

## Unmarried Husbands

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was about to be introduced to the Indianapolis girl he put a new twist to his mustache and smoothed his imperial, meanwhile clearing his throat like Silk McLoughlin or a favorite tenor, and framing his features into a smile that would have charmed the cuckoos off the trees.

"Ah, yes!" he said when he was introduced. "From Indianapolis! That dear place! How I love it! And I shall love it all the more now!"

It wasn't altogether what he said; it was the sugary way he said it. And while he was saying it, he was holding the girl's hand, holding it as though it gave him pleasure and as though he did not care if he never let go.

What was Mrs. Sellew doing all this time? She was resembling that famous lawyer who defended a client for slander. "My first defence," said the lawyer, "is that the accused was born deaf and dumb. My second defence is, that even if he were not born deaf and dumb, he did not speak a word upon the occasion complained of. My third defence is that, even if the accused said anything at the time, he did not utter this slander. And my fourth defence is that if the accused *did* use the phrase complained of, it wasn't a slander at all."

TO return to Sellew, he helped the Indianapolis girl to refreshments, went out of his way to cover up her mistakes at the bridge table, complimented her in ringing tones whenever she followed suit, adjusted a screen to keep the draught off her back, and in short he acted much like Don Juan might have acted when that gentleman was, as the baseball writers say, in midseason form.

In my opinion a wife has some rights for which she should stand, in the homely phrase, until the cows come home. And foremost among those rights I would place the following: "No husband shall flirt with another woman in the presence of his wife." A woman is not destitute of offensive and defensive methods, and if I were in Mrs. Sellew's case I would make Master Teddy keep to the rule above mentioned, yes, even if I had to use a soup plate, or the whole dinner service, upon his roguish head.

What stops her from doing so? So far as I can see it, there's a mixture of reasons. In part, she's too proud to acknowledge that she is conscious of Ted's behavior; in part she's too timorous to take the bull by the horns; in part again she's too "nervous" to risk the reaction of a scene. But the result of her inaction is worse than the result of her action could possibly be. For surely it is better to be no wife at all than to be a wife who is continually placed in a she-don't-count position.

And here am I, casting stones at a fellow member of this club—I who am an Unmarried Husband myself!

Teddy's case amuses me, but in Pangborn's married life I am more conscious of the pathetic note.

A more charming woman than Pangborn's wife never lived. They live in a semi-fashionable suburb. Every room of their house would have delighted Watteau. Upon our last visit to them we arrived in time for lunch. Even Ray went into raptures over their dining-room and the way the table was set. After lunch Mrs. Pangborn played and sang with a pretty elegance which could have kept me there all day, even if I do know the difference between a ball and a strike.

But while she was singing, Pangborn showed himself to be ill at ease, he hid gigantic yawns with his hand, and in even more gigantic pantomime he whipped an imaginary egg, from which I correctly deduced that he thought it would be pleasant to beat it. "Fine!" he exclaimed, at an interval in the music; "and now I want to show Jimmy something outside. We'll soon be back."

Thus tactfully we made our exit. Pangborn led the way to a woodshed in the rear, which was evidently his den. The principal decorations were a poster of a county fair and a horse liniment sign. The principal articles of furniture were a three-legged chair and a soup box.

I took the soup box and Pangborn did the honors on the three-legged chair. For the first time since we had arrived he was his natural self again. He crossed his feet the other way, filled his pipe and spat upon the stove. In the distance his wife was playing Schumann's *Traumerei*. When I was twelve they tried to make an infant Paderewski out of me; so I know my notes.

"Jimmy," said Pangborn, "do you remember that night we went to Brown's and saw Young Bossy mix it up with the Harlem Kid?" I did, and was rather ashamed of it, boxing being one of the shorter rows of my wild oats. But as for Pangborn, while he reviewed that historic encounter, his eyes dreamily resting upon the horse liniment sign, I could see that he was in a reverie even more soulful than Schumann's. "Did you ever meet Matty again?" he asked.

That put me on horseback and we sat in the wood shed until a searching party came out to round us up for dinner. "You know, Jimmy," said Pangborn, after we had regretfully answered the call, "this married life is all very nice—but between you and me—"

That was it exactly. We had a longer talk about it the next day. It may be that Pangborn has tried to readjust himself to married life as sincerely as I have, but I am inclined to think that a part of his failure is due to a stubborn streak in his make-up. If he thinks he is being led, he shies; and if he thinks he is being driven, he talks.

