EL PASO HERALD

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The Best Missionary Field

THE publication of the first list of condemned houses and their owners in The Herald Thursday, as supplied by the city health department in its report to the council, should be only the first instalment of a long continued story. The Herald will print all the names of owners and the location of condemned houses as fast as reported to the council by the board of health. This is one of the most effective means that can be devised to bring about improved conditions in Chihuahuita. The houses in which the Spanish speaking people live are usually owned by large landholders or else they are built by the tenants on leased land. In any case the landowners are responsible, morally if not legally, and it is the landlords that will have to be reached if there is to be any general and permanent improvement. In this work, public sentiment and fear of public censure may be more effective than law.

The city health officer and his associates are entitled to great credit for the thorough work that has been done recently with a view to getting rid of the uninhabitable tenements. The reports show that half the "homes" in a great area are "uninhabitable," while an even greater number are "unsanitary." This is a bald statement, damaging to our pride, but necessary to drive home in order to impress the public with the frightful conditions we have been tolerating here. For more than ten years The Herald has been continually pointing out the state of affairs down there and urging corrective measures, but until now there has never been any thorough official investigation or report, and the public has been almost hopelessly lethargic.

The death rate in the Chhiushuita district is higher than the death rate in a section of equal area in any city of the United States—a terrible indictment against the neglect of which we have been guilty. This fearful state of affairs is due mainly to the unsanitary conditions of living down there, and these are due to neglect by the city authorities through one administration after another, and to neglect of public education along sanitary lines.

The death rate among infants in the Mexican quarter is appalling, and is chiefly responsible for lifting the average death rate above any other congested region of human habitation in the United States. The work inaugurated this year by the Woman's Charity association in establishing a school for mothers, baby clinic, system of visiting district nursing, and supplementary education for the youngsters is one of the most civilized things we ever did for ourselves and our neighbors. The work under Miss Franklin's direction has been wholly successful, and has returned definite results in the way of saving life and bringing about improved conditions of living among the poor.

The baby saving service has been carried on with remarkable economy and efficiency, and it deserves to be continued during the coming 12 months mainly at the public expense. The city and county can well afford to contribute each $100 per month toward this work, the balance of the needed $3000 per year to be made up out of private purses.

No expenditure of public money is more truly in line with economy and proper function of government, for the result of this work is a direct saving of human life, preventing illness and shortening periods of inactivity. This reduces the demands on other public charities while accomplishing better results than all the routine public relief work, because this baby saving work, visiting nursing, nursing, and school for mothers, are mainly preventive of illness and death, thus conferring permanent benefit, while much of the public relief in other channels is temporary and in no way corrective of evil and dangerous conditions.

Bryan says he is not going to run for the presidency again, at least some of the papers are so quoting him. Has Bryan really tumbled to himself or has some reporter had a dream?

The working rules of big corporations for the use of employes often represent the boiled down wisdom of the ages. The St. Louis street railway company has posted a rule instructing conductors to make no answer to an angry woman.

Deming, N. M., has $170,000 worth of new buildings under construction at this time, including every class of structure from residences to schools and public buildings. The city is thriving as never before, and with the remarkable development of the farming industry Deming is sure to become one of the strongest cities in the new state. There is also a good chance that she will become an important smelting center for the ores of the Silver City district. El Paso grows as her sisters grow, and Deming's prosperity is watched here with deep interest.

"From Galveston To Seattle"

GALVESTON to Seattle—the great route long dreamed of, will soon become a fact. The Hill roads, including the Burlington and Colorado & Southern, are making the necessary extensions in Colorado and Wyoming to fill in the gaps. It is estimated that $12,000,000 to $15,000,000 will be spent in improvements on the new transcontinental line. Some of the construction work in Colorado will cost $100,000 a mile, but the traffic facilities created will make good on the investment. When the improvements are completed the Colorado & Southern will have an unbroken line from Wyoming to Fort Worth, and affiliated lines will give the through line from the gulf to the north Pacific.

