The Second Month
By W. E. Hill

"Now some night you must come round and meet my friend Bertha Booles! You'll be crazy about her! The girl who married a bachelor just naturally dislikes her soul mate's boy friends who have fudged the marriage knot. By the end of the second month after the trip to the altar she will be deep in match-making possibilities.

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"Harry gets up and puts the coffee to boil and then I get up and cook the eggs; that is, unless we want to sleep late, and then he goes out for his breakfast. Then I get my own lunch, if there is anything in the ice box, and if there isn't, I run out for it if I want any. Then at four, Victoria, our part time maid, comes and tidies up the apartment and cooks dinner for us. We have it at six, except two or three nights a week when she has to leave early, and then if Harry can get home on time we have it at five-thirty, or else we go out. It's really a perfect arrangement and works beautifully." By the middle of the second month the bride has synthesized her household wonderfully. She will tell you all about it on the slightest of provocations.

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Some young wives have to do a lot of disciplining. A husband of two months' experience and no more very often has ideas on his wife's clothes. Sometimes he brings home a surprise. Drastic measures have to be taken when he buys a hat for her.

"And the maple highboy of your Aunt Ethel—will she get that?" A letter half of two months' standing beginning to look over the antiques in her husband's family.

"Listen, dear, you must get some good books and massage your scalp." By the second month of wedded bliss, a good deal of the bloom has worn off the husband. Love is love and all that, but the little wife begins to look at him carefully. For the first time she sights the spot on the top where the hair is thin. She will get him to part his hair on the other side.

Two gloomy girl friends, both unwed as yet, talking over the happy married pair. "Did you," asks Ethel, \"ever see any one look so badly as she does? Why, she looks perfectly frightened, so thin and wan!" "Well, my dear," asks Edie of Ethel, \"have you ever seen any one look worse than he does? A perfect skeleton! And only married two months! I knew they were going to grapple on each other and be unhappy."

OSCAR THOMAS: "May we have the honors?"