

Is Marriage a Cure for Love?

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.
A frightened young person named "Flower" writes me this letter:
"I once believed I could never fall in love with any man; now I find the impossible has happened. But I am not happy, though I love him—oh, so much. He loves me, too, but I have a terrible fear of marrying him, for I have heard from many people that love gets colder after you marry and all the ecstasy is gone.
"I want my boy to love me more and more as I married, and I'd rather be dead than married to him if he is bound to tire of me. I have a feeling as if something cruel is bound to happen if we marry. I am making my sweetheart and myself both miserable. But I am afraid—so please help me. I am only eighteen."
Eighteen, wants the world to be clouded in romance and fragrant with mystery. Twenty-eight knows that the practical bread and butter side of existence is fairly pleasant and very necessary. But when 38 talks about its dead longing and its buried dreams in a sordid tone, life begins to seem a cruel and destructive place to poor frightened 18.
Life is change. Everyone who has begun to live at all can look back upon days that were different than those of today, upon dreams that have gone, upon feelings that have altered.
But isn't growth change? Who would want to keep the trees forever in blossom in spite of the beauty and fragrance of the swaying white boughs? Who doesn't want the fruition and realization of the fruit? In the stark and grim nakedness of the winter branches there is the promise of the green bud?
Why, then, should any of us long to have love which is so completely part of life, exempt from all the rules of the universe?
Of course, love changes with marriage. The uncertainty goes. The glamor and the mystery fade. The wild thrill cannot be kept. But in their place come the joy of belonging, the beauty of ambitions shared, the completeness of a rounded existence.
No one would be insane enough to try to live on meringues and fruit sauce. No one can get on thrills and excitement and order.
But two who love perfectly—with understanding and unselfishness and generosity and the desire to help each other to fine manhood and womanhood—achieve something lovelier than the peaks of ecstasy they have left. They find a sunny dwelling in the fields of contentment, and now and then they have moments of achieving again the heights on which they could not breathe if they were forever to remain there.
Love grows cold if no fuel is fed the fires. If a wife is slow to give her husband can't retain his illusion that she's the sweetest girl in the world, can he? If she nags from morning till night and finds fault with all that he does he can't believe her a perfect angel of loveliness, can he?
To keep the fires brightly lighted, unselfish devotion and fine daintiness are needed. Many a woman—having made port o' matrimony—thinks her life's voyage ended and sits rocking serenely in fancied security. She forgets that life is change. She doesn't try to interest or stimulate or charm or understand or share the life that is going on at her side.
Does love grow cold with marriage? Of course, if its fires are not tended. It dies with laziness and fancied security. But the beauty of the effort that's required to keep a living, breathing thing is that the fight and struggle and chase which all human nature craves goes on. If marriage were too certain—too cut and dried—wouldn't it be a bore?

Saving Room
It is a present day departure in small houses and small apartments to build without a dining room. The plan was first tried in apartments where it was found that a limited space could be used to better advantage if it was made into one good sized living room and a kitchenette than if it were cut up into three small rooms—kitchen, dining room and living room.
So recently suburban dwellers who have been limited to three rooms on the first floor of their house have often decided in favor of a living room, a study and a kitchen, or have turned the entire space outside the kitchen into one really spacious room.
There are advantages to be gained thereby. But there are also disadvantages. That is, there are snares for the unwary. It seems like a device for the maidless, but sometimes it is an arrangement that works out better where there is a maid than where there is none. For it is not always easy to keep the traces of meals and meal getting in the kitchen, save just when the meal is wanted. Sometimes in the maidless household it is a distinct advantage to have a room devoted to meals that may be shut off save at meal times.
The difficulty can be minimized, however, if you have sufficient shelf room in the kitchen. Moreover, if you like you may have a chest of drawers or cabinet of some sort in the study or living room where meals are served that will serve as a repository for table linen, silver, etc., without suggesting its function as a buffet.
A substantial tea wagon also is an advantage. It may be brought in to act as serving table while the meal is in progress, and then wheeled out to the kitchen afterward.

Dash Curtains
Have you ever used two sash curtains on the full-sized window in place of the longer one? It gives a very pretty effect and makes the raised window possible without having the curtains ruined. "Hopping" against the ledge. Place a rod at the top of each window portion and slip the sash curtain on them. When the lower sash is raised the curtain goes with it, still the window space is covered. This also simplifies greatly the laundering process.
The German settlers of Pennsylvania—or Pennsylvania Dutch—made the first scrapple, from corn meal, to which are added scraps of pork.

