

# Girls Who Never Mean to Marry

by Laura Jean Libbey

### To the Modern Girl Marriage Does Not Mean "Happy Ever After." She Has Come to Know Better What Husbands Really Are—That Marriage Does Not Change Them Into Paragons of Virtue, Thoughtfulness, and Kindness. She Believes That Marriage Is a Partnership, and as a Partner She Has a Right to Expect as Much in the Man as He Expects in Her.

There was a time when a girl who did not get married was popularly supposed never to have had a chance. But today one is remarkably mistaken if he assumes that a woman who is single could not have married if she had cared to.

Until recent years a girl had to marry to secure a livelihood. Now she has grown capable of earning her own living, and she is under no necessity to marry for food and a home.

If girls are going to give up things when they marry, nowadays, they will only do it for a husband that will compensate them for the sacrifice.

Young fellows must look about them and qualify themselves to be the husbands the girls want. A friend of mine was rejected some time back by a lady who afterwards confided to me that he was really a "dear, nice, kind creature," but she simply could not stand the idea of spending all her evenings in his company. "He has not two ideas in his head," she said, "and the prospect of spending the long evening hours with him while he read aloud the reports of the stock market simply was too much."

What would a husband think of a wife who read a book to him for a couple of hours every evening? The bachelor girl trots here and there and tastes a vastly larger amount of pleasure in her spare hours than she used to. Sometimes, no doubt, she becomes a mere pleasure-seeker.

Girls More Independent Today. I remember some time ago asking a gentleman how he and his wife passed the long evenings. "I read the newspapers till I fall asleep," he replied,

"and the wife amuses herself mending something." The modern girl will do her share of "mending something," but it strikes her that 19 or 20 years of evenings of that kind is a rather monotonous prospect. Girls today want brighter evenings than that. The young man who wants to get "her" to say "yes" needs to be more interesting than he was once upon a time—or needs a longer purse to supply the deficiency.

For good or evil the girl of today has become vastly more independent of marriage because of her wage-earning capacity. The girl who really does not care to marry—who imagines she has some vocation in life to which marriage will be an obstacle—has liberty to go her own way. And she does.

Only the other day a girl said to me: "Miss Libbey, I never shall get married. I haven't the least intention of ever marrying." Now, I daresay you picture that young lady as plain, or at least unattractive, and one who has turned her back upon the 20s a considerable time ago.

Looks for Fair Exchange. Nothing of the sort. She is 22, remarkably pretty and sensible, with the exception of her too decisive stand on a matter over which she has not entire control. In spite of the girl's assertion, I know her to possess naturally the home making instincts, and I am sure some man will lead her away from the commercial into the home making world before she is much older. At present, however, she thinks she will be happier without a husband.

To the modern girl marriage does not mean "happy ever after." She has come to know better what husbands

really are—that marriage does not change them into paragons of virtue, thoughtfulness, and kindness. She believes that marriage is a partnership, and as a partner she has a right to expect as much in the man as he expects in her.

The argument that single women are influenced largely in their choice of single life by the awful examples of domestic shipwreck the newspapers chronicle is entirely wrong. Girls of today are far too sensible to judge husbands by these examples. Their belief is that husbands are as good as they ever were—and better in many ways; but in accepting a husband the girl of today looks to an improvement in her own condition, or at least a fair exchange, rather than to any state of retrogression.

The young lady who has been accustomed to daily excursions into town and the hurry and bustle of the world no doubt looks upon existence in a little suburban home or an isolated flat as likely to be abominably dull. That feeling makes her shy of marriage.

She has not the advantage of her mother or her grandmother in keeping occupied with her housework all the time. For the work in the home today is almost one-half lighter than it was 20 or 30 years ago. And every one knows that to keep a woman contented and happy she must be kept busy.

Oaths Amount to But Little. There is another reason why the business girl so often turns a cold eye upon the unhappy gentleman who seeks her as his wife.

A very large number of men of the type the wideawake, keen girl is

thrown in contact with in her business life and the type that wins her admiration and respect have found out how remarkably easy it is for them to provide for themselves. The rooms of their bachelor apartments are stocked with every time and labor-saving device to say nothing of the home comforts. They do not seem to feel the need of a "ministering angel." So the girl prefers to go on alone rather than to become the life partner of a man she finds uninteresting and who commands neither her respect nor admiration.

