

# THE TRIALS OF "TRIAL MARRIAGES"

By HELEN ROWLAND.

"Isn't all this talk about 'trial marriages' absurd?" remarked the widow, laying her newspaper on the table and despoiling two small red kid toes on the edge of the fender.

"It is," agreed the bachelor cheerfully, with his eyes on the red kid toes, "considering that all marriages are trials."

"Just fancy," went on the widow, scornfully, ignoring the flippancy, "being leased to a husband or wife for a period of years, like a flat or a yacht—or—"

"A second-hand piano," suggested the bachelor.

"And knowing," continued the widow, gazing contemptuously into the fire, "that when the lease or the contract or whatever it is expired, unless the other party cared to renew it, you would be on the market again."

"Any probability in need of all sorts of repairs," added the bachelor, reflectively, "in your temper and your complexion and your ideas."

"Yes," sighed the widow, "ten years of married life will rub all the varnish off your manners, and all the color off your illusions, and all the finish off your conversations."

"And the hinges of your love making and your pretty speeches are likely to creak every time you open your mouth," affirmed the bachelor, gloomily.

"And you are bound to be old-fashioned," concluded the widow, with conviction, "and to compare badly with brand-new wives and husbands with all the modern improvements. Besides," she continued thoughtfully, "even if you should be lucky enough to find another—"

"Tenant—for your heart?" suggested the bachelor, helpfully.

The widow nodded.

"There would be the agony," she went on, "of getting used to him or her."

"And the torture," added the bachelor, with a faint shudder, "of going through with the wedding ceremony again and of waiting up a green and yellow church aisle with a green and yellow feeling and a stiff new coat, and the gaping multitude gazing at you as if you were a new specimen of crocodile or a curio."

"It takes nearly all of one's lifetime," interrupted the widow, impatiently, "to get used to one wife or husband; but, according to the 'trial marriage' idea, just as you had gotten somebody nicely trained into all your little ways and discovered how to manage him—"

"And to bluff him," interpolated the bachelor.

"And what to have for dinner when you were going to show him the bill for a new hat," she pursued, "and how to keep him at home nights."

"And to separate him from his money," remarked the bachelor, sarcastically.

"And to make him see things your way," concluded the widow, "it would be time to pack up your trunks and leave. Any two people," she continued, meditatively, "can live together comfortably after they have discovered the path around one another's nerves—the little things not to do and not to do in order to avoid friction, and the little things to say and to do that will oil the matrimonial wheels. But it would take all the 'trial' period to get the domestic machine running, and then—"

"You'd be running after another soul-mate," finished the bachelor, sympathetically.

"Yes," the widow crossed the red kid toes and the bachelor looked under the ruffles of her skirts as she caught the bachelor staring at them.

"And—forgotten what I was going to say," she finished, turning the color of her slippers.

"Oh, it doesn't matter," said the bachelor, consolingly.

"What?"

"It doesn't matter what you say," explained the bachelor, "it's the way you say it, and—"

"About soul-mates," broke in the widow, collecting herself, "there'd always been the chance," she pursued hurriedly, "that you'd have to take a second-hand one."

"Sometimes," remarked the bachelor, blowing a smoke ring and gazing through it at the place where the widow, collecting herself, "there'd always been the chance," she pursued hurriedly, "that you'd have to take a second-hand one."

"Oh, wid'w!" interrupted the widow impatiently, "they're different. I'm like hellions—only parted with at death. But it would be different with a wife who was relinquished because she wasn't wanted. If anybody is anxious to get rid of something it is a pretty sure sign that it isn't worth having. It's nearly always got a flaw somewhere and it's seldom what it is represented to be. Besides, I've noticed that the woman who can't get along with one husband, usually finds it just as difficult to get along with another."

"There would always be the chance," protested the bachelor, "that you might get the party who had done the discarding."

"And who might want to do it again," objected the widow triumphantly. "Just imagine," she added irrelevantly, "living with a person whom somebody else had trained!"

"Oh, that would have its advantages," declared the bachelor. "A horse broken to harness is always easier to handle."

"Perhaps," agreed the widow, leaning back and thoughtfully putting her red kid toes on the fender again, "but when two horses are going to travel together it is always best for them to get used to one another's gait from the first. Don't you look at it that way?"

"Which way?" asked the bachelor, squinting at the fender with his head on the side.

"Fancy," said the widow not noticing the deflection, "marrying a man who had been encouraged to take an interest in the household affairs and having him following you about picking up things after you; or one, whose first wife had trained him to sit by the fire in the evening, and whom you took a derelict to get to the theatre or a dinner party; or one who had been permitted to smoke a pipe and put his feet all over the furniture and grovel about the men and boss the cook?"

