



# I've Been Thinking

By Charles Battell Loomis

**W**HAT would we have thought of that mother who 30 or even 15 years ago allowed her children to play tag and spin tops on the railroad track of a trunk line? We would have called her lacking in common sense. But the world moves, and although mothers still object to their children playing tag and spinning tops on railroad tracks, steam cars are now allowed on our highways and byways, and whereas the railroad train runs on a schedule, the modern steam car and its brothers the electric car and the gasoline motor car at full speed under no schedule, and they run where children most do congregate.

And so used to we become to dangers that we mothers—I speak as a mother—sit at our bedroom windows and calmly continue our sewing as we watch Willy clude a machine running at 20 miles an hour, and Jenny calmly step aside to allow the passage of a road-devouring monster, painted red and "chugging" in a manner unknown to our fathers, who did not even know what "chugging" was.

Now, when airships are common and they begin to fall from the sky, as they most certainly will in the hands of inexperienced aeronauts, the careful mother will at first make her children play in the house or in some protected playground, but after awhile she will realize that this world is meant to be lived in, danger or no danger, and she will merely say: "Willy, if you hear a strange noise overhead look up and dodge or I can't let you play out of doors."

And in learning to dodge a falling airship and at the same time keep out of the path of a hurtling motor car, the children of the future will get to be so nimble that the race as a whole will be improved. It will be a fast race, in fact.

Have you an allowance? If your husband is a salaried man he ought to give you an allowance, because it is to be supposed that you do your share of the work and you are therefore a partner in the concern.

If your husband is an artist or a musician or a writer and is dependent on his skill in disposing of his work, that is to say, if he is without a regular salary, you can hardly expect him to give you an allowance; but you should make no bones of asking him for what you need, because, again, you are partners.

Your husband is not a little tin god on wheels. His money is your money, and you may depend upon it that if you were earning and he was housekeeping he would cheerfully and promptly ask you for money as he needed it.

I have known wives who asked as a favor what was theirs by right.

Of course if you are merely the fine lady with no responsibilities; if you are a member of this and of that club and spend your time in writing papers on the bringing up of other people's children while your own are brought up with a round turn (eventually), you have no right to ask your husband for money. You are no longer a partner in the concern. He is the whole thing and he may do as he pleases with his hard earned money.

Or if you are extravagant and for your sins your husband has kept a tight hand on the purse, I have nothing to say.

But if you know that you are healthy, economical, and if your husband is doing well, why, ask him this evening when he comes home. Wait until he has dined (and see that the dinner is a good one) then see that his smoking his cigar just tell him how you were admitted into the partnership when you were married to him, and that hereafter he will please see to it that you have a decent allowance.

Of course you must dress up your request in what diplomatic robes are at your command. Don't use a "stand and deliver" attitude or he may call in the constabulary.

But if he allows the allowance don't thank me, rather laugh at yourself for not having had spirit enough to ask it before.

It's yours by right.

**W**ill you socially your husband's inferior or his superior? If you are his inferior he is probably too much of a gentleman to have told you so, but if you are his superior I am very much afraid that you have let him know it.

But if you are and if you have, don't let it rest at that. Try by all the means in your power to lift him up to your social level. If your table manners are better than his; if you cannot eat a dinner without the use of two to three forks, while he is prone to get along without any, try to educate him. If he won't use three compromise on one. That will be a beginning.

It will be a great pity if you let him drag you down to his level. It is always a pity when a man or a woman coasts from birth instead of climbing from birth. Let your motto be: "Ever upward." Don't you want to be superior socially to any one on earth? How can you become so if you do not climb and drag your husband along too?

Lift him up and teach your children to be a little better than either of you. This will not be hard, as they already feel they are—that is, if they are Chinese. They are becoming humble and think that the sun rises and sets in you and your husband. But it is safe to say that your children are not Chinese. They want to move on a higher social plane than their father moves.

And when they have reached what they have striven for, just use them to pull you and your husband up and the end of your family will be some Blue Book.

It's a great ambition.

