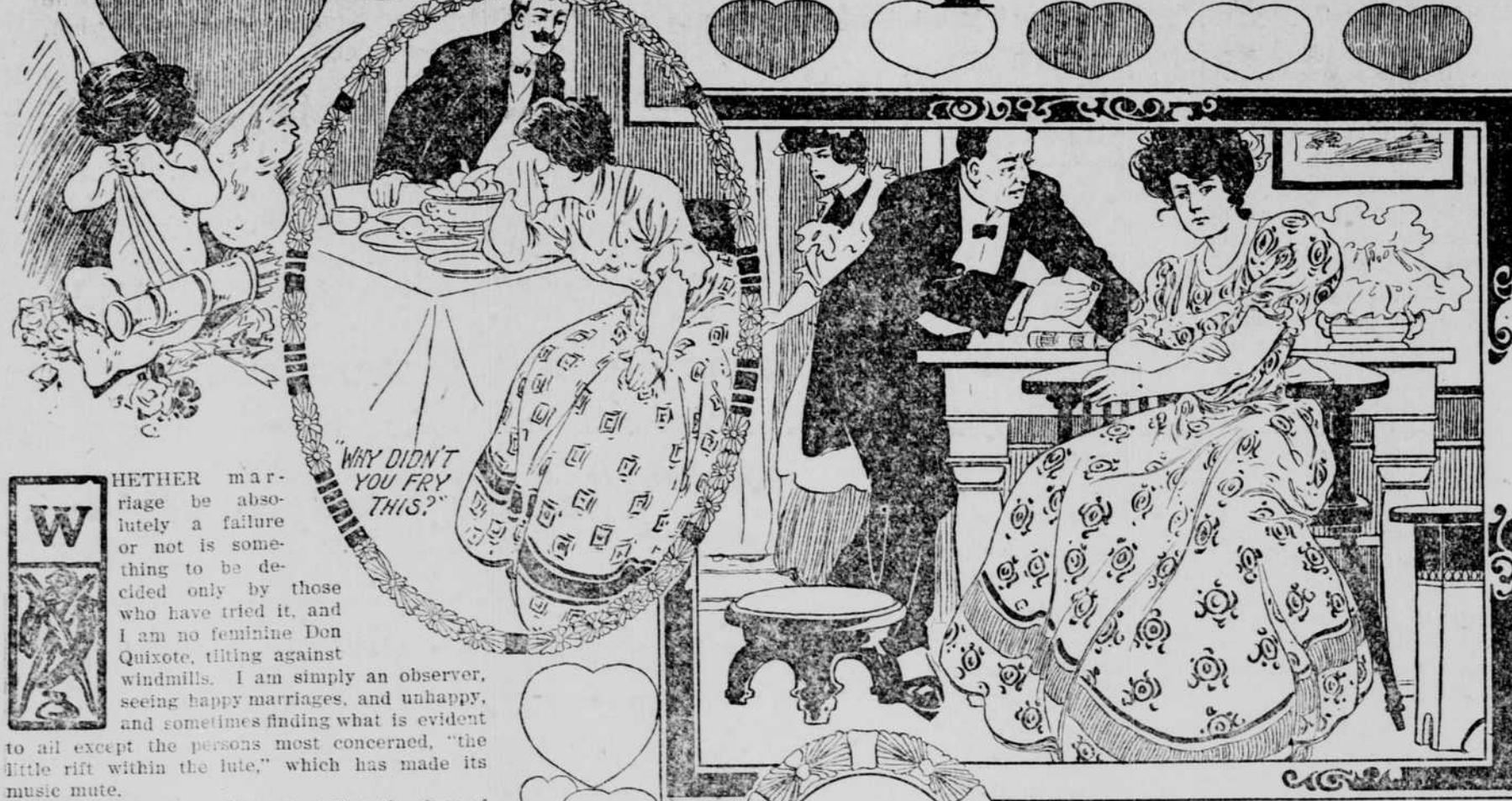


# WHY MARRIAGE SEEMS A FAILURE

BY (Miss) DORA MAY MORRELL



**W**HETHER marriage be absolutely a failure or not is something to be decided only by those who have tried it, and I am no feminine Don Quixote, tilting against windmills. I am simply an observer, seeing happy marriages, and unhappy, and sometimes finding what is evident to all except the persons most concerned, "the little rift within the lute," which has made its music mute.

