

Bad Grammar Is Danger to Bliss In Married Life

Woman Who Conducts Class In How to Keep Husband Says Careless Speech Antagonizes.

By MARJORIE REX.
For International News Service.
New York, June 25.—If you would be permanent wives, if you would be permanent husbands, if you would be permanent friends of the woman who wishes to retain her husband's love, according to Miss Aubrey Eaton, of the Chicago branch of the Y. W. C. A., whose classes on how to get and keep a husband have brought great happiness to her students, it is said.

Man is certain to be alienated by such expressions as, "Gee, ain't they waffles grand?" or "I ain't never drunk such swell coffee," when they come from the rosy lips of his careless spouse.

"Poor grammar," Miss Eaton says, "has caused more domestic infelicities than all the burnt soup and hard-boiled eggs in the world."

But there is a deeper reason for unhappiness brought about by listening to such pervasions of English. The one who commits the transgressions against correct speech engenders in the mind of the other something which causes marital dissatisfaction.

Mrs. Van de Water's Views.
Mrs. Virginia Terhune Van de Water, famous author, who has written many novels and stories treating of marital problems, told me today of her convictions on this subject.

"This touches upon one of my hobbies," she said earnestly. "I have a firm belief that the secret of a great deal of disillusionment in marriage is the fact that one of the parties to the contract is ashamed of the other."

"Such secret shame kills love. For instance, suppose I know some woman who has a very presentable husband. She is proud of him and wishes to present him to me. He meets me, and in his speech may either double a negative or perhaps make a coarse remark. He has thereby wounded the sensibilities of the wife who wished him to make a good impression."

"I think if a man had to hear mangled English at breakfast table, provided he were an educated man, he would constantly have a feeling of shame for his blind folly in marrying beneath him."

"Poor grammar, with all due respect to the lady who used the phrase, does not exist. There is no such thing as 'poor grammar' or 'bad grammar.' Grammar is the standardization and the science of correct use of language."

"But I do not think an educated man unless caught when very young would marry a woman who expressed herself poorly. Such speech offends the ear and the sense of good taste."

Men Often Make Wives Ashamed.
"There is another point: Although many ill-bred women offend men with mistakes in English, many educated men offend their wives with slang and coarse stories sprinkled in conversation."

"I knew a very charming woman who, in a fit of pique, married a man far beneath her. He has little self-control and, when excited or angry, lapses into the vernacular, with which he is familiar."

"Believing as I do that secret shame of one's partner causes most of our marital infelicity, I always urge women to keep themselves up. There is a time in youth when it is very interesting to dress to give attention to the accessories of one's toilette."

"Later on in life, when good looks often vanish, then it is an absolute necessity to look well. The office worker, any woman in business, realizes this."

"It is the business woman's duty to keep up. What does a man think after working all day with women in his office who are as well and appropriately dressed as a woman able, when he goes home to a woman who no longer takes any interest in her own appearance? He loves his wife and wishes to be proud of her, but she won't let him, and it hurts him by her own indifference. She has 'let go.'"

"What qualities do men like in women?" Mrs. Van de Water was asked.

Masculine Class Abhorred by Men.
"The truly masculine, virile man likes femininity," she declared. "She may be a militant suffragist, an advanced feminist, and yet be the most feminine of women. She must have the feminine appeal. I never knew any man who admired the masculine type of woman, who affects collars, mannish hats and suits that resemble his own."

"I never had a daughter," Mrs. Van de Water said. "My children were boys. But I know what I would like in a daughter, the qualities I would tell any girl to cultivate."

"I should wish her to be like my own daughter-in-law, the girl my son married. She would possess self-reliance, an almost masculine grasp of a subject, and at the same time be capable of the depths of emotion; she should be gentle in speech and yet possess strength. She must never forget herself or let her speech become harsh."

"My ideal modern girl will dress modestly. That does not mean that it is necessary to avoid fashionable attire, only the extremes of style. I don't deprecate the short skirts, unless they are immodestly short; that applies to the decollete gown also."

New Hampshire to Mark 300th Year After Founding
Manchester, N. H., June 25.—Harry T. Lord of Manchester, has been named by the governor and council as a member of the commission to have charge of the observance of the 300th anniversary of the settlement of New Hampshire under the provisions of the joint resolution passed by the last legislature. The anniversary comes in 1923.

