

**Comment--and
Discomment**

Women may now arise and sing. Housework is to be made easier. It is in the throes of "some highly fundamental readjustments," and soon ways of escape will be provided from the inconveniences and confusions under which those who make home happy and comfortable have been laboring. The whole question has been solved by some lady journalist who conducts a daily column in a Chicago newspaper.

A mere male would have some little difficulty, after reading thirty or forty inches of this slush, to know just what she is driving at. As near as we can tell, the secret lies in convincing oneself that housework is not hateful, and after that is done, everything is lovely and the goose will be suspended at a favorable altitude. The writer lists a number of inconveniences, such as dull paring knives, sinks a few inches too low, and washing dishes. These can be overcome, she asserts cheerfully, and we want to believe her.

The greatest inconvenience of all, according to our authority, rests in the idea that housework is menial. This impression, she says, originated in primitive, blunted, narrow minds. This simplifies things. If your wife commences to talk about the drudgery of housework, tell her about the kind of minds that agree with her, and you may convince her. More probably you'll have a fight on your hands. It isn't safe to argue with a woman about housework. A very dear friend of ours once got a lasting scar over his right eye as a result of an argument with his wife. Our memory is that it was made with a meat platter, but it was big enough to have resulted from a washtub.

As a matter of record, we will admit that dishwashing is drudgery. Three times we remember having washed dishes, and the last two times it was under compulsion. Of course, there were days in the navy which we may have forgotten to count, but those were exceptional days and in the stress and excitement of war we may have done things that we regret and would hate to do again. We recall four hours spent in mixing cement for a big wall. Another day we helped build a road. There are other things that we might remember if we put our mind to it.

We soon discovered that dishwashing was easy to avoid. We failed to dry them to suit the duchess, although we tried hard. Reluctantly, she chose another assistant, and we tried to be sorry. It wasn't that we thought the labor menial—in those days it is doubtful if we knew what the word meant—but we found it disagreeable. Our idea of a pleasant job in the kitchen is testing doughnuts or quartering pie. To this day we find it impossible to think of washing or drying dishes without shuddering.

It is odd how a newly married man will volunteer, in his blindness to wipe the dishes for his bride. Usually the bride is tender-hearted and urges him to go back and smoke, or feed the kitty, or put some coal in the furnace. If he is not too blinded by love, he'll allow himself to be persuaded. If Cupid's clutches are too strong, he makes the first mis-step and the rest of his life will be hounded by the specter of the after-supper dishes. (We know that the evening meal should be dinner, not supper, but in families where they call it dinner they usually have a maid to do the dishes.)

Those who fall victim to the blandishments of the little imp with the bow and arrows during leap year will take this advice, which is honestly meant and is offered with the sole view of decreasing the sufferings of the male sex. Accept any other duties that the wife may apportion to you—water the canary or the parlor

geranium; carry out the ashes; fill the salt shaker—but if a hint is dropped concerning dishwashing, invent an urgent errand downtown.

We are thinking, in this connection, of establishing a department for "Advice to Leap Year Victims." It would probably be wasted. The man who knows the price of shoes and still allows himself to be persuaded into marrying on a salary really deserves all he gets. But ours is a kind heart. We are immune to any one kind of suffering—that of the man who hates to pay bills. And we are willing to go out of our way to lighten the burden of the Leap Year bridegrooms.

Bear in mind that it's comparatively easy to deceive the fair sex, despite all talk of feminine intuition. This doesn't mean that you are to behave rashly or with impunity or any other woman, for it is always well to be cautious, whether sitting in a poker game or buying bootleg liquor. Take no needless chances, for women sometimes suspect what they do not know and you'll be kept busy quieting suspicious a good share of the time, no matter how angelic and without reproach your conduct may be.

But if Friend Wife should discover something you do not want her to know, put on a bold front. Bluff it out. Now there are two kinds of bluff, the reiterative kind, which simply repeats and repeats; and the other kind, which is more tactful and effective. Suppose, for example, your wife should find a plug of chewing tobacco in your pocket. You're a chump if you leave it there, and there is no way in which you can divert her attention by remarking that she has no business going through your coat. She'll tell you that it dropped out while she was dusting it. Women, as all men know, can't see a coat hanging peacefully on a nail without being seized with a desire to brush it. It's a mania with them, and you should remember this.

At any rate, we'll suppose that she has found the tobacco. Don't evade. Don't say that someone slipped it into your pocket by mistake, or to get a joke on you. Say that you had a tremendous toothache, and that you bought a plug to take your mind of the pain. Say anything, so long as it sounds reasonable, and stick to it. Once you waver, or show that you wish you had selected another excuse, you are lost.

