

# He and His Wife Have Quarrelled

# 5110 Times

**JOHN MADGETT** and his wife have quarrelled 5,110 times and they are proud of it. They are in the prime of middle life and admit that they may quarrel 5,110 times more before death parts them.

Madgett and his wife were married in Germany fourteen years ago last New Year's day, and six years ago emigrated to this country, settling on a farm near Augusta, Ga. They quarreled on the day they were married. They quarreled on the day they sailed for America. All their week days, all their Sundays, all their holidays have been marked by quarrels.

John Madgett is a methodical man and for fourteen years he has kept a daily record of the quarrels he has had with his "haughty" wife. The book, with its old-fashioned blue paper leaves, is a curiosity, probably without an equal in the United States.

A friend who has made a careful study of John Madgett's "book of quarrels," has compiled the following tabulated statement showing the extent, variety, and nature of the disputes of the house of Madgett:

**Causes of Their Many Quarrels.**

Because she refused to promise to obey in the marriage service.....	1
Because the pump froze.....	3
Because the black hen's leg was broken.....	1
Because he tracked in mud on the kitchen floor.....	821
Because he neglected to cut his nails.....	41
Because Thomas Jefferson was not the president of the confederacy.....	1
Because she had cold feet.....	125
Because she asked for money.....	1,241
Because the "possum didn't see its shadow".....	1
Because the cow choked on a raw turnip.....	1
Because meals were not ready.....	1,589
Because he broke plates.....	139
Because her sister got married.....	1
Because she used his razor to rip seams with.....	145
Because he was seasick.....	1
Because she was seasick.....	1
Because the canary bird died.....	1
Because Bryan was not elected president in 1896.....	1
Because she saw the moon over her left shoulder.....	2
Because she threw his pipe into the stove.....	4
Because she laughed when he stubbed his toe on the rocking chair in the dark.....	43
Because she was not a Baptist.....	1
Because she flirted with the steward of the steamship.....	1
Because the hooks were out of cabbage.....	1
Because it smelled of onions.....	3
Because she didn't make chicken dumplings for dinner.....	169
Because she wanted to cut his hair.....	91
Because she cut it once.....	1
Because he snored in his sleep.....	322
Because she snored in her sleep.....	156
Because the clock ran down.....	11
Because he wouldn't quarrel.....	13
Because it rained.....	2
Because they had no children.....	1
Because she wanted to go to the world's fair at St. Louis.....	1
Because his boots hurt his feet.....	17
Because the horse ran away.....	1
Because France wouldn't give up Alsace-Lorraine.....	1
Because a dog howled.....	1
Because God made Eve out of one of Adam's ribs.....	1
Because alligators lay eggs.....	1
Because Solomon had 1,000 wives.....	1
Because George Washington didn't write the Declaration of Independence.....	1
Because she sold the eggs and bought calico dresses with the money.....	54
Because Chicago is not the capital of Indiana.....	1
Because the Mormons are not Indians.....	1
Because pineapples do not grow in Canada.....	1
Because she made coffee without egg in it.....	3
Because he fell in the creek.....	1
Because she wore red ribbons on her hat.....	4
Because he wouldn't go to church.....	1
Because he shot the pig.....	1
Because she sat down on his hat.....	1
Because he lost his knife.....	1
Because they quarrel so much.....	1

**Talking Over Their Disputes.**

It is a long list of quarrels and some of them have been serious—so serious that Mrs. Madgett once actually had her trunk packed to leave her husband and once he thought seriously of suicide, but somehow they have managed to get



through with them and they both declare they are happy and couldn't live without each other. And now that their friends have made out a list of the quarrels they sit together in the long winter evenings and study it and recall many of the famous quarrels, only to laugh at some and to cry at others.

"Yes," said John Madgett in his broken English, "some of the quarrels looked mighty serious, but some of them were awful funny. It does seem foolish to quarrel because alligators lay eggs, doesn't it?"

"Well, John, everybody knows that alligators lay eggs," his wife would interpose.

"Sposen they do know it. I didn't when we first come to this country."

"And you got mad when I said that George Washington didn't write the declaration of independence," put in Mrs. Madgett.

