

EVERY WOMAN LOVES.

BUT HER LOVE IS SOMETIMES MISPLACED OR WASTED.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox Tells How the Lords of Creation Like to Be Loved—The Ideal Sweetheart Does Not Always Make a Model Wife.

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AN ANCIENT Frenchman has said, "The woman whom we love is only dangerous, but the woman who loves us is terrible," to which a greater cynic added, "Fortunately she never loves us."

This was more witty than true, for every woman loves, has loved or expects to love some man.

Man has a horror of being loved—with a mercenary motive. So great is this horror today that it amounts to morbid expectancy. Nine young men out of ten speak of a wife as a possession only to be purchased. But if man had never been niggardly, woman would never have become mercenary. And mercenary women are few. Men are far more stereotyped in mind than women. Therefore their ideas regarding the grand passion are more uniform.

While almost every woman loves a dramatic element in a man's life for her, the normal man has a dread of the dramatically disposed woman, especially in the role of a wife. This is the reason we find so many phlegmatic women who are wives. Intensity worries a man unless it is kept well under check, and the tragic he finds insupportable in daily life. Less romantic than woman by nature and with less idealism, yet somewhere in his heart every man hides a dream of that earthly trinity—father, mother and child—in which he imagines himself the chief element.

Sooner or later, to greater or less degree, every man passes through the romantic phase.

Unfortunately for woman, his idea of a sweetheart is essentially different from his requirements for a wife later in life.

The average young bachelor is attracted by the girl whom other men admire. He likes to carry off the belle of the season before the eyes of rivals. He is amused by her caprices, flattered by her jealous exactions and grateful for the least expression of her regard for him. He is lavish with compliments and praise. But sentiment in man—the average man—springs wholly from unappetized appetites. The coveted but unpossessed woman can manifest her love for him in almost any manner, and it will be agreeable and pleasing.

Whether she is coy, shrinking, coquetish or playful, demonstrative or reserved, his imagination will surround her with every charm. A man's imagination is the flower of his passions. When those passions are calmed, the flower fades. Once let him possess the object of his desire, and his ideas become entirely changed. He grows critical and discriminating and truly masculine in his ideas of how he wishes to be loved.

We all know the story of the man who compared his courtship to a mad race after a railroad train, and his married life to the calm possession of a seat with the morning paper at hand. He no longer shouted and gesticulated, but he enjoyed what he had won none the less for that.

It was a very quick witted husband who thought of this little simile to excuse his lack of sentiment, but there are very few wives who are satisfied to be considered in the light of a railway compartment, for the soul of the wife has all the romantic feelings which the soul of the sweetheart held. It is only the exceptional man (God bless him and increase him!) who can feel sentiment and romance after possession is an established fact. Unhappily for both sexes, sentiment is just as much a part of woman's nature after she surrenders herself as before.

A well timed compliment, a tender caress given unasked, would avert many a correspondent case if husbands were wiser.

After marriage a man likes to be loved practically.

All the affection and demonstrations of love possible cannot render him happy if his dinner is not well cooked and if his home is disorderly! Grant him the background of comfort and he will be contented to accept the love as a matter of course.

Grant a woman all the comfort life may offer, yet she is not happy without the background of expressed love.

When men and women both learn to realize this inborn difference in each other's natures and to respect it, marriage will cease to be a failure.

In this, I think, women are ready to make their part of the concession more cheerfully than are the men. Women who loathe housework and who possess no natural taste for it become excellent housekeepers and careful, thrifty managers, because they realize the importance of these matters in relation to the husband's comfort.

But how few men cultivate sentiment, although knowing it so dear to the wife.

Man is forever talking eloquently of woman's sensitive, refined nature, which unfits her for public careers. Yet this very sensitiveness he crucifies in private life by ignoring her need of a different heart diet than the one which he requires.

Wives through the cooking school hope to make their husbands happier thereby. Why not start a school of sen-

iment where-in husbands should be taught in paying graceful compliments and showing delicate attentions, so dear to their wives?

A man likes to be loved cheerfully. A morbid passion bores him inexpressibly, no matter how loyal it may be.

He likes tact rather than inopportune expression of affection. He likes to be loved in private, but to be treated with dignity in public. Nearly all women are flattered and pleased if the man they adore exhibits his love before the whole world.

If he defies a convention for their sake, they feel it is a tribute to their worth and charm.

I have found this to be true of the most dignified and correct women. But I have yet to see the man who is not averse to having the woman he loves provoke the least comment in public. He seems to feel that something is lost to him if the public observes his happiness, however legitimate and commendable. The woman who is demonstrative when he wants to read, and who contradicts him before people an hour later, does not know how to make a man happy. He is better satisfied to have her show deference to his opinions and suppress her demonstrations when he is obliged to choose.

