

Married Life the Second Year

BY MABEL HERBERT URNER.

Monday, Oct. 23.

Dear Mother:
You write that my last letters have been merely notes about Winifred and the apartment, and that it has been months since I have written anything about Warren or myself. And you fear things are drifting back to where they were before I came home to you last spring.

That is true. I have not told you because it could do no good. But it seems to me that every day we are growing farther and farther apart. For a few months after he brought me back he tried to be gentle and considerate. But gradually he returned to his old habits of coldness and irritation.

It has been days since he has given me a voluntary caress, and he only tolerates mine. Sometimes I wonder if he loves me at all.

But there is no one else—of that I am sure! Always I hug that thought and try to comfort myself with it. If he does not love me, at least it is not because he loves any one else. He is absolutely true to me and I believe he always will be.

When I think of how many husbands are affectionate to their wives, and yet unfaithful to them—I wonder which is the better way. I wonder if those wives would not gladly change with me, if they would not prefer the loyalty of their husbands to any protestations of love.

I suppose it is Warren's nature to be cold, just as it is mine to be affectionate. And I am trying to become reconciled to that. But his irritability is very hard to bear. It seems to me that I spend most of my time trying to appease him to keep him from being annoyed at some trivial thing or from being angry with me.

It is a pitiful commentary on Married Life that a wife must be constantly straining to keep her husband in good humor and yet that is what it has come to.

Mother, sometimes I wonder if we have reached this stage in two years, what it will be in five or ten? Do you suppose the time will come when we will not be together. Oh, I'm afraid of what the future may hold. If there was only something to look forward to, something which might happen, which would bring us nearer together!

Before Winifred came I thought that would—and it did for a while. For a few months we were very, very happy. But it did not last, and now if there should be another child it would be the same way. It might bring us together for a while, but I know he would soon drift back again.

And then when I was so desperately ill at home this spring, and father and that long talk with Warren, I thought that would help—but you see it didn't last. That is the desperate part of it all. Even though something may happen which might bring him nearer for a time—it would not last. He would soon drift back to his coldness and irritability.

I suppose some women have to make their children fill their lives. When they give up hoping for the affection they want in their husbands, they try to satisfy themselves with their children's love. Perhaps in time I can do this, but I cannot now. I love Winifred, but she does not fill my life. I want the love of my husband, and it seems to me nothing in the world will compensate for the—

WARREN RETURNS.

There was a sudden sound in the hall. Helen looked startled. Surely it could not be Warren. It was not yet four!

She ran to the door. Warren stood with his back to her, putting his gloves in the pocket of his overcoat, which he had just hung on the hall rack.

"Why, Warren, has anything happened?"

"Happened? Can't a man come home when he wants to without anything happening?"

"Why, yes, of course, dear, but you never come home so early."

"Well, I've got a ripping headache today, and I stood it down there at the office about as long as I could."

"Oh, dear, I'm so sorry! Can't I do something for it?"

"Now, I don't want to be fussed over I just want to lie down and sleep if I can."

"Don't you want me to fix the bed—or would you rather lie down on the couch?"

"I'll lie on the couch in the front room. Pull the shades down in there, and stuff something in that blamed telephone so it won't ring about the time I get to sleep."

Helen darkened the front room, took the uncomfortable velvet sofa cushions off the couch, and put in their place a cool linen pillow from the bed room.

Warren, who had gotten into his smoking jacket and slippers, lay down and she covered him with a steamer rug.

"Oh, I don't want that thing," throwing it off. "It's too hot and wooly."

"Then I'll get something lighter."

**GIRLS! GIRLS! TRY IT.
BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR**

Make it Thick, Glossy, Wavy, Luxuriant and Remove all Dandruff.

Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after a "Dandierine hair cleanse." Just try this—moisten a cloth with a little Dandierine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt and excessive oil and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair.

Besides beautifying the hair at once, Dandierine dissolves every particle of dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair.

But what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use when you will actually see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair and lots of it surely get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Dandierine from any drugstore or toilet counter, and just try it.—Adv.