"Or to a wife," interpolated the bachelor, "who had always handled the funds and monopolized the conversation and chosen her husband's collars and who threw all her past husbands at you every time she found a derelict to get to the theatre or something she was used to."

"Yes," agreed the widow with a little shiver, "what horrid things two people could say to one another."

"Such as 'Just wait until the lease is up!'" suggested the bachelor.

The widow nodded.

"Or, 'The next time I marry, I'll be careful not to take anybody with red hair,' or, 'Thank goodness it won't last forever!'" she added.

"That's the beauty of it!" broke in the bachelor enthusiastically. "It wouldn't last forever! And the knowledge that it wouldn't be such an anathema."

"Such a what?" the widow sat up so suddenly that both toes slipped from the fender and her heels landed indignantly on the floor.

"It would be the lump of sugar," explained the bachelor, "that would take away the bitter taste and make you able to swallow all the trials more easily. It's the feeling that a painful operation won't last long that makes it possible to grin and bear it. Besides, it would do away with all sorts of crimes, like divorce and murder and ground glass in the coffee. Knowing that the marriage was only temporary and that we were only sort of house-party guests, it would be more polite and agreeable and entertaining, so as to leave a good impression behind us."

"Or to get invited to stay longer," remarked the widow cynically.

The bachelor nodded cheerfully.

"That's it," he agreed, peeling comfortably on his cigar. "We always take better care of borrowed articles than of those that belong to us, anyhow, and that we can treat them as we please. Having gotten a charming wife or a satisfactory husband, the very thought that the desirable person could terminate the affair and escape us when the contract run out would make us more considerate of them and more anxious to please and less liable to nag or to bully. A woman would take the risk or appearing at breakfast in curl papers or indulging in tantrums, and a man would think twice before he refused his wife money or stayed down town with the boys nights."

"I do believe," cried the widow, sitting up straight and looking at the bachelor accusingly, "that you're arguing in favor of a 'trial marriage.'"

"I'm not arguing in favor of marriage at all," protested the bachelor. "I'm merely putting the whole dinner on the table at once. It takes away your appetite. Marrying on trial would be more like serving it in courses."

"That might be all right," agreed the widow doubtfully, "if—there weren't too many courses. Too many marriages would give you mental indigestion."

"And sentimental dyspepsia," agreed the bachelor reflectively, "but it would give you a variety, too," he added hopefully.

"And changing the course would be such a strain," declared the widow. "Why, when the contract was up how would you know how to divide things—the children and—"

"The dog and the cat."

"And all the little mementos you had collected together and the things you had shared in common and the favorite arm chair and the things you had grown used to and fond of—"

"Oh, well, in that case," remarked the bachelor, "you might have grown so used to and fond of one another that when it came to the parting of the ways, you would not want to part them. After all," he went on soberly, "if trial marriages were put into effect, they would end nine times out of ten in good old fashioned matrimony. A man can get so accustomed to a woman as he does to a pipe or a chair."

"What?"

"And a woman," pursued the bachelor, "can become so attached to a man and as fond of him as she is of an old umbrella or a pair of old shoes that have done good service. No matter how battered or worn they may become, her how many breaks there are in them, we can never find anything to quite take their place. Matrimony, after all, is just a habit, just a habit, wouldn't alter things much, another they will cling together any- how, and if they can't they won't any- how, and whether it's a run out lease or a divorce or prussic acid that separates them doesn't make much difference. Custom, not the wedding certificate, is the tie that binds most of us. The savage doesn't need any laws to hold him to the woman of his choice. Habit does it; and if habit doesn't the woman will!"

The widow sighed and leaned back in her chair.

"I suppose so," she said, "but it seems dreadfully dreary."

"What seems dreadfully dreary?" inquired the bachelor.

"Matrimony," replied the widow solemnly. "It is like those old chairs and pipes and shoes and things you were speaking of; it's full of holes and breaks and bare spots, and it won't always work—but there's nothing that will quite take the place of it."

"Nothing," said the bachelor, promptly. "That's why I want to—"

The widow rose quickly and shook out her skirts.

"Oh, well, I'm in good repair," protested the bachelor.

The widow shook her head.

"All the varnish is worn off your ideals," she objected, "and the hinges of your enthusiasm creak and you've got a bare spot on the top of your head, and—"

"But I've most of the modern improvements," broke in the bachelor, desperately, "and I'm not second-hand anyway!"