Something to this effect Mrs. Pangborn told my wife when they were exchanging confidences. I gather that they both talked cheerfully enough of their husbands' ineffectual attempts to break themselves into matrimonial harness. But however cheerfully our wives may try to speak of their unmarried husbands, I am beginning to realize (and I think they know it as well) that a very serious business is afoot.

**SUMMARIZING** in a few words, the reasons for Unmarried Husbands, so far as I have thought it out, I can see four causes:

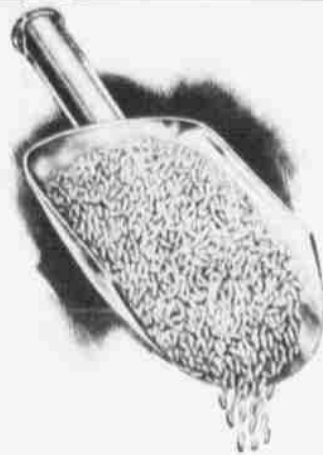
First, the situation often seems to arise because a man puts off marrying until he is well along in years. By that time his habits have not only formed; they have set into a substance that closely resembles concrete.

Again, Unmarried Husbands are frequently due to strong masculine wills which unconsciously revolt at compromising with new conditions.

The third cause can be stated in one long but ugly word: selfishness.

The last cause, and a frequent one, seems to be an utter inability on the part of some men to play the domestic game, just as there are plenty of men who could never learn to pitch a spit ball or play the violin.

And what finally becomes of us Unmarried Husbands. Many of us no doubt will get adjusted—and some will not. For those who solve the problem, married life will have an added happiness, the same as peace seems more peaceful after a storm. But for those of us who fail to become assimilated, sooner or later we are sure to face a crisis in which the ultimatum will be "Get together or break away!" And when that time comes there will be no dodging. We shall have to get right up in meeting and have the answer ready. For the Legion of Unmarried Husbands marches always under the shadow of a tragedy, and lucky are they who desert the ranks in time.



### At 9 a. m.

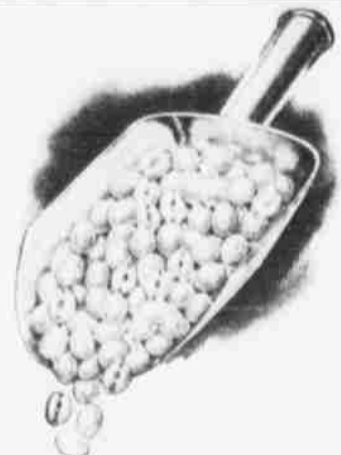
The wheat or rice kernels are sealed up in mammoth guns.

Then for one whole hour those guns are revolved in a heat of 550 degrees.

Each grain is made up of a hundred million granules. Inside of each granule is a trifle of moisture which this heat turns into steam.

In sixty minutes this superheated steam has attained a tremendous pressure.

Then we are ready to blast those granules to pieces, by a hundred million steam explosions.



### At 10 a. m.

The guns are shot. The steam in each granule explodes.

The grains that shoot out are eight times normal size. All the food granules are literally blasted to pieces, so digestion can instantly act.

Each grain is filled with a myriad cells, surrounded by toasted walls. Yet the grains remain unbroken, shaped exactly as they grew.

That is Prof. Anderson's process for making whole grains wholly digestible. And it never was done before.

## Puffed Wheat 10c Puffed Rice 15c

Except in Extreme West



### At 7 a. m.

Countless people every morning serve these Puffed Grains with cream and sugar. Or mix them with any fruit.

They have grains that are crisp and porous, bubble-like and thin. Grains that melt at a touch of the teeth. Grains that taste like toasted nuts.

They have the most enticing cereals ever brought to the morning table.

At dinners, sometimes, people use these same grains as a garnish to ice cream. They use them in candy making.

People crisp the grains with butter, and eat them like popcorn or peanuts—between meals. They use them as wafers in soup.

Wherever you want a crisp, nut-like taste these exploded grains are ideal.



### At 7 p. m.

In many a home these grains are served like crackers in bowls of milk.

These Puffed Grains float. They are crisp and inviting. They are four times as porous as bread.

They are whole-grain foods which don't tax the stomach. Digestion acts instantly on them. They are ideal bed-time dishes.

Thus forty million dishes, every month are served by people who like good things.

You should have them in your home. There is nothing else like them.

The first package of either reveals a new delight. Tell your grocer that you want to try them.

## The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

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