YOUR WIFE WANTS to KNOW

Mrs. George McReynolds Who Was Ignorant of Her Husband's Circumstances

The Husband Who Lost Wife and Liberty.

n a man, when fate begins to deal the unkind blows that are to ruin your fortune or your business, do you come home at night and tell your wife and prepare her for the economy that is judicious?

When fate keeps on dealing its blows, and ruin is near, do you tell her then?

Or do you conceive it your manly part to bear your burden alone, that you may let her enjoy the few days or weeks or months that remain to her of the happiness you dread to see dissipated?

As a woman, married for twenty years to a husband devoted to your smallest whim—to a man who has fought the cruel and rending fight of modern trade day in and day out solely that he might seek his happiness at your side night after night—what would you do, if you should discover, suddenly, crushingly, that he had concealed from you the loss of his wealth and, in a vain endeavor to retrieve the financial position which meant to you all of your accustomed luxuries, had forfeited his honor, his good name and his liberty?

There is a problem which, in its less acute stages, confronts every husband and every wife, from the millionaires who seem to be so entrenched in riches that no cataclysm in finance may wrench them into poverty, to the helper on the farm who wonders anxiously whether the querulous complaints of his employer over the corn crop mean that he shall be out of work early in the fall.

It is a problem which, in its crisis, has confronted hundreds of men, and, in its most cruel denouement, some scores of women.

It is one which, in every aspect of a husband's exaggerated chivalry of protection and of the wife's exaggeration of what she considered her duty to him and to herself, confronted, only a few weeks ago, George S. McReynolds, one of Chicago's most prominent Board of Trade operators and his beautiful wife.

It was nearly twenty years ago that George McReynolds courted Hattibel Cook. It was a good, honest, plain American romance of the time and place, Michigan.

There were no modern, new-fangled complications of money, social status and feminine fads to mar the course of true love. McReynolds was a fairly good-looking, ambitious, earnest young man, whose most notable qualification was that he had the capacity for falling very deeply, ardently and devotedly in love with a certain pretty girl named Hattibel.

The girl was intelligent, educated, fond of flowers, fond of home, fond of the innocent pleasures that brighten life in the most worthy stratum of American society, with a special faculty for appreciating the affection of some one particular man.

From these salient details it will be apparent that McReynolds and the girl he loved were a remarkable pair—so remarkable that they were precisely like the others among the millions of American men and women who never get into the newspapers.

To them, as to others of the millions, the time arrived when both realized they were made for each other. At Niles, Mich., on October 31st, 1888, they were married.

After their marriage they gradually assumed characteristics that served to differentiate them from the rest of the population.

McReynolds, well-to-do, gradually grew more wealthy—not in a small way, for that would have left him still in the class of the average citizen. He forged rapidly onward as a grain broker, his progress being fairly coincident with the expansion of the interests of Chicago, where his business activities were pursued and his home life was enjoyed.

He became vice-president of the Board of Trade, one of the solid men of Chicago, universal respect attending his advancement, universal opinion crediting him with being a millionaire, which is one of the healthiest things for credit that has ever been contrived.

His wife was sure he was a millionaire. Not that he ever told her so; far from it. Her George belonged to that class of business men who divorce, she lately, the office from the home.

He never carried any troubles home to worry her. Apparently, and in reality, for many, many years, he didn't have any. He simply went to the dry, old office every morning, like other Chicago men who pass their lives in business, with never a thought of retiring until they resignedly drop in the harness, die with a decent satisfaction in having worked hard from the time they were kids, and leave their families comfortably well off.

Mrs. McReynolds appreciated him—what woman wouldn't? Every year of their married life brought to their splendid home the daily newspaper containing accounts, more and more numerous, of rich men here and rich men there who had this excuse to take them from home to secret, disgraceful pleasures, or had that liaison, long mysteriously cherished, to startle into heart pangs some confiding, complacent wife.

But with her George there was never any excuse, never even the possibility of a disillusion or a scandal. He was always in the office or on the floor, occupied with trade, or at home, devoted to his wife.

Was there any fault to be found with him?

So far as Hattibel McReynolds could discern, none.

Even when it came to that last, crucial test, money, he was as liberal as the most extravagant of women could wish. Her regular monthly allowance was $1,000. The household and other bills that he met, always with a laugh or a friendly smile, made a yearly total, including that generous allowance of hers, which amounted to $38,000.