Other members named are Arthur C. Whittemore of Dover, Charles S. Emerson of Milford, Henry H. Merrill of Concord, and Winslow Pease of Portsmouth.

Mid-West Landlubber To Run U. S. on High Seas

Al Lasker, Advertising Peer, Rolls Up His Sleeves Through Friendship for Warren Harding, to Sail Into Problems of Poor Old Shipping Board.

By ROBERT BARRY.
Washington Correspondent of Editor and Publisher.

There is great confusion among members of the pessimists' club. Something has gone awry with their standstill. When all else failed them in the past, the occasion for calamity howling. In longevity it stood higher even than the war risk insurance bureau.

They always were able to predict with pessimistic confidence that the administration of the American merchant marine justified their "viewing with alarm."

Now, here comes a breezy individual from Lake Michigan's shore to challenge the dire prediction of every alarmist. He hardly knows a schooner from a scow. He never shuddered in government offices. He is unfamiliar with all the bickering and quibbling which constitute the major history of the shipping board.

And his name is "Al" Lasker. Newspaper men know the name. Advertisers know the man. America knows his successes. Washington greets him hopefully. The press, his administration and his party look to him to perform a task about which they have few misgivings. They are aware that Lasker has tackled a job second in magnitude of problem and opportunity for failure alone to that of the group of congressmen who must somehow or other lower the tax bill of the nation.

Born for Nickname.
Lasker smiles when he meets you. He never heard of you, does not know what you want, may have interrupted a business conversation to receive the introduction, yet he smiles. He makes you believe he is glad to see you and that he really wants to hear what you have to say. In other words, he has that faculty, which is a trait and not a pose, makes all the difference in the world when one comes to measure the success of men.

A lot of people think they know Lasker because they call him "Al." They do after a fashion. He is the type who would have a nickname no matter what sort of name his parents attached to him before he was old enough to protest, and no matter how intimately you knew him. He is the sort that men refer to in terms of admiration and genuine friendship when he is not around to hear them.

They say, "Know Al Lasker, why, Lord, yes, he etc., etc.," and presently some new attribute of greatness is unfolded.

Play the Game.
Have you ever been to the Cubs' park in Chicago. If you were lucky enough to have a seat in that tier of boxes in the lower stand almost directly behind the catcher or just a little way toward first base, you might find Lasker there. Unless something very much the matter had happened, the other half of the Damon and Pythias entry—"Bill" Wrigley, who needs no introduction to the readers of newspapers—was close by. Together they played that ball game every inch of the way and they were not right in the rosters. They learned to look for the "breaks" in business. They expected them on the diamond. They never believed the man who dealt the luck was taking an off-day until the umpires called it a day.

It seems like an insult to intelligence to dwell on Lasker's success in business. It shall not be done here. Our own papers will have told us all about that before this is printed. To dwell on Lord and Thomas would be an insult to the Editor and Publisher's friends in the business offices. So let it suffice for purposes of making the record complete to include mention of his business achievements.

But he is just the same genial "Al" when you talk business as when you talk base ball, or politics, or the superiority of the Lakeshore boulevard to Riverside drive. He does not find it necessary to don a mask of keenness and severity—you know, "the stern business man" stuff—as so many of our near giants of business do to shield their pygmy minds from public gaze. He simply recognizes no need for posing. It never occurs to him to do so.

Boyish Enthusiasm.
There is something of boyish enthusiasm about him. When the Cubs start a series he roots for a clean sweep. After the loss of the first game he is sure of the next three. If another goes for Sweeney he is positive an even break is the worst to be expected. That characteristic has carried him along over many bad spots in the road where others, for the lack of it, have hesitated to risk a tie.

He is the sort you glance around to discover when you enter your club. He is the type you phone to ask for dinner. He has that knack so many of us desire, of being able to remember some of the good stories he hears and repeat them with added gusto. Things will have gone mighty bad for him down in the foggy bottoms of Washington where they have taken the shipping board offices, before he will have anything but a smile for those who gain entrance to these impressive inner precincts where clerks speak low and telephones are muffled and the gold lettering on the door says "Chairman."

It was not an easy task to gauge Lasker's reaction to the formal announcement at the White House that his name had been sent to the senate. That official transaction ended all doubt and put one of the world's most difficult executive tasks squarely up to him.

