myself are in hourly danger. I have often wished that I had been born with less physical beauty, and more brains, so that I could take my curvy comb or an old rasp and disfigure my features. But my naturally attractive nature and grace of manner would probably be useless to do this.

The young man of today does not sufficiently appreciate the dangers of his physical beauty. In place of this, from the time that he is first attracted to a girl of long tresses he beats a trail to the drug store to buy purple lotions and hair bleach, and like the foolish moth, goes around looking for a flame to burn. He gets his wings burnt. These young men need education along the proper lines, and were it not for the over-estimating of their own worth, they should throw myself into the breach and go out into the world to take up the burden.

I would give these unappreciated young men some instruction concerning wedded bliss. I would tear the cloak of romance from the matrimonial question, and leave the poor shivering girl bare to the eyes of the world, that all the time she is being deceived by the tricks it makes itself appear attractive. Not that I think this educational course would decrease the number of matrimonial marriages, but it would prepare the young man for the future so that he would be able to cope with the exigencies of the case when they arise. I would show him that wedded bliss is not a game of solitaire, and that when any player insists on holding all the cards and taking all the tricks it puts the game on the bum.

Wedded Bliss Against Single Blessedness

Yes, it is the young man who is starved and am frequently asked to wets not what is in store for him to whom I appeal. The poor, misguided youth, who thinks that the garden of love is a peach orchard, instead of a quince patch. Would that I had a pen of fire with which to write in words of living light the ignominy and degradation, and lot of other things that I can't think of just now, that is visited upon my sex.

In this glad leap year the handsome young men of the community take extra precautions for their own protection. Young men between the ages of 16 and 20 should never go out alone and unarmed, and when a person of the opposite sex approaches the dead line in their conversation they should aim to plant their bullet between the sixth and seventh ribs on the posterior side. Handsome and graceful young men like myself are in hourly danger. I have often wished that I had been born with less physical beauty, and more brains, so that I could take my curvy comb or an old rasp and disfigure my features. But my naturally attractive nature and grace of manner would probably be useless to do this.

The young man of today does not sufficiently appreciate the dangers of his physical beauty. In place of this, from the time that he is first attracted to a girl of long tresses he beats a trail to the drug store to buy purple lotions and hair bleach, and like the foolish moth, goes around looking for a flame to burn. He gets his wings burnt. These young men need education along the proper lines, and were it not for the over-estimating of their own worth, they should throw myself into the breach and go out into the world to take up the burden.

I would give these unappreciated young men some instruction concerning wedded bliss. I would tear the cloak of romance from the matrimonial question, and leave the poor shivering girl bare to the eyes of the world, that all the time she is being deceived by the tricks it makes itself appear attractive. Not that I think this educational course would decrease the number of matrimonial marriages, but it would prepare the young man for the future so that he would be able to cope with the exigencies of the case when they arise. I would show him that wedded bliss is not a game of solitaire, and that when any player insists on holding all the cards and taking all the tricks it puts the game on the bum.