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# Lim Jucklin on Hell

By Opie Read

It was a mellow day for such a sermon. The year was fulfilling all of the promises made in early spring. In the woods there was a blaze of red, the ripe juices of autumn, and in the air there was that melancholy sweetness that makes a man think that makes him look upon his neighbor as his brother. On a bench not far from the pulpit old Lim Jucklin sat, determined to surrender himself to the influences of the sermon. During the week just ended human nature had not been overstrong in him. He had told one man that the only truth about him was the truth that he was a liar, had swapped horses with a chicken peddler and was glad now that he had not succeeded in overtaking him afterward; he had trapped a few quails out of season, but had sent the most of them to the sick—had done a few other things not strictly in line, such as halting for a few moments at a lively stable to see two dogs fight; but now as he sat ready to listen to the word he knew that down in his heart he hated no man.

The old minister arose and gave out the hymn, militant verses written by some ancient fighter, and then looked with a scowl at the empty benches at the rear end of the room. Old Dock Heney cleared his throat and settled himself down and Sister Backworth, repository of every neighborhood scandal for more than two generations, smacked her mouth, for she felt that this was to be an occasion for what the rude slangists called "hot stuff."

And it was. The preacher lit upon in his wrath against the world. Never before had that broad boulevard leading to destruction been so frightfully crowded. It did not seem that there was a possible show for anyone to be saved. And it was not a figurative hell that the preacher painted, but a great pit roaring with flames. Into the house he so strongly brought the smell of sulphur that a boy sneezed, and a little girl, shuddering in fright, crept closer to her mother. Old Peter Balch, shaver of noses and holder of mortgages on the homes of widows, cried out "Amen," and a mule that had been tied to a swinging limb broke loose and tore off down the road.

When the sermon was done Limnel waited for an opportunity to speak to the preacher. "Just want to talk to you a few moments," he said. "No hurry. Wait till you shake hands with all these folks that are crowdin' one another on the road to destruction."

The preacher held forth his hand and Jucklin took it, holding it for a moment, looking him in the eye. "I want to talk to you privately. Would you mind goin' out here and settin' on a log with me?"

The minister smiled. "Limuel," said he, "are you at last about to ask for terms? Has the light fallen on you?"

"Well, I don't know but I am a little scorched. You women folks go on home and I'll overtake you."

"Shall we have witnesses as to what

you are going to say?" the preacher inquired.

"No, I'd rather talk to you alone out there where the wild grapes are purple in the sun."

"Limuel, I thank you for this long-sought opportunity. Come."

They went out into the woods and sat down on a log. A gray squirrel peeped at them. "Limuel, is it about my sermon that you wish to talk?"

"Yes," said the old man, cutting off a chew of his twist.

"I am glad that it struck home."

"Ah, hah. Glad, I reckon, that it scared that little girl. Wait a moment. I have listened to you, so now you listen to me a while." He slowly wiped his knife on his trousers, snapped it and put it into his pocket. "As I sat in yonder just now, brother, I could hardly believe that I wa'n't away back where the world was when I found it—just ripe for destruction. The first picture that was drawn for me was of little children in torment, and I went to bed and cried nearly all night because I felt that nothin' of any use. My poor mother was scared and my father was afraid to say much, for there was the preacher ready to snatch away any encouragement. We had all of us been condemned from the first and unless we did an impossible task there was no hope. But as I grew older the world appeared to get better. The rocks in the graveyards said that the dead folks were all right. Humanity had done away with imprisonment for debt. The slave ships were all sunk. People were better fed and better clothed. Books filled up the empty shelves in the country. Newspapers with their white wings flew everywhere. And all this time hell was a coolin' off. It seemed to me that it was almost ready for irrigation till you turned loose to-day. What made you do it? Don't answer me now—just let me talk—but what made you do it? Don't you know that God is gettin' so good that some of the churches have to meet every once in a while to acknowledge it? Don't you know that after all it is love and not fear that moves this old world? You sing: 'Oh, for a closer walk with God,' and you make such a thing impossible. You make Him a destroyer instead of a builder. You would take away the softness and the holy sweetness of the Saviour, and when that's gone, all is done that can be done for evil. Instead of a great book of wisdom you make the Bible a thorn, backed up by the devil. You would have the people read it with frightened eyes, and I want to tell you that when a man's scared he can't learn anything to speak of. The people are growin' all the time, and so is the church, but some of you preachers want to pull back. Do you know why all over the country there is a disposition to put out the old preachers and to take in the new ones? It is because the young men

are more liberal. They are not so set in creed and therefore they are kinder hearted."

"Jucklin, it is not for you to talk like this. You would have me tried for heresy."

"Brother, where one man is tried for heresy 20 are dropped for narrowness. Put that in your pipe and smoke it a while."