The activity in new construction illustrates the truth of the declaration often made by practical railroad men that a large proportion of railroad combinations are decidedly beneficial to the public and are not to be hastily condemned, outlawed, or interfered with at the behest of an element to whom the very name corporation is hateful. Time was, when the passenger from New York to Baltimore, 200 miles, changed cars, transferred his baggage, and bought new tickets eleven times en route. That was in the days of independent railroad systems.

That South American revolutionist, Gen. Christmas, is a regular Santa Claus about dropping revolutions into the stockings of certain rulers.

"The philosophy that would glorify the future by lying about the past is the devil's philosophy," says the Congregationalist, a religious denominational paper, referring to the demand of the "peace movement" that accounts of wars be excluded from all school histories. The idea of the peace advocates is that such teaching warps the young mind and makes men bloodthirsty. Sure thing—now stop teaching physiology in the public schools and maybe there will be no more measles and bad teeth; perhaps we would better explain that the last remark is not to be taken by the reader with entire seriousness, for we don't want to get into any religious argument until the mercury goes down a bit.

UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

THE SCHOOLMARM

THE teacher in the country school, expounding lesson, sum and rule, and teaching children how to rise to heights where lasting honor lies, deserves a fat and handsome wage, for she's a triumph of this age. No better work than here is done beneath the good old shining sun; she builds the future of the state; she guides the youths who will be great; she gives the childish spirit wings, and points the way to noble things. And we, who do all things so well, and of our "institooshuns" yell, reward the teacher with a roll that brings a shudder to her soul. We have our coin done up in crates, and gladly hand it to the skates who fuss around in politics and fool us with their time-worn tricks. In congress one cheap common jay will loaf a week, and draw more pay than some tired teacher, toiling near, will ever see in half a year. If I was running this old land, I'd have a lot of statesmen canned; and congressmen, and folks like those, would have to work for board and clothes; I'd put the lid on scores of snaps, and pour into the teachers' laps the wealth that now away is sinned, for words and wigglejaws and wind.

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Beatrice Fairfax On When a Man's Deeply In Love

I KNOW a man who has set his heart on winning a girl who declares that she likes him, but will never be in love with him. He fell in love with her before he went to college, and he has now graduated and is in business. During the last five years he has never wavered in his devotion.

At times, six months would pass without his seeing her, and mutual friends of his and the girl would say: "Well, at last H—— has become discouraged and given up."

Then H—— would reappear as quietly and as devotedly as ever.

He will win, I fancy, through sheer perseverance and making himself necessary to her.

"He makes me so angry," she said, one day with a vexed laugh. "He is always on hand when I want anything. I'll have to marry him, in spite of myself."

He'll Win by Determination.

He never changes, never shows jealousy of any of the many men attentive to her, but I know he must have times of depression, for sometimes his lady love is a haughty girl and leads him a fine dance.

If grim determination can win, then I think he will get her. She does not realize how much she depends on him and, if he were to look at another girl, she would be the most astonished girl in the world.

Once I advised him to try that, but he shook his head and said, "No; I must win her by making her love me, not by making her jealous."

There is one item of information that I can give to any young man who is having trouble in winning the girl of his heart, and that is that all girls like a man to be earnest.

If she refuses your proposal, don't take her "no" for final.

She may be half frightened, and not quite know her own mind and not quite knowing what to say, she says "no"—and then cries her heart out because she said it.

Don't be afraid to ask her; there is no disgrace in being refused; very few men marry the first girl they ask.

If you have no prospect of being able to marry, under four or five years, you have no right to ask a girl to become engaged to you.

A Big Salary Isn't Necessary.

A large salary is not necessary to happiness; but you should be confident that you can support a household before you assume the responsibilities of a married man.

Don't propose the minute you discover you are in love; wait a week or so, and, by that time you will be still more in love or less so—in either case it's wise to wait.

If one girl turns out to be a heartless flirt, don't conclude that all girls are the same, for they are not.

There is a good mate for every man in the world, if he only has the sense to recognize her when he meets her.