HOLDING A HUSBAND


Adele Garrison's New Phase of Revelations of a Wife

Why Madge Carefully Told Lillian Everything That Had Happened.
There is something in every woman, I think, which revels in a dramatic surprise. I know that I am no exception to the rule, and I could not resist the chance which Lillian gave me when she declared that the telephone message which had sent me to the house in Hempstead might, for all I knew, have come from Grace Draper.
I stooped to my switch key and turned off the engine of the car. I knew no better place for a quiet chat than this almost deserted country road. Indeed, I had no desire to attempt driving until the coming explanation to Lillian was over.
"As it happens, the message did come from her," I said quietly, "but I didn't know it until I reached the house and found her there."
I have always thought it impossible to startle Lillian—but she changed color and grasped my arm so tightly that I winced. When later I speculated upon her evident excitement I explained it by the fact that she was off guard with me, while when dealing with any opponent she always keyed up to hear anything.
"You actually saw Grace Draper?" she demanded.
"Saw and talked with her for several minutes," I returned.
"And she let you go unharmed? I can't believe it. Why, I have just convinced myself—"
She stopped short, and I knew that I would not hear the rest of the in-advantaged sentence. Instead, she settled herself in a corner of the seat, resting an elbow upon the back of the seat and her cheek against her clenched hand.
A Little Question.
"Tell me all about it," she commanded quietly.
I waited for a long minute, silently marshalling in my memory every slightest incident of the trip, and the telephone message leading to it, for I knew that no detail was too trivial for Lillian's attention when she was surveying a problem. Then I told her in minute detail everything that had happened from my summons to the telephone to the time when I drove away from the house, leaving Grace Draper upon the veranda. When I had finished she remained silent, motionless, for a long minute.
"So that's her game," she said meditatively at last. "Well, you've got to slip it to her! She's there, 40 ways from the jack!"
Her tone indicated utter disbelief in Grace Draper's sincerity. The memory of the girl's face and of the promise I had made her urged me to a protest.
"But, Lillian," I said, "she really

seemed repentant and sincere, and I promised, you know—"
"Yes, you did that little thing," Lillian observed dryly.
I flushed painfully at her irony. Lillian bent to me, placing her hand tenderly over mine.
"Look here, my dear. Did you ever find me knowingly unjust to anyone?"
I flashed a loving look at her.
"You know that I think you're the most generous being on earth," I said impulsively. "It isn't that I don't trust your judgment, but—you didn't see her—"
Lillian's Request.
"No, worse luck," Lillian interposed, and there was a vicious little snap to the words.
"And—and—I couldn't bear it, if she were really sincere, and I didn't keep the promise I made her," I stammered the last words under Lillian's searching gaze.
"I'll tell the world," she announced as I finished, "that you're the damndest combination of common horse sense and infantile credulity that I ever saw in my life! Or perhaps it's that introspective Puritan conscience of yours, so afraid you'll do something not according to the schedule worked out for you by a million generations or so of stiff-necked ancestors. But whatever it is, it makes taking care of you a man's job."
She paused, patted my hand reassuringly, then went on argumentatively:
"Look here, Madge. You know or suspect that your friends have been keeping close cases on that girl ever since she was released from prison—and I'd like to go on record as re-

marking of all the asinine criminal acts, her release was the absolute human limit. Let me tell you, now, that she has justified our espionage more than once since she got out, notably—"
She stopped short again, switching off at another tangent. Again I had the impression of something left out—something which she did not wish to tell me as yet.
"I want you to trust me, my dear," she said abruptly. "You've kept your promise to her. You've told me everything that happened, and you've made your appeal for her. I am perfectly willing that you should repeat that appeal to Hugh Grantland and Allen Drake, and Harry—if you ever see him—any time you meet them. But, I ask you now, leave the handling of Grace Draper to me, and—keep out of unknown places alone."
I returned the warm handclasp she gave me.
"You know I'll do whatever you think best," I said.
"Good!" she returned. "Now let's go home."
(Continued Monday.)

Parents' Problems
How can a boy of 14 be helped to be polite?
This is a difficult age for a boy. He is usually overgrown, and feels organization consisting of one colonel, one lieutenant colonel, two majors and four captains, first lieutenants (even though he may not look it) awkward, "all hands and feet." Very often he seems rude, when he is only blundering. Be patient with him. Say little, but set a good example. He will grow manly as he grows less self-conscious.
On a new electric flash light is a swivel clip to allow it to be hung in any position.



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Where It Started
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