"I don't smoke, sir."

"But you would have everybody else smoke. Did you see that little girl clinging to her mother? It will take a long time to get that awful picture out of her mind. And maybe by the time that one is wiped out you'll be ready with another one; and when she grows up and glances about her in the light of pure truth she will look back and pity your ignorance."

"Jucklin, I know one man whom the devil is waiting for."

"According to your story he's waitin' for every man."

"But he is waiting for one in particular."

"If you mean me let me correct you a little. He can't get me, for I believe the Saviour when he said he died to save sinners."

"You do not believe the Saviour; you have denied him."

"No, brother, I have denied you—and the devil. Now let me tell you what to do: Come over to my house and get some of the book that my son has sent to me. They'll do you good."

"Tracts issued by Satan, and you'll find it out one of these days. Jucklin, I thought you wanted to talk about the welfare of your soul, and here you are scoffing at the Gospel."

"Oh, no, I'm not scoffin' at love; and the Gospel is love—the sweetest message of love that was ever breathed upon a helpless world. And it seems strange that at this late day some of you haven't found it out. I believe I hear you say once that the printing press was keepin' folks from goin' to church, and you called it the agent of the devil. You didn't stop to recollect that unless the Bible had been printed you never would have had one. But go ahead, preachin' your doctrine of hate and the first thing you know you'll be out of a job. You can't convince a thinkin' man that the world—which is just as much God's now as it ever was—is worse off than it used to be. There are more flowers to-day than the world ever saw before. There are more human hearts and therefore more human love. God—wisdom—is comin' closer; and the devil—ignorance—is goin' further away. You frown at empty benches, but after a while you won't have even a bench. And about that time you'll see happy people comin' out of a new church. That's about all I've got to say."

"Jucklin, you are going to hell."

"Well, not before I get a bite to eat, I hope. Good-day."

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# Graceful and Girlish Fashions in Hair Dressing

**W**HEN a young girl reaches that milestone in her career which is marked by the lengthening of her frocks and the turning up of her braids she is so deeply concerned about the fashion of doing her hair as any debutante is over the question of puffs or no puffs. Candidly, the subject of hairdressing means more to the girl who wears her braids up for the first time than it does to her older sister, declares a writer in the New York Herald. She has nothing to guide her in the way of former experience, and she does not always get that sympathetic help older sisters might render if they remembered how important the coiffure is to the school-girl.

Because it is an arrangement new to her and to her friends she can learn what becomes her only by trying the various styles which are approved by fashion. She must devote a good deal of study to her head and her face. She must consider carefully the poise and shape of her neck; then after she has studied herself due thought should be given to the styles of hairdressing themselves, and she must choose just that one out of the many, ranging from the jaunty to the classic, which becomes her best. And, above all, it should always be remembered that simplicity is the keynote of girlish hairdressing. Elaborate and imposing effects are not only bad taste, but they make a young girl look ridiculous instead of sweet, charming and simple.

Doing the hair up does not mean that the hair is actually arranged on the top of the head. The "up" is used comparatively in contrast to the hanging braids or curls worn by girls under 14. In a general way the young girl's coiffure is following in the lead of the one adopted by fashionable women. It suggests ever so slightly a Grecian effect by reason of its fullness at the back of the head. Whether the hair is done in one or two coils or is braided and then pinned up, prominence is given to it at a point midway between the crown of the head and the nape of the neck. This slight change distinguishes it from the low coils which was worn last season, and it also makes it more difficult to wear becomingly. A well-shaped head is required to set it off advantageously and give it a smartness that is not characterized by a lumplike arrangement at the back of the head.

A simple way to manage this style of dressing is to roll the sides of the hair back from the face, either from a middle part or straight back from the forehead, and twist it all together

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The best way to exercise is in a nightgown, as this leaves the body in a free and comfortable position and leaves the neck free. First thrust the jaw out so that the pull of the throat muscles is felt. Then before the feeling of this pull is gone draw the neck back as far as possible. Tilt the head up and down until the muscles begin to feel tired, but not until they ache, for this will result in a stiff and sore neck.

This exercise should not be done too violently, or a headache or dizzy head will be the result.

Now, with the chin thrust out, tip the head over to one side, always feeling conscious of the play of the different sets of muscles about the neck. Finish the exercises with a dash of cold water on the neck, throat and shoulders, and the benefits will be distinctly noticeable in a week.

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