

"AS LONG AS I SHALL LIVE"



A STORY FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS
Dedicated to The Man Who Cared.



UVVER, is somebody tum-
min'?"

"No, laddie."

"Is it Ch'is'mas?"

"No, love."

"Noo Year's?"

"No."

"'En it mus' be Sanks-givin' Day, coz you don't put 'ese big can'lesticks on 'e table any ozzer time."

"You guessed right, Ted, love. It's a big, big Thanksgiving Day for Father and Mother and Ted and Baby Ruth—all of us, because we've all got each other."

I kissed my little son and sent him scurrying to the living-room to play with his baby sister Ruth, while I put the finishing touches on the dining-room table I was setting. Unusual preparations, "company" silver and big shiny candlesticks had aroused the little fellow's curiosity.

Five years ago to-day George and I were married. My wedding anniversary! Five wonderful years—years overflowing with the sweet experiences that make the love of man and woman the most sacred and beautiful thing in life—home-making, the coming of children and the planning and working for their future. They were years filled, too, with rare good fortune. The four rooms of our first tiny flat had changed to six, and then into a little home of our own. George's salary had grown from eighteen to twenty-four hundred, and that very afternoon he had telephoned me that the President of his firm had made him a department manager at three thousand dollars a year. My cup was indeed full to overflowing.

"Let's celebrate, Sweetheart—it's our

fifth anniversary; we'll make it a real company dinner," I cried joyously into the telephone when he had told me the good news.

I had invited no guests. Somehow I did not want to share this wonderful evening with anyone—even my mother.

My conscience hurt me a little, too, for she had been very lonely since my father's sudden death a few weeks before.

I dressed myself and the children with great care, and went downstairs to await my husband's homecoming.

I heard his key in the door and ran into the hall to meet him.

"Hello, Daddy! Why—what's happened?"

I exclaimed. I saw he was angry and excited.

"Marion," he al-

most shouted, "do you know what that brother of your mother's has done?"

"No, dear, what has he done now?" George had never liked Uncle Bob.

"He has persuaded her to put every cent of your father's assurance into Golden Mountain Mining Stock."

Father had not been successful in business, and five thousand dollars assurance was everything he left my mother.

"And just imagine," he continued, "he promised her fifteen per cent dividends! If she had lighted the fire with the money it would have done her just as much good. It is positively maddening to think that there is no way to protect ignorant and helpless people from such sharks."

"Mother is a splendid woman," I began, hardly knowing what to say.

"Of course she's a splendid woman! But what's that got to do with knowing anything about investments?" exclaimed George.



"Five years ago to-day George and I were married."