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Anger Will Out
By W. E. HILL

When we were younger, a piece of colored chalk and a black wall or cement wall provided a healthy outlet for angry feelings. Too bad grownups never resort to the chalk method for letting off steam. Suppose, for instance, Mrs. Isaacs cut Mrs. Clingstone dead on the street. Think how it would relieve Mrs. Clingstone's ire if she could write on the sidewalk: "Maria Isaacs 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 that 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 conscious boys all but runs down a pedestrian, he never, as some of us do, boards up a lot of angry, hurt feelings. He says right out whenever he thinks and gets it out of his system.

Otis P. Wringle is, as usual, 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 frame, 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 hysteria is the order of the day or night, accompanied by internal upsets that lead to nervous indigestion.

When angry words have risen and two once dear friends are not on speaking terms, many a quiet message is handed 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 Mary," Nettie is prompting a go-between, "that while I don't expect a peeper plant to blossom roses, I think she should try to look a little less mad 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 dismember 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.

One more word from you, operator, and, by golly, I'll have you cut out of the exchange!" The telephone helps a lot of people to blow 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.

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