It might be said at the outset that the fact of asking all over the world if marriage is a failure

HE WENT WILD OVER THE MOST INNOCENT LETTER MARRIAGE SENT ME



Is not proof that it is a success, nor is the excellence of an institution proved by the few cases but by the many. The few but prove the possibility of success where there is more often but slight measure of it.

No one who has considered the matter thoughtfully can doubt that marriage at its best is the perfect life, ideal in its relations and in its development of the best type of man and woman, but, unfortunately, that a thing may be is not the same as that it is.

To an outsider, one of the strongest arguments against matrimony is the number of those who try to get out of it. Being tied is in itself a condition trying to an erratic temperament, for you are never so eager to get away as when you know you can't.

I have watched devoted lovers grow into indifferent partners, and also have seen most beautiful marriages grow from rather commonplace wooings, so the advance stage seems not much of an indication what the future will give.

One of my girl friends said to me of her fiancé: "I am not one of the silly girls who cannot see faults in those they care for. I can see them all the plainer because I love, and though I have hunted very hard for them, I can't see a fault in Joe, and so I know he hasn't got any." She and Joe got married and went their loving way. Some years later I met her, and in the course of conversation she surprised me by saying: "No, of course, I don't tell Joe everything, the way I used to. Men are so stupid they never understand, so it is foolish to tell them and get into a fuss."

"Do they grow stupid after marriage?"

"Well, they may not, but they seem to. Why, Joe nearly went wild over the most innocent letter that a man sent me, and he happened to find, I've told the maid again and again never to bring my letters to the table, but to put them in my bureau drawer, but she is so careless. One often has letters she doesn't wish her husband to see, bills and things of that sort."

Now, it is hard for me to imagine marriage a success in which one party to the contract has such a feeling as that. Marriage, it seems to me, is one of two things, either a business contract, or a union founded upon sentiment, and if deceit enters into it one party or the other is not living up to the agreement, however smoothly things may seem to go. If it is a business concern, each partner has a right to the confidence of the other, and so long as sentiment enters into it there will be the same interchange of interests between married couples as between the engaged. The rule holds as good whether applied to man or to woman.

Another of my friends loves her husband devotedly, she says. She has no secrets from him—nor from anybody else—not even those she ought to have, for perfect faith does not necessitate telling a man every foolish little thing, nor passing on to him something some girl friend has told her. When of an evening her husband puts on his coat to go out this evening: "Why, Harry, are you going out this evening? Where are you going? What are you going for? Who else is going? What makes you go? You can think of me waiting here alone until you get back. I shall sit up until you get home."

Think of a self-respecting, able-bodied and minded man being subjected to that every time he goes out of the house. Could you bear it, oh, sister woman, if he put you through like questioning? Why should a man or a woman be required to give an account of all the moments as they fly? Speaking of human beings from my own standpoint, I should say there is nothing dearer than freedom of the individual, and nothing much harder to bear than any infringement upon it. I consider being questioned almost the unpardonable offense on the part of a friend, yet, left to myself, probably I should tell him or her all I knew; but quizzing me always results in my telling nothing, and there must be others like that.

Something of this kind I said to Ella, and that to ask a man so much seemed to me like an indignity. She replied: "How funny you are! Why should he be object to telling me if he isn't going where he is ashamed to have it known? Am I not his wife and entitled to know all he does?"

"He probably might tell you without your asking if you gave him a chance, but anybody with an atom of sense would object to being forced to tell every time he turned around and why."