"No," said the widow, looking him over critically, "you're slightly, but originally, you were an attractive article, and you're genuine and good style and well preserved, and if—"

"Well!" the bachelor looked up expectantly.

"If there were WRE such a thing as 'trial marriages,'" the widow hesitated again.

"You'd give me a trial?" asked the bachelor eagerly.

"Oh," said the widow, studying the toes of her red kid slippers, "it wouldn't be such a trial!"

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**START AN ARCADE.** To do this, rent a shop in the busiest part of your city with a front on the most prominent thoroughfare. Then purchase a number of different kinds of our automatic amusement machines, place them in this shop, and start one of the musical machines playing at the entrance. This will draw the people to the entrance, which shall be broad and level with the sidewalk. They will then see the lines of strange and beautiful machines inside, and come in to examine them. When they find that a small coin placed in any one of these machines will give them a delightful entertainment, they will drop in a coin, enjoy the particular attraction presented, and pass on enthusiastically to another machine. It is astonishing how rapidly our Arcade becomes popular throughout the city and how the habit grows with the populace of frequenting your place and seeing the new features, which you can constantly change at almost no expense. The number of coins each machine absorbs in the course of a day, and the consequent profit to you, is really remarkable. Every one who has adopted this plan has made a lot of money. Write us for full details and figures of profits.

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**WILLIAM CUMMINGS**

**OF TRURO IS DEAD**

Was a Governor of Acadia College and Widely Known—A Liberal Giver.

TRURO, N. S., Jan. 2.—The sudden death of William Cummings of Truro occurred at a quarter to twelve today. Mr. Cummings was not well for two days past, but no serious consequences were feared. A physician was in attendance, however. He spent last evening with his family and was up this morning. Death was instantaneous, the result of heart failure.

Mr. Cummings was born in Onslow about seventy-six years ago, learned the blacksmithing trade, and later went into commercial business. He founded the present business thirty-five years ago, and continued until the time of his death. He was senior member of the firm of Cummings & Hennie, retail dry goods, and of Cummings & Son, wholesale. He was twice married. The eldest son was the late Oliver Cummings. D. B. Cummings of Truro and Rev. Selden W. Cummings, pastor of the Baptist church, Amherst, and daughter, Mrs. Rupert Johnston, in Southern California, are children of the first wife. His second wife, Miss Susan Waddell, and one son, F. D. Cummings of Truro, also survive.

Mr. Cummings took a great interest in religious matters, particularly in connection with the Baptist church. He was a licensed preacher and often occupied pulpits here and elsewhere. He was a great philanthropist, and gave liberally to the church and poor. At the time of his death he was one of the governors of Acadia College. The funeral will probably be on Friday afternoon.

**SAD DROWNING OF**

**MAJOR ODEVAINE OF**

**HALIFAX GARRISON**

Went Skating on Williams Lake and Ice Gave Away—Was an Efficient Officer.

HALIFAX, Jan. 2.—Major F. J. Odevaine of the army ordnance department, one of the brightest and most competent young officers of the Halifax garrison, was drowned at Williams Lake, three miles from this city, this afternoon. Early this afternoon he left his home to go skating. He crossed the North West Arm in a boat and proceeded to Williams Lake when he did not return at nightfall. A search party was organized and a hole in the ice was soon found. His cap and cane were floating in the water there, and searchers thrusting down an oar spear recovered his body. The ice was very thin and was not safe for skating. Presumably he had sunk immediately when he broke through and had no chance for his life.

Major Odevaine, who was thirty-six years old, was formerly an officer of the imperial service, but on the transfer of Halifax Garrison to the Canadian government he was also transferred to the Canadian service, and was the head of the ordnance department. He was a very efficient officer and a warm social favorite. He leaves a widow, who was Miss Cody of Halifax.

**Scotch Coal, and Broad Cove Soft.**

C. E. COLWELL has on hand a stock of Scotch Coal, and is expecting, daily, some Broad Cove Soft.

Telephone West End, No 17, C. E. COLWELL, 6in Old Fort, West End

**REFUSED TO PART**

**WITH HIS OPINION**

Fredericton City Clerk Has Wordy War With Alderman Hooper—William Rowe Discharged.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Jan. 2.—The city council met in regular monthly meeting this evening and transacted considerable business. The annual report of Chief Butler of the fire department was read and showed that Frederickton had been singularly fortunate in the matter of fires during the year just closed. The department was called out forty-two times for fires, which entailed a loss of only \$2,494. Insurance on buildings and goods damaged amounted to \$13,600. Fire losses here the last year amounted to five thousand dollars. Ald. Hooper, in moving the adoption of the report, stated that the city paid sixty-five thousand annually in insurance premiums, and he thought underwriters had no reason to be dissatisfied with Frederickton business. Dennis J. Shea of this city was awarded the contract for installing apparatus at the pumping station.