There even are associations now in England, in France, Germany and the United States formed among young

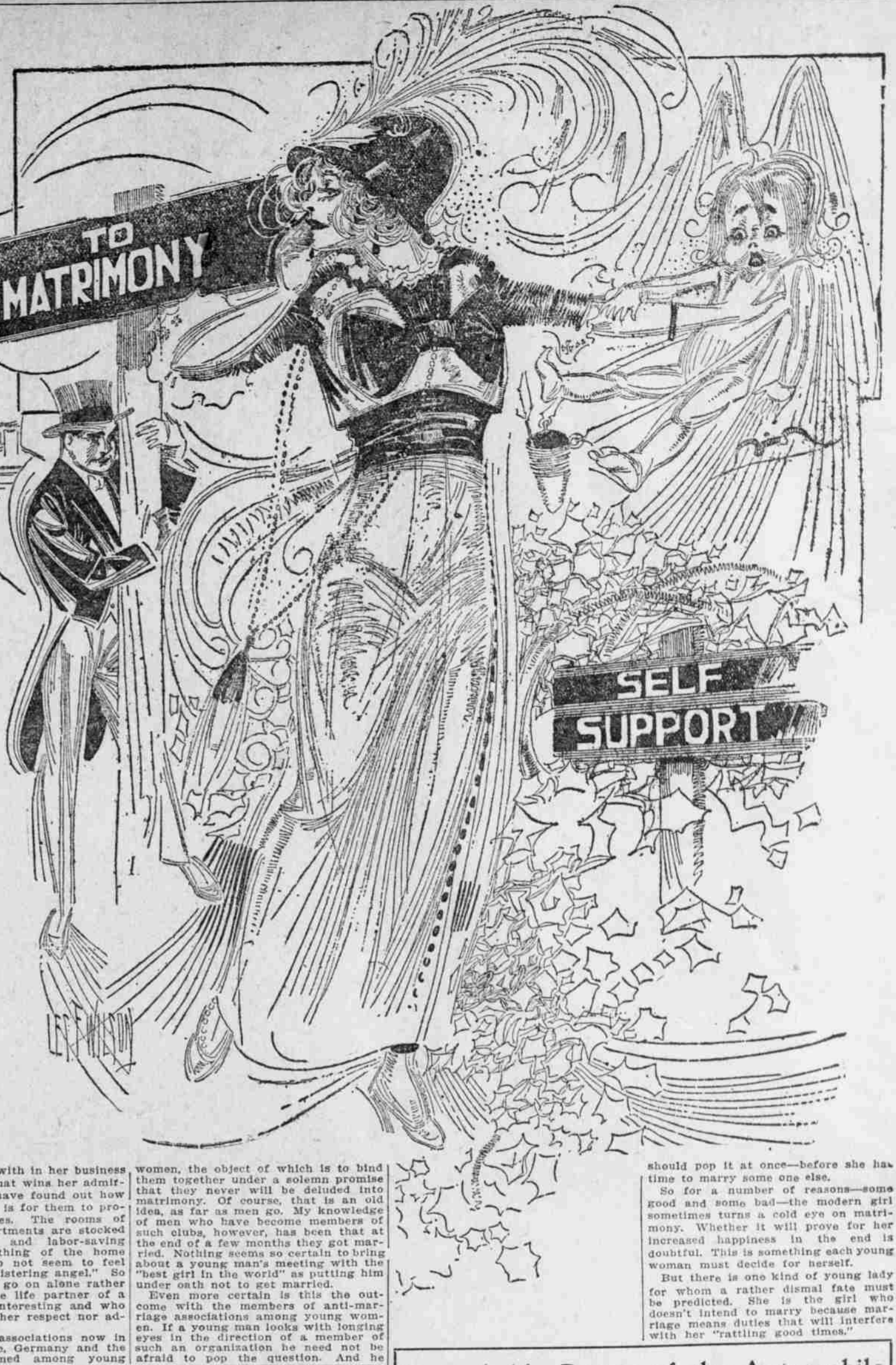
women, the object of which is to bind them together under a solemn promise that they never will be deluded into matrimony. Of course, that is an old idea, as far as men go. My knowledge of men who have become members of such clubs, however, has been that at the end of a few months they got married. Nothing seems so certain to bring about a young man's meeting with the "best girl in the world" as putting him under oath not to get married.