It went on, in the fine, free, lavish fashion, year after year. She could not make a call upon his generosity and his resources which he did not meet pleasantly, gladly—as though, indeed, he found it his greatest delight to gratify her tastes, however costly.

And never once, as so many men are liable to do, did he intimate that business was bad, indifferent or good. Business was something she need never worry about and he would never answer her with.

Her girlish fondness for flowers finally settled upon that most delicate, most poetic of blooms, the sweet, shy violet. She developed a passion for violets—thousands, tens of thousands of all varieties and of all costliness.

Violets became her charming, elegant hobby, to such a degree that she craved to be the creator of all whose fleeting fragrance she breathed. Her home, Kenilworth, did not afford her the facilities she needed.

"Well, dear," Mr. McReynolds hastened to urge her, "why not buy a farm somewhere?"

She bought the farm, at Glencoe, and he paid for it as he would have paid any other bill that might come in.

The violets came, vast masses of them, making the home one great, delicious conservatory, overflowing to the homes of the delighted friends, building up, upon an odorous, beautiful pedestal, the social position that is craved by women when they near middle age, and is to be commandeered by those who, having ample wealth, contrive to do some strikingly original thing.

George McReynolds, as head of the firm of McReynolds & Co., operated three grain elevators, an important concern, even in a centre where the grain trade draws upon territories greater than European kingdoms. Chicago at large, and Hattibel McReynolds in particular, no more dreamed of the possibility of the firm becoming embarrassed than the little cash girls in a big store dream of the possibility of white violets.

Suddenly, two years ago, came the failure of the powerful grain firm. It would be hard to find a worse failure—$800,000 of liabilities against a pitiful $250,000 of assets. It was one of those failures which could not happen unless somebody deserved the penitentiary.

Somebody did deserve it—George McReynolds. The authorities proved, beyond any doubt, that he had manipulated fraudulent warehouse receipts to procure the income which, for some time, had enabled him to maintain the heavy expenses of his wife and his home.

The wife? She stood by him with a loyalty, a devotion, a splendid faith in his integrity, that made every woman—and every man, for that matter—thrill, and, as all Chicago knew McReynolds and his charming wife's fad for violets, it was all Chicago that thrilled over the brave, fond, delusion of the will whose husband could do no wrong.

The jury convicted him, and the judge sentenced him to Joliet, with an indeterminate sentence. Throughout the the trial she sat at his side, to give him the comfort of her companionship, to hold constantly before the gaze of the jury the spectacle of a wife who knew her husband was stainless.

Joliet's doors closed upon the convict; Joliet's broom factory received another workman; twenty years of home happiness, twenty years of devotion to a lovely and loving wife, remained a memory, receding with the dragging months of the sentence, for which no period was in sight.

But outside, from the hour of December 16th, 1906, when she parted from him in the final surrender to the clutch of the relentless law, she was waiting for him to return, waiting with the firm, staunch loyalty a wife can give to the husband, whom whatever may have been his crime, has been true to her in thought and word and deed.

Waiting until March 4th, 1908. Then she sued him for divorce before Judge Gibbons.

"When did you separate from your husband?" her attorney asked.

"On December 16th, 1906," she replied, "when Mr. McReynolds was convicted by a jury for fraudulent use of warehouse receipts."

"Do you know where your husband is now?"

"He is in the Joliet penitentiary."

The judgment in the convict husband's case was handed to the court. A penitentiary sentence is statutory ground for a divorce. Mrs. McReynolds received hers in ten minutes by the clock. She gave her reason for divorcing him:

"The greatest mistake a man can make is to keep a wife in ignorance of his business affairs. Of course, he does it because he wants to shield her from unpleasantness, but it is not only a mistake, but an insult to a woman's mentality."

That is all. That is the way Hattibel Cook McReynolds decided the problem when it came up to her.

Black Watch

Chewing Tobacco

Rich and satisfying.

The big black plug.

2208

Baby's Teething Time.

When baby is teething the whole household is upset. The tender little gums are inflamed and swollen; the poor little child suffers and often cries day and night, wearing the mother out and keeping the rest of the family on edge. In the homes where Baby's Own Tablets are used there is no such worry. The Tablets alley the inflammation, sooth the irritation and bring the teeth through painlessly. Mrs. S. Williams, St. Joseph, Ont., says: "My first baby suffered terribly when cutting her teeth and the doctor could do nothing for her. I got a box of Baby's Own Tablets and they did her so much good that I cannot say enough in their favor. You may be sure that I always keep the Tablets in the house now." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25c. per box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

If you are right you can ignore the world's opinion.