We remember one time when the duchess found a handful of cigars in our coat pocket. We were in our senior year at high school, and had just learned how to draw on a cigar without getting sick. They were good cigars. We brought them home one night and went to bed after smoking one of them out of the bedroom window. For a wonder, Eddie didn't threaten to tell on us. Maybe he hoped we'd slip him one. We came downstairs in the morning and there was the duchess, smiling and cheerful. No indication that anything was wrong.

On our way to school, we felt for those cigars, and they were not there. We recalled that the duchess had handed out our coat. We knew, in the parlance of the schoolboy, that we were "in for it." But did we despair? Not on your tintype. We rushed into the house at noon, and demanded of her: "What did you do with those cigars?" "I took them, of course," responded the duchess. "Give them back," we demanded. It took her by surprise—but she hopped on to us, and hopped hard. We stopped her. "Aw, shucks," we remonstrated, "them cigars are trick cigars, and we got them to give to the boys in the office. They're powder in them, and when they smoke 'em so far, they blow up," we told her. She handed them over without another word, and worried all afternoon for fear the boys would be injured in the explosion. Of course, it was fortunate that dad wasn't at home. He might have been hard to convince.

So, we say, use diplomacy. Use tact. Use your head. We do not advise you to falsify if there is any other way out. We have a wide acquaintance among married men, and we have found it very seldom that one of them deliberately lies. He may exaggerate occasionally, he may be evasive, but he will not deceive the partner of his joys and the sharer of his sorrows. Honesty is the best policy. Married men usually find, after a few attempts, that this is gospel truth.

**PRICES WILL SOAR,
SAYS SHOE DEALER**

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 7.—Today before the annual convention of the National Shoe Travelers' association, J. B. Byrne of Rochester, N. Y., president of the association, predicted a 50 per cent advance in the prices of shoes next summer.

Byrne said that when milady appears on the streets wearing glazed or colored shoes, she is wearing something approximately worth their actual weight in silver. He also said that there are plenty of grades of cheap leather for shoes, but that the public does not want them.—Advertisement.

You Can Begin

to make preparations for the next Christmas right now.

How much would it have helped to have received a check for one hundred or more dollars last holiday time? You could have purchased all the gifts you wished and have money left over, perhaps.

We have organized the simplest, most convenient method of raising this extra hundred for you. Just place \$2 each week to your credit for a period of fifty weeks. Next Christmas, in plenty of time, just when you are most in need of extra money (think of your expenses which fall due about the first of the year) you'll have it.

If \$2 a week is more than you can handle, select a smaller one. Any sum you determine upon can be deposited. Figure up your holiday expenses, divide them by fifty and START TODAY by Saving. In addition to your principal you will receive

There are two classes of Savings Clubs which we have organized to help you form the habit of thrift. Both continue for fifty weeks. If you commence with a given amount and each week increase the deposit by an amount equal to that with which you commenced the account. Thus, in the 2c Club: First week, deposit 2c; second week, 4c; third week, 6c; etc. The other club includes those members who deposit a certain sum weekly for fifty weeks, with no increase in the amount deposited. The various clubs and the amounts follow:

50 Weeks With Deposits in Multiples		50 Weeks With Straight Deposits	
1c Club amounts to	- - - - \$ 12.75	25c Club amounts to	- - - - \$ 12.50
2c Club amounts to	- - - - 25.50	50c Club amounts to	- - - - 25.00
5c Club amounts to	- - - - 63.75	\$1.00 Club amounts to	- - - - 50.00
10c Club amounts to	- - - - 127.75	\$5.00 Club amounts to	- - - - 250.00

X-Club includes those making any amount regularly, the same each week.

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You may choose the Waist that pleases you, for example, one costing \$10. You will receive another \$10 waist, of your own choice ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE.



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We have 25 dozen pairs of Ladies' Silk Gloves, worth up to \$2—not a pair worth less than \$1.50. You will find these handsome, serviceable—an exceptional value, while they last at

50c

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In this lot are 35 dozen of high grade Hose that we will clean up, as we are not handling these lines any more. Includes such rands as Eiffel and others equally as good. They are absolutely worth more than twice as much. To clean up at

69c

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FOR THE
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Swift & Company sells meat at the lowest possible price, consistent with quality and service. Our profit of only a fraction of a cent a pound on all products is evidence of keen competition.

Swift & Company must provide the best service to your dealer or he will buy from our competitors. This means a supply of fine fresh meat always on hand for you at your dealer's.

Swift & Company must keep down manufacturing and selling costs, and use all by-products to avoid waste, or else lose money meeting the prices of competitors who do.

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We are as glad for this competition as you should be. It helps to keep us on our mettle.

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