The action of the United States authorities in abolishing the consular agency here was discussed, and a resolution was passed urging the Board of Trade to take action.

A letter was read by Registrar Coy, stating that the University senate declined to sell part of the Wilnot athletic field for a street.

A letter from Mayor Sears asking the council to send delegates to a meeting to be held in St. John to form municipal parties was referred to a committee.

The decision of the Fredericton Gas Light Company to shut off the gas supply of patrons on Brunswick street brought out quite a wordy war between Ald. Hooper and City Clerk McCready. A legal opinion was asked from the city clerk as to whether the company in taking the proposed stop would be acting in accordance with their charter. The city clerk declined to give an opinion on the ground that the matter was not one affecting the corporation. This did not satisfy Ald. Hooper, and he repeated his request,

only to meet with a blank refusal. Several other aldermen and the mayor took a hand in the discussion and it finally ended in smoke and without the city clerk parting with his opinion. The appointment of Joseph A. McPeake of this city as a special court stenographer is gazetted.

The grand jury this afternoon in the case of King v. William Rowe, charged with rape, returned no bill and the accused was discharged.

**SCHR. VENTURER**

**CAUGHT AT LAST**

Exciting Chase Down Portland Harbor Yesterday

land Harbor Yesterday

Was in Collision With and Sank Schooner Harvest Home off Cape Cod Last Summer.

PORTLAND, Me., Jan. 2.—After an exciting chase down Portland harbor this afternoon the schooner Venturer, of St. John, was, figuratively speaking, captured by the tug Cumberland of this city, on board of which was U. S. Deputy Marshal Smith with two keepers, both of whom he put aboard the Venturer in behalf of the libellants, who claim damages aggregating \$3,150. The captain was put under heavy bonds, which he had not procured to night.

It is stated by Benl Thompson, attorney of this city, that the action was taken in behalf of James Lindsey of Harrington, Me., acting as agent for the owners of the former Machias, Me., schooner Harvest Home, which was sunk by the Venturer, August 12, off Cape Cod; and also for the Machias Lumber Co., which owned the cargo of the Harvest Home.

The libellants claim that their vessel had the right of way when the collision occurred. Attorney Thompson's agents have been trying to catch the Venturer for some time, but it is alleged that she has eluded pursuit for many months.

She had been lying in Portland for a harbor five days before discovery. The case is returnable in the United States court January 7, at Portland. The Venturer was bound to New Haven with lath.

Associated Press Despatch.

PORTLAND, Me., Jan. 2.—The two-master British schooner Venturer, of St. John, was libelled today in a suit for \$3,000 by the master and owners of the American schooner Harvest Home, which was sunk in a fog off Cape Cod August 12, 1896, and by the Machias Lumber Co., owners of the cargo. The case is returnable before Judge Hale next Monday. The Venturer had come into the harbor today on her way from New Brunswick to New York with lath.

The Venturer is a vessel of 318 tons, and was built in Liverpool, N. S., in 1882.

She arrived in this port last August a few days after being in collision with the Harvest Home. Her bowsprit and head gear was gone and part of her rail, as well as other damage.

**POPE LEO'S TOMB**

**NEARLY READY**

Body Will be Removed to St. John Lateran Without Pomp This Month.

ROME, Jan. 2.—The Osservatore Romano publishes this evening an official communication stating that the removal of the remains of Leo XIII. from St. Peter's to the new tomb in St. John Lateran will take place shortly.

The San correspondent is informed by Cardinal Satolli, Archbishop of the Lateran Basilica, that the tomb will be completed about the middle of January.

The date of the removal has not yet been fixed, hence no arrangements for the ceremony have been made, but probably a plain hearse, followed by a carriage, will constitute the funeral cortege through the streets.

**THOUSANDS ARE**

**CONDEMNED TO DIE**

Russian Black Gang Prepares Long List.

ST. PETERSBURG, Jan. 2.—Searches by the police in this city and in Moscow revealed lists containing names of 27 of the highest functionaries who have been condemned to death by the revolutionaries.

The Novoye Vremya publishes a sensational report of a plot against high government officers who were about to meet to discuss financial matters. The plot was discovered through suspicions that were aroused by enquiries over the telephone as to the hour at which the meeting would adjourn.

