

## STORY OF A GIRL WHO LOVED HER HUSBAND SO MUCH THAT SHE GAVE HIM TO ANOTHER WOMAN

By Harry Burton.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 2.—"But once let these lives be lit by the flame of a common aspiration, and out of their homeliest experiences will spring a new-born



Marion Craig Wentworth.

joy. They will long throughout the day for the evening hour which they may pass together, in which the comfort and the sustaining power of unselfish love

may arm and equip them for the next day's tasks. Each brings new matter for the other to ratify, rich experiences from the world of men, shot through with the illumination of a high purpose, until their union widens and deepens into a broad river of comradeship that shall overflow the barriers of death at the world's end and pierce the unknown blackness unafraid! This is the TRUE marriage—the marriage that will endure as long as man is man and woman is woman. But the world does not know it yet. Only here and there we catch a hint of it in radiant lives—in lives which are not yoked together without love."

In his frantic effort to capture this dream of love—a dream which a few months ago he thus publicly described before a great audience of women in Carnegie hall, New York—has Dr. Franklin H. Wentworth, noted writer and lecturer, rushed out into the rude world and blindly left the divine little god sitting cold and lonely right by his own cheerless fireplace?

Most persons who have just learned of the socialist doctor's secret marriage with Miss Alice Chapman, following the discarding of his first wife, the brilliant dramatic interpreter, Marion Craig Wentworth, agree that the earth boasts no greater woman than the deserted Mrs. Wentworth.

Marion Craig Wentworth left solitary in her home in Cam-