Spoiled Program.
Yet, your correspondent would venture a guess that Lasker gave more thought today to the death of "Tope" Hart, republican national committeeman from Kentucky, in a hotel room here than to the great shadow of official responsibility looming ahead. Lasker was in Hart's room a few hours before the Kentuckian's death. He had swapped stories and they had frickered like sophomores. That is typical of Lasker, and his genuine grief over the

'Workers of Soul' Found 'Republic'

It's Established on the Montmartre in Paris 'to Maintain Gaiety.'

Paris, June 25.—A new republic has been founded in Europe, a republic in which only "workers of the soul" may be citizens.

It has been established on a hill in Paris known as the "Butte Sacree," or better known among the artists and travelers of the world as Montmartre. It was founded by a group of artists, and will be known as the Free Republic of Montmartre.

To encourage the arts, to preserve the world-wide reputation of Montmartre as an artistic center, to defend its picturesqueness from the invasion of the vandals, to maintain its tradition for gaiety and French esprit, is the preamble of the new republic.

All religious and political discussions will be forbidden in this new commonwealth of hard-working, diligent artists. It will organize fetes from time to time which will be artistic or nothing.

Lasker begins his difficult undertaking without large promises. He has contented himself with the simple statement that he is alive to the size of the task which he has embarked. He believes in America, however, and he regards an American merchant marine as essential to the welfare of the nation. He proposes to fulfill his allotted portion of the great responsibility of bringing order out of chaos in the board's offices in Washington, better understanding out of distrusts and disgust among the officers of the shipping world; business to American lines; the new empty cabins and holds are breeding discouragement and disappointment.

Was Gawk Texan.
"Al" Lasker went to Chicago from Texas before he was 21—tall, gawky southwesterner, full of the breeze of his native prairies and exuding an atmosphere that told people his middle name was hustle. He began as an office boy and stenographer in the Lord & Thomas Advertising Agency. He had been there many months before Mr. Lord, then president of the company, and then presiding genius of the business, realized the Lone Star state youngster was a very unusual citizen.

At first Lasker had charge of the correspondence of a minor department. Then he took charge of the department. Later a more important department was placed under his supervision. He devoured work, and like Oliver Twist, insisted on more.

He got it, and success seemed to smile instantaneously on everything he tackled. A junior partnership was offered him. A few years later the original partners in the business, having made their pile, retired. Lasker was the natural heir to the business, which had expanded to proportions never before known in its history, under his indefatigable guidance.

Pride in Judaism.
Today he is "Lord & Thomas," controlling its affairs absolutely and deriving a gigantic income from it.

Next to his passion for business, "Al" Lasker's hobby is his pride in Judaism. He is a member of the influential and highly representative Jewish National committee, which last winter issued a vigorous manifesto against Henry Ford's attacks on the Jews. Lasker's appointment may be regarded a deliberate tribute by Mr. Harding to America's large Jewish community.

Lasker likes going up against tough propositions. He knows the shipping board proposition is tough with a big "T." He was anxious to help the president out in what had become an obvious embarrassment—to find a man willing to take the chairmanship.

"Somebody has got to stand up and let himself be shot at," is the way Lasker puts it to his friends, "and I'm willing to be elected."

Lasker is a shrewd bargainer, has utter contempt for pettifoggery details, makes rapid-fire decisions, and works 16 hours a day. He will go to the shipping board mess like Dempsey enters the ring, with his two fists, determined to get action and results without any unnecessary time being wasted.

Cubs to Marion.
He has been a base ball fan all his life. He and Wrigley own the Chicago Cubs. Lasker took the Cubs to Marion last summer.

He's the most democratic cuss alive, talks a blue streak and does it well and likes Hiram Johnson. He paid a large hunk of Hiram's Chicago convention campaign expense in June, 1920. Many of the G. O. P. slogans in 1920 sprang from Lasker's advertising brain.

The new chairman enters upon his duties with an idea that he has a big selling proposition to get across. He is aware that it has been grossly mismanaged in the past, but he thinks ordinary rules of business and generous applications of common sense will succeed in governmental affairs as in the everyday affairs of commerce.

In the past he has undertaken to sell commodities which others said would not sell. He succeeded.

