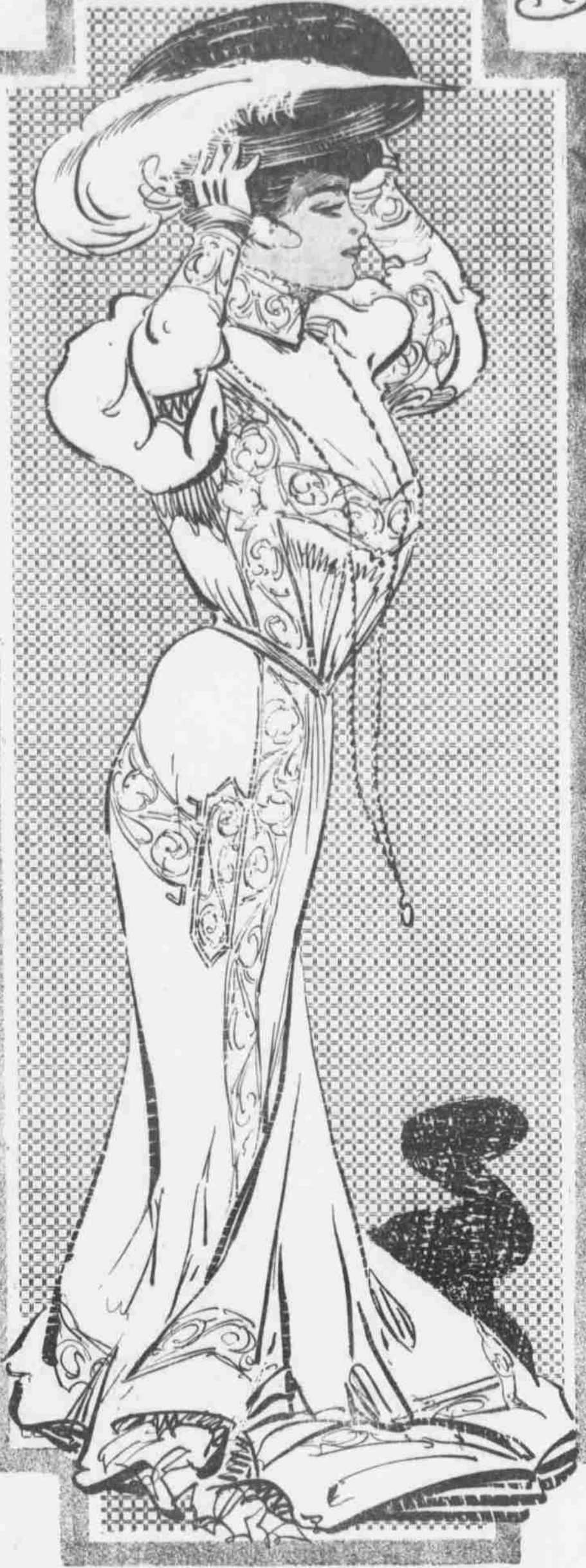


# Is My Hat on Straight?

**How Exasperated Husband, in Striving to Cure Beautiful Wife of Asking Concerning the Angle of Her Headwear, Humiliated Her and Brought Himself into the Divorce Court.**



**M**RS. NETTIE B. MOSER of Kings Lynn, England, has brought suit against her husband, Walter S. Moser, asking absolute divorce and alimony, all because she wanted to know if her hat was on straight before going out with him. In her bill she charges "great and excessive cruelty, unfeeling actions, which tended to hold her up to the ridicule of the community wherein she resided, and to shame her before her friends and neighbors." Stripped of all legal verbiage, what Moser did was to insist that his wife wear a mirror suspended in front of her face, so that at all times she could see for herself, without asking, whether or not her hat was on straight. He compelled her to wear the device which he rigged up once, and then she went back to her mother and, acting on the advice of her friends, brought suit for divorce.

Nettie Ambrose and Walter Moser were married three years ago in May. She was one of the prettiest girls of the middle class in Kings Lynn—a bright-eyed, brown-haired, slender, and graceful girl, a little vain over her undoubted beauty and grace, and with a passionate love of fine clothes and pretty hats to set upon her glorious crown of brown hair. Moser was a contractor, young, handsome, and rising rapidly, accumulating money and extending his business as fast as his capital justified, so the match was looked upon as an ideal one by their families and friends.

And they were happy. Moser built them a beautiful little cottage in the outskirts of the town, with a lovely garden around it, and he kept a horse and a phaeton. And his bride dressed better than any of the girls of her acquaintance.

