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Chipman

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In case of difficulty, write
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How Compton's Theories Worked Out

Written for The Western Home Monthly by L. M. Underwood, Ozark, Illinois.

COMPTON was a bachelor. And with all a bachelor's egotism, he felt competent to offer advice to expectant benedicts as to how matrimony might be made a happy estate.

"Marriage," contended Compton, in the hearing of a few select friends, "is merely a business contract between a man and a woman, in which they agree to make a home for themselves—the man to furnish the money, the woman to provide the comforts. This, of course, should be clearly understood beforehand. Then, if the man lives up to his part of the contract, and fails to collect what's coming to him, he's a fool, that's all."

"Suppose a man does spill a few cigar ashes on the floor, or leave his hat on the piano, or his cuffs on a chair," continued Compton, "is that any reason why things should be made unpleasant for him? A man has a right to do as he pleases in his own home."

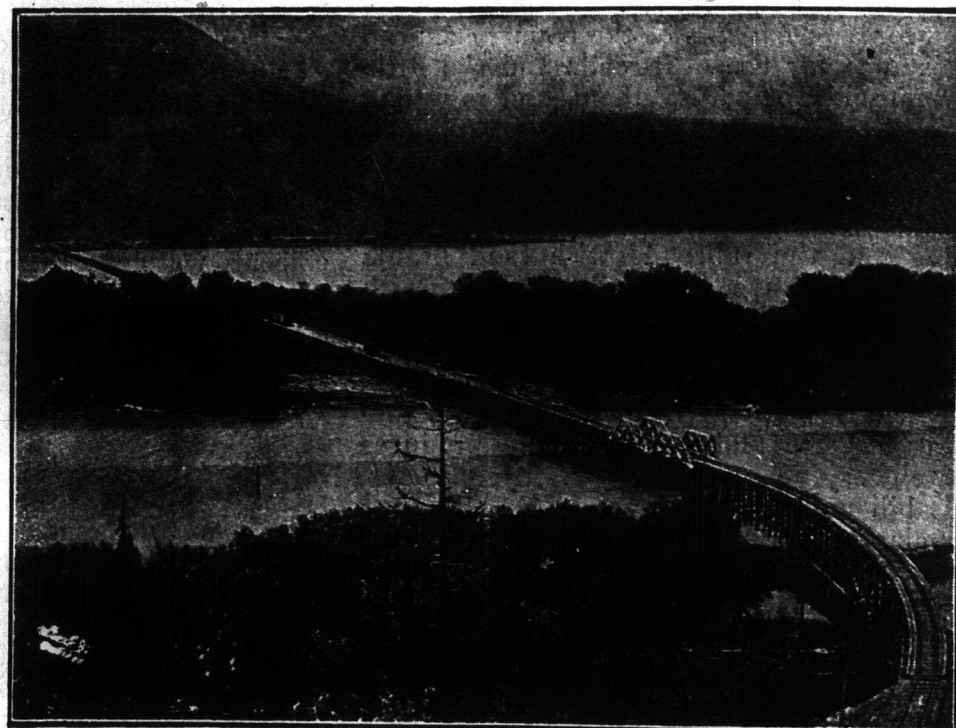
If the other girls scattered their belongings carelessly about on the furniture, Louise quietly put them out of sight before her mother began to scold.

On the cook's afternoon out it was always Louise who prepared the evening meal, and washed the dishes. The other girls invariably had important engagements.

If any of them were ill, Louise tended them.

Such being the case, one might naturally suppose that Louise wore the air of a martyr, and dressed like a frump. Not so. Louise considered that a woman owed it to those around her to look as attractive as possible.

Neither was it difficult for Louise to look attractive. She was possessed of a clear complexion and fluffy hair. Her eyes were blue and appealing. Her mouth—well, Compton was not long in deciding that her mouth was about the



Kootenay Landing bridge, B.C.

"If the duties and privileges of each of the contracting parties were clearly defined beforehand," concluded Compton, "there need be none of that nagging and bickering afterward. A man could be comfortable in his own way, as it is right and proper that he should be."

"What about love?" suggested Conner, with a sly wink at Jones. "Has love no place in matrimony?"

Compton, the bachelor, flicked the ashes off his cigar—getting about half of them into the tray.

"Love and business," he observed with finality, "won't mix. A successful marriage is merely a business contract. The man who marries for love is never comfortable in his own home, because, being in love, he has not common sense enough beforehand to bargain for his rights."

All this, of course, was prior to the evening on which Compton met Louise Eddington, and was introduced into her home.

The Eddington family consisted of the father, mother, and three daughters, Louise being the second.

There was never any friction in the Eddington household. The domestic machinery seemed to run on well oiled wheels.

Compton had not been visiting there long, before he discovered that this smoothness was entirely due to the efforts of Louise. If any unpleasantness threatened, Louise, by some unselfish setting aside of her own plans, always managed to prevent it.

If Mr. Eddington showed signs of annoyance because his morning paper was late, Louise slipped on her top coat and hat, procured one at the nearest news stand, and was back with it before he had time to get thoroughly irritated.

most kissable-looking little affair that he had ever seen—and Compton was a connoisseur. In addition to this, Louise was blessed with a sense of humor—and dimples.

Compton very soon began to regard Louise as the most imposed upon young woman in the world.

"It was shameful," he told himself, "the way that family let Louise sacrifice herself to their comfort. Why couldn't Mr. Eddington go out for his own paper? Why couldn't someone else tend them when they were sick? Why couldn't those indolent girls take turns staying home on the cook's afternoon out, instead of leaving it all for Louise?"

It made Compton's blood boil to think of it.

As a matter of fact, before he realized what was happening, Compton had fallen desperately in love.

Incidentally, his theories in regard to matrimony underwent a radical change. The thought of bargaining for his creature comforts never occurred to him. His one aim was to make Louise happy—to take her away from those who were imposing upon her angelic sweetness, and let her understand that she was the one to be waited upon, and catered to and pleased. Why—they didn't need to keep house! They could board or travel, if she preferred. All he wanted was her smiles, and her sympathy, and to know that she was his.

At this time Compton was very far from feeling that she was his or ever would be. It was not that Louise was coquettish; she was elusive. There were so many other demands upon her that she had very little time for her admirers. This, however, did not appear to discourage them. Compton had to take his chance with the others.