A man likes a woman to show her love in occult ways, to agree with him in his most cherished opinions, to follow his counsel and to ask his advice. He will not question her love if she does this. But a woman needs to be told in words how dear she is, no matter what other proofs a man may give.

Yet few men live who do not appreciate a little well timed expression of love, and every man is made happier and stronger by praise and appreciation of the woman nearest to his heart.

The strongest man needs sympathy and is made better by it, though he may not confess it. The tendency of the age is to give all the sympathy to woman, the tendency of woman is to demand sympathy. But not until woman sympathizes with man in his battle with the world and himself, and not until man sympathizes with woman in her soul hunger, will the world attain to its best.

It is a queer fact that while women are without doubt the most lovable objects in the world, yet on man is lavished the greatest and most enduring passions.

A great many women go through life without ever having been loved by any man.

I doubt if any man ever reached old age without having been adored by some woman.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE LETTER BOOK.

A Scheme to Condense and Preserve Old Letters.

"Here is something I don't show to everybody, but I know how you will look at it," said my hostess as she handed me a thin booklet in pretty covers. "It is some of my brother's letters that I have arranged in this convenient way for safe keeping."

I touched the book reverently. Max and I were friends from our school days, and a cloud went over the sun when that bright head went down in the gulf of Mexico. "I want my little girl to know something of her only uncle, and, as Cardinal Newman says, 'The true life of a man is in his letters,' I have selected some of the most characteristic from the many written by dear Max and had them typed, as you see, and some time the child will value the book not only as a remembrance, but because it shows the character of a bright and noble man."

As I glanced at the simple volume I saw it answered an end I had long desired—that of condensing and preserving manuscript in a readable condition and compass at a small expense. Most of us have a few old letters too dear to throw away, and whose uncompromising bulk brings perplexity in stowing them among our treasures, but the advent of the typewriter has made it easy to put these into the form of a neat booklet with clear typewritten pages and pretty cardboard backs, and we have the precious messages made plain for our own eyes and at the same time fitted for nimbly hiding beyond the gaze of others—where most old letters should be.

Let those who have no sentiment in their souls ask why we keep old letters. A true letter is a very part of the writer. Are not the words still warm and breathing, though the ink is faded and the hand that wrote them is cold? Then let us keep these beautiful words that give us help and strength; these tender loving words that makes us tender and loving.

Literature is full of old letters. We are all familiar with the package—always tied with a blue ribbon—that we meet so often in the novel of our daily reading. And will it hurt us if in the far future when we are done with words, the little story in these letters of ours be taken to adorn a tale that shall soothe a weary hour?

What is history but old letters, and where would all the delightful biographies be if no one kept their friends' letters? What an interesting book of family history for family reading could be made from letters of brothers and sisters where correspondence is unrestrained and the assurance of appreciation brings out the best from each one, and where the individual traits that emphasize each character is most clearly shown!

There are father's letters, grave and dignified, but with an undercurrent of freshness that shows his heart is still young with his children. Mother's tender missives, with her heart in every line—these are too sacred for other eyes than our own. Then the baby's letters, warm and sweet as his own rosy lips and altogether unique in style, for baby is the only one of us who is truly original.

But a book of wider interest will be the one containing our letters from men and women of renown and those whose names stand in authority on the subjects discussed.

And the best of this bookmaking is that it adds one more tie to the family bonds, it cultivates the home feeling and affection that is the anchor of our lives and gives us one more resource for a rainy day. MARGARET E. HOUSTON.

NOTABLE ADDRESS.

CLEVELAND'S INAUGURAL DELIVERED UNDER ADVERSE CONDITIONS.

He Appeared Insensible to the Buffeting of the Bitter March Wind—Members of the Administration Besieged by Office Seekers—Lamont's Artful Manipulation.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, March 16.—One of the most remarkable scenes I have ever witnessed was the manner in which Grover Cleveland delivered his inaugural address nearly two weeks ago. You have long ago read accounts of the inauguration and seen the pictures thereof that were printed in the daily and the weekly illustrated papers, but as yet, I dare say, you have seen nothing that gives you an adequate notion of the singularly striking



HOW PRESIDENT CLEVELAND DELIVERED HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

figure presented by the hero of that occasion. Since the inauguration I have heard scores of men say that they will never forget Mr. Cleveland's delivery of that inaugural address.

The day, you know, was bitterly cold. A strong wind swept over the capital hill from the north, and though the snow had ceased falling every gust carried a shower of frozen particles with it. As Mr. Cleveland rose from his chair beside the chief justice to deliver his address a flurry of wind, that evidently had been lurking around the corner for that very purpose, struck him full in the face and nearly blinded him with its dash of fine, hard snow. Mr. Cleveland paid no more attention to this rude interruption than if it had been a gentle breath from a balmy springtime zephyr.