TELEGRAPH TRIUMPH.

Boy Who Found His Man Amid 121,000 Spectators.

Fame has come suddenly to a Glasgow telegraph boy named William Richardson. On Saturday a telegram was received at the post office, addressed:

HARRY JOHNSTONE,
Spectator.
International Match,
Glasgow.

Nothing daunted by this vagueness, and influenced not a little by the desire to have a look at the game rather than to display his ingenuity in finding the man from Yorkshire in the crowd of 121,000, he rushed off to Hampden Park by train.

On arrival at the ground he tried the press box. Meeting with no success there he shouted himself hoarse on the grand stands.

Then he made a squeeze towards the reserved enclosure, where being rather uncomfortable, a single call or two satisfied his conscience.

Spying a place vacated by a break in on the embankment, he hied there. After shouting "Go it, Quinn," several times, he remembered "Harry Johnstone," and, calling out once more, was astonished to get a reply.

Only The Runner Up.

The best man thought he'd take a look around and see that everything was running as a fastidious bride would wish it, and up in the room where the presents were displayed, alone and unhappy looking, he came upon a youth, seemingly ready, like the wedding guest of the English poet, to "beat his breast." He was wandering about, looking at silver and cut glass without seeing them, and the best man hardly knew how to approach him.

"Er—have you kissed the bride?" he asked at last.

And the answer told far more than its two meagre words might have been expected to. It was "Not lately!"

GIVES THE RELIEF

ELDERLY PEOPLE SHOULD VALUE THIS HIGHLY.

Promptly Believes Kidney and Bladder Trouble and Rheumatism and is Easily Prepared at Home.

The great majority of men and women at the age of fifty years begin to feel the first signs of advancing age in some form of kidney trouble and bladder weakness. Few are entirely free from that torturous disease, rheumatism, which is not a disease in itself, but a symptom of deranged function of the kidneys which have become clogged and sluggish, failing in their duty of sifting and straining the poisonous waste matter, uric acid, etc., from the blood, permitting it to remain and decompose, settling about the joints and muscles, causing intense pain and suffering.

The bladder, however, causes the old folks the most annoyance, especially at night and early morning.

A noted authority in a recent article stated that he has wonderful success with the old-time "vegetable treatment." He states: "Of sixteen cases of bladder troubles and rheumatism which have been treated with this treatment only one very complicated case failed to fully yield to its remarkable influence. It is the most harmless treatment I have ever found to clean the system of rheumatic poisons; remove irritation of the bladder and relieve urinary difficulties of the old people. It is a true vitiolizing tonic to the entire kidney and urinary structure, reinvigorating the entire system."

What he terms "old vegetable treatment" consists of the following simple prescription, the ingredients which can be obtained from any good pharmacy at small cost: Compound Kargon, one ounce; Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Shake well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and upon going to bed, also drink plenty of water. This prescription, though simple, is always effective in the diseases and afflictions of the kidneys and bladder.

The Apple Before Bed.

London Globe.

The apple is such a common fruit, says a medical writer, that very few persons are familiar with its remarkably efficacious medicinal properties. Everybody ought to know that the very best thing they can do is to eat apples just before retiring for the night.

Persons uninitiated in the mysteries of the fruit are liable to throw up their hands in horror at the visions of dyspepsia, which such a suggestion may summon up, but no harm can come even to a delicate system by the eating of the ripe and juicy apple before going to bed.

The apple is excellent brain food, because it has more phosphoric acid in easily digested shape than any other fruit. It excites the action of the liver, promotes sound and healthy sleep and thoroughly disinfects the mouth. This is not all, the apple prevents indigestion and throat diseases.

The Man Who Works Hard.

Perseverance and will power he must have, but whether he has strength and vigor is another consideration. Hard working men usually have irritable nerves and should fortify their systems with a course of Ferrozone, a tonic that rebuilds and revitalizes beyond all telling. It's just wonderful the strength that Ferrozone imparts to broken down men. It forms new blood, supplies the system with abundant nourishment, and where formerly there was tiredness and lassitude, Ferrozone establishes a reserve of energy and vim. Try Ferrozone. Price 50c. per box.

Regret is bound to step in the tracks of indiscretion.