

Marriage "Whys"

Always Must Be a Sort of Lottery

By HELEN OLDFIELD



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

Since now, against their will, can be forced into matrimony, the natural supposition is that the great majority of people marry because, like "Society Dams," they are "dis-posed" to. But why? From the point of view of the man, there 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 rarely is done. The mere expression "falling in love" implies a sort of predilection 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 chronicle in a modern novel remarks that it makes little difference when you marry, since after marriage, in all probability, you will find that you have married some one else. It scarcely can be disputed that there are many men who wish that their wives were more like the girls whom they married; and still larger number of women who find the lover quite different from the husband into whom they develop.

An domestic financier the average husband is a whole bundle of contradictions. He is a miser and a spendthrift. He is, of course, as a rule, for the man, with an unscrupulous, spendthrift wife, but does he deserve sympathy who merely has to pay the necessary expenses, maybe most carefully, of the home which will be as thoroughly enjoyed 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, neither can he be un-derstand. But other people, especially women, get through money. No, not even in the face of a carefully kept account book.



Getting Back to Farm Life

By B. CHANDLER

—a plow, drag, seeder, corn planter, corn plow, corn binder, mower, hay rake and loader, grain binder and so forth, as well as pairs, strainer, cans, canvas to cover, rods, shovels, hoes and countless other necessary articles. A stranger costs about \$2 and milk cans \$2.50 each.

Even after buying all these things you haven't a cow, pig or chicken on the place. Good cows cost from \$45 to \$80. Pigs rarely to farm from \$25 to \$30 each and it is almost impossible to get them at that price. Hens from 30 cents to 50 cents each.

Eighty acres is all one man can work successfully and he has got to live a good one out to that.

One can run about 15 cows on 80 acres. At present prices farmers receive 35 cents a quart for milk delivered at the Boston or Bowman plants—not a very big price when city people have to pay eight cents.

Besides, if one buys there is interest, taxes, necessary repairs and improvements. One must be sure that he will come out even if he takes a place on which you simply exist.

The country needs more married men to work on farms.

Incidentally I would like to know how many prints of butter can be found that will weigh one pound and cost less than 10 cents.

This is by one who has been there in all stages of the game.

When Buffalo Meat Cost But Little

By D. BELL

eat all that was left. We would not have been able to get the nearest railroad, where we got \$5 a ton for the bones and \$8 a ton for the horns and hoofs.

We were very glad to get even this small amount of money, for we farmers were poor at that time.

But it was too bad to kill off the buffalo by the hundred. The buffalo gave as fine meat as could be found and all the feed they needed was buffalo grass that grew from four to eight inches high. They got fat on that.

In order to get water for the herd to drink about four or six of the buffalo would get together and with their horns make a hole in the prairie about ten feet across and ten feet deep.

But besides the buffalo skulls we had other meat, such as antelope and rabbits, but even these were killed at too rapidity.

The last of the buffalo was killed in 1875 or 1876. I have seen a few Buffalo meat once sold in Kansas at from six to eight cents a pound

The Mirror of Fate

By CLARRISA MACKIE

Dorinda Mills carefully studied the front door bell and removed the gas from the hinges to a safe place in the hall. Then she unlocked the door and entered the old-fashioned wooden shutters that so seductively might conceal a surreptitious "lick-back" behind the window.

"I guess those boys will find mighty little to play the match with this Italian fellow," murmured Dorinda, as she complacently opened the weekly news.

Outside the little house, the October wind blew crisp and cold. The dead leaves and shrill whistles down the side-mountain chimney. The door and sitting room was snug and warm with a blazing fire on the hearth and the heavy light from the green-shaded lamp falling on Miss Dorinda's brown hair and pretty blue dress.

Suddenly, out of the commonplace paragraphs of the village happenings, a few lines sprang out as if with lightning.

"DANIEL PULLER, of NEW YORK CITY, HAS BEEN SPENDING TWO YEARS WITH HIS WIFE THERE AT THE OLD HOME—STREET, 17, NEW YORK CITY. THAT THE PULLER WILL RETURN TO CHURCHMAN, AND AMONG ELMWOOD FAIRBANKS, CHURCHMAN."

The paper rattled to the floor while Dorinda stared uneasily at the leaping flames in the fireplace, where bright pictures took shape and faded to give place to others more numerous and more beautiful.

Her first response to Dan Puller's letter was to read it over and over; the preparations for their wedding on the morrow, the day after tomorrow, before the date and the broken engagement that followed. Dan's departure for the city, where he buried his life.

"Yes," she said, slowly, "I remember everything—everything and because I did remember I came back tonight—I am going away to-day, and now we must leave on an extended western trip—will you forgive me, Dorinda, I must marry him and go along, too?"

He drew nearer and caught her in his own arms. "No—no—my dear child, I have loved and loved you ever since we were away and so I am in the house and—white—we used to all three, Dorinda, you remember?"

Dorinda could not help but say, "It is not much like the friend I remember. I am not the girl I used to be, and I am not the same."

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