

Heart and Beauty Problems

By Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a girl 19 years old. My mother made me marry a soldier boy who is only eighteen. I have to work every day, sick or well. When I come home at night, my mother, father, husband, sisters and brothers treat me very badly.

I did not want to marry this fellow, for I did not love him. I loved another boy and I was going to marry him, but he was in another state. He says he still loves me.

I don't love my husband and I don't know what to do.

TROUBLED AND WORRIED. You have told me so little of your case that it is difficult to advise. It seems to me that your whole life should not be spoiled because of this mistake.

If you have the money, consult a lawyer and see if he thinks a divorce is advisable and if you are entitled to it.

Something must be wrong with your own attitude since every member of your family seems to be against you.

Even the worst in life can be born

She Married an Average Man

BY ZOE BECKLEY

As we sat this evening in the cozy lamp-light of our big living room it occurred to me that marriage had taken on a new seriousness, a permanence I have never felt before.

"Jim," I said suddenly, as I snipped off a needful of silk to work a brier stitch, "have you always thought of our marriage as permanent?"

Jim laid down his scientific magazine and came over to pinch my ear.

"Well, I should say I have—rather. What put such a weird idea into your head, Carrot-top? Don't you consider it so?"

"Never till now, I honestly believe."

"Jim—As I look back it seems to me I always lived in the present. I never saw beyond whatever was in hand. I never thought of building anything. I always felt that if our marriage went to pieces it would just have to be that's all, like so many others."

And I tried to establish myself in some work that would insure me a living if we separated. I never felt the least bit certain, Jim, that we would make a success of it till lately."

Jim studied me attentively a moment as if to decide whether I was in my right mind or needed the services of a neurologist; then, inclining to the former belief, he answered:

"Then I guess that is the reason we came near making a bungle of it, Ann," said he. "What we don't need permanently we don't build carefully. The bridges and trestles I draw plans for are designed as if they were to stand forever when we place them. Anybody can throw together a plank footbridge—or a trial marriage. It takes a real engineer to make a cantilever or a suspension—and it takes real character to build a lasting marriage."

Both the bridge and the marriage serve about the same good purpose—to take people from one side of something, across all sorts of dangers, to the other side. People who always stay on one side of anything are undeveloped. People who try to cross without using the bridge are foolish."

This was a long and complicated speech from old Jim. But it delighted me, somehow. Once on a time Jim would have disposed of my remark with a mere growl or a grunt.

"But, Jim, why do so many couples declare they never could stay together if they felt they had to always? The fact of feeling bound makes them want to fly apart."

"It only has that effect upon the

superficial, selfish people," retorted Jim. "Given a fair amount of conscientious, normal intelligence, and no bad vices on either side, any man and woman can make their marriage successful if they keep the idea of permanence in mind. But only if they do."

As soon as they begin to regard it as something they can slip out of any time, a thousand differences come up, selfishness grows rampant, characters go undisciplined and quarrelsome tendencies run wild."

"I wonder—I wonder if that is true?" I murmured, not realizing I spoke aloud.

"You bet it's true!" said Jim earnestly. "You know Stevenson's line: 'Marriage is a field of battle, not a bed of roses.' He would have called it an outpost skirmish if he hadn't had the permanence idea, Ann."

Jim bent down and raised my face between his hands.

"Do you know, girl, what makes me happiest of all about this—this—well?"

"—this chap you're making these fluff for?" I shook my head. "It is because nothing in the world makes marriage so permanent as a kiddie."

Yet a faint little ghost of my old-time doubt and rebelliousness sent a tiny shiver over me.

(To be continued.)

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