"If he loves me he ought to be willing to tell me so little a thing as that."

What are you going to do with a woman like that to live with every day—love her? Yes, but you will come to the conclusion that dumbness is not without some compensations.

Once I was visiting a friend who had been the most romantic and sentimental of girls. When she was first married she wept bitterly because her husband said another woman was the handsomest one he had ever seen.

"No other woman ought to be so handsome to a man as his wife, however she looks," sobbed she, as if a man lost his eyesight when he married. Wouldn't you suppose a woman would lose confidence in her husband's judgment if he thought she was the most beautiful of women when her mirror told her she was not?

While I was at this friend's home her husband told at dinner of something funny that had happened that day in the office, addressing his remarks directly to her. She made no pretense of listening, and evidently did not hear a word.

"You don't seem to see anything funny in that?"

"Oh, I never listened to it at all. I thought likely it was as stupid as the stories you usually tell"—ruder in her manner as in her words. She often sighs because marriage is so different

from the girl's dream, yet she never blames herself for any part of the failure. Still, as she could speak before me and her children with this lack of courtesy to the man whom she had sworn before God to love and honor, she may not be wholly free from fault. Should you, present lovers, call the marriage in which such as this was a common occurrence, a success or a failure?

In the course of my wanderings to and fro I have often spent some time at a house where there never has been a meal finished without some fault-finding by the master thereof. This is not due to ill-cooked food, for the wife prepares good dishes and sees that the cook does likewise. If the chicken is broiled, "Why didn't you fry this?" If it is fried, "Why wasn't it broiled?" Or perhaps the complaint will be that chicken was cooked at all when he wanted fish. The vegetables were always over or under done; something that he wanted and had not spoken about had not been prepared. Maybe it would be: "I've been trying ever since I was married to

teach Polly to make bread, but it seems impossible for her to get it into her head," and the bread is as light and sweet as bread ought to be. Heaven help the woman whose husband thinks he can cook, and help her doubly if at the same time he has the grumbling habit!

If you sat at the table three times daily to such remarks, you dear little bride of the future, what would life be worth to you? Yet this man has been much loved of women and has made three wives happy—or miserable?—well, conscious of a few of their defects, let us say. But to some women it would be bitter bread.

that had that flavor; one would be as comfortable walking on tacks as living with a man who is never suited, never praising, but always finding fault.

I have never seen an instance of a very happy marriage when the woman was the bread winner, if the husband were a strong, well man. If a woman makes a home and cares properly for the husband and children who should be in it, loose. Whatever she does outside is just so much taken from the strength and thought that belong rightly to the home and its inmates. From the beginning it has been woman's part to care for what the man provided, and this instinct is rooted back many centuries, and is a part of the human race to-day. So surely as it is violated for anything, but the greatest need the woman and the man suffer for the violation. She grows to despise the man who does not provide for her—and he loses his self-respect.

The woman who works with all her might to help a man make money, makes a great mistake if she is seeking happiness, for the money is bought at the cost of the character development in tenderness and unselfishness that the man needs and gets when he looks after his wife as he wants to when he marries. It should be some very strong cause that leads her to take from him this right to an unselfish manhood. The woman who makes a true home does more for the man than she does by going into the labor mart, and she cannot do both.

It is true that the happiness of married life depends a good deal upon the woman—more, I think, than upon the man—because her strength lies in just and proper using of the powers of heart and spirit. Of course, men sometimes are trying and dense, but I have seen most unpromising material made into husbands who were delightful and the envy of women who had not known or cared how to use what was theirs to build with.