Never before under similar circumstances probably was a man so oblivious to his surroundings as Mr. Cleveland appeared that hour. The weather apparently was the thing furthest from his thoughts. It was a climacteric which excluded every consideration but that of consecration to the great business in hand. With his left hand holding his silk hat and his right hand plunged into the pocket of his big coat, Mr. Cleveland faced the crowd and the storm. His face was turned half toward the sky, as if he felt himself uplifted by the transcendent importance of the moment. It was nothing to him that others were suffering

with the cold, shrinking within the collars of their coats in hopes of escaping the severity of the winds. He heeded not the fact that the lock of hair which still remains like an oasis in the desert just above his forehead was flaunting about like a flag in a gale. He did not know that his breath, frosted in the icy atmosphere, was seen emerging first from one side of his face and then from the other like the escaping steam from the cylinders of a locomotive.



SECRETARY GRESHAM AT HIS DESK.

There was not a trace of self-consciousness in his manner. He appeared even to be oblivious to the great throng surrounding him and hanging on his every word. He gave us complete an illustration as the world ever saw of a man talking not to his environments, but to 35,000,000 of sovereigns, to the world at large, though he talked into the teeth of the north wind. Not a word did he skip, not an inflection of a syllable was slighted. For once in his life Grover Cleveland was surely majestic.

There is a tradition in Washington that Mr. Cleveland, though a moral hero, is a physical coward. I have heard no end of people talk about his timidity; his employment of guards; his failure to walk the streets of the city as other presidents have done; his entrance during his former term of railway stations by the back door. I do not believe there is the slightest foundation for the gossip. If ever a man gave evidence of possession of physical courage of the highest sort, Mr. Cleveland did in his inaugural day performance. Not only did he stand for 25 minutes with head bared to the storm during the delivery of his inaugural and taking the oath of office, but during the remainder of the afternoon he faced a howling blizzard on the reviewing stand, when even the newspaper reporters were frozen out, and doffed his hat every time he was saluted or the American flag was dipped.

The fear that he would not come out of this ordeal sound and well happily proved groundless. The day and evening after the inauguration Secretary Gresham was with the president at the White House, and Mr. Cleveland was

never in better physical form or happier spirits. Not so much as a cold troubled him. "He is as strong as a mule," said Secretary Gresham in that graphic western way of his.

Secretary Gresham, despite the peculiar circumstances attending his appointment, is already one of the most popular of all of Mr. Cleveland's cabinet ministers. This is due as much to his charming manners as to anything else. He is simplicity itself. He has a great fund of humor and a large repertory of those homely sayings which helped to make Abraham Lincoln famous. Gresham is a good deal such a man as Lincoln was, depending for his strength less upon learning than upon common sense, wholly without affectation or ceremony in his contact with men, naturally rather than by cultivation gentle and courteous, and his sympathies always with the common people.

If you want to see Gresham at his best, call on him at his private rooms. You will find him perchance lying on a sofa, surrounded by friends, smoking the cigar, which is his inevitable companion, except during office hours, and with his feet thrown about in the most lazy and comfortable of ways. The old-time Democrats who at first were inclined to growl about his appointment talk differently after they have seen and talked with the new secretary. "How that man could have ever been anything but a Democrat," they say, "is more than I can understand. He is a natural born Democrat." I confess I don't know what that means, for as far as my observation goes a natural Democrat is very much like a natural Republican. It all depends upon the man.

All the members of the new administration are head over heels in work. They get up early in the morning and stay up till after midnight. They are besieged at their offices, in their private rooms and even at their dinner tables in the hotels at which they stop. No way has been invented of suppressing the office seeker. He is a necessary evil in any political party. But the busiest man of them all is the new secretary of war.

Daniel Lamont, it is pretty well understood, is the political manager of the administration, under Mr. Cleveland's orders, of course. He knows the poli-



SECRETARY LAMONT AND THE OFFICE SEEKERS.

ticians; he can distinguish the drones from the honey workers; he is not easily imposed upon. In addition to all this he knows his chief's personal likes and dislikes better than any other man in Washington. If you come to Washington during the next two or three weeks, don't fail to go over to the war department and see how the office seekers gather around the door marked "Secretary of War." And if you can get inside take a look at the little colonel "handling" his callers. He is easy and sleek. A thousand words are said to him for every one that he says in reply. And how oilily he disposes of his caller and sends him away wondering what in the deuce he came there for!

Lamont is the smallest man in the cabinet, which is distinctly a ministry of large men. Some one has said, paraphrasing the old maxim, "Young men for war and old men for counsel," applying it to Lamont's case, "Big men for counsel and little men for war." The thinnest man in the cabinet is Secretary Carlisle of the treasury department. It is funny to see the lank Mr. Carlisle sandwiched in between the giants of the cabinet, Secretary Smith and Postmaster General Bissell. These two are enormous men, but unlike many large men with a predisposition to fat they are both physically and mentally active. Hoke Smith is one of the quickest men in the business. Old timers say they never before saw a secretary of the interior who could comprehend a case so readily or decide it so promptly. There is not an atom of timidity in this man's composition.



