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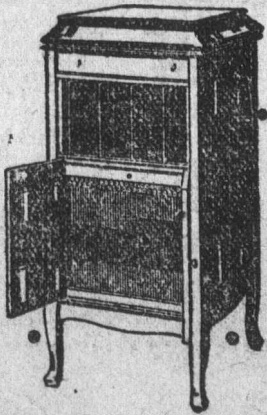
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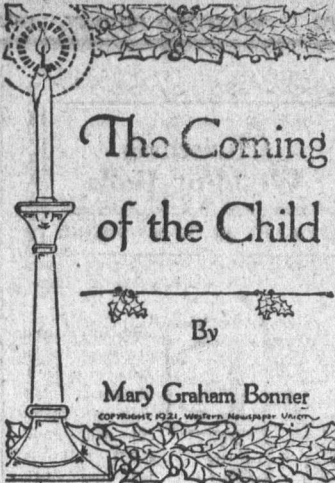


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AND," Gregory Morse added, "as I've always said, I think people should be honest with each other before marriage. I don't approve of divorce—curious thing to be speaking of on the very evening I'm asking you to marry me, but it has a bearing on the subject. No," he emphasized, "I don't approve of divorce. Of course there are very extenuating circumstances at times. But I think most of them could be avoided if people talked openly and candidly before they were married." He told her then that he cared for children, that they would mean a great deal to him. She felt herself growing more and more tense. The whole of her ached for him. Yes, she had waited all her life for him, never mistaking in any of the others, the substitute for the real.

"I feel as you do," she said softly. "I love children!" And she spoke the truth. But yet a truth that was only half a truth. They were married, in the little village church on Christmas Eve and when later the carols pealed forth they felt as though even the carols were for their happiness alone! They had been married several years. Closer and closer had they grown together. How glad she was she had waited until she was sure she loved. She had had so many proposals, and there were girls who had had so few. She had often thought of the girl to whom the simplest of pleasures had come as a complete and magnificent joy. This girl had had no attentions, her life had been almost manless. At last came a man into her life, very slowly, very unemotionally, but each slow step along the way was one which thrilled her and which mounted up to huge and great proportions. It had to be a great deal to rouse Marjorie but Gregory had roused her—fully. She had always kept her fresh charm and her appeal though she had left youth behind. Her skin was smooth, her color good, her eyes dark and lustrous and her hair had no traces of gray. But during this time no children had come to them. Gregory now didn't seem to care whether they came or not. He was quite content with her. "People change their ideas after they marry if they really love the woman they marry," he used to tell her. "Before they have theories. Now if children came, all well and good. But I couldn't be any happier than I am now."

She knew he spoke the truth. She knew it. He was even jealous of her eagerness for children. Was this what it meant to marry, he some times asked himself. Did people for their own happy destinies? Would they have not rather gone their separate ways, yet two more unhappy mortals whose lives were but a makeshift? Yet she had lied and in that lie she had cheated him, the one whom of all others she had cared most for she had cheated most completely. Perhaps he didn't care for children now. Perhaps he would never think of them again. Perhaps, oh perhaps, a hundred conjectures! But clearly standing above the others were these two issues—she had lied to win him and because of that lie she had cheated and played false to the one she loved. A lie is a vigorous parent, imbuing its offspring with its ever powerful blood of doubt and worry. Always, she felt, she would think from time to time that she had cheated him, and that in the deep recesses of her mind he would feel her love had been a very frail and weak thing. Yet again and again reverted to her mind the knowledge that had it not been for that lie when she had spoken it Gregory and she would never have been happy. And these doubts and worried thoughts were the heritage of a lie such as hers had been. It seemed like a miracle. She had given up all hope. Still at times the lie she had told in the first place of all haunted her, because she felt she had cheated Gregory. He never referred to it. He seemed radiantly happy. But she had worried. And then some time after she had told him, she knew. She was glad that he knew her weaknesses and faults and all. Her happiness over the coming child was so much greater because she had told him.

"I Feel as You Do." get about each other and sink their hopes and aspirations and ambitions and emotions and dreams into the coming of another generation when they had sworn and believed before God and man that they would only love each other. Did they love each other so little? Did they care only for the sake of the family? It couldn't be. That was too cold a belief.

Another year passed and they began growing apart. Marjorie had become restless, unhappy. Was it because of children? Gregory asked himself. Couldn't she have been happy with him? Was his marriage to be a disillusion?

But one evening she came to him. "Gregory," she said, "I have so much to tell you. Let me begin from the beginning. I've been going to tell you this so many times."

"When I married you I lied to you. New, don't interrupt me, dear. Yes, I lied about my age. I loved you. I was afraid if I told you that perhaps I was too old to have children that you wouldn't marry me—that I would lose you. And I couldn't lose you. Don't you see it was because I loved you so that I lied to you?" she cried. "I loved you so," she repeated. "My darling, I'm so relieved," he said. "All I care about is that you love me."

"I know that," she told him. "But the heritage of my life has been punishing me. Even though I know you don't think now that children make any difference I know I cheated you, whom of all others I cared most for."

"Marjorie, Marjorie dear," he caressed her, "I am so relieved that I know now what has been worrying you. I was afraid you had ceased to love me."

"It was never that, it was never that," she said. "You see, Marjorie," he went on, "if at first you had told me you were to have a child I would have been delighted—it would have seemed the conventional idea of the completion of married life which I had pictured in my mind. Afterward I realized that the most important of all was that I had you and loved you and that you loved me."

"Lately I've become very jealous of your desire for children because I thought I didn't count so much. How dreadfully we've groped in the dark even though we have been so close together."

She was happy then as she hadn't been before, happy in the love that he now gave her, the love for which she had braved a lie.

And even as he held her close she thought of it—and life—so full of perplexing moral issues. Had she not lied to him would she have fulfilled



"And It's to Be an Anniversary Child."

And it's to be an anniversary child. The Christmas carols were pealing forth when a small boy opened his eyes upon the world so new to him. "I'm sorry it's not a girl so we can call her Marjorie," Gregory smiled. "I'm delighted it's a boy and that we can name him Gregory," Marjorie whispered.

"Merry Christmas," Gregory said, a little later. The clock just struck twelve.

"Merry Christmas," Marjorie answered. And the small boy gave a shrill little cry.

"That's his cry of surprise 'Merry Christmas,'" Marjorie said. "I'm delighted to have it explained to me," her husband chuckled.

Freshening Fruit. Frequently indigestion, constipation, headache, etc., are a part of the evening dinner and seldom are all eaten during the evening meal, some being left over. The question arises as to the conscientious housewife, "How can I serve them again in their original freshness?" It can easily be done. Grease a piece of brown paper, using plenty of grease. Wrap in it the muffins, bread, etc. Place in hot oven for ten or fifteen minutes, unwrap, serve, and, if you did not know, you would think they were just baked.

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