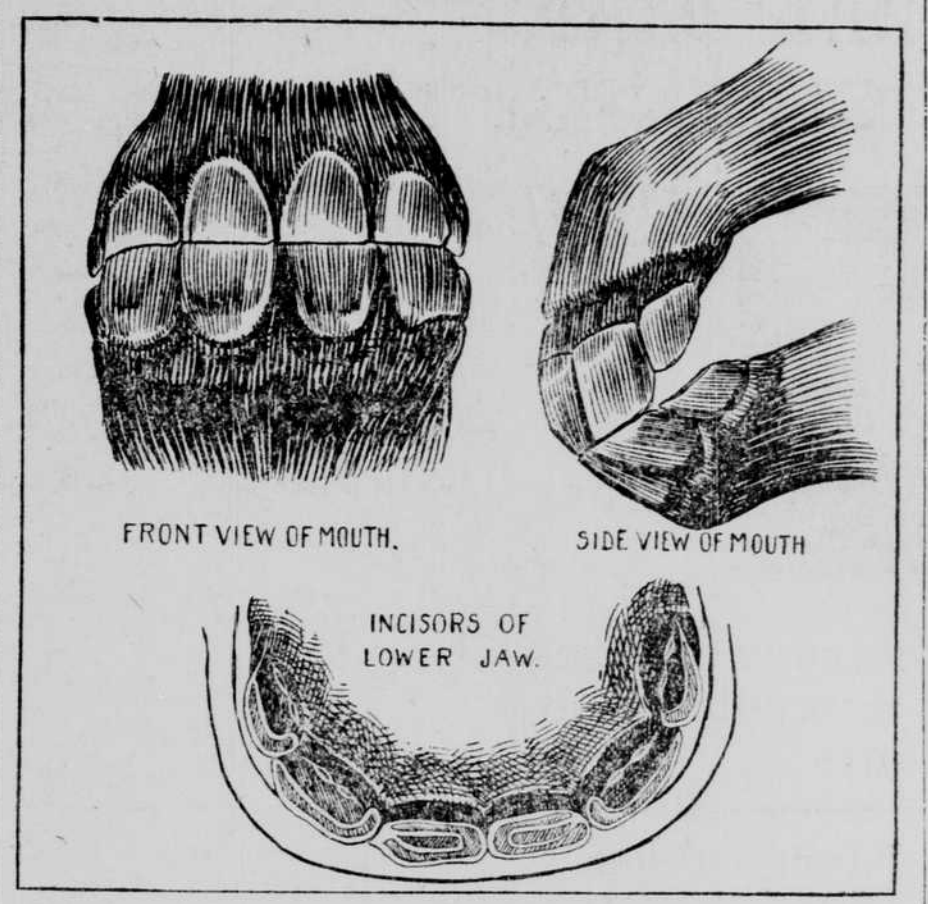
One cannot be happy with an unbearably jealous man who suspects his wife at every turn, but the man with minor faults, such as asking "What did you do with the 50 cents I gave you last week?" may be cured by the right handling.

It may be hard to be happy if you have black eyes and hair, when your husband takes pleasure in calling your attention to beauties with blue eyes and golden hair, and tells you how he always admired that style of beauty, but think what a compliment he paid you in preferring you in spite of his fancy for another type of comeliness.

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## AS TO THE TEETH OF A HORSE

By Them You Can Tell Its Age.



In the domestic animals the teeth change in shape, appearance and character as age advances and these changes being fairly regular furnish a means of determining age. The horse, like other animals, has two successive dentitions. The first are called the temporary or milk teeth, because they are soon shed, and give place to others that are stronger and more solid. It is from the front or incisor teeth that age is judged. At one year old the

## NO, BUT HE USED TO BE.



"Are you interested in things psychical, Mr. Dubbs?"

"No, Miss Culchaw; I haven't wheeled any since the chainless-gear safety came in."

**A Subtle Difference.**

Mrs. Blank, wife of a prominent minister near Boston, had in her employ a recently engaged colored cook as black as the proverbial ace of spades. One day Mrs. Blank said to her:

"Matilda, I wish that you would have oat meal quite often for breakfast. My husband is very fond of it. He is Scotch, and you know that the Scotch eat a great deal of oatmeal."