"Yes, and do you remember that time that you grew angry and smashed your pipe on the floor because I wasn't a Baptist?"

Madgett would grin sheepishly over these recollections and retort by calling his wife's attention to some other ridiculous cause for a quarrel and they would hold each other's hands and laugh until the tears rolled down their lean cheeks.

Their first quarrel came on their wedding day. They had never had a serious dispute until that day, but before going to the church in the little German village the bride told the man she was to wed within the hour that she had

forgot all about his anger and went to the church as meek as a lamb to the slaughter.

**New Moon Disturbs the Honeymoon.**

On the evening after the wedding John Madgett and his bride strolled into the little garden around their house. His day's work was ended, they had had supper, and he had lit his pipe, smoking in the calm contentment of happiness and a summer evening. As they walked, hand in hand, the bride of a day gave a little shriek of dismay. She had seen the new moon over her left shoulder.

John Madgett believed in no such superstition. He laughed at his young wife, then chided her for her foolishness. She resented his chiding and answered him with a sharp tongue—and again they quarreled—until the tears came, and John Madgett, declaring he was a brute, coaxed the smiles back again.

So it went day after day. Each day brought its quarrel and quick reconciliation. The quarrels of the Madgetts became famous in the little German village. One day Madgett became angry because the house smelled of cabbage. On another day she flew into a passion because he broke a china plate. Many of their quarrels had their origin in the commonplace differences of opinion of routine domestic life. But some of their quarrels were far out of the way of the ordinary.

When Madgett and his wife came to live in the United States they both spoke English in a way, but could read only in German. Consequently their newspapers were all German and their ideas of politics in the United States were cloudy. It was after reading a German paper from their home town that Mr. Madgett began to talk about Bryan as the president of the United States. Mrs. Madgett, quicker witted than her husband, was learning more about American politics from neighbors' gossip than her husband was from his German newspaper. So she denied that Bryan had been elected in 1896. Madgett was stubborn and they had a quarrel which nearly carried them into the divorce court.

**Puzzled by American Geography.**

Their ideas of American geography, too, were quite vague. Madgett flew into a towering rage because his wife refused to admit that pineapples could be raised as well in Canada as in the south. That was the day that he shot the pig. Rushing from the house with his shotgun he declared he would go to the barn and blow his brains out. Mrs. Madgett laughed at him and told him to go ahead. Full of passion Madgett rushed to the barn, fully determined on shooting himself. As he turned the corner of the barn almost on a run he stumbled over a pig that had been sleeping in the shade of the building. Sprawled full length on the ground John Madgett's anger was in an instant transferred to the luckless pig. Springing to his feet he fired a volley of bird shot into the sides and back of the rapidly vanishing porker.

Mrs. Madgett heard the shot, and overwhelmed by the belief that her husband had carried his threat into execution, swooned to the kitchen floor, where John Madgett found her.

They have never had a really serious quarrel since that day—but as for the little quarrels, sometimes they come twice a day.

# The Most Fascinating Man in the World.

During her travels, while studying foreign women and their ways, Delia Austrian incidentally has observed the foreign man, especially from a feminine standpoint. She says that the Arab is the most fascinating man in the world. Her reasons are given in the following article:

**BY DELIA AUSTRIAN.**

**A** STRONG man is always sure of applause, a polished man always makes friends, and a handsome man wins hearts—but the man who is handsome, daring, and polished in manner will win the heart of any woman, and may rightly be called the most fascinating of men. The Arab is this. Arabia has always been known for its splendid horses and the splendid horses for their handsome masters.



The Arab is often so handsome in physique that he quite outrivals the stage of Apollo. He is tall, spare, and nervously active; his bronzed skin has a wonderful luster, heightened by jet black hair and deep dark eyes just in dreams one minute and flashing like a drawn sword the next. The beauty of his countenance is especially marked by a regularity of features and perfectly matched pearly teeth. A thoughtful expression and aquiline nose give character to what might otherwise appear as effeminate beauty.