Love and Death

By Nell Brinkley



Maybe it was the cold, wild wind that whistled outside and the dreary skipping of dry brown leaves that made the Cynic talk like this. But so he did—and this is what he said—pushing back his hair that is growing as gray as the Winter-time snow will be: "I passed a couple of blissful and mad lovers down the street under the cedars. She was in furs and as rose as any man might dream of. He was an upright chap in a bright Mackinaw, with clean, dark face, still washed with his Summer tan, topped by a soft green hat. And they never looked at the ground for bumps; and they never looked to right or left; and they

never looked at the sky—they just walked along like sleepwalkers feeling their way, looking into one another's faces. Their eyes and their lips were happy—they seemed to have a lot of things to smile and blush over. I stopped short and watched them. They never saw me. And I discovered an unconscious envious note in the Cynic's grumbling voice—and they seemed to be having an awfully good time. And it all made me think: Did you ever think how Love plays on the edge of a precipice? Flowers and grass bluer and greener than any in another place grow right up to the edge. Dressed in their best—she in her dancing

chiffon, he in his evening clothes—they blow bubbles into thin air—myriads of rainbow bubbles called DREAMS. The sun falls on them and their bubbles, gleaming on her hair, lighting his eyes, striking fairy colors that never were real on sea or land from the bubbles that she blows for him from a golden bowl—so they amuse themselves like a pair of children on the loveliest spot in the loveliest fashion—but on the EDGE. For Death looms smiling and patient, reluctant to smash their bubbles and stop their play—but waiting. Have you ever thought of that—that Love plays on the edge of things—and Death stands over them every hour?"

I smiled at the Cynic. "Of course I have," quoth I. "Of course I have—but who cares? Death looms smiling for YOU, too—lonely man who forswears Love for fear of losing it. I would rather—when I slipped off the edge—have had the grass and the flowers and the sunshine—the bubbles of tender color called dreams—the space of perfect youth and tide, blind play—than not, my friend. Of course, I've thought of that—but neither I nor the rosy girl in the furs, the chap in the Mackinaw, worry about that."

"You're wrong," crumbled the Cynic. But he didn't tell how.

—NELL BRINKLEY.

She brought out a silken comforter and tucked it about him.

"Oh, my dear, your face is so hot—I'm afraid you're feverish. Don't you want me to put a cool cloth on your forehead?"

"No, I don't," drawing away impatiently. "I told you I just wanted to sleep. And you see that none of those infernal bells wake me."

"All right, dear—I'll muffle the bells and we'll be very quiet."

She went out, closing the door after her softly.

"Mr. Curtis has come home with a very bad headache," going into the kitchen where Della was ironing.

"He's in the front room trying to sleep. Now be very careful if you go through the hall and don't make any noise."

ANOTHER LETTER.

Taking some soft tissue paper, Helen muffled both the telephone and the door bell. Then she went back to the kitchen to tell Della not to put on the roast; that she would order a chicken and some asparagus, two things Warren was especially fond of. And I'll make that myself.

When Helen went back into the sitting room her unfinished letter lay on the desk before her. She took it up, reread it, then slowly tore it across. Then she tore it again and still again, until it lay in small strips before her. Then taking a fresh sheet of paper she wrote:

Monday, Oct. 23.
Dear Mother—I was glad to get your letter this morning. You say I have written the briefest notes of late, but that is because we have been moving and I have been so very busy. If I write mostly about Winifred it is because I know you are so much interested in her. But I will try to do better after this and write you longer letters.

I am glad to hear that Edith Stoddard is to marry George Clapp. You say his father has taken him into the store now. Well, that ought to have a steady effect. I do hope he will make Edith a good husband.

You write that Uncle Tolliver had

bought the old Melvin place, but you don't say whether they are to move there or not. I'm afraid Aunt Lydia would never be satisfied out there.

I have just finished a little linen dress for Winifred and have trimmed it with the crocheted lace you sent me. I had enough for the skirt, neck and sleeves, but need just five inches more to go around the little yoke. But I'm going to crocheted that myself. The pattern looks very easy, and I think by reviving back a scallop I can get it.

What thread did you use? It looks like forty, but I'm not sure.

I have a new shirt waist pattern that I like very much. I have cut it off and am sending it to you. You will see it's very simple and it fits very well.

Warren has just come home with a bad headache and is lying down in the front room. I must stop now to make some wine jelly in time to have it well iced. Even if he does not want any dinner perhaps he will eat some of that Love to Father and Aunt Mary Winifred sends a kiss to all of you.