### Took Most Pride in Her Hats.

Moser indulged his wife in everything. She went to London four or five times a year shopping, and spent more money than she had ever imagined could be spent for clothes, and hats, and shoes—but she took more pride and delight in hats than anything else.

Her husband took her with him every time his business called him out of town. He took her to theaters, to restaurants, to concerts—everywhere, because he was sincerely in love with her, and was proud of her beauty and her fine taste in dress.

There was but one thing that caused friction between them. Every time Mrs. Moser started anywhere, and three or four or five times during an afternoon's outing or an evening's pleasure, she would turn to her husband and whisper: "Is my hat on straight, dear?"

Moser avers that her hat never was on crooked, that she knew it was not on crooked, and that, further, she knew that, even if it had been on crooked, he could not tell whether the crookedness was accident or design.

For the first year of their married life Moser continued to step back, smile sweetly, and reply: "Yes, dear—I think it is straight."

Then the constant repetition of the question began to jar upon him.

They had been married fifteen months when they had their first quarrel, and that quarrel was over "Is my hat on straight, dear?" Mrs. Moser had returned from a shopping trip to London, and a few days later a perfect love of a hat was delivered at her home. It was one of white ostrich plumes and lace, and she had ordered it especially for a social affair that was set for the following night. Her husband was at work on some specifications, calculating the bid he would make for a big piece of work, when his wife swept into his workroom, with the beautiful hat on her even more beautiful hair. The man sprang to his feet to take her in his arms and tell her how beautiful she was, when she stepped back, put her hands up to the hat, gave it a slight twist, and said: "Is it on straight, dear?"

### He Wouldn't Answer Her Query.

Moser, annoyed and crestfallen, turned back to his work without looking or speaking, and the exasperated wife, after waiting a minute, stamped her foot and called him a brute.

In a minute they were "making up," and when the tears had been kissed away Moser said: "I was to blame, darling, but it provoked me to have you ask me that question. I wish you wouldn't ask me any more. I don't know anything about it. I only know you are the sweetest"—etc. But that did not stop the habit.

Whether it was second nature for Mrs. Moser to ask if her hat was on straight or not, or whether she did it purposely to exasperate her husband, only she knows; but the fact remains that she continued to ask, and reask, and ask again concerning the hat.

Still, the husband, ashamed of his first childish outbreak, bore it in patience, and it was not until the following winter that they quarreled again. They had attended the theater in London to see Mr. Tree, and during the dramatic climax of the piece, while the husband was leaning forward in his seat, intent on the pictured scene before him on the stage, he was annoyed at a movement beside and behind him, and, glancing sideways, he saw his wife putting on her hat, and heard the people behind her muttering protests. He frowned,

but, remembering that only a few seconds remained of the piece, he turned his attention to the stage again, and was just catching the thread of the final lines again, when his wife, with one haplin in her mouth, whispered: "Is it on straight, Walter?"

### Forbade Her to Ask Questions.

They quarreled in earnest that evening, and, after a stormy scene and some tears, Moser told his wife rudely that she must stop asking him that silly question.

The quarrel blew over in time, and they resumed their love-like life, but a month later the husband lost his temper again when his wife, for the fifth time during an afternoon outing, asked him the same old question. After that quarrel Moser talked seriously with his wife. He explained that it seemed a small thing to cause a man to lose his temper, but he tried to show her the senselessness of asking the question all the time. And that quarrel ended in a half promise by the wife that she would not repeat the query except when it was absolutely necessary.

A week later she asked him about the position of the hat three times inside five minutes, and he gave a rude answer to the third repetition. The quarrel was serious, but they made up the next day—and quarreled again before night over the same old question.

The quarrels increased in violence and frequency until June of this year. Time and again during the interludes Moser begged his wife to quit asking that question. He promised to forbear and bear as much as possible, but he pleaded with her to break herself of the habit of saying "Is it on straight?" He would overlook it or merely raise his eyebrows ten or twelve times during the day, and then lose patience with his wife and scold her. Once he spoke sharply to her about the matter in the presence of two of her friends, and she did not speak to him for three days. Indeed, she declared she never would speak to him again, but one day, meeting him in the hall, she inquired about the set of her hat, and broke the long silence.

### Asked Nineteen Times in One Day.

They went to a reception early in June, and before they reached home that evening Mrs. Moser had asked her husband about her hat exactly nineteen times, according to the statement he makes in his answer to her bill.

When they reached home that evening the man was grim and determined. He said nothing about his plans, but the next morning he went away early and returned shortly before noon. With him he carried a strange device. It consisted of a light, candlelike stick, polished highly and connected with an arch shaped stick of the same material. At the bottom of the arch were two pads and straps and buckles, and at the end of the rod was a hook.