Even more certain is the outcome with the members of anti-marriage associations among young women. If a young man looks with longing eyes in the direction of a member of such an organization he need not be afraid to pop the question. And he

should pop it at once—before she has time to marry some one else.

So for a number of reasons—some good and some bad—the modern girl sometimes turns a cold eye on matrimony. Whether it will prove for her increased happiness in the end is doubtful. This is something each young woman must decide for herself.

But there is one kind of young lady for whom a rather dismal fate must be predicted. She is the girl who doesn't intend to marry because marriage means duties that will interfere with her "rattling good times."



## WHAT YOU SAY DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU EAT ALSO, IN A DEGREE, ON HOW YOU EAT IT.

### Ice Cream Is Suggested for Choleric Statesmen—Many Men Are Wishing for Their Mothers-in-Law to Lose Their Appetites—Restaurants May Install Separate Departments for Actors, Singers and Salesmen.

As you eat so shall you speak! When a chap says "Beat it!" you've got his number. He's been eating whipped cream!

Now, don't argue! The whole matter was talked over and decided upon by a convention of public speakers, held in Pittsburgh last week. It was settled definitely that when it comes to oratory, the grub's the thing. Lettuce for fresh, crisp argument. Onions for the strong appeal. Green peas for rolling sentences. It's as clear as the city where they decided it.

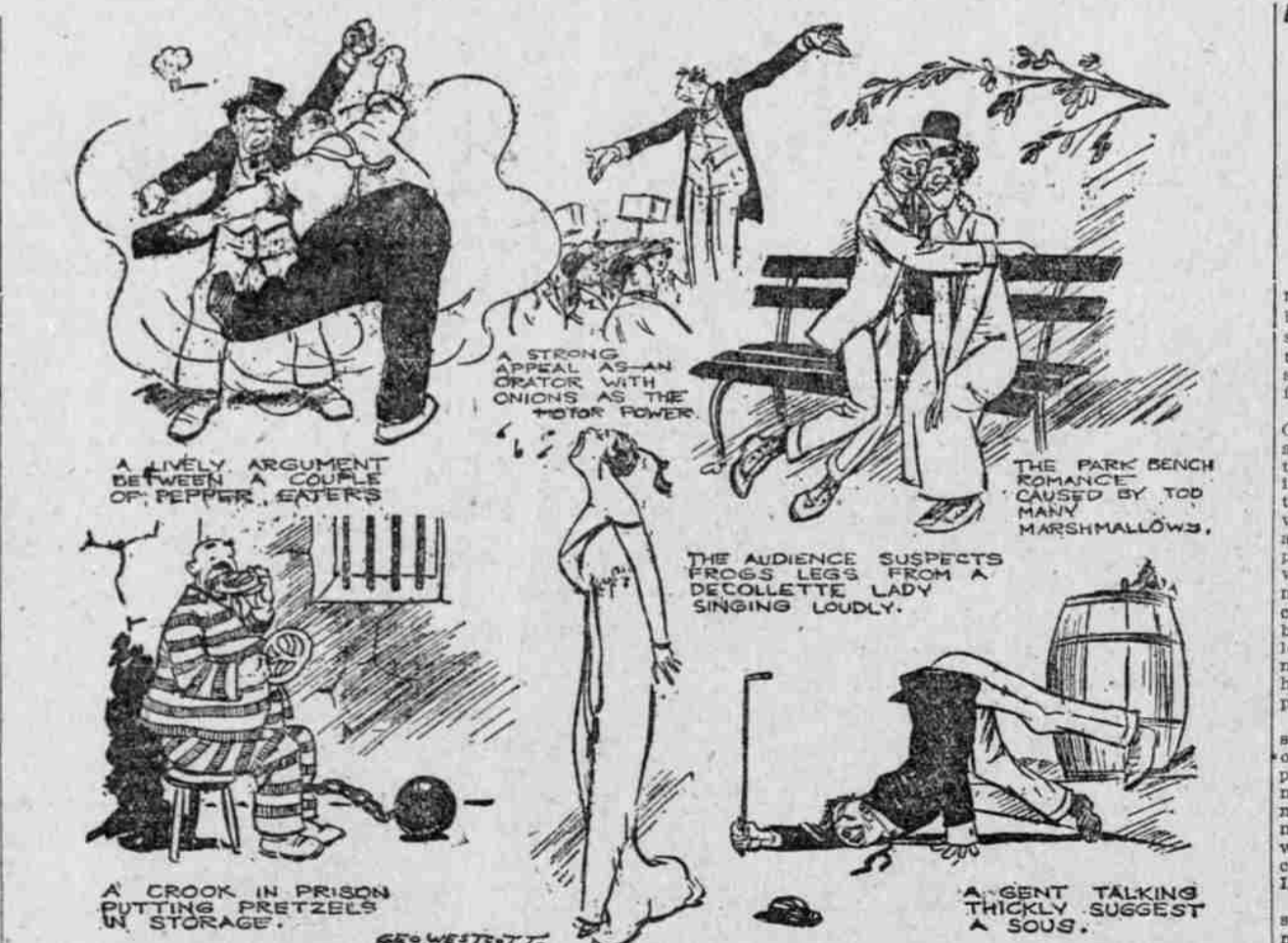
The only wonder is that someone did not figure the matter out long ago. It's about as obvious a discovery as ever started a dizzy civilization. Thousands of things prove it. Look at the Chinese as an unquestionable example. They eat chop suey—a mixture of everything but the curtains; and pipe the talk of them. It sounds like an intoxicated disk machine.

