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LOVE and MARRIED LIFE by the noted author Idah McGione Gibson

Comparisons Are Always Unwise. Mother seemed to think that perhaps it wasn't just the thing for Charles and me to go down to the village the day of my father's burial, but I felt that if I did not get out of doors, I should go mad. Besides, I wanted to send that telegram to John. I wanted to bring his neglect of me to his attention and more than all the rest I think I wanted to see just how much Charlie Goodwin knew about the situation.

So I overruled my little mother's objections which were the same objections that most people give to a breach of social conventions: "What will people say?" and Charles and I started for the village.

For a long while we walked in silence, Charlie unconsciously dropping into my pace as he had always done in the years gone by. Finally he said: "Are you very happy, Kate?"

"Well, not today," I answered.

"Oh, of course I know you are grieving for your father, but you also know that I did not mean that at all. I got off the train as your husband got on. He is very handsome, Kathie, and I imagine he is a masterful man. I have been told that women love masterful men."

He looked at me rather searchingly. I met his gaze bravely, for I had determined to be perfectly honest with him.

"I don't think," I said, "that women love masterful men for husbands. At least, a woman of my temperament does not want to be able to say my soul is my own."

"And can't you?" he interrupted.

"Oh, yes, I do say it," I hastened to answer, "but it comes with a shock of surprise to John every time."

Charlie laughed down at me quizzically.

"I wonder, dear girl," he exclaimed (I gave a little shudder---I did not want him to call me Girl, my husband's pet name)---"What's the matter, are you cold?" he asked solicitously.

"Oh, my no. Not in this weather. Isn't it wonderful?" I evaded.

"Don't try to turn the subject. You know, Kate, what I was thinking about."

"If you are sure I know, what's the use of telling me?" I countered. "Simply because I think that husband of yours is a cad," he burst out indignantly. "Any man who would leave his wife under the circumstances that he left you yesterday, has no business to have a wife. And then there was the matter of the check."

"Hush, Charlie, I am not going to let you talk so about my husband."

"Then you must prove to me that he had a more serious reason than I know for leaving you."

"You have no right to ask me that."

"I have the right of a man who has always loved you, Katherine, and who always will love you, I believe I could make you happy, and I know that I would have been more tender to you than he in your grief. I should like to meet him this minute and tell him what I think of him!"

"Stop, Charlie, if you talk to me like this I must not let you go another step with me."

"Look here, Kate, you're not being honest with me. You know I would talk to you like this, and you were so lonely for sympathy that you asked me to come out with you purposely so that you could hear it. I wonder why it is that when a man marries he puts on smoked glasses, not only over his eyes but over his reasoning powers? He seems to think that there need be no more consideration for the girl he marries. He doesn't remember that the attentions he doesn't give his wife some other man will offer."

"Oh, I don't mean the consideration that most men pay to their wives in public. I mean the little thoughtful acts that a man does for his sweetheart and which he utterly forgets as soon as he marries her. Don't you think you would be the same as any other man?" I asked.

"Perhaps. That's the reason I'm not going to marry, especially as the girl I love has thrown me over for another man."

We had reached the station by this time and I filled out the telegraph blank to my husband: "In the hurry of leaving you forgot to give me check. Please wire me money immediately. I have gone for current expenses or fare home. Love, Katherine."

"Send it as a night letter," I said to the girl and again I grew indignant because in the little town even the telegraph operator knew me well and while she might not gossip I knew she would form her opinion of my husband.

However, I comforted myself with the thought that she would see his telegram in which he would send me at least two hundred dollars, and that would go far to rehabilitate him in her mind as well as in mine.

(To Be Continued.)

MOTHERHOOD

(By E. Johnson.)
O, source of life; O, channels of light!
O, mother of nations yet to be!
We hear the tramp of your unborn sons,
and we know that the world shall yet be free.

Is there anything greater in the world than a good mother? Well has a great poet of democracy said: "Through you I wrap a thousand onward years. Through you I plant the best beloved of me, and of America." Goodness and greatness are Siamese twins. Goodness, the elder, always comes leading greatness by the hand. And if you kill goodness, then greatness must die. Canada stands crowned with good mothers. She is our queen. Let us be careful that we lose not our crown.

If you plant a good apple tree you will get a good apple, unless you pluck the young fruit too soon, while it is green and immature, in which case it will wither and become a bitter poison. Let us be careful that we do not pluck the fruit in the bud and leave a worm at the core that will make it rot through and through, until it is neither good for food nor good for seed. It is only good for a fertilizer for worms. Is the heart and mind and soul of your children not worth as much as an apple?