TOO THICK AND TOO THIN.

Over at the treasury department the newspaper men sadly miss Charles Foster. While he was at the head of the department, Mr. Foster held every day a sort of reception of newspaper men, chatting and gossiping with them very freely. At times he said rather too much, as men are likely to when they become loquacious, but Secretary Carlisle cannot be accused of this fault. He believes in keeping still, and even the most expert newspaper man can get nothing out of him but uninteresting monosyllables. WALTER WELLMAN.

HOW CHOLERA KILLS.

An Expert Microscopist Gives Some Interesting Facts.

[Special Correspondence.]

OMAHA, March 16.—There are few of us who have not in some corner of the mind a little nook or pigeonhole labeled "Cholera," where we have stored a miscellaneous collection of facts and fancies relative to the plague which has been promised us as a feature of life's variety performance for the coming summer. For many years I have studied this and kindred diseases, with the aid of the microscope, and have grown to terms of intimacy with the little scoundrels which are just now disturbing our peace. I want to tell you in a plain English way just how it is that cholera, typhoid fever and the rest of that family of diseases bring about the dread result of death.

Upon my table stands a row of little phials containing a rich preparation of meat jelly, or beef tea, all tightly stoppered with cotton wool. Upon looking closely it is easy to see upon the surface of each of the jellies small patches of various colors looking not unlike the mold which sometimes collects upon the housewife's preserves. These patches are living and growing colonies of the organism which we know as "bacteria," which are the so-called "germs" of many diseases. Each colony is made up of but one kind of bacteria—the seed of one particular variety of ill. You might pick and choose your death. From this bottle you could draw cholera; that holds typhoid fever; the next, consumption.

The bacteria are almost infinitely little. It would take a congregation of 3,000 or 4,000 of one of the larger species to make a speck large enough to be even dimly discerned by the straining of the sharpest eye unaided. The creatures can hardly be said to be "organized," for in their truly infinite simplicity they are made up of but a single cell—the very simplest form in which life can exist. The bacterium has, though, a truly wonderful capacity for growth and increase. It does not multiply in the orthodox ways, but a tiny wall will appear to form through the middle of the body, a division takes place where this wall formed, and presto! where we had one we now have two, then four, then eight, until, if there is food and warmth and nothing to interfere with the process, a single cell will so increase that at the end of even 24 hours there will be 15,000,000 or more of descendants! It is this that makes the epidemics of disease so dreadful, and which makes them spread and run their hideous course with a rapidity and certainty which it has seemed almost beyond the power of the physician to control until within a short time. Now that we begin to know something about the bacteria we are not without hope.

The real seat of operations of cholera or typhoid fever is the bowels, where the specific bacteria of the disease must find an actual lodgment before the trouble can possibly begin. It makes no difference how much of the disease there may be around you, it cannot possibly affect you in any way unless the bacteria which cause it enter your own system and take up their abode in that chosen seat of activity, the bowels; what comes of it? How does the disease act to produce death? The process is simply this: The functions of life in the bacteria result in the production of a poison known as "ptomaine," much as the process of life in the human body results in the formation of carbonic acid, etc. This "ptomaine" attacks the delicate lining of the bowels, destroying the cells and breaking down the tissues, and is absorbed and carried to various other parts of the body to create the local disturbances which we have learned to recognize as "symptoms" of the disease.

When this destructive operation begins, nature is quick to be on hand with her favorite process of repair and healing by sending a myriad of new cells from the ever ready blood to build up new tissues and make new walls and linings for the injured regions. If you cut your finger, the process of repair is the same. If the bacteria present are not too many or have not obtained too much of a start, so that the "ptomaine" is too rapidly evolved, and if prompt measures have been taken by the physician to head off the "vicious" nature will accomplish her purpose; otherwise the tissues, both old and new, continue to give way until they are reduced to almost a sieve-like condition, and hemorrhages make it another case for the death cart and the mortuary column. Medicines can hardly be said to cure the disease. All the physician can do is to put a stop to the growth of the bacteria; nature will "do the rest."

Now, when you know that the bacteria can only live and carry on their business in the actual presence of decomposition, it is not so difficult to understand the insistence of the health boards and physicians regarding absolute cleanliness if we are to avoid disease. The most common means of contagion is drinking water in which waste materials from badly or unintelligently drained neighborhoods have been allowed to accumulate, and in which the bacteria or their spores from sick-room waste find lodgings. To be careless now in regard to these matters is simply to cry: "Long live the bacterial! Long live the cholera, and death to him who gets it!" WILLIAM LIGHTON.

Progress in London.

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