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## LOVE and MARRIED LIFE by the noted author Idah McGione Gibson

**Planning the House.**  
"Are you going over to the house?" I called to him just before he reached the elevator.  
"I am not sure yet."  
John never wants to be asked to go anywhere or to do anything that he considers would be a favor to those about him. He is generous, however, in doing things for every one in his own way and at his own time, but it never seems to enter his head that there are times when it would be a greater favor and much more generous of him to do the things that his wife or his mother wanted at that moment.

"I told you I was very busy," he said, "why don't you go over and see to the house if you want anything done."  
"I shall go later," I said, "but I have to nurse and bathe the baby and get her settled for the day."  
"I can't understand what we pay trained nurse prices for a woman to take care of Mary if you bathe her and dress her yourself. I should think some young girl could take care of her just as well as Miss Parker if you are going to do all the important things."

**Never Would Be Happy.**  
"A young girl would assume no responsibility. I would never be happy a moment while I was away. Besides, there are complications which even I would know nothing about. Two or three times I am sure Miss Parker has saved Mary from the croup by noting symptoms that meant nothing to me."

"Never mind your long-winded explanations, Katherine. I have told you two or three times I am in a hurry. What do you want me to do over at the house? You have already given me enough to do all morning in looking up this freight and getting it over to the house. Now what else have you on your mind?"  
I had forgotten about telling him

that my furniture from home had come.  
"I merely thought if you were going over to the house that you could air out the house for a little while. Oh, you have forgotten the way bills for the freight," I suddenly remembered. "Here they are."  
"I don't know whether I will have time to take care of this furniture or not," said John impatiently, and then I knew that he intentionally had left the way bills with me, thinking probably I would attend to it.  
"Oh, all right, do it when you choose. I thought you were in a hurry to get into the house," I said.

**No Time To Do It.**  
"Here, give them to me," said John, jerking them out of my hand. "I will get someone to fix it up if I haven't got time to do it myself."  
I turned in silence and went to my rooms. I had caught cold the day before and the baby was fretting. Miss Parker was arranging to keep her quiet all day.

I knew I should have to write to Charles, but it was a hard letter to compose. I still was proud enough not to want Charles to know how John had hurt me by selling the house without telling me, but I also wanted to thank him for his great kindness in buying it. Then I had to decline, delicately, the gift of it while still making him feel that I did not underrate his goodness in any particular.

I wonder how many times a woman puts on a smiling face to the world and tries to make her friends think that she is perfectly happy and content with all the things that her husband is doing and saying, while in her heart she is more hurt that she will acknowledge even to herself.  
However, I put these thoughts from me and sat down at the little writing desk in the hotel room, for writing to Charles just then seemed the duty that lay nearest me. (Copyright by National Newspaper Service.)  
To-morrow—A Letter to Charles.

## Music in the Home

**Gets Music From Saw.**  
The conventional saw has recently appeared in a new role, namely, as a musical instrument. Indeed, one of the leading novelties of a current New York musical revue is the musical carpenter, who uses his saw as a violin.

After protracted experimentation and untiring practice, Sam Moore of New York City has succeeded in getting very agreeable music from the ordinary carpenter's saw. He holds the saw handle between his legs, holds the tip of the saw in one hand and works the usual violin bow with the other. The vibrating steel blade emits soft, appealing notes, the pitch of which is varied by changing the curvature of the blade. All sorts of queer effects can be obtained by the adept manipulation of the blade; in fact, the music derived by this means can hardly be described. If anything, it resembles the human voice, then again it has the queer wall of the Hawaiian Ukelele. All in all, the effect is startling and pleasing.

**Why She Pawned Fiddle.**  
There seems to be limitations to the endurance of a musician. However kindly he may be disposed. And this was the reason why a certain musician recently summoned his wife to court.

In reciting the story of his troubles, he stated that he had endured in silence the ignominy of having to wash dishes, scrub floors, and do laundry work. This, he said, he did because, when he refused, his wife would beat him up. However, the cause that broke up such domestic felicity as he possessed, it seems was not the bottle with which he stated his wife used to comb his hair, but the theft of his fiddle, which he claimed his wife took and pawned. The wife in her defence, pleaded that the music on that fiddle had aroused in her thoughts of murder and that her husband should be thankful to her that she permitted him to live and be grateful that she had taken the violin, raised some money on it, which she stated she had expended for necessities. Her final defence, however, was to the effect that her husband was not a musician at all, but a paper hanger.

Well, a man may be a paper hanger for bread and yet have the ambition to be a musician. No doubt, the work of a paper hanger pays better than that of the musician, for the paper hangers, according to all reports, are to get a dollar an hour for an eight hour day, and only work five days a week.

**They Ejected the Organ.**  
The first organ ever used in a Scotch Presbyterian Church was built by the famous inventor, James Watt. It was a small chamber affair set up for his own use. Upon going to Birmingham to live, he left it behind him in Glasgow. There it came into the possession of the minister of St. Andrew's Church.

For some time the organ was used for week-day choir practice only. On a Sunday in August, 1807, however, an organist of the Episcopalian faith played it during the regular service. It earned the denomination the name of the "whistling hirk." The shocked presbytery decreed the use of the "hirk of whistles" contrary to the kirk law, and it was ignominiously cast out after a single service. Not until 1840 was the organ tolerated in St. Andrew's.  
The ancient instrument ejected by

the presbytery of St. Andrew's is said to be still in existence in the house of a Scottish squire near Biggar.

## Music Among the Bolsheviks.

The magazine section of the New York Sunday Worker recently carried a very interesting interview with Nina Tarasova, the Russian folk song and ballad singer under the heading "Debuts in Bolshevika." Asked for an account of singing conditions among the Bolsheviks she replied with the story of a musical day in Red Russia. "I set out for Petrograd," she began, "accompanied by the manager, who arranged for my appearances as we went along—the usual Russian method of concert touring. The state of things all over the country was at the same time dreadful and absurd, and my recitals were set in surroundings of picturesque excitement. At Krech, a lively town in the Crimea, I found a day crowded with experiences that made it an epitome of my concert tour among the Reds. So I will tell you that I arrived at Krech and found a group of Bolshevik officials at the railroad station to meet me. I was surprised and nervous at the attention of the gentlemen. They were commissars of the usual type, rough looking fellows, some in nondescript civilian clothes and some in the old uniform of sailors of the Black Sea Fleet. But they were excessively gallant, and said they had come to welcome me to their city properly and to see that I was housed comfortably. They kept their word literally with respect to this last item. The local hotel was crowded—no accommodations. The commissars picked out the best room. A gentleman was occupying it. They threw him out and bade me make myself at home. I felt constrained to obey. That afternoon at the theatre the oddest people sat in the box that formerly had been the property of the imperial officials. They were the Bolshevik commissars. They did not send a floral offering on the stage as was the old custom. Flowers were bourgeois. They sent a large bag of chocolate candy."

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