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Correspondence

A Carload Wanted.

Amulet, Sask., April 8th, 1914.

Dear Editor: Having been a reader of The Western Home Monthly for some time, I thought I would write a few lines. I am eighteen years of age, Canadian by birth, am fond of all kinds of sport, especially dancing. I think there is nothing better than a good dance in the winter time. I tried to learn skating, but couldn't make it go. I was oftener on my head than I was on my feet, so I gave it up. I can play either piano or organ. Well, so much for what I like. There are a number of bachelors around here. Most of them wanting a good housekeeper. I think there ought to be a carload of old maids shipped up from Ontario as there seem to be lots of them down there. Girls are getting pretty scarce here, as they are all getting married. I certainly pity some of these poor bachelors. It's pretty hard lines, when they work in the field all day, and then have to come in and get their own meals ready. I don't blame a bachelor for smoking, as I think that is the only comfort he has. Well between that and talking to the cat. If any of the readers would like to correspond with me my address is with the Editor. I will sign myself as,

Only Me.

The Country More Healthy.

Ontario, April, 1914.

Dear Editor: My grandmother takes The Western Home Monthly and we all enjoy its pages more than any other book or magazine we have ever taken. I live in the country not very far from the city of Hamilton, but I like the country best. Some girls in the city think that the girls that come from the country are not worth much, but I don't think they know what they are talking about, for if they did they would not talk so. They certainly have not got the rosy cheeks and such a free and easy time as the country girl has. Of course she has to work hard sometimes, but then work is good for her. I belong to the Methodist church, and neither dance or play cards. There has been quite a lot said about married life being a failure. Well, I don't think it is a failure, but one of the most beautiful things in a man's or woman's life if based on true love. I have a brother working in the city, and I miss him very much now that he has left home. I sing and play a little, but I don't whistle. I like winter pretty well, especially the skating part, but summer better, as I love to go roaming through the woods looking for all the beautiful things of Nature. There is a lovely big bush right across the road from our place, and some people think it must be so lonesome. Well, I think I must close now, I would like to communicate with "A Farmer's Daughter" in the April number. My address is with the Editor.

A June Rose.

Which Would You Prefer?

Sutton, Quebec, April, 1914.

Dear Editor: I have been an interested reader of your magazine for over a year and I enjoy reading it more than any other paper we take, especially the letters. In answer to the question, "Is marriage a failure?" I think it is in the majority of cases, but it is not necessary that it should be, if people would be sure their love was lasting before they were married it certainly would not be a failure. But that question is getting old. I would be very pleased to see answers on this question, "Which would make the better wife—a clean, cranky woman, or an untidy, affectionate woman?" I would greatly prefer the former if I were a man, which I am not, and therefore hope I may never live with either. I have always lived in Canada but my ancestors were Scotch and Irish, so of course I claim to be that too. I live on a farm, and at this time

of the year we are very busy making and canning maple syrup which is shipped to the Western provinces. I like the syrup very much and would not live where it was not made for a farm. My favorite sport is to drive around the country. I have a nice little horse that's always good unless otherwise, which she is quite often, so I have to keep my eyes open for scares. I should like to receive letters from any of the Westerners who care to write to a frightful looking kid. If any correspondent in Ireland or England happens to see this letter I would be very glad indeed to hear from them. Promising to answer all letters. I will sign myself,

Kittie.

What is Love?

Coronation, Alta., June 4, 1914.

Dear Editor—I have taken your magazine for several years and have been much interested in some of the subjects which have been discussed in the correspondence columns. I have never written myself but after reading all that has been written on the subject of love and marriage I feel that I should like very much to express some of my views on this subject. I am thirty-one years old and have spent that time in different places in the States between the Atlantic and Pacific and for the past seven years have been a farmer in Alberta. I have known many women and have had what is commonly called a number of "love affairs," and I might say here that I am still unmarried. I am writing this letter with the one purpose, that it may be of help to men, and girls too, younger than myself. To boys and girls of certain temperament there is something strangely attractive, something almost sacred, in the attachments formed during school days, something in the "first love" which can never be experienced again. School days are over and the boy and girl drift apart, but one and sometimes both keep on dreaming dreams of love and in a fertile imagination this "first love" finds good soil for growth. But as a few swift years go by quite often one or the other forgets about the early attachment and marries and the other, perhaps it's the boy, keeps on dreaming of what "might have been." And so often many years are wasted taking a sad and melancholy pleasure in vain imaginations which might have been spent joyously in the love of other women. Then, after a time, it may be years, he finds as he holds some sweet girl close in his arms, that what he experiences now is love and what he has spent so long dreaming of was simply imagination. It may have been adoration or even worship but it was not love. Love as we are speaking of it here cannot be realized from an attitude of worship, but its full realization can only come from the contact of a close embrace. And now another thing; this applies more especially to the girls. A man meets a girl at the age when her mind is full of the pure beauty and absorbing romance of love. The girl thinks she falls in love with the man, but what she really does is fall in love with love. Some other man, not any other man, would have done just as well and oftentimes better. What I want to say, girls, is this, that the idea that there is only one man in all this world for you and the teaching that matches are made in Heaven is all trash and nonsense. And when a young man through these columns some time ago in all seriousness and with the simplicity of twenty-one years, asks "Is there such a thing as love?" I can understand him and feel sorry that he has never yet experienced this sweet illusion. And when we say illusion we cover perhaps far more than half the cases, for what else is it when we have thought and dreamed since school days of something as more permanent than life itself and suddenly at twenty-five as you press a pure, sweet girl, whom you have known less than a year, close to your heart, you find what you thought was love is not love at all and then e'er another



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