

Wives Should Consider Husbands' Tastes When Planning Recreation

BY MARTHA LEE

WHAT do two people do who are married and do not like the same things? Usually they compromise and learn to like the things the husband enjoys. A popular joke about compromising says that a man and his wife were going to take a vacation. The wife wanted to go to the mountains and the husband would have much preferred the seashore. They compromised and went to the mountains. So perhaps it works the other way around in some cases.

However, the point is this.

The amusements and diversions of a husband should generally pivot around the husband's idea of enjoyment, because a woman's time is more her own and she can find ways to squeeze in her diversions in the afternoons. If she likes to play bridge and he does not she can play in the afternoon while he is working, thus leaving her free to be with him and do what he wants to do in the evenings. That's only fair. But it seems to me there is far too much stress laid on this idea of being amused and entertained every single waking minute after you are married. A marriage contract should certainly not be signed until two persons discover whether or not they are going to be congenial day after day, sitting opposite each other every meal, seeing each other, talking, playing, seeking happiness together.

Of course there are places where the ideas or one will not fit in exactly with those of the other, but since this must be I can think of no place where it will do less harm than in the amusement department. If you cannot agree that the roller coaster is just the last word in fun, that is no reason to make haste to the court house. And just because you think shooting at a target is beastly boring, that is no sign that your married life should discontinue.

I have a letter from a young girl who is married to a stay-at-home from all I can gather in the letter. Not such a bad break, but read what little Lonely thinks of it:

Dear Martha Lee: I am nineteen years of age and have been married for a month. I had one baby but it died. My husband has never seemed so jealous of me. I am after work very tired and wanted to go back to the time before our marriage. My husband has twenty-two hours a day dancing, dancing, dancing or doing anything that I like to do. He likes to go to shows, but that is about all he does. He always comes to our house, he always gets mad and says I am not in any of them if they want to dance with me. This is a terrible embarrassment for our marriage. I love my husband and would hate to part, but what do you think? I am not working now but have never been me anything. We have a very nice little four-room home and I am happy with my husband and our company.

Do you think that it would be the wrong thing for me to go to a dance or skating rink alone when he will not go? Yours truly, LONELY.

Lonely, your husband is very jealous, but that is one of the unpleasant things about love. Unfortunately and for no reason at all, love and jealousy often go hand in hand. By all means do not consider leaving your husband for so trivial a matter. Five years, ten years from now, you probably wouldn't give a snap of your finger for dancing, but can you say the same about your feeling for your husband?

Don't start going out without your husband any place. That is very often the beginning of a great deal of misery. You are apparently much more carefree and frivolous than your husband. You probably married too young—before you were ready to settle down. But now that you are married, make up your mind that you will make the best of the little difficulties.

YOUR CHILD

Train Children to Be Erect

BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

Do you ever think of the way your child is sitting or standing? Does his posture concern you?

It should.

Not long ago a man was speaking of his parents and of the sacrifices they had made to give him advantages. Then he went on to tell of his illnesses and of his mother's patient nursing—how he owed his very life to her unremitting care and watchfulness.

"If I had been allowed to eat the things that most children eat," he said reflectively, "there isn't a doubt that I wouldn't be alive today. I was always sickly, always tired, always wanting to lie down."

I looked at his stooped scholarly shoulders, his hollow chest and near-sighted eyes, and could well believe that the mother who raised him had had no easy time of it.

"There was just one thing," he went on, "I wish they had made me stand up straight."

"Are you sure they didn't try?" I suggested. "They may have done their part, but perhaps you didn't do yours. I hear so many mothers tell their children to stand up straight, but it just goes in one ear and out the other."

"Yes I can still hear mother say, 'Hold your shoulders back, Charlie, and I suppose I would jerk myself into position for a minute or two. But just as you say, I'd forget. I was tired, you see, and I got into the habit of lounging. When I sat down I leaned my head on my hand, and cupped my chin with my elbows on my knees. I curled up or sprawled or leaned against something; I did anything but straighten out my spine and keep my chin in the air."

"Then you acknowledge it was your own fault, not your mother's?"

"Parents shouldn't say merely, 'Stand up straight.' They should see that it is done. They do not say, 'Johnny you must not grow up a dunce.' They see that he doesn't. One is as important as the other."

I believe my friend is right.

Announce Betrothal

Mr. and Mrs. Sol Blank, Mt. Carmel, Ill., announce the engagement of their daughter, Henrietta, to Leonard Solomon, Indianapolis, son of Saul Solomon, president of the Victor Furniture Company.

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