

Woman's Page

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE by the noted author Idah McGlone Gibson

MME. GORDON MUST NOT BE UNHAPPY.

Reaching my room after leaving John and his mother, my feelings were such that for a moment I thought I was dying. My heart was beating, beating away in my throat. My knees were trembling and, convulsively putting my hands to my forehead, I found it covered with drops of cold moisture. Suddenly I groped my way to a divan. As I did so, I caught sight of my face. For a moment I did not realize that it was mine—so lined and ashen was it. The weary eyes looked at me, and from their effort to keep from crying. Those eyes begged me to give them the poor consolation of tears.

But although the sobs came, and I sobbed from head to foot, I could not weep. I threw myself on the bed saying: "I can not bear it, I can not bear it! Nobody wants us, baby!"

And then I thought of my own dear little mother. How she would welcome me with open arms, although her heart might break at sorrow! How she would care for me and a baby that would call her "Granny!"

Writes to Her Mother.

With a sudden determination and strength which a moment before I thought I did not possess, I went to John's writing table and wrote:

"Dear Mother: I am coming to you. I am coming to you to be with you always!"

"I can not live here any longer. I do not know my own husband, he is so strange, so thoughtless, so selfish! 'Mother, dear, when I told him this morning that I am to become a mother, he was angry with me. He made me feel that in some way I was to blame and that what I thought would be the crowning of my womanhood, was in his eyes only an annoyance and hindrance to some plans he had for the immediate future."

"Mother, dear, I hope that I won't make you too unhappy, but I am coming—coming right away!"

"Your unhappy KATHERINE."

I read the letter over carefully and the picture of my dear little mother, reading it, arose before me and I knew that not even the death of my father, whom she had loved so devotedly, would bring her such intolerable pain.

Again I read the letter through.

Oh, how I wanted the consolation of her loving arms. I wanted to put my head in her lap and cry out my disappointment and sorrow. And then I remembered that she had only a little time to live and I could not sadden her declining years with my sorrow.

It would not be brave, and above all, the thing that I despised most in this world was lack of courage.

Tells of the Accident.

I pushed the letter one side, and wrote another:

Tomorrow—A Gold Pocketbook.

"This is to tell you, darling mother, that I arrived home this morning to find that things were not nearly so bad as I had feared. John had an automobile collision yesterday, and while he was not hurt, the occupants of the other motor were badly injured. When John telegraphed me he thought that one of them was going to die. Fortunately the doctor has pronounced both of the victims out of danger."

"Of course I am very tired tonight because I have been with John at the hospital today, and at many other places where I felt my presence would help John. I am not going to write you a very long letter tonight, but I just felt that I could not go to sleep without letting you know everything is all right with your loving daughter."

"KATHERINE"

This letter I sealed quickly without reading it, stamped it and called a man to mail it, before my courage should fail me. As the man came to my door he said:

"Dinner is served, Mrs. Gordon."

After bathing my face I stumbled down the stairs, hardly knowing what I was doing, for I had made the most momentous decision of my life, and in doing so I had told my mother another lie for John and that he had rapped away a little more of my love and trust in him.

John entered the dining-room just as I did and smiled cheerfully.

"Good girl!" he said. "I had it out with mother after you were gone. She is having dinner in her room. I told her I would not have married Elizabeth Moreland if she had been the last woman in the world."

I could not refrain from saying: "Would that have been the truth yesterday, John?"

Altogether Too Bossy.

"Don't be nasty," he begged, "because we're going to be all right from now on, and besides, Katherine, I think it is true—I don't think I would have married that woman under any circumstances. She is altogether too bossy."

I want a wife to comfort me, to love me, and one for whom my friends will envy me. I don't want one to interfere all the time with my big plans with her little feminine schemes."

"Sometimes, John," I said, "it seems that God and nature interfere with your schemes without asking your consent."

He frowned at my reference and I knew that I should never be able to make him reconciled to our coming baby. My only hope was that it would bring its welcome with it. As it was, my reference changed my husband's entire mood and he continued his dinner in sullen silence.



Would you like to get more enjoyment out of tea? Would you like to get that greater pleasure for less money per cup than you are now paying for tea?

Then get Schilling Tea—of the flavor you like. If you don't find it better than any tea you ever drank before; if you don't find it cheaper per cup—tell the grocer you want your money back.

He'll pay it; and you can keep the tea.

There are four flavors of Schilling Tea—Japan, Ceylon-India, Oolong, English Breakfast. All one quality. In parchment-lined moisture-proof packages. At grocers everywhere.