On the other hand (gesture) pipe the subway guard. He has to eat hurriedly—just a snatch here and there—and could the result be other than just what occurs? "Forty-family stew, 'step." Exact duplicate of the snatched lunch.

With the rare business acumen which is ever present with American food providers, it is only a matter of days when the new condition will be amply provided for. Restaurants will be cut off in stalls and your diet will be furnished with due consideration for the work before you.

There will be booths for statesmen, auctioneers, actors, lovers, financiers, promoters and every one else who is likely to be called upon to say a few words. The food will be so arranged that the diner cannot go wrong, anything in his particular department may be eaten without restraint and he may be certain that it is good for what ails him. Financiers may eat kale, sugar, doughnuts, etc. Lovers of sweetsmeats, honey and marshmallows and all of the others will be equally considered.

The discoverers of the late and valuable dope on how to be a howling success go further in their assertions, arguing that the amount of food con-



sumed by the ultimate consumer determines his loquacity. If he talks constantly he is a glutton. If he has dyspepsia he's a clam. If he eats small meals he's there with the small talk. Any way you figure it the meal is the lever of the tongue. You can't beat it.

It is no longer a mystery why every town in the country is anxious to draw a political convention. The movement is backed by the restaurateurs, of course. When one considers the tons of oral chatter that emanate from a convention hall it is evident that the previous stowing away of menus means fortunes for the fathers of the fodder graft. And who can doubt that the principal element of these meals is steer or—in the lesser hotels—bull.

There will be many cynical persons who upon hearing of the new diagnosis will pray that the Secretary of State go off his feed indefinitely. They will pray that his dyspepsia be particularly acute until after the California wrangle has been settled definitely, for it is clear that one hearty meal by the Secretary might throw the whole country into a turmoil. He proved himself a heavy eater long years ago.

### If You Eat Quick Lunches You Will Mumble Your Words, the Man Who Eats Camembert Is Likely to Use Strong Language and the Man Who Eats Nothing at All Will Soon Be Speechless, as Everybody Knows.

Trades people are sitting up nights since the graters found the cure. Some of them who cater to our very nicest people are hoping that some well-meaning chef will dope out something nifty in the way of a salad of forget-me-nots. Many sailors have come forward with the statement that their customers must simply exist on beet.