Every movement is in keeping with his manly splendor; he walks with precision and ease that suggests that he can go many miles without fatigue. To him rest is as refreshing as exercise and when he lounges before his tent he falls into the most graceful attitude. His life spent out of doors keeps his blood fresh, his nerves strong, and his mind active. But it is on a fiery steed that he is seen to advantage when he and his horse cut the air; he sniffs and his fearless horse snorts, saying that they are both free, happy, and fearless.

**Always Courageous, Whatever Befide.**

The courage of the north African Arab is proverbial; he is dauntless when attacked by a pack of wild beasts. The panther's claws are keen, the lion's jaws are strong, but they weaken before his strength and prowess. He shows equal courage when face to face with his enemy; he is always prepared, his sword is drawn as he rests on the sand. At the sound of the chieftain's call, he vaults into the saddle, lets the reins loose, and rushes to battle with all the daring of his race. Calm as he appears when lounging before his tent, his natural attitude is one of warfare. At the sight of a handsome pistol or drawn sword his eyes were bright with excitement. Possessed of a fiery steed and splendid arms, he feels that the world is his. His ardour increases with suffering; heat and hunger—everything is forgotten in a desire to conquer the enemy. Free as an eagle, he and his steed soar along like a flash of lightning to attack the enemy, wheel about, reload, and then another takes his place.

Combat over, he lounges before his tent as if his only purpose in life was to smoke his pipe and welcome the stranger. Cruel as he is to his enemy, he is equally kind and gracious to the stranger, who at once becomes a warm friend. He receives him with a lordly bow and the words of greeting, "Salaam Alekum," proclaims that all he has is at the disposal of the stranger.

**Courteous and Hospitable.**

Offering his guest a pipe, he orders coffee to be served at once. To show his interest he inquires after the stranger's health, his whereabouts, and if he can be of service in helping him across the desert. The best his larder offers is none too good for his guest. Dinner over, he amuses the stranger by telling him wild stories of the east.

At a flash the stranger discovers that an Arab loves his horse better than anything else in the world. He caresses, talks to, and fondles him with that affection his wife has for her children. This bond of love is often so deep and true that a master cannot be forced to separate from his horse at any price. This love for this animal courses through their blood. As a sheik said one day: "Our horses are our witches, our joy, our life." In home, in tent, they are the companions of their masters; their habits are studied and made the subject of conversation and song. Just as the Arab of the village prizes his horse so does the Bedouin of the desert love his camel; traveling is impossible without this beast of burden.

When the handsome Arab is not caressing his horse, engaged in warfare, or entertaining his guests, he is interested in womankind, and his appreciation of self would forbid his confessing that any woman is as attractive as the finest Arabian steed; for all this many of the Arabian women are beautiful.

**Beauties Among Arab Women.**

They have a proud, free bearing, common to women that live in the open air. To see an Arab and his wife walk through the streets of Cairo is a splendid picture. Her hand rests on his shoulder and she scarcely deigns to cover her haughty face; with scorn she looks down on the Egyptian woman who carries a heavy burden and walks behind her master.

The Arabian woman is as spry and easy in her movements as is her husband. Her face is delicately outlined and her eyes have a peculiarly warm, soft luster. They tell of that childish wonderment these women feel toward everything strange. Their experiences are limited; as children they romp and play and when they are scarcely grown, some Arab comes to claim them as wife.

The Arabian woman of the desert is wildly beautiful. She often entwines a bright handkerchief in her hair. A mass of white drapery heightens the coloring of her skin; her face is happy—so happy, she loves the free, easy life spent out of doors, and is happy in the love and honor she bestows on her husband.

Arabian wedlock is usually fortunate, though woman's rights have not been agitated in this part of the orient. These women are satisfied to bestow on their husbands the respect and reverence that they in turn give to Allah. Most Arabian women would not want it otherwise; for their husbands are so wise, handsome, and daring. The Arab accepts this attitude as natural, why not? Centuries have taught him that it is natural for him to rule and woman to obey, and still he usually treats his wife with consideration and with no small share of tenderness. Her position is one of dignity, his attitude one of self-respect. The Arab possesses sentiment as well as prowess and is as willing to acknowledge one as the other.