Wait for your mate, young man, or, better still, go look for her and don't fling your heart away on the wrong woman, just because her eyes are blue and her cheeks pink.

Your real mate may not be the least bit pretty, but she is the right woman for you just the same.

Winifred Black ON The Dear Forties

I KNOW a woman who is miserable absolutely miserable.

The first part of the summer she had the blues; she was so bored at home, she said. So she went and had a lot of smart frocks made, bought some astonishing hats, and nobody dares guess how many pairs of fascinating shoes, and slippers, and pumps, and boots, and all the rest of the things that go with it.

And she went away—to be happy.

She went to the seashore, where there were a lot of gay people and where she could hear all the news, and where there was dancing, and automobile riding, and surf bathing, and tennis, and love-making, and gossiping, and jealousy, and all the rest of the things that go to make up a gay life at the gay seashore.

The woman I know came home two weeks before we expected her, and she was bluer than ever.

A friend of hers, who was with her, told me all about it.

"Yes," said the friend of hers, "her clothes were pretty, and she changed them three times a day, and she dio her hair the very latest way, and she really is an expert swimmer, and one of the best tennis players I ever saw; but nobody went swimming with her, and the only person who asked her to play tennis was an elderly man with an invalid wife; and, somehow, she didn't dance much at the hops.

"Pretty? Yes, she's pretty enough; but she's out of the dancing and swimming and tennising age, and she won't admit it.

"Now, I had a glorious time I took up with the prettiest little girl in the place, chaperoned her everywhere, and had the time of my life helping her out with her innocent little flirtations.

"Our friend couldn't stand being second fiddle—that's what's the matter with her, I think."

Poor Second Fiddle, what a mistake she is making. She's had her time at being the first violin. Why doesn't she laugh over her advancing years and get all the fun there is out of being 42?

Forty-two is a glorious age—the best age in the world if you'll only meet it with a friendly smile and not try to pretend you don't know a thing about anything further than 35.

You don't have to worry about your clothes every minute when you are 42, and if he is five minutes late you aren't ready to swoon with apprehension every time an automobile teufs teufs to the door.

You can admire the reigning beauty, have fun with the reigning wit, compare ideas with the reigning wisdom and not be bothered to death with your own uneasy, self consciousness all the time.

Come along, Dear Forty-two, dear, foolish, wouldbe friend, come along. Let's get the fun out of the situation as it really is, and not try to live over and over a dream that was gone five years ago.

The Palmist's Prophecy

By Jean Duplessis.

The Herald's Daily Short Story

"IS everything decreed in advance?" she asked and the palmist said it was.

"But if that is so, are we then responsible for our evil deeds?"

"That is a very difficult question," he said, "but to me it appears that we are all puppets in the hands of some superior being, perhaps the spirits," he add dreamingly.

"Then if we do anything wrong, we really cannot help it," she said, and looked anxiously into the palmist's deep dark eyes.

"It really looks that way, but perhaps there is some explanation. I cannot believe we have come into the world to do wrong. Perhaps the signs of a future crime would not be found—if, yes, it must be so—if the heart were pure, its purity would show."

"How can you believe in your science and say this? The lines that foretell coming events, prove that these things must happen, no matter what we do. Either you do not believe in palmistry or you are a fatalist."

"I cannot help believing in palmistry, for time and again I have seen the lines of the hand tell the truth. The most incredible things have been predicted and happened. Sometimes the science fills me with horror and then I wish, I had neverd tried to look into the future. Believe me it is better not to know what is to happen to us."

"I cannot agree with you," she said with a cold unpleasant laugh. "Forewarned is fore-armed, I am glad I came to you, though I am afraid you have not told me everything you read in my hand."

"Let me look at it once more," he said and she held out her little white hand.

"Are you quite sure my husband will die this year?"

"Yes, quite sure," he said slowly, "at the very end of the year, but if you nurse him very carefully the line may disappear and he will live. I have seen dangers averted and lines disappear."

"Even in case of death?"

"Yes, but not when death has seemed so near. No, this time it will happen and—I wish you had not come to me," he said and dropped her hand with an expression of horror.