Calling his wife, Moser calmly asked her to stand still a moment, and then, without a word of explanation, he placed the arch over her head, the padded ends resting on her shoulders, buckled the straps under her arms, leaving the rod protruding three feet out in front of her face.

Mrs. Moser did not know what was being done, and waited in surprise and expectancy for some joke to develop. The husband stepped to a table, picked up a light, beautiful mirror with a narrow metal rim, and hung it from the hook at the end of the rod.

"Now," he said, stepping back, "you can wear that and see for yourself whether or not it is on straight."

The wife started to laugh; then started to cry; then got angry and indignant.

"Put on your hat," ordered the husband, "and walk with me down to the Reformed church and back."

His tone was menacing, and the wife, frightened and ready to break down, obeyed him. He took her by the arm and led her from the house.

### Goes to Church in the Harness.

The Reformed church was seven blocks from the house, and before they had walked three blocks they were surrounded by a crowd of curious persons, who followed after, hooting, jeering, and laughing. The wife sobbed and started to get hysterics, but her husband, holding her tight by the arm, marched her to the church and back with the mirror bobbing along in front of her face and showing her a tear stained, quivering countenance—and a beautiful hat, and for once she did not care whether or not it was on straight.

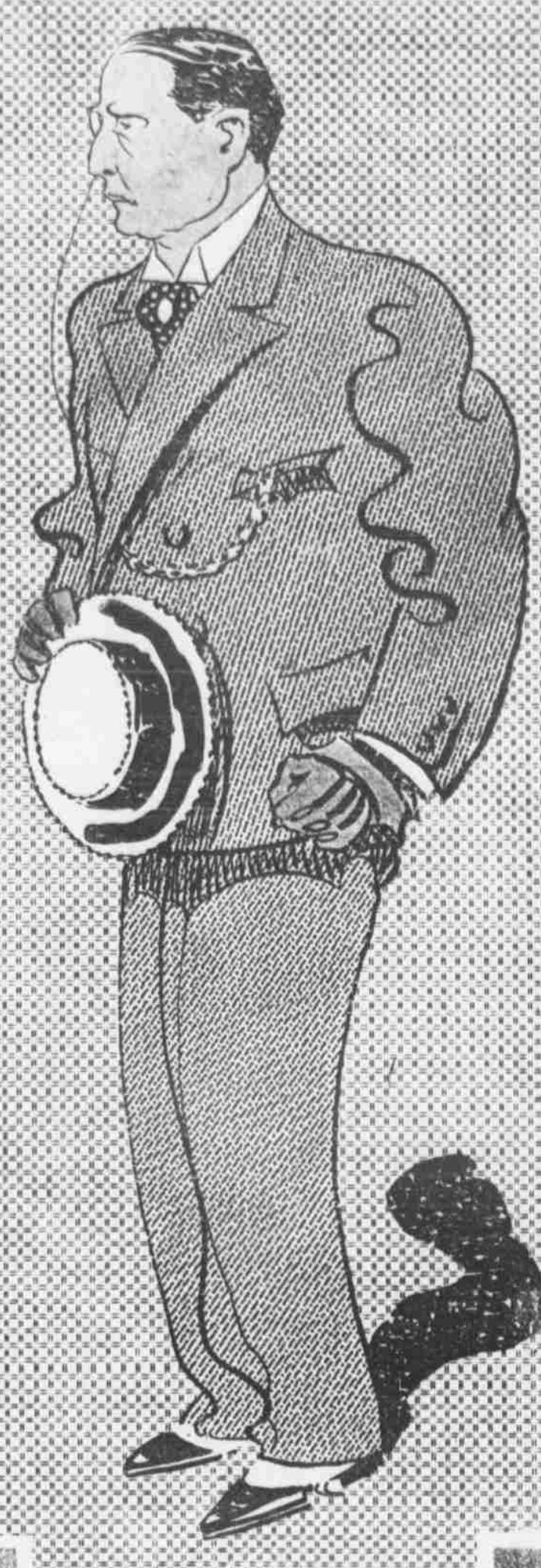
They reached the house again at just and entered. The husband unstrapped the device, laid it on a table, and remarked:

"There, I guess you'll never ask me that question again."

"You brute!" his wife blurted out, as she fled to her own room and threw herself sobbing on the bed.

That afternoon she slipped away to her mother's home, and there her relatives persuaded her to bring her suit for divorce.

It is reported from Kings Lynn, that she was seen in the street the day the divorce bill was filed, and that her hat was all on straight.



