

The Second Month

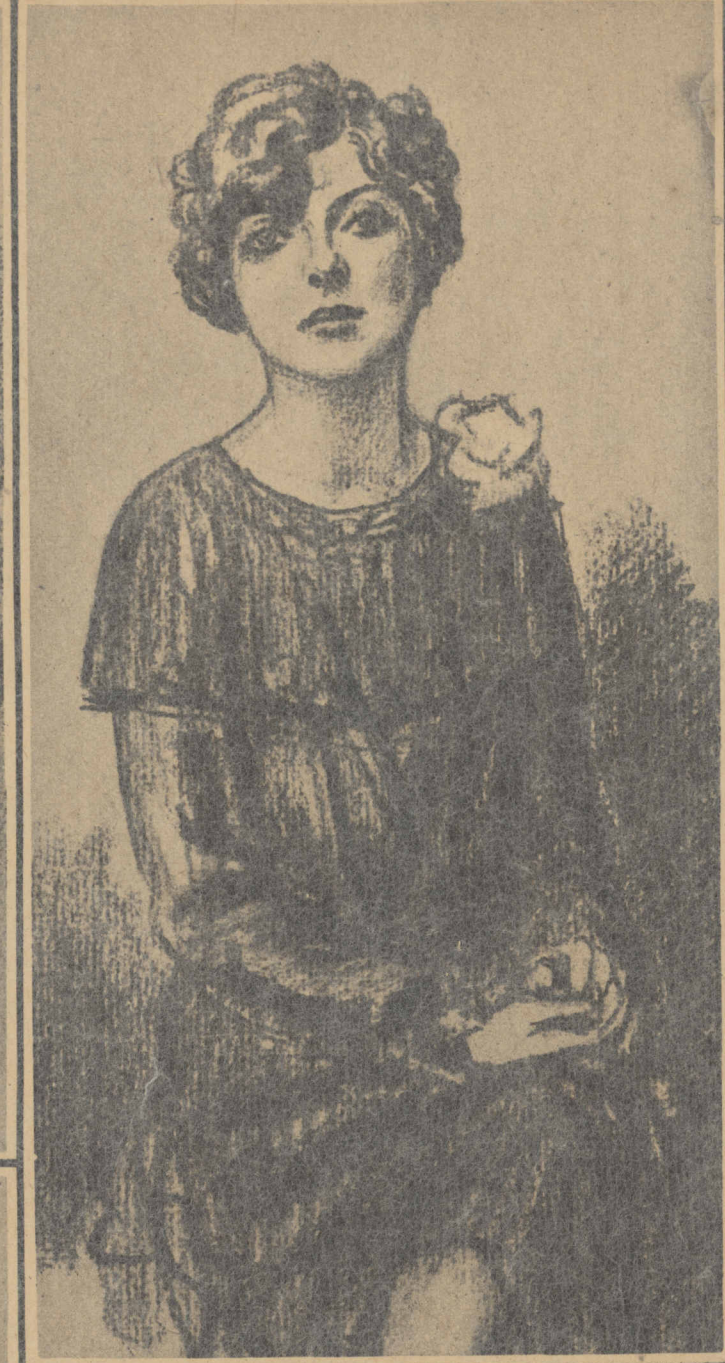
By W. E. Hill



"Well, my dear, I lived with your father for twenty-five years and I never succeeded in changing him one bit." For the first month of their married life, Mr. Newlywed seemed just about perfect. And then about the middle of the second month Mrs. Newlywed decides that maybe there is after all room for improvement here and there. The bride's mother is proving an awful wet blanket.



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



"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, Violetta, 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 systematized her household wonderfully. She will tell you all about it on the slightest of provocations.



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.



Meet Aunt Edna, who disapproved so strongly of Gracie's marriage that she was never again going to speak to Gracie. After a month and a half curiosity has proved too strong and here she is going to call on the bride. If Gracie is a tactful girl, there will be another wedding present.



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



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 frightful, 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 grate on each other and be unhappy."



"Say, dearie, come here a minute, will you? I've cut my chin again." Long before the end of the second month the little wife who has been united in so-called holy wedlock to a man with a tender skin will discover that she can never get anywhere on time. At the moment of starting she will have to apply first aid to honey's safety razor wound!



"Lucien, dear, you must get some good tonic 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.