"Oh, he's Scotch, is he?" said Matilda. "Well, now, do you know, I was thinkin' all along dat he wasn't des like us."—Woman's Home Companion.

**Mrs. Pinkham, of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., together with her son, Arthur W. Pinkham, and the younger members of her family, sailed for Naples on May 29th for a three months' tour throughout Europe and a much needed vacation.**

**The Very Way.**

"I don't understand an expression in the book I have been reading, pa; how do you get 'over the bay'?"

"By taking a schooner, my daughter."

## YOU'RE TOO THIN.

Even Slight Catarrhal Derangements of the Stomach Produce Acid Fermentation of the Food.

## It's Stomach Catarrh!

Some people are thin and always remain thin, from temperamental reasons. Probably in such cases nothing can be done to change this personal peculiarity.

But there are a large number of people who get thin, or remain thin, who naturally would be plump and fleshy but for some digestive derangement. Thin people lack in adipose tissue. Adipose tissue is chiefly composed of fat.

Fat is derived from the oily constituents of food.

The fat-making foods are called by the physiologist, hydrocarbons. This class of foods are not digested in the stomach at all. They are digested in the duodenum, the division of the alimentary canal just below the stomach.

The digestion of fat is mainly, if not wholly, the work of the pancreatic juice. This juice is of alkaline reaction, and is rendered inert by the addition of acid. A hyperacidity of the digestive fluids of the stomach passing down into the duodenum, destroys the pancreatic fluid for digestive purposes. Therefore, the fats are not digested or emulsified, and the system is deprived of its due proportion of oily constituents. Hence, the patient grows thin.

The beginning of the trouble is a catarrhal condition of the stomach which causes hyperacidity of the gastric juices. This hyperacidity is caused by fermentation of food in the stomach. When the food is taken into the stomach, if the process of digestion does not begin immediately, acid fermentation will take place. This creates a hyperacidity of the stomach juices which in their turn prevent the pancreatic digestion of the oils, and the emaciation results.

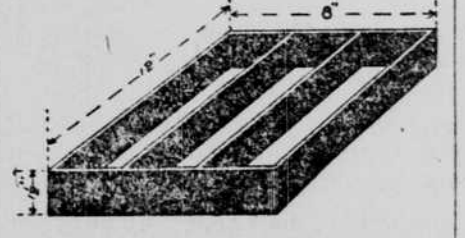
A dose of Feruna before each meal hastens the stomach digestion. By hurrying digestion, Feruna prevents fermentation of the contents of the stomach, and the pancreatic juice is thus preserved in its normal state. It then only remains for the patient to eat a sufficient amount of fat-forming foods, and the thinness disappears and plumpness takes its place.

## WHY CREAM IS OF POOR FLAVOR

By Prof. Otto F. Hunziker, Purdue University.



There are many causes that lead to the production of poor flavored cream, such as the feed given to the animals, inattention to cleanliness in the operation of milking, the care and handling of the milk and cream, and, after it is drawn, the method of creaming itself. The buttermaker that has absolute control over the cream from the time it leaves the separator has also control over the separating itself, can give it the attention which is necessary if the best quality of butter is to be produced. Many, if not most, of our hand separator or gathered cream plants produce butter that does not grade as high as that produced by the whole milk plants, and while that is true the fault is not with the separator itself. There is no reason why the hand separator cannot produce as good cream, as good butter, as the cream that is separated at the creamery if the cream is properly taken care of; but the trouble is the separator is not taken proper care of in many cases, and the cream is not cooled down to the proper temperature. Where the hand separator receives



Metal Frame on Which Milk Pails Are Set in Stable to Keep Them Out of the Dirt.

dilution system it is worse yet. The temperature is usually high, the water used for diluting the milk usually pollutes the cream as well as dilutes it, and the germs will get in the butter and help to deteriorate it very rapidly.