Lovingly your daughter, Helen.

Remedy as Bad as the Disease.

On the seventh of February I contracted a severe cold followed by a cough and final loss of voice. I tried many remedies, none of which did me any good. I then went to my family doctor and he swabbed my throat five or six times with some abominable stuff. I think it was beneficial, but the remedy was as bad as the disease. At last the thought struck me—why not try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I did so, and this morning my voice is fairly good and is gradually growing better.

"I think it was beneficial, but the remedy was as bad as the disease. At last the thought struck me—why not try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I did so, and this morning my voice is fairly good and is gradually growing better."

"I think it was beneficial, but the remedy was as bad as the disease. At last the thought struck me—why not try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I did so, and this morning my voice is fairly good and is gradually growing better."

"I think it was beneficial, but the remedy was as bad as the disease. At last the thought struck me—why not try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I did so, and this morning my voice is fairly good and is gradually growing better."

"I think it was beneficial, but the remedy was as bad as the disease. At last the thought struck me—why not try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I did so, and this morning my voice is fairly good and is gradually growing better."

Richmond of Today Contrasts

Strongly With Town of 1806

Sketches Written by Pioneer

Editor's Note—In the last ninety or one hundred years time have changed in many respects. Rabel rousing political gatherings are not as much in evidence as they were in past presidential elections. Mr. Hoover relates incidents connected with the presidential campaign of 1840 when, he says, reason, argument and common sense yielded to hard cider and a state of drunkenness and demoralization. He says the Democrats looked on in amazement at the "tom foolery" of the Whigs and tells of the election of General Harrison and Captain Tyler.

In the presidential campaign of 1840 commenced a new era in politics. Reason, argument and common sense yielded to log cabins and hard cider and a state of drunkenness and demoralization followed that beggars description. Male and female, young and old, priest and rowdy, mingled in one common mass and the animal obtained a complete mastery over the man.

These rabel rousing gatherings were kept alive from March until November and hundreds and thousands considered a journey of one hundred miles a trifle and the scenes of "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too" called for a torch. When the Whigs commenced this "tom foolery" the Democrats looked on with amazement. It was to them a new scene in the play and they thought such an excitement to such an extreme could not be lasting and

that they would soon break themselves down or break themselves up.

Harrison Elected.

The cry of hard cider had a powerful influence, especially when plentiful.

LAXATIVE FOR OLD PEOPLE—"CASCARETS"

Salts, Calomel, Pills, act on Bowels Like Pepper Acts in Nostrils.

Get a box now. Most old people must give to the bowels some regular help, else they suffer from constipation. The condition is perfectly natural. It is just as natural as it is for old people to walk slowly. For age is never so active as youth. The muscles are less elastic. And the bowels are muscles.

So all old people need Cascarets. One might as well refuse to aid weak eyes with glasses as to neglect this gentle aid to weak bowels. The bowels must keep active. This is important at all ages, but never so much as at fifty.

Age is not a time for harsh physics. Youth may occasionally whip the bowels into activity. But a lash can't be used every day. What the bowels of the old need is a gentle and natural tonic. One that can be constantly used without harm. The only such tonic is Cascarets, and they cost only 10 cents per box at any drug store. They work while you sleep.—Adv.

ously diluted with whisky. And the result was the election of General Harrison and Captain Tyler. In taking the census of the north half of the country I found much difficulty in obtaining proper answers to the statistical questions, growing out of Whig ideas. In this ridiculous campaign church organization was a secondary consideration and the cause of Christ suffered a loss, which to this day it has not recovered. The spirit of party rivalry of power, had assumed such a frenzied position that had a gathering of the people at the same time and place been agreed upon that a meeting of lions and tigers would have been a comparatively pacific gathering.

The year 1842 was an eventful period in my history and had I the use of language I would paint in never fading colors the incidents which it brought to my view. From the days of my boyhood I had heard the warning voice of an unseen teacher, a hand that I could not see was continually beckoning me to walk in the paths of piety and in them would I find safety. Being naturally of a lively temper and often drawn into the company of the wicked and the vain amusements of the world, yet the unseen hand was true to its past beckoning me to leave such simple associates and become a disciple of the Prince of Peace.