"You will not tell me what you read in my hand?"

"No," he said curtly and turned away.

"What is your charge?" she asked, putting on her gloves.

"Nothing—I will take nothing from you," he replied and instead of getting angry that she was not allowed to pay, she just smiled and left.

Madame Dubois had married the man she loved and ten years ago her pretty little face had seemed irresistible to her husband and he had been jealous whenever another man as much as looked at her.

During the early part of her marriage Marguerite Dubois had thought no man half as good as her husband. He was her ideal, almost her god, and her passionate nature loved him as only a woman can love. At that time he was her constant companion, her chivalrous friend and everyone thought their marriage an ideal one.

But after a while his love cooled, but she excused his coolness and business cares. He no longer confided in her, because, he said, he would not trouble her with his worries. At times he even seemed to have forgotten he had a wife.

In spite of all, she continued to adore him and always praised him to others. Married life had disappointed her, but when she thought of many other marriages she knew of, she felt she had much to be thankful for, and she was always bright and lively whenever her husband was around.

The years passed and his love slowly died. First his kisses grew less tender, then scarcer, at last he seldom kissed her, but she never gave up hope of winning him back and was always patient and gentle. He knew he had a good wife, but his knowledge only seemed to irritate him, and he grew tyrannical and cruel.

Then one day, she was told, he was unfaithful to her, but refused to believe it and broke with the friend who told her, while she grew even more tender in her ways with him, because he had been slandered. But, some weeks later, she told him what she had heard and that this was the reason she had broken with her best friend. "I trust you so," she said and threw her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"I wish you would give up that eternal kissing," he growled, "I am sick and tired of it."

She felt as if he had slapped her face, and for the first time she got angry.

"You act as if it were true," she said.

"Perhaps it is. You must not imagine you are the only woman in the world, and I do not pretend being better than other married men, so the sooner you realize it the better."

"Do you mean to say it is true?" she asked excitedly.

"That is just what I do mean, and what is more, it is none of your business as long as I give you food and clothes. I don't want to hear another word about it."

She said nothing, but from that moment she changed. She seemed to be happier and brighter, but hatred against her husband grew in her heart. Then she went to the palmist, and she felt happy when she heard that her husband was not to see too next year. He had been in poor health for some time for of late he had dissipated considerably and had begun to drink heavily. When fall came she was watching for a sign of the approaching end, and he did grow worse for several weeks, but when December came with crisp cold air, he picked up and seemed better than he had been for a long time.

The month dragged along and on the last day of the year her husband went to business apparently in the best of health and she sat alone in the house, alone with her miserable thoughts. She felt, it would be impossible for her to live another year with him. Good men died, but her tyrant was allowed to live to torture her. It was not just; he ought to die, she told herself a hundred times.

At 9 oclock in the evening he returned intoxicated and his lungs worked so that it seemed almost impossible for him to breathe. She helped him to bed and when he ordered her to give him more whisky she let him have it without a word. Then she put a mustard plaster on his chest and sat at his side until he fell asleep.

The old year had only 15 minutes more to live and she stood at his bed with a face full of despair. The palmist had said her husband was to die before the year was gone and now it seemed impossible that this was going to happen.

Unless—and she shuddered and grew cold at the idea—perhaps he had meant she was to be the tool, and then she must be quick. It is fate, she mumbled. She looked at the clock. It was almost 12. Her face grew hard and she tightened her lips.

She raised a corner of the plaster near his heart, went over to her workbasket and took out a long needle and with her thimble she drove it into his heart. He sat up in bed, gave a short cry of pain and a few minutes afterward she wiped off a single drop of blood and pressed down the plaster.

Th enext day the palmist alone guessed the secret of this tragedy.

GENERALLY A SURPRISE.

From Albuquerque (N. M.) Morning Journal.

Mr. Roosevelt says that "the stream does not rise higher than its source." Evidently never had any dealings with the Rio Grande.

HAS IT COME TO THIS?

From Wickenburg (Ariz.) Miner.