## THINGS A WOMAN CANNOT DO

**SHE CANNOT THROW A BALL**

LOOK at the way you have sharpened that lead pencil," said a young man who had been watching a girl operate on her pencil. She looked first at him and then at the pencil. True, the knife had struck some places higher than others, and made deeper incisions on one side of the pencil than the other, and it looked like a broken rod, but it had a point and answered the purpose, and her feelings were hurt. The young man spoke again. "Do you know, I would not like you well if you could sharpen a pencil just like a man." "Why?" came the everlasting feminine inquiry. "Because you would not be the woman you are if you could sharpen a lead pencil correctly. Girls are not supposed to know how."



**SHE SHARPENS A PENCIL TO BITS**

from its mistress, and so women more frequently develop a good whistle.

Sometimes we find women who can do a little carpentering about the house, such as mending the old kitchen clock or replacing a rung of her favorite chair, but on general principles her knowledge of machinery and carpentering is limited. "Not so," says one man, who has made quite a study of woman and her possibilities. "It all depends upon the woman and what needs present themselves for display of mechanical genius. I'm sure country girls rival their brothers in carpentering, and women who live alone learn to build their own fences, barns, and henpots. It is merely a matter of training."

"I know a Scotch Canadian family in which are a boy and a girl. The girl wanted a hencoop made. No one volunteered his services and she got busy herself. A large box of cubical shape was soon transformed into a hen's nest. Later her brother made one, which could not be compared with his sister's. Hers was dainty, and true, and clean. His was massive, solid, and crude."

The story of the woman with the hammer is proverbial. It is known that she aims at the nail but hits her fingers, which, even though dainty, are always in the way, while man's clumsy ones—never. And then man "jest naturally" drives a nail straight, while woman exists in driving it crooked. However, in general, a man's eye is no truer than woman's.

How can a woman's aversion to sharp edges be accounted



**SHE CANNOT PULL A CORK**

for—that she is not able to look upon a sharp razor without shuddering? Or that she does not "whittle" away her time, yet it is a pastime that gains the fascinated attention of the small boy? Girls' lack of industrial sense is given as the explanation.

Few women can accomplish the pulling of a cork easily. Possibly she could manage the pulling gracefully if she could insert the corkscrew successfully, which, on the contrary, seems to baffle her and renders her awkward and ineffective. She invariably breaks the cork and then resorts to scissors, or a haplin, or some other weapon to fish out the pieces. Even with an automatic corkscrew some women will start the operation in such a slovenly manner that defeat is assured.



**SHE CANNOT DRIVE A NAIL**

Although her first effort at firing a gun makes her a spectacular object, it has been proved that time and cultivation work wonders, and that she can become expert. This suggests the possibility that the question of nerves plays an important part in the alleged inferiority of women.

**Why Girls Cannot Whistle.**

According to one eminent university professor, along certain lines there will be no trouble in keeping woman "in her place," owing to the fact that she is anatomically unfitted to do many things "just like a man."

The rare instances where girls have learned to whistle are cited as cases of freaks of nature. From the beginning of time "whistling girls" have been placed in the same category with "crowing hens," and are generally looked upon with disfavour. In this age it has been proved that the whistling girl not only violates the laws of etiquette but antagonizes the instincts of nature.

But there is an "other side" to all theories, and it is claimed that this state of affairs is simply the result of habits extending through century after century. It is supposed that the habit of whistling was cultivated by primitive man as a signal while hunting. Also the records show that whistling was introduced into certain religious ceremonies of the early days, and in these women was not considered worthy to take part. Many, again, argue that when there is a need for woman to do the unordained things she finds a way. Of recent years women have taken to keeping dogs, and there is no adequate substitute for the whistling call for a dog

**SHE IS NOT MADE TO JUMP WELL**

**Women Not Built for Throwing.**

The way a woman doesn't throw a ball has made her famous. The theory of the professor that she is anatomically not constructed for ball throwing should make her exempt from all blame. Her brother's arm is put on at the shoulder differently, and with an entirely different muscular arrangement. The overhead method of throwing a ball, which has brought so much contempt on the fair sex, is not capable of ejecting the ball with great force, and it is quite an impossibility to get a correct aim. The whiplash movement adopted by a man when throwing a ball is quite impossible to a woman.

**Physical Build Prevents Jumping.**

Strength is not a consideration in the fact that women cannot run and jump as well as men, but their hips are too large. This does not interfere with their climbing well. When the heftiness of skirts is overcome they can accomplish this as well as men.

There are some things women cannot do that men can, and some things that men cannot do that women can. It is evident woman was not intended to lead a Rooseveltian existence. She was not constructed like a man, she should not be a woman. She should be thankful that she is under the guidance of a considerate providence.