Although I often traveled in torrid, den paths and did despite to the spirit of Grace, yet in the calm seasons of reflection, in the still watches of the night I felt constrained to say, "this force must be changed, it will never do to die so." These serious reflections were often like letters written in the sand. Sunshine and company drove them from my heart.

Read Infidel Writers.
Some twenty years ago I read Matthews Tindal, Thomas Paine, Voltaire and Volney and since I have read other infidel writers, become skeptical, advocated the doctrine of universal salvation, sometimes was ready to acknowledge the truth as taught by those very liberal believers and cared very little for universalism and was reckless in regard to any faith or mode of worship.

But with all my readings and with each desire to be relieved from the doctrine of endless and future punishment I could never rest satisfied. There was always a warning voice, admonishing me to return, repent and live. The evidence that there is a just for the people of God and a state of blank despair for the ungodly, was to my mind an undeniable truth. Under these convictions the doctrines of Universalists and kindred sects were dismissed.

In the next place I took up the doctrine of morality, filling Heaven with such who never committed abominable acts of wickedness, making saints of those who never worshipped God, who

never professed to seek after, nor know him in the forgiveness of their sins, who, in short, done no good, but who have not been found guilty of base and damning crimes, but I soon found that this rest was not the rest the apostles spoke of. He said: "We have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous," and he said "We have passed from death to life."

Which would not have been necessary had a sentimental life only been necessary to obtain that rest.

From the years 1838 to 1842 I lived under no church organization. My seat in the meeting house was vacant and when I was mildly admonished of my duty, as the head of a rising family, I generally made my defense by pointing at the dirty spots in the character of some member of the church. Something like the Pharisee, rejoicing that I was not of such hypocrites.

No Church Connection.

I had a gossamer company of associates, was full of political news and anecdotes and considered myself, in the enjoyment of happiness, superior to the quiet meekness that go to the true gentility.

On my arrival at Nolandtsfork where I now reside, I formed a determination to carry out my doctrine of morality. I also came in contact with the Episcopal Methodists. There was preaching, near at hand, every two weeks, and occasionally I took a seat in their midst. I often felt the force of their arguments but turned their appeals off by a quiet apology, that at some more convenient season I would give them a more thorough examination.

Objected to Slavery.

I had, moreover, objections to their mode of worship, their exciting discourses and more than those, their toleration of war and slavery in the church. Although they have nearly cleaned their skirts from slavery by the operation of the great cessation of 1844, yet the rights of self defense and a compliance with the laws of the land, requiring members of the church to march in armies and slay and kill, is not prohibited. I do not believe that Heaven can be propitious to the manslayer and that the cause of pure and unadulterated religion is much retarded by the toleration of such unmitigated wickedness.

An imitation of the famous Travertine marble, from which the palaces of the Roman emperors were built, is being used to make the statuary and the covering of the exhibit palaces at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. The composition is a gypsum, rain proof and of unfading color; in tint it is a faint ivory yellow and is as smooth and hard as marble.

ROYAL Baking Powder Absolutely Pure

There is a remarkable interest in Home Baking and Cooking throughout the land.

This is a most encouraging indication that the battle against impure, improper food is going to be won.

The credit for the victory will belong to the women of the country.

Home cooking has the backing of science and the approval of fashion. It adds to housekeeping a pride; to our food, healthfulness.

It is acknowledged by experts, and by the women who know, that the best cooking in the world to-day is with the aid of Royal Baking Powder.

Holland Furnaces Make Warm Friends "ASK ANY LUCKY OWNER" If You Buy, Build or Own—It Pays to Have

A Holland Warm Air Furnace
"The Heart of the Home"

Has fewer joints, smaller joints, is simpler and easier to operate than any other make. It will burn any kind and all grades of fuel—be it coal, wood, coke, brick or wood—without waste of gases, without internal explosions and without opening up joints. You can buy a cleaner, heating plant than a Holland Furnace.

The Holland Furnace, size for size, will give more heat from fuel consumed than any other furnace on the market, because it has the grate surface, the radiation and the most perfect and natural way of burning fuel. Sold under a Double Guarantee from factory direct to consumer.

We have fifty branch offices and warehouses in the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan. We can absolutely insure correct installation by experts.

Send for Beautiful Catalog

Holland Furnace Co.
Holland, Mich.

R. D. CUMMINS
31 North 9th St., Phone 2780

Largest Direct Installers of Furnaces in the World