Said the French during the war: "Our women are not, nor ever have been, innately immoral or impure. But ever since 1870 Germany has kept up a continual propaganda against the purity of France, and over a flood of indecent literature and illustrated magazines and articles to discredit us before the world and to demoralize us at home. And we, mothers of Canada, sometimes wonder who or what is carrying on, apparently, a similar propaganda against the purity and goodness of our girls and boys, the potential parents of our country's future and the civilization of our race. It is the slow, insidious developments, becoming a little worse, and a little worse, and a little worse, until the evil hand has reached such proportions that it makes it possible for such evil to continue; and every one passively submits to it like they do to influenza, consumption, or the "black plague," which decimates and reeks down the very heart and hope and health of our children.

But someone had to start a propaganda against consumption and influenza to stamp out these death-dealing plagues. And someone has got to raise his or her voice against the incoming waves from the ocean of sensuality, let it sweep over and drown out our civilization in drowning out the purity of our race." Said an actress in one of these so-called morality dramas: "Men are snakes, vultures, human beasts. I know, for I have been married four times." And as one looked at the picture of a semi-nude woman lying on a sofa holding a man's hand, and "vamping" at him, as the little girls say of the "vampire" plays that are advertised in the papers from time to time, one feels sure she must know, if any woman on earth does, for no one else could bring out "the snake, the vulture and the human beast" in

a man like one of these "vampire women" could. To the pure maiden the man she loves is a saint, a demigod, or a hero; to the pure, good, intelligent wife the husband and father of her children is the greatest, good, faithful upholder of all that is best in his age and civilization, staunch for right, true as truth, a man whom both his times and his God can trust. If he falls her and is not so good as she believes him to be---well may she never find it out! And may he never fall victim to the vampire whose husbands (four of them! One wonders how she came to have so many) became under her screen development, snakes, vultures, human beasts.

"But," I seem to hear some man or woman say, "you are talking about ideal home and ideal marriages where love exists. But what if it don't exist. What if the woman has no inspiration for the man who is tied to her?" Well, if he is capable of inspiration, and Heaven bless the man who is, he will find it in the lives of his pure sons and daughters. It will flow like an ever widening river outward to bless the sons and daughters of the race. He don't need the impure basilisk eyes of a vampire for inspiration to make of him a saint, a vulture, or a human beast. He don't need to be married (and, we presume, divorced also) four times in order to learn that is all she will ever make of him. The ancient idea of a vampire was "a dead man or woman who, though dead, found the craving of his insatiable for all the open air, wrecks the will find in the woman until they sucked his life away. Don't forget that ancient definition of a vampire. It applies to the living vampire also, a dead soul with insatiable lust and vanity, who has no heart or sympathy for all the home it wrecks or the misery it makes. Why, even Turkey, that benighted, polygamous nation, is turning to monogamy as the panacea for the awful horrors of polygamy, of which Mrs. Montgomery in "The King's Highway" say the poor "women, the purveyors of these homes are such helpless slaves of their lords and master's wishes and whims, who can write out a notice for them to leave home at any moment, homeless, shelterless, childless, without protection, or support, that the poor things are tied up for their own children if the father is treating them unjustly or cruelly. And the ones who keep the favor of the master longest are always the spying, tricky, unprincipled women who flatter the lord of the home continually and "see him up" against all his less justful, less unprincipled wives.

I have been reading many magazine articles and stories in the last few months whose trend seems to be the breaking down of the home life of the nations. These articles, etc., are written mostly by women, advocating the new freedom. We wonder how they would like that kind of freedom? But unless I read the signs of the times wrong, they will face even greater horrors than that.

Notes From Lombardy.
Lombardy, Nov. 19.---Miss Evelyn Bass has returned from Toronto and is at her home here. Marvin Duffield has purchased a farm property in the vicinity of Frankville. Miss Gleason spent the week-end at her home in Almonte. John Hamer left this week for Westport, where he will in future reside. Ellwood Joynt has purchased the farm property of Edward Doobler. Mrs. Stanley Blancher, North Lancaster, is visiting friends in this locality. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Miss Willows and Hamilton, Boyd Settlement, were weekend visitors at B. Blanchard's. Miss Myrtle Blancher spent a week recently with friends at Innisfail. A very large crowd attended the auction sale held by William Moore-

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house, on the 18th. Miss Stella Blancher, nurse-in-training in the Public Hospital, Smith's Falls, is visiting at her home here.
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