Here is what the Republican platform adopted last Saturday in Phoenix reminds us of: If two diametrical figures with octagonal peripheries should collide with a centrifugal idiocyneracy, or, to put it plainer we will say, a disenfranchised nonenity, what effect would the catastrophe exert on a crystalized codfish suspended by the tail from a homogeneous rafter of the empyrean? And there is just about as much sense to it.

Growth Of German Extravagance Is Becoming Most Alarming

By Frederic J. Haskin

XXVI.—THE GERMAN ADVANCE.

BERLIN, Ger., Aug. 30.—The forces that have operated to convert a Germany of two-score quarreling states into a united empire; that have built up a wonderful industrial machine in a land where agriculture and the handicrafts were so lately the only forces of production; that have hidden the provincial Prussian town of Berlin under the magnificence of this gay capital; also have worked a great change in the everyday habits of life among the German people. They are no longer content with simple comforts. They demand luxury and luxuriousness. It is, perhaps, not going too far to say that the leaders of the German people—the thinking men of the nation—fear the growth of luxuriousness more than they do any subversive school of political thought, whether it be ultra-socialistic or ultra-conservative. The kaiser, who is the political captain as well as the titular ruler of the empire, never fails to take advantage of every opportunity to impress upon his people the necessity of frugal thrift and the danger of extravagant prodigality.

Kaiser Believes in Sumptuousness.

Of course the kaiser as the personal representative of God does not believe that he should be limited in his desires to gratify his taste for pomp and pageantry. He thinks that the nation should support its monarch in a style as sumptuous as possible. But he deplores the fact that his people have forsaken the old ideals of simplicity and thrift. He has forgotten that his own greatgrandfather, king of Prussia, used to go down to the market stalls on Christmas eve with the children of the royal family to buy gingerbread and sweetmeats for the palace Christmas tree. And like the kaiser, every German is willing to deplore the growth of luxurious tastes in all classes of the German people except his own.

Army is Economical.

The army, perhaps, is the only considerable section of the German social fabric which has not been affected by this great change in German habits. The pay of army officers is very small, and it has not been advanced to keep up with the steadily increasing cost of living, and therefore the officers must of necessity practice that strict economy deemed so necessary by its supreme commanders. The Spartan simplicity of the great Von Moltke is held up for the emulation of all German soldiers. The great field marshal until the end of his days allowed but $75 a month for his housekeeping expenses, and if that sum was exhausted his guests went hungry. It is almost a classical proverb in Germany that "the battle winner was saving of candles."

Officers' messes a few years ago began to vie with each other in furnishing expensive food and drink for the delectation of the imperial palate whenever the kaiser was pleased to dine with them. This so displeased him that he issued a solemn cabinet order declaring that luxuriousness in army entertainments prepared for him would offend and not flatter. The result was a return to the rigid economy and almost parsimonious simplicity of the old days when Von Moltke was a live military commander and not a ghostly hero.

Chancellor's Warning on Extravagance.

So alarming is the luxurious tendency that a year or two ago the imperial chancellor in the reichstag felt it necessary to issue a solemn warning to the nation against the sins of extravagance. Prince Von Buelow charged the people with having abandoned the "discipline of denial" and he warned them that that glorious national character which had made possible the great German successes of the nineteenth century was built on the foundation of self denial, and that it now was in great danger of being undermined and destroyed by indulgence. It was in this speech—in the debate on the bill to raise $125,000,000 additional taxes each year to satisfy the German appetite for battleships—that the chancellor said that everybody in Germany must retrench. A socialist member, calling attention to the inordinate love of display which has characterized the rule of the present emperor, asked the chancellor: "Everybody?" But the chancellor was in earnest and he instantly answered: "Yes, I except nobody." The result was, not that the kaiser was forced to retrench, but that the reichstag did refuse to grant him an additional $5,000,000 a year which he had asked, the better to maintain his fifty four royal palaces, his ocean-going yacht, his elaborate special trains, and his great collection of high power automobiles. The kaiser's preaching for once was acted upon.