A Schilling & Co. San Francisco

his wife on her mettle to be what he expected of her, and she would go to work in earnest to learn how to be a good housekeeper instead of degenerating into one of the make-shift wives who feed their husbands out of paper bags.

Many men spoil their wives by weakly yielding to all of their whims and desires, however unreasonable, rather than go through a scene. There are plenty of men whose wives nag them into living beyond their means. There are plenty of men whose wives shut the door of opportunity in their faces, because they will not go to live in the place where their husbands' fortunes lie.

When women carry their point, as a child does, by crying, they howl for what they want until they get it, and they howl and kick and scream and rage against doing what they don't want to do until their husbands give in to them for the sake of peace.

It is a thousand pities that when a woman behaves as a child she cannot be treated as a child, unfortunately this is impossible. But every husband should wear a waterproof life saves that is impervious to his wife's tears, and refuse to let himself be melted down into a mush of complacency by the weeps of a woman who does the baby act and cries for revenue only.

A man can make a woman into the sort of wife he wants, it's up to him.

Pimples, bad breath, yellow color—Ugh! It's awful—take Hoffister's Rocky Mountain Tea and be in the swim—McIntyre Drug Co.—Advertisement.

THE BRONZE BUTTON

There is little outward sign of the community between the soldiers of our wars from 1861 to 1918. There is no token of fellowship, no expression of the camaraderie of hardships, of common aims. The aged veteran of the '60s is passed with but a glance from the younger men of yesterday's battles. Some of the latter do not know even the insignia which mark the boys of long ago—many of these boys were pathetically young—when fought at the call of Abraham Lincoln.

The Bronze Button of the G. A. R. is not often seen today. The pressure of years has accomplished what human economies could not. The Grand Army of the Republic is nearing its last encampment. The bronze button worn by those old men who saved the Union deserves recognition from the younger soldiers who saved human liberty. The fellowship of the service is too fine a thing to drop unnoticed from American custom. May not all who have carried arms for this Republic salute the veterans of the Civil War? That would be a just recognition of those who served more than half a century ago. Men who have borne arms whether now in uniform or not, one must think, would welcome this privilege. It would show right respect for those who fought long and great hardships for a great cause.—Chicago News.

BRIGHT SAYINGS OF CHILDREN

Rita was playing with her tin dishes and was making far too much noise to suit grandma. Having ineffectually reproved her several times, she said, severely: "Children didn't behave like that in my younger days. I didn't behave like that when I was a girl!"

"Touche!" eagerly conceded Rita. "I'm fifty years new-fashioned now, you're, grandma!"

Carolyn had been counting up to twenty for some time, when she felt so inclined, but did not take pleasure in demonstrating her accomplishments along this line. Members of the family gave her pennies to save for her bank and usually asked her to count them, and this she would always do.

One evening her father gave her some and she counted them off, "one, two, three, four, five, six, six pennies!" Her father wondered whether the various numbers really conveyed any idea on their relative quantities to her and asked: "Which would you rather have, Carolyn, six pennies or ten pennies?"

"Seven, eight, nine, ten—I'd rather have six," replied Carolyn promptly.

"Why would you?" asked her father, feeling sure from the way she had counted on from six to ten that she must realize that ten was more than six. "Because they're easier to count," was the immediate and unexpected reply.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of

Wm. D. Gifford

T. FARR & CO.
Distributors

Condemned Slayer Strives to Assist Victim's Children

SALT LAKE, Dec. 17.—John Borich, who will plead before the board of pardons tomorrow morning for commutation of his death sentence, made a sworn deposition yesterday afternoon which is to be made the basis of an endeavor to get for the children of Mrs. Velma Atkin, whom he murdered, the insurance on her life embraced in the policy which she and Borich took out last July with the Equitable Life Assurance society.

The deposition was taken at the state prison before C. N. Stillman, deputy county clerk, by Grover Summers, court reporter. Borich being first sworn and counsel being present and conducting the examination, Attorney Roland R. Woolley for the estate of Mrs. Atkin and Attorney Joseph H. Hurd for the insurance company.

The condemned man testified that the suggestion of taking out a policy was made by Mrs. Atkin, whom he knew as Velma Green. He said that he never thought of killing her to get the insurance money, \$2,000 in case of natural and \$4,000 in case of violent death, until after the policy was in his hands.

