

MEET HIM WITH A SMILE.

A Rule That Elicits a Protest From Married Women.

"I do wish some one would write a few rules for men," said a young married woman recently. "I'm awfully tired of reading in magazines and newspapers that I must meet my husband when he comes home from his office 'pleasantly and cheerfully,' that the house must be like a new pin, I must be prettily gowned, the dinner must be daintily cooked and served and that he mustn't be worried with a recital of the troubles of the day, no matter if delirium supervenes for me.

"These precepts are all right theoretically and under ordinary circumstances are practical. Every woman follows them instinctively who wishes to retain her husband's admiration, but why aren't there a few laws of this sort laid down for men to follow?"

"Why isn't there some one to tell them to look cheerful when they come in and to forbear to grumble if dinner is a trifle late for any good reason, to be a little sympathetic and affectionate and remember that theirs are not the only troubles in the house?"

"According to the ordinary writer, a woman's whole married life should be spent in practicing expedients to keep her husband's love from growing cold, while he apparently may pursue any course he pleases, civil or uncivil, tyrannical or gentlemanly, and be sure of retaining hers.

"This may not be the masculine idea of the case at all; the sterner sex may not really expect to get the whole globe and give nothing in return, but it is not the writer's fault if they don't. I sedulously keep all such articles away from John, for he's a very good husband, and I'm afraid such literature would put ideas into his head and spoil him.

"Now, poor unenlightened soul, he has an idea that my side of the partnership has its own worries, and he tries to help me straighten them out, but who knows how he would change if he ever discovered that he is really made of china and has to be handled with care to keep from being broken?" -Baltimore News.

LIKE THE LITTLE ONES.

Men, as a Rule, Are Fond of the Society of Children.

"There's a very general idea abroad in the land that men don't care to board in a house where there are children," said one of the sterner sex yesterday. "but that is, I believe, a great mistake, just as it is an error to imagine that men generally don't like the little ones. No doubt there are a few crusty old bachelors in the world who would be horribly annoyed by pattering feet and shrill little voices in the halls and on the stairs, but I must confess I like to hear these noises, and I find by questioning a number of my friends—all young, unmarried men—that they do also. The children give a sort of homy atmosphere that's very pleasant to even the most comfortless places.

"Taking one thing with another, I believe men are fonder of children than women are anyhow. What I mean is that more men than women are fond of them. I know plenty of the gentler sex who wouldn't think of going to a boarding house where youngsters were admitted, and I know just as many men who seek out those places and obtain a certain amount of comfort and satisfaction in their lonely lives in making friends with the youngsters and spending valuable time repairing sundry broken toys or telling wonderful stories in which giants figure to an amazing extent.

"A child's affection is a very delightful thing, and most men feel flattered to be the object of even a mild liking on the part of the small tyrants. There are half a dozen little ones in the house where I board, and I am the familiar friend of every one of them. It's a very delightful and absorbing acquaintance, and I'm fast developing into a story teller of such marked ability that I'll make a fortune in this way, no doubt, after awhile." -Detroit Free Press.

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BE A GOOD BOY! GOODBY!

How oft in my dreams I go back to the day When I stood at our old wooden gate And started to school in full battle array, Well armed with a primer and slate, And as the latch fell I thought myself free And gloried, I fear, on the sly, Till I heard a kind voice that whispered to me: "Be a good boy! Goodby!"

"Be a good boy! Goodby!" It seems They have followed me all these years, They have given a form to my youthful dreams And scattered my foolish fears; They have staid my feet on many a brink, Unseen by a blinded eye, For just in time I would pause and think: "Be a good boy! Goodby!"

Oh, brother of mine, in the battle of life, Just starting or nearing its close, This motto aloft, in the midst of the strife, Will conquer wherever it goes! Mistakes you will make, for each of us errs, But, brother, just honestly try To accomplish your best. In whatever occurs "Be a good boy! Goodby!" -John L. Shroy in Saturday Evening Post.

A PARTIALLY OBEYED ORDER

The Reporter Returned, but the Mule Was a Total Loss.

Harmon W. Brown of Ohio, who held a responsible place on the staff of General Rawlins during the civil war, tells the following story of the general's treatment of an intrusive reporter:

"One day before Vicksburg the correspondent of a certain paper went to General Rawlins for news.

"The general pondered a moment and took me one side.

"Take this young man," he said, "up to the top of those trenches within a stone's throw of the enemy. Take him up there and lose him. I don't care what happens. Understand?"

"I said I did, and we started through the lines. Both of us were mounted. I pointed out a crest overlooking the enemy and told him he could get a good view from that point.

"Ain't you coming with me?" he asked.

"No," I replied. "I know all I want to know."

"So he started alone. As soon as the top of his hat and the tips of his mule's ears showed above the crest there came a volley of musketry ten yards wide that cut the air like a big knife blade. The crown of his hat was sliced off as with shears. He managed to drop to the ground in safety, but the persevering mule was literally filled with lead. After the firing ceased the correspondent crawled to the spot where I was.

"Did you learn what you wanted to know?" I asked.

"Eh?" gasped the correspondent, wiping his face and looking at his hands to see whether they were bloody. "What I wanted to know? Oh, yes, of course. The enemy are over that ridge all right."

"When we returned to headquarters, General Rawlins saw us and hailed me. I went inside his tent.

"I thought I told you to lose that confounded reporter somewhere," he said testily.

"I did the best I could, sir," I answered. "He came back, but I have the honor to report the mule a total loss." -Saturday Evening Post.

A Relapse.

"Were you ever treated by a physician for your nerves?"

"Yes, and I had to get some more medicine when I received the bill." -Philadelphia Bulletin.

When a husband gets up to give his wife a chair, she fairly beams at the thought that other women now see that he idolizes her and would be willing to die for her. -Acheson Globe.

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