Champagne Replaces Beer.

But of course the chancellor's solemn warning, as well as those of the kaiser and the leading contemporary philosophers, accomplished nothing. Indeed it was said that the retrenchment speech was followed by the greatest orgies ever known in the history of the new gay capital of Germany. Luxurious hotels and restaurants have taken the places of the simple cafes of a generation ago. The diners have forsaken their native beer and sandwiches for long French dinners and expensive French champagnes. This extravagance among the wealthier and well-to-do classes is reflected among the working people in a fashion which German publicists consider imminently dangerous.

In fact, the Germans now stand next to the Americans as prodigal spendthrifts. The growth of luxurious habits in Germany since the foundation of the empire has been just about the same as that in the United States in the same length of time. The Broadway life in New York in 1871 did not even faintly foreshadow the gaiety of the Great White Way of 1910. There are Americans who preach against American extravagance, and sometimes even a great political leader or an eminent journalist will deplore the extravagance of a joy-riding generation in the United States. But as yet Americans have not taken the matter as seriously as have the Germans, probably for two reasons—first, that America is so much richer; and second, that Americans think of public questions as purely political is-

(Continued on Page 7)

Abe Martin

Tipton Bud's son that went t' South Dakoty about a year ago has written t' his father fer a homeseeker's ticket. Th' feller that takes lemonade soon gits drowned out o' th' conversation.

14 Years Ago To-day

From The Herald Of This Date 1896.

Mrs. L. W. Canady and daughter, Miss Myrtle Canady, will leave day after tomorrow over the Texas & Pacific for Chicago, where Miss Myrtle will study the violin under Bernhard Listman. Miss Canady has been playing since she was seven years of age, and although only 13 now, plays the most difficult of the Mozart sonatinas without difficulty.

I. A. Barnes has organized an orchestra for Y. M. C. A. purposes.

President Payne of the El Paso Cycle track association has just received a long letter from F. Ed Spooner, general manager of the National Cycle News bureau, in which is enclosed a list of dates planned for the fall extension of the national circuit to California. The racers are to travel in a special car in which they are to live, the party to include 30 experts. President Payne has written in reply. He says that a meeting with the crack-a-jacks of the country as the attraction ought to be the means of drawing hundreds of people to El Paso for the event.

President Johnson, of the San Carlos Coal company, leaves tomorrow night for the east. He says the S. P. is running a train once a week to the mines and gets a haul of thirty cars. The company is employing Mexican labor.

Col. Ritter struck 10 inches of red sandstone today at 2 o'clock. It took three and one-half hours to drill through. He expects to have the well down 1670 feet tomorrow.

The Campbell Real Estate company has sold to Fred N. Pingree for $450, lot 16 and the south half of lot 17, block 251, Campbell's addition.

Metal market—Silver, 66 1-4c; lead, $2.50; copper, 10 1-8c; Mexican pesos, El Paso, 53; Juarez, 53.

Dorothy Dix On Some Causes For Divorce

No. 4—When Husband and Wife Forget to Replenish the Lamp of Affection.

STILL another matrimonial path leads to the divorce court that might be placarded at every step—Indifference, Lack of Appreciation, Lack of Tenderness.

The moralists who inveigh against divorce always speak of it as something that people do lightly; as if one got a divorce daily and as joyously as one purchases a red automobile. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Before the most frivolous bring themselves to the point of sundering the tie that is universally regarded as the most sacred and binding on earth; before they take the terrible responsibility of breaking up a home, perhaps, of parting a child from its father or tearing a babe out of its mother's breast or unwinding little arms from about their own necks; before they even open the door of their closet and parade their skeleton before a ribald world, they have gone through an inferno of suffering for which nobody gives them credit.

They have seen love fall; they have eaten of the dead sea fruit of bitter disappointment; they have seen their Castle of Dreams in ruins about them; they have endured quarrels and bickering, and strife, and torturing jealousy, and have lain awake long nights threshing over and over, in an endless round, the difficulties of the situation before they brought themselves to the point of using the surgeon's knife of divorce to cut away the cankering sore in their lives.