The basis of the confessed and convicted murderer's plea tomorrow morning before the board of pardons will be that he can better expiate his crime if allowed to live since he may be expected naturally to survive many years. He says that his father lived to be 94 years of age, and that he himself is sturdy and healthy. Failure of the board to act favorably upon his case will mean that he will be shot Friday morning.

Clara Barton Division 237 will hold election of officers Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 2:30 p. m.

(Signed) MRS. DEMSON, Secy.

Special Grand Jury Reports for Duty to Judge Anderson

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Dec. 17.—Members of the special grand jury summoned by United States District Judge A. J. Anderson during the coal miners' strike today, reported to the court to begin their investigation of alleged violation of anti-trust laws and the Lever fuel control act, by coal miners, operators and dealers. Several witnesses have been subpoenaed and it was stated, the inquiry will be pushed as rapidly as possible.

Determination to conduct the investigation resulted from charges that operators had entered a conspiracy to limit production of coal and that they were joined in a similar conspiracy by some of the miners. Attorneys for the government have stated that the grand jury's investigation will not be confined to Indiana, but will be nationwide in its scope. It was pointed out that in conspiracy cases witnesses may be summoned from any section of the country without regard to federal court districts.

Stiff Neck?
Rub it with
BAUME
ANALGESIQUE
BENGUE

It works quickly.
Buy a tube of relief. Don't delay
Thos. Looming & Co. N. Y.

Bandit Quintet Robs
Salt Lake Chinese

SALT LAKE, Dec. 17.—Five bandits, masked and armed, entered On Lunk & Company's store at 59 Richards street at 6:30 o'clock last night and after beating the bookkeeper, Lee Thor, 29 years of age, over the head with a pistol, forced him to open the safe, which they robbed him of \$4,000 and a watch valued at \$15. Before leaving the robbers locked the bookkeeper and three other Chinese in the rear room. They then jumped into the automobile in waiting at the front door and escaped.

The imprisoned Chinese managed to escape from the room after several minutes confinement and notified the police. Patrolmen Patrick Kelly, M. M. Riley and Plain-clothesmen D. H. Clayton and T. V. Miller answered the call.

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IS IDEAL
For the Hands

Old Kentucky
Blend

used to be the thing but
no more. Now it is Idaho
blend—the pick of
Idaho's choicest wheat
properly blended makes
Idaho's best flour—
"Cache Valley's
Best"

It's a pleasure to make
good bread with this
quality flour. Just tell
your grocer to send you
a sack and see the fine
bread you can bake
with it.

T. FARR & CO.
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Don't Wait to Be Bilious

Keep well. Whenever your appetite begins to flag, or a sour stomach and a coated tongue warn you, take CARTER'S Little Liver Pills and the trouble will cease.

Good for man, woman and child. For your health's sake stick to this old, tried and true remedy. Purely vegetable.

Small Pill—Small Dose—Small Price
DR. CARTER'S LITTLE PILLS, New're's Great nerve and blood tonic for Anemia, Rheumatism, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and Female Weakness.

General—well-bred signature. *Don't bleed.*

Baker Explains Why Promotions Have Been Made

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16.—Recent promotions to the grade of major general in the regular army were intended as a reward for exceptional services in France, Secretary Baker explained today to a delegation of New England senators and representatives who called at the war department to give their personal support to a proposal that Brigadier General Clarence Edwards, commanding the northeastern department, and senior in the list of brigadiers, be raised to the next grade. All of the recent promotions made were of officers junior to General Edwards in lineal rank; but senior to him in the overseas organization.

Explaining that General Edwards' service abroad had been chiefly as commander of the Twenty-sixth division, Mr. Baker said it "so far had been impossible to consider divisional commanders for promotion at all since there still was a number of corps commanders to consider."

Of the three officers nominated for promotion over General Edwards, Major General J. T. Dickman, head of the southern department, was first a corps and then a field army commander in France; Major General James G. Harbord, now at Camp Travis, Texas, was in charge of the organization of the American expeditionary forces at General Pershing's chief of staff, and afterwards commanded the service of supply with a personnel of 500,000; and Major General Francis J. Kernan, at present commanding the Philippines, organized the service of supply in France and served on the mission which negotiated important armistice matters with the Germans.

The department viewed the services of these three officers as of greater responsibility than that of a division commander, Secretary Baker said, and was pleased to be able to reward them.

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with the first available vacancies in the higher grade. Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, who headed the delegation, declared there was no intention to criticize the selections which had been made, all of the nominees, he and his associates recognized to be men of unusual ability. He declared, however, that "all of New England" was interested in the future of General Edwards and that if it were possible to do so the delegation would like to assist his promotion.

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