If you give the girl the idea that she can marry you for your money she may want to marry you for alimony. Put her on a diet now and save yourself the necessity of going on a diet later on.

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Some time ago one of the old boys came back to talk over the shipwreck of his marriage. His story was tragic. She obtained her divorce on the charge of cruelty, sworn to by perjured witnesses. She was given custody of the child; and although she is a Catholic graduate of a convent school she is keeping company with another man. His war service wrecked his business and the divorce took all the fight out of him; he is now a broken man.

He needed to know the truth, and so do you. This is what he was told: "Your silly court-ship wrecked that marriage before it came into being. You bought that girl expensive presents when you have no business to do so. She was wealthy and you were a pauper, working your way through school and having a hard time doing it. You were afraid she would think you a piker; you were blind and your love for her; you wanted to take sure she would never have to turn her hand to anything."

Exactly," was his answer. "I was a fool -- I can see it now. But what gets me is that she showed not the least appreciation of all I did for her. I worked hard to give her everything, and I was successful. I felt that the only way to get ahead was to start a business of my own. I did it, and the shoestring I started on netted me a modest living the first year, and six thousand dollars the second. I turned everything over to her. My business could have been sold for fifty thousand dollars when the war broke out, but in the hurry to get in I let everything slide, and when I came back there was no business left -- and no wife. Fine appreciation for a convent girl to show!"

Again the point had to be driven home: "If she didn't appreciate you, it was your own fault. You never let her build up the power of appreciation. You forgot that is a subjective thing. Marriage is a spiritual affair, and its spiritual qualities are brought out by mutual sacrifice. You never let her make any sacrifices for you. Your appreciation of anything depends upon what you put into it: free gifts are held in contempt. What is that makes a long-suffering wife pick her drunken husband out of the gutter for the five-hundredth time and nurse him along when the whole town demands that she turn him out? She sees in him redeeming qualities that no one else can see: her appreciation of him, his value in her eyes, has been built up by the sacrifices she has made for him. And since he has made no sacrifices for her, she has no appreciable value in his eyes.

"You love her yet, in spite of all she has done to you, and because of all you have done for her. If she would come back to you tomorrow, you would welcome her, not only for the boy, but for her own sake." "I would, absolutely," was the quick response. "And the reason you would is now very clear to you. The reason her conduct hurt you so much is because you had done so much for her. But you could not expect her to be anything but selfish and heartless when you never gave her a chance to sacrifice anything for you."

"Look over the happy marriages you can recall -- the kind that last until the golden wedding. You will find in every case that the beginning was not so rosy: there was sickness or financial difficulty -- perhaps both; that was something that demanded sacrifice on both sides, and when their love outlasted those difficulties it became everlasting."

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If you want to learn frugality, keep an expense account. You may spend money foolishly but it hurts to put it down and look it over again every time you add another foolish item. And don't spend all your money on fancy presents and crazier food. Put her on a diet. Teach her to walk. Train her while she's young.

Prayers.

Joe Joyce is still very sick. Elmor Zaffi's operation has been deferred. Andy Sleigh's condition is improved, but he can stand lots of prayers. The grandmother of Carl Larstek and of the Houtler boys, old students, died yesterday.