His love of base ball and his belief in the permanency of the game led him to apply his genius to a solution of difficulties while the mourner's bench was pronouncing the ritual of the dead. He conceived and put across with the fans and the magnates the Lasker plan.

Faith In Him.
Washington believes Lasker will succeed, if the politicians leave him alone. President Harding is determined that they shall. He has given him a free hand. He wants something beside congressional inquiries to thrive on the enormous investment the American people have in the merchant marine. Although Lasker's task ultimately will be largely one of disposing of the government-owned vessels to the best advantage of the merchant marine and the payers of income taxes, there are administrative problems in legion.

When you pause to think how much Lasker has to lose and how little to gain—for rewards of exceptional public service are but slight—you obtain an idea of how far he will go to aid a friend, and Warren Harding is indeed a friend to the new chair.

Heart Secrets of a Fortune Teller

By RACHEL MACK. Vacations for Husbands.

If there's one thorn in the side of countless otherwise happy wives, it's the Fishing Pole Habit among husbands! I've observed this little matter so often that I'm inclined to think it's worth a few words of honest gossip. Take the case of the lady who called on me today, for instance.

She couldn't have looked any more tortured if she'd been an Armenian refugee reciting the deeds of the cruel Turk, and she varied her recitals with sobs and heart-felt sniffles.

"My husband," she announces dramatically, "has been cross and irritable toward me for a month, and yesterday he left for a two-weeks' trip, without asking me even ONCE to go with him!"

"Dear me," I murmur sympathetically, unconsciously suspecting the lure of the Bathing Beauty parade, "Atlantic City, maybe? Or did he pick the Southern California coast?"

"Oh neither!" she responds quite plaintively. "He didn't go to the shore at all! He's gone to the mountains!"

"There! There! dearie," I say patting her hand soothingly, and still fearin' the worst. "One of those Canadian-Rocky resorts, no doubt, or a hotel in the North Carolina pines?"

"No," she protests dabbling her eyes with her handkerchief and pretending to cheer up just a trifle. "He isn't stopping at any hotel. He's camping."

"Most unusual!" I say. "How d'you mean camping, dearie?"

"Why," she explains, "he's gone somewhere up in the hills about 50 miles from here—to fish. He took a dog tent and five fishing reels and a skillet and a coffee pot and the Airedale dog. And would you b-b-believe me," she sobs. "He didn't ask me to go with him!"

Well, the revelation of the cold facts almost surprised me into a case of hysterics, but I managed to reduce my mirth to a few strangled giggles. From her grief-stricken attitude, I'd been suspectin' a cruel

triangle, with hubby chasin' forbidden sweets through the limelight of divorce court and scandal sheets, and the deserted little wife weepin' tragically in the background. I'd been suspectin' scandal of a poor male creature, who in reality was seekin' only solitude from the female sex, and relaxation in a fishing pole. I felt as if I owed the poor wronged gentleman an apology, so I squared myself by enlistin' on his side immediately.

"Madam," I say severely, "cease weeping! Your tears are an insult to your intelligence. Your husband is neither lost, strayed nor stolen. He's merely joined the ranks of the carefree anglers, and if I had five husbands in succession, I'd insist on 'em all doing likewise. I've never seen a home wrecked yet where the head of the house was a chronic fisherman, for that occasional rest from married bliss, dearie, even if it's for only two weeks in the year, is the oil that lubricates the wheels of the grand old matrimonial bus and keeps 'em turning!"

"Well," she disagreed forcefully, "I can't see what's to be gained from it!"

"No," I says, "maybe you can't. So far as can be detected with the naked eye, your husband will bring home nothing more noticeable than an undersized string of bass, a head-

