

Anger Will Out By W. E. HILL

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When we were younger, a piece of colored chalk and a blank wall or cement walk provided a healthy outlet for angry feelings. Too bad grownups never resort to the chalk method for letting off steam. Suppose, for instance, Mrs. Icecake cut Mrs. Clingstone dead on the street. Think how it would relieve Mrs. Clingstone's ire if she could write on the sidewalk: "Maria Icecake is a stuck up thing," where everybody could see it.



"Hey, what the — — — * * * ! ! ? do you think you are doing, lady?" There's this to say for taxi chauffeurs and truck drivers: They have few if any inhibitions. And, according to psychologists, this is a swell way to go through life. So, when one of these class conscious boys all but runs down a pedestrian, he never, as some of us do, hoards up a lot of angry, hurt feelings. He says right out whatever he thinks and gets it out of his system.



"One more word from you, operator, and, by golly, I'll have you run out of the exchange!" The telephone helps a lot of people to throw off a spell of anger. Even the telephone girls are beginning to realize this and are learning to say "Thank you" after the final threat to discharge the whole exchange.



Otis P. Wrangle is, as usual, of a bright summer morning, mad at something in the daily news sheet. Soon he will write a pretty sharp complaint to the paper, denouncing the franc, the management of the Mississippi flood, Mr. Coolidge's vacation plans, or something or other. He will even threaten to cancel his subscription unless something is done darn quick! After which he will forget all about it.



When Viola's angry feelings rise, there is, as her husband and most of her dear family will tell you, simply hell to pay. General hysterics are the order of the day or night, accompanied by internal upsets that lead to nervous indigestion.



Anger will out, sooner or later, in one form or other. Mrs. Necky and Mrs. Noise are not on speaking terms. Mrs. Necky is being grand and majestic about it. Cold and icy and regal and all that sort of thing. Mrs. Noise is being gentle and forbearing. There is a sweet, sad smile on her countenance as she passes Mrs. Necky on the street. "I hope," think Mrs. Necky and Mrs. Noise almost in unison, "she doesn't feel quite as foolish as she looks!"



When angry words have risen and two once dear friends are not on speaking terms, many a caustic message is banded back and forth by a mutual friend. In fact, a third party is absolutely necessary when a good old fashioned "mad" is in progress. "Tell Maud," Nettie is prompting a go-between, "that while I don't expect a pepper plant to blossom roses, I think she should try to look a little less acid when I pass her on the street!"

Miss Martha is given to brooding over insults. As each insult grows worse and worse in retrospect, Miss Martha's anger rises and rises. O, how she longs to disinherit some one or discharge some one, or boycott some one!



"Did you hear what she just called him, Willis? I never!" A modern apartment is the wrong place to stage a nocturnal family row. That is, if the combatants have any feeling about the people on the other side of the wall, who are not missing a word.