

# Marriage "Whys"

Always Must Be a Sort of Lottery

By HELEN OLDFIELD

**M**OST MARRIAGES begin with a "Why?" and the woman who says that she long ago had given up trying to understand why anyone, man or woman, married anyone else was in her day and generation in that she had learned the great lesson that it merely is waste of nervous and mental force to perpetrate oneself with questions the answer to which always must be "I don't know."

Since none, against their will, can be forced into matrimony, the natural supposition is that the great majority of people marry because they "want" them. They are "in love" and "poged." But why? From the nature of things marriage is and always must be more or less of a lottery. But even in lotteries some degree of prudence is possible, some precaution may be taken. Yet in marriage this is only a dome. The mere expression "falling in love" implies a sort of predestined helplessness, a tumble which neither may be foreseen nor prevented.

It safely may be asserted that few people, however worldly wise in other matters, exercise any marked degree of cool and sober judgment in the selection of a partner for life. Hardly any man, infatuated with a woman, stops seriously to consider whether or no she will make him a good wife; fewer still is the number of women who, fascinated by a lover, pause to ask if he will be a good husband.

A cynical character in a modern novel remarks that it makes little difference who you marry, since after marriage, in all probability, you will find that there are many more who wish that their wives were more like the girls whom they married; a still larger number of women who find their lot quite different from the husband into whom they develop.

In a general financial sense the average husband is a whole bundle of psychological rubbish. Every one, of course, is sorry for the man with an unresolvable, spendthrift wife, but does he deserve sympathy who merely to cover the necessary expenses, may be most carefully planned, of the home which he so thoroughly enjoys and where he insists that everything shall be "just so"? He suffers much, poor man, for he likes the best and hates the price of it. It is not so with the wife. How often she helps other people, especially women, through money. No, not even in the face of a carefully kept account book.



# The Mirror of Fate

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Dorinda Mills carefully studied the front door bell and removed the gate wicket. She liters to a safe place in the woodshed. Then she closed and locked the old-fashioned wooden shutters that no mischievous boy might construct a serrate-irritating "tick-tack" noise that would attract attention.

"I guess those boys did mighty little to play with me," she thought. "I'm brown," remarked Dorinda as she completely opened the weekly newspaper.

Behind the little house, the October wind blew cries through the dead wood and whirled defiantly down the well-moisted chimney. The door of the sitting room was snug and warm with a blating fire on the hearth and the cherry light from the green shaded lamp falling on Miss Borden's lawn and pretty blue dress.

Suddenly, out of the commonplace paragraphs of the office happening, a few lines sprang out as if writ in letters of fire.

DORINDA, FULLEN OF THE SOUTH CITY, HAD BEEN SPENDING THE EVENING AT THE THEATRE. SHE HAD BEEN SEEN BY HER NEIGHBOR, MRS. J. B. BORDEN, AT THE THEATRE. SHE HAD BEEN SEEN BY HER NEIGHBOR, MRS. J. B. BORDEN, AT THE THEATRE. SHE HAD BEEN SEEN BY HER NEIGHBOR, MRS. J. B. BORDEN, AT THE THEATRE.

The paper rattled to the floor while Dorinda stared unseeing at the leaping flames in the grate. The first light glared upon the shape and faded into the shadows.

Her first impulse to Dan Fuller's door was to see that the arrangements for their wedding on Monday were in order. She had been before the date and the broken engagement that she had seen in the paper for the city, where he buried his

body. She had seen in the paper for the city, where he buried his body. She had seen in the paper for the city, where he buried his body.

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## Getting Back to Farm Life

By R. CHANDLER

It has been said that farms can be purchased (sometimes) with a payment as low as \$300. Granting that—but it's not common—the interest on the money, the best land at \$125 to \$150 an acre, a team must be purchased, which will cost from \$200 to \$400, and three good horses will be necessary on 80 acres and more in proportion to the size of the farm.

Harness costs from \$30 to \$50 a set. A wagon costs \$50 without tax or necessary racks. Harness must be bought. Horses must be kept shod.

Then there is the necessary machinery—plow, drag, seeder, corn planter, corn blower, hay rake and loader, grain binder and so forth, as well as paths, strainer, can, milk cans, shovels, hoes, and countless other necessary articles. A trawler costs about \$2 and milk cans \$2.50 each.

Even after buying all these things you haven't a cent to give for a pig. Good cows cost from \$45 to \$60. Sows ready to farrow are worth from \$25 to \$30 each, and it is almost impossible to get them at that price. Hens cost from 50 cents to 80 cents each.

Eighty acres are all one man can work successfully and he has got to be a good one to do it.

One can run about 15 cows on 80 acres. At present prices farmers receive 2½¢, about a quart for milk delivered at the Borden or Bowman plants—not a very big price when city people have to pay eight cents.

Burdies, if one buys them on contract, taxes, necessary repairs and improvements. If you lease the rent will come in the end if you take a place on shares you simply eat.

The country needs more married men to work on the farms. It is found that while they will give money, they will not give their own hands.

This is a boy who has been there in all stages of the gutter.

Dorinda never had admitted to herself that she still loved Dan Fuller, but she had not been able to get away from the fact that she had never existed in her life and pulled herself out of it. She had been away, living alone in her girlhood's home, and she had never been able to get away from the fact that she had never existed in her life and pulled herself out of it.

For the first time in 15 years she had barricaded herself against Hallway's overtures. The recurring anniversary of her wedding day always drove her back to the fact that she had fought down the desire to marry Dan Fuller. The young couple had been the youthful countryside played piano.

She was glad to be alone with the newspaper paragraphs about Dan Fuller's marriage. Who could it be that she had chosen from among the wood girls—the faintest daughters of the village—the little girl who had answered? Perhaps one of the pretty school girls who had been at the party.

There were guarded footsteps on the front porch and then the bell gave a long, slow ring. The door was open and their usual meeting. The bell gave a long, slow ring. The door was open and their usual meeting.

## When Buffalo Meat Cost But Little

By R. BELL  
Chicago

There has been a great deal said about the beef trust and the high price of beef, but I think we are a little too apt to talk about lowering prices, as we wontonly killed off our best supply of meat from 1855 to 1872, when our western buffalo practically was made extinct. In Kansas the buffalo roamed by thousands each to the Colorado line. Then the hunters would come in and kill the buffalo as fast as they could. The buffalo was a little less than the hind quarter.

Some of the hunters would cut up and dry the meat in the sun. The bizzards would then drop down in large fields and eat all that was left. We would haul the bones, hoofs and horns to the nearest railroad, where we got 85¢ a ton for the bones and 80¢ a ton for the horns and hoofs.

It was very hard to get even this small amount of money, for we farmers were very poor at that time.

But it was too bad to kill off the buffalo by the hundred. The buffalo people had to get as much as could be found and all the feet they needed was buffalo grass that grew from six to eight inches high. They got fat on this.

In order to get water for the herd to drink about four or six of the buffalo would get together and with their horns dig a hole in the prairie about ten feet around and six feet deep. When the rain came the "buffalo wallow" would fill up with water.

But besides the buffalo steaks we had other meat, such as antelope and rabbit, but even these were killed off too rapidly and the prairie was left. The last of the buffalo was killed in 1875 or 1876. Buffalo meat once sold in Kansas at two to six to eight cents a pound.

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