A Wound That Never Heals.

But, just as the most skillful operation leaves forever its scar, so does the divorce leave one's life maimed and disfigured with a wound that never quite heals, and that, at times, throbs under its cicatrice.

No, people do not get divorced for fun; and the great question is: What is it that leads up to divorce? What is it that brings a husband and wife who have once loved each other to the point where they can no longer endure each other?

I believe one reason that the light goes out upon the household altar as often as it does is because both men and women forget to replenish the lamp of affection with oil. It is carelessness, indifference, or lack of appreciation that kills love as often as anything else.

The life of the average married couple is a dull, hard, monotonous grind. The man is chained like a galley slave to his desk, or his shelves, or his pick. Day in and day out, year after year, he toils with all his strength just to keep a roof over his family's head, food in their mouths, clothes on their backs. After his monthly bills are paid he has literally nothing for himself. He is as much shut away from liberty of action, freedom, amusements as if he were locked up in the hulks.

The woman works equally hard. She, too, is the slave of circumstances. She cooks meals that are scarcely eaten before others must be cooked again. She sweps floors that must be swept over again the next hour. She darns stockings that are worn out, and must be darned again. She exhausts her intellect in the frantic endeavor to make one dollar do the work of two.

Daily, Dreary Drudgery.

Little children cling to her skirts and make a thousand ceaseless calls upon her. Nerve racked, body weary, she goes through the endless, daily drudgery of domestic toil, that leaves no sign of accomplishment behind it.

Both the man's life and the woman's life are hard, and the only thing that could glorify their toil and make it worth while, the only thing that could take the sting out of the bitterness of the sacrifices they are forced to make, would be the continual appreciation and love of the one for whom they do so much.

And they do not get this appreciation and mutual love. Oh, the pity of it! The shame of it—they do not get it!

The woman takes the man's labor, his very heart's blood, that he is offering up before her, without so much as a "thank you." The man lets his wife kill herself for him, and he makes no more sign that he even sees it than if he were a wooden indian.

Is it any wonder that they both grow disgruntled, that they drift apart and finally come actually to hate the unresponsive being for whom they have sacrificed so much, and who is too niggardly and mean of soul even to give a word of appreciation by way of pay?

Observation of your friends will bear out this theory. Look at the few happy couples that you know. They are seldom people who are blessed above the average in prosperity. The man has to work just as hard as any other man, but he does it gladly, joyously, because he is working for a woman who rewards his every effort with love, and appreciation, and gratitude. He doesn't think it is hard for all of a man's earnings to go to the support of a family. He thinks it's about the best use that money was ever put to.

And the wife has to work just as much as any other woman and make as many sacrifices, but she sings over her sewing machine and does fancy steps around her cooking stove, because her John is going to tell her that, in her made-over dress, she's prettier than Mrs. Astor in a Worth costume, and that Delmonico couldn't turn out such a rump steak en casserole.

Pity herself? Not that woman! She considers herself the luckiest person on earth, and the divorce court never comes within a million miles of that home.

A famous divorce lawyer once told me, cynically enough, that, in all of his experience, he had never found a couple that wanted a divorce until he or she got an eye on somebody else.

The Human Heart Hungers for Love.

That speech glimpses a great and pathetic truth, for it shows that the human heart is so hungry for love, for appreciation, for tenderness, that it is always reaching out after them. It cannot reconcile itself to die of starvation, and, in its desperation, it takes the unlawful love with as little compunction and perhaps as little blame, as the starving man steals a loaf of bread.

It is the man whose wife gives him no tenderness or appreciation at home who seeks love away from home. It is the woman whose husband ceases to be a lover who finds an affinity in some other man. These are the men and women who furnish the grist for the divorce mill.

It is a strange and pitiful thing to think of how many marriages go to wreck and ruin for want of so little a thing as a little praise, a few words of acknowledgment and appreciation, but big catastrophies often result from little causes.

Which is a point worth the earnest consideration of every married couple.