The officers of the Guards are studying a list of 4,000 persons of the educated classes who are under suspicion and the League of the Russian People, otherwise known as the Black Gang, has another list, containing the names of 120 other persons.

It is charged that the Black Gang has offered a reward of \$200 for the assassination of Prof. Melnikoff and Joseph Hossen, both leaders of the Constitutional Democrats.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Jan. 2.—A. R. Ludlow, a pioneer manufacturer of iron in the west, and later a millionaire manufacturer of agricultural implements here, died today in his 81st year. He was a prominent temperance advocate thirty years ago.

**RAILROADS.**

**CANADIAN PACIFIC**

**CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS**

Lowest One-way First-class Fare FOR ROUND TRIP

Going Dec. 21, 1906, to Jan. 1, 1907, inclusive, good to return until Jan. 3, 1907.

Between all stations on Atlantic Division, and Eastern Division to and including Montreal. Also, from and to stations on the D. A. R. and I. C. R.

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Dec. 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 1906, and Jan. 1, 1907, good for return until Jan. 3, 1907.

Full particulars on application to W. H. C. MACKAY, St. John, or W. B. HOWARD, D.P.A., C.P.R., St. John, N. B.

**INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY**

ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, Oct. 14th, 24th, 1906, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:

**TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN.**

No. 6—Mixed train to Moncton	6.30
No. 2—Express for Halifax, Campbellton, P. du Chene and the Sydney	7.00
No. 26—Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou	11.25
No. 4—Express for Sussex	11.10
No. 134—Express for Quebec and Montreal, also P. du Chene	11.00
No. 10—Express for Moncton, the Sydney and Halifax	11.25

**TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.**

No. 9—From Halifax, Pictou and the Sydney	6.20
No. 1—Express from Pictou	6.00
No. 133—Express from Montreal, Quebec and P. du Chene	11.45
No. 3—Mixed from Moncton	11.30
No. 25—Express from Halifax, Pictou, P. du Chene and Campbellton	11.40
No. 1—Express from Moncton	11.20
No. 11—Mixed from Moncton (daily)	4.00

All trains run by Atlantic Standard Time, 24.00 o'clock is midnight.

**CITY TICKET OFFICE,** 3 King street, St. John, N. B. Telephone 21.

**GEORGE CARVILL, C. T. A.**

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**INTERNATIONAL DIVISION**

**WINTER REDUCED RATES**

Effective to May 1, 1907.

St. John to Portland	\$3.00
St. John to Boston	\$3.50

Commencing Tuesday, Nov. 13, steamers leave St. John Tuesdays and Fridays at 6.30 a.m. for Lubec, Esport, Portland and Boston.

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From Boston at 9 a.m. Mondays and Thursdays, via Portland, Eastport and Lubec.

All cargo, except live stock, via the steamers of this company, is insured against fire and marine risk.

**W. G. LEE, Agent, St. John, N. B.**

**LABOR TROUBLES.**

**NEW YORK, Jan. 2.**—About 350 freight handlers employed at the terminals of the Erie R. R. at Jersey City, went on strike today for an increase of wages. The men had been receiving 18 cents an hour and they demanded 20 cents an hour for a ten hour day.

Soon after the freight handlers quit work today the Erie placed 300 Italians in their places.

**CHICAGO, Jan. 2.**—Demands on all the railroads operating west of Chicago for an increase in wages and an eight hour day, were made today by 57,000 locomotive engineers.

The railroad managers will reply tomorrow.

The increase in pay is asked by the switching engineers, 40 cents an hour being demanded instead of the present maximum of 35 cents an hour.

The shorter work day is asked by freight engineers, who now work ten hours a day.

**GLASS VALLEY, Cal., Jan. 2.**—Six hundred and fifty miners went on strike today. Every union miner with the exception of fifty in four small mines has gone out.

The miners demand an eight hour day. A peaceful settlement of the trouble is probable.

**CONFUCIUS A GOD.**

**PEKIN, Jan. 2.**—Confucius, who despite the 2,400 years of reverence for his teachings has never been worshipped personally as a deity, has been promoted by imperial edict to the dignity of a god. The same rank as heaven and earth is given to him, which, in the Chinese system of religion, form a dual personality, with the attributes of the supreme god worshipped by lower world. They are worshipped, however, only by the Emperor.

Confucius, who never arrogated to himself divine attributes, is now deified, according to general belief, for a curious reason, namely, in deference to the religious scruples of the Christian students at the Government colleges, who object to complying with the custom of kneeling to the memorial tablet to Confucius, which is placed in all such institutions.