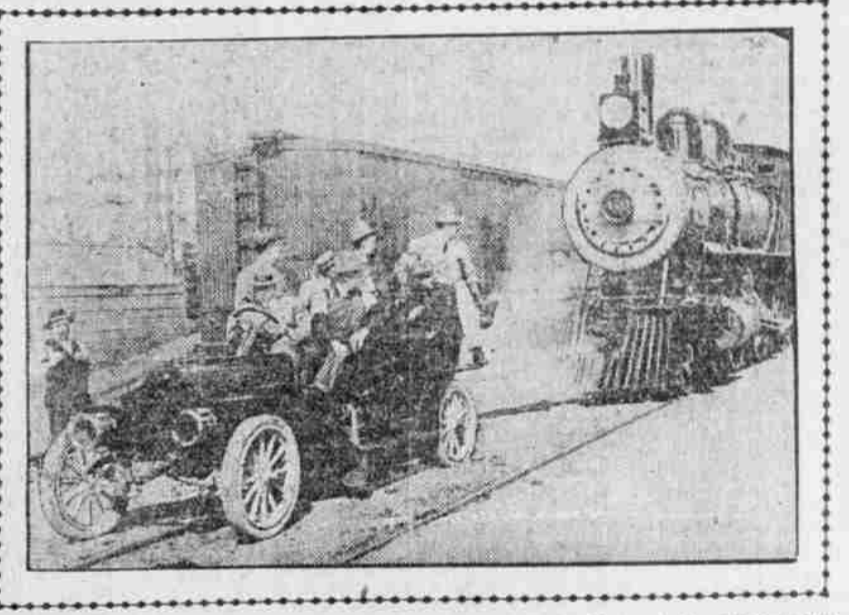
It's possible, Watson—may, probable. Some of the progressives of the new school are inclined to believe that the matter of diet should be also considered by those who are to hear speeches and discoveries. It has one flaw. One instance where it doesn't work out. We'll have to be patient with it, though.

In this one instance. When Mrs. Fankhurst got out the other day she hadn't had a thing to eat for a long, long time. And the first thing she said when she got out—mind you, the first thing she said—was "understand—well, it can't be printed. But it leaves a suspicion that some one coaxed her to eat a melancholy egg."

What countless numbers of good-hearted martyrs have spent sad and unprofitable evenings with friends listening to the pathetic moaning of some adored son or daughter who had studied abroad! As they sat back in their chairs, convinced that the marvel of the fond parents should be given relief, even if it required an operation, how little did they realize the cause of the vocal clamor. Cowards! When birdseed and milk alone could have helped the shrieking offspring.

The solution of the situation in Mexico has been found. How could the place be other than a hotbed under present conditions? Every one of the

### Remarkable Power of the Automobile



PROBABLY no more remarkable feat has been performed recently by an automobile than that shown in the accompanying illustration. The local agent of a well-known car in Los Angeles gave a demonstration of the pulling strength of his machine by attaching it, by means of a rope running from the rear axle of the car to the pilot of a 110-ton locomotive and drawing the locomotive along the track.

### Balloon Goes Up 121,000 Feet

The limit to which manned balloons can ascend is about 30,000 feet, but a sounding balloon lately sent up in Italy at the University of Vavia reached a height of 121,000 feet, or nearly 23 miles. The sounding balloons, the modern devices for exploring the upper air, are usually bags of silk or rubber, about six feet in diameter, filled with hydrogen gas.

They rise until the pressure of the gas causes them to collapse or explode, and a parachute then brings down safely the story of the air passed through, as taken down automatically by a special apparatus. This apparatus, called a "meteorograph," combines several instruments in one. It has an accurate chronograph for time, an aneroid barometer for height or atmospheric pressure, a metallic thermometer for temperature, a hair hygrometer for relative humidity, and an anemometer for wind velocity, and each instrument gives a continuous record by means of a pen resting on a rotating cylinder covered with ruled paper.

The most remarkable fact shown by these balloon soundings of the last 10 or 12 years is that the air exists in two very distinct layers. In the lower layer, or "troposphere," the air cools about 1 degree Fahrenheit for each 300 feet of ascent; but in the upper or isothermal layer, or "stratosphere," further ascent gives stationary or rising temperature. The upper limit of the isothermal layer is unknown. The lower limit—lower in winter than in summer—has an average height of about six miles in middle latitude, but is lower near the poles, and reaches a great height at the equator. The temperature of this layer ranges from 60 degrees F. below zero in summer to 71 degrees below in winter.

Walks With Water Boots. The latest of the numerous attempts to construct water boots for working on the water is credited to a German cabinetmaker. He has experimented on Lake Ammer, in Bavaria, and has walked across the lake—about two miles—in two hours. The propelling device is a series of three paddles, mounted on hinges, on the side of each boot. A sliding mechanism causes these paddles to give a forward motion, like that of skating, as the foot is moved, an upright stick on each shoe steadying the walker.