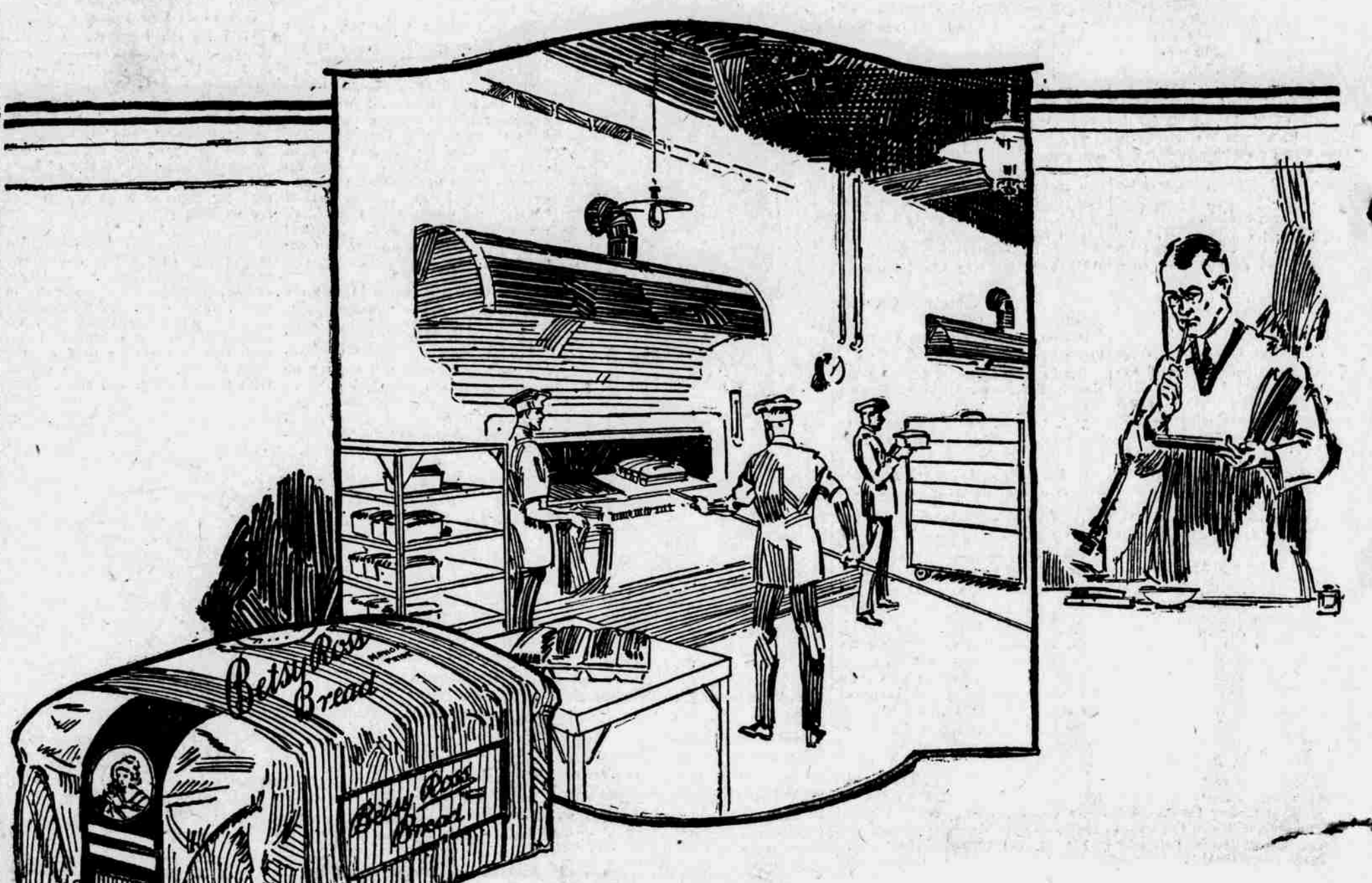
cold and a well developed case of grasshoppers. But the good results are there just the same, madam. "Two weeks in a dog-tent," I theorize, "with the beauties of nature and the modern inconveniences of the great out-of-doors all around him, will make Home Sweet Home seem palatial to him! Two weeks of rest from the human voice—especially the female human voice—will make your words music to his ears! And after gazing for a while exclusively into the eyes of an Airedale pup, he'll learn to crave the sunshine of your smile, dearie, like a gold fish craves water!"

"You encourage me greatly," she admits, lookin' somewhat comforted, "but how long do you think this improved state of mind of his will last? Will it be permanent, do you suppose?"

"No, dearie," I concludes regretfully, "the good results of this back-to-nature spree will not be permanent. The good effects will gradually fade away! But after all, I suggest craftily, "if they last until fishing season next year, that's all any mere wife could ask, eh what?"

"And when I saw the look of perfect agreement on her face, I knew I'd cleared the way for an annual vacation for at least one harassed male bearin' the heavy yoke of matrimony!"

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