**Sell Unprofitable Poultry.**—There is a limit to the profit-earning of a chicken, and it must be sold when the limit is reached, or before. Unless a bird is growing into money or laying eggs or hatching chickens, it is a dead expense. Therefore, sell your hens after they have quit laying; sell your young cockerels while they are in the frying stage at about two pounds in weight; and sell all the breeding stock that you do not want for next season as soon as possible.

**Haying Tools.**—If the harvest and haying tools were not put in repair last fall it will be a pretty good plan to look them over and order new parts now.

**Bees on the Farm.**—Bees help to make the crop and pay the farmer for the privilege. They are little trouble and may be the source of a good income.

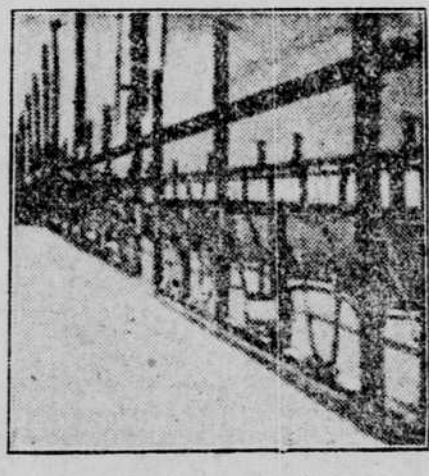
**Burning Straw.**—The burning of straw and stalks, except in special cases, is a wasteful practice and has no place in judicious farming.

**Don't Overfeed.**—If the two-year-old hen is to be kept for laying this coming winter, she should not be permitted to become fat.

**Pick Best Layers.**—The chief value of the hen is for egg production. Find out which hens are the best layers.

**Take Heed.**—"Whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Take heed to this old proverb.

**Go Slow.**—Do not try to keep too many varieties of fowls just for farm poultry work.



Ideal Dairy Stable.

proper care, where it is cleaned after every separation (which should be done), and where the cream is cooled down immediately after separation to as low a temperature as possible, say 60 degrees or lower, and where the cream is held at that temperature until it leaves the farm, is shipped to the creamery in clean, sweet cans at least three times in the summer and twice in the winter, there is no reason why good butter cannot be made from hand separated cream.

When you come to the gravity system the proposition is a different one. Take the deep setting system, for instance, the cream is 36 hours old to start with, usually is not in the best condition, often it is sour and sometimes tainted; the same in the case of the shallow pans, and to a greater extent because the creaming was done at a temperature at which

## WIFE AS A COMPANION

A distinguished author says that a woman who cannot read or write, but who makes her home and husband comfortable, is a far better wife than a girl who can speak six languages and does not know how to cook a dinner and keep a house clean, says a writer. Unless a bride's brains are turned to domestic account they are of very little practical use to a husband.

of "book learning," shaky in her spelling and a shocking housewife, too! After all, to be clever and to cultivate one's mind—without neglecting cookery and the domestic arts—makes a wife a more charming companion to her husband.

### Character.

Character is consolidated habit, and habit forms itself by repeated action. Habits are like paths, beaten hard by the multitude of light foot steps which go to and fro. The daily

restraint or indulgence of the nature in the business, in the home, in the imagination, which is the inner laboratory of life, creates the character, which, whether it be here or there, settles the destiny. Men forget what life is for. Their consciousness takes in only the flimsy, transient, passing show. They forget that experience is the only important factor. That character is worth more than all else the world can possibly yield—the very object of all materials, of circumstances.—Western Catholic

**Libby's Food Products**

**Libby's Veal Loaf**

is made of the best selected meat, scientifically prepared and evenly baked by damp heat in Libby's Great White Kitchen. The natural flavor is all retained. When removed from the tin it's ready to serve!

It can be quickly prepared in a variety of styles and nothing makes a better summer meal.

In the home, at the camp, and for the picnic Libby's Veal Loaf is a satisfying dish, full of food value that brings contentment!

**Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago.**