

Let's Give Our Mothers a Break This Year. II.

Who says there are no good women left? Who says we have nothing but giggling flappers, silly sentimentalists, crafty gold-diggers, and cynical hedonists? In the October issue of Extension appeared an article by Alice Torner, entitled "Not for Me, Thank You!" Among hundreds of letters that came in answer, the editor found one he could not classify. Read it, and be ashamed to call yourself a man:

"Alice Torner says that if she has missed a certain sense of experience by not marrying, she has missed the unpleasant as well. That is true. That is the way I used to feel before I knew the joy of motherhood. A spinster misses the pain -- and the reward of pain. (I don't mean physical pain, but the sword that pierces the heart.)

"Everything worth while has a price. When one sees only the price and does not know the value of the thing to be obtained, no wonder one hesitates. I hesitated, and it was a tiny girl who finally persuaded me to make the venture. I could not resist the appeal of the motherless baby -- and God blessed me with seven babes of my own.

"For ten years I was happy. We were poor, and my arms were always full of babies. But mother love was given me for all. Then, before the last one came, I had the flu, and my heart gave out. A month in bed, the doctor ordered. A month -- with a household of little tots, and no help to be obtained for love or money. My husband decided that as I never could be worth much again, I had better die. Helpless and an unwanted burden, is it any wonder that my mind nearly gave way?

"During the month, five of the children had measles. At the end of the time I did not need a doctor to tell me that it would be three months longer before I could resume my work.

"But the baby lived, and was the healthiest of the lot. Not only is she the healthiest, but the sunniest, the smartest, and the prettiest.

"After she came, I went to work again, but could not stand much. Peace did not return.

"I cannot tell you of the seven years that followed. They are like a nightmare to me. But are they worse than seven years of Purgatory which they may take the place of? We may dodge the troubles of this life, but can we dodge Purgatory?

"They are over now. My husband will probably never forgive me for not dying. But I have forgiven him. I have learned lessons, which, doubtless, I could have learned in no other way. And I have my children. They may leave me some day, but love can reach around the world, or up into Heaven. Of course I will not always be first in their hearts. Those who marry will put their families first, and those who enter religion will put God and the work He gives them first. That is as it should be. They will love their families better because they have loved me. They will love God better because I taught them what love is.

"I have found the 'pearl of great price,' and though I gave all I had in the world for it, I did not give too much. If you want the best, you must pay the price. If God doesn't give courage to all, He will at least give endurance to those who ask."

Prayers.

Frank Murray's father died Saturday. A student asks prayers for a young man in his twenties who is dying slowly of a disease brought on by sin; the poor boy can't even move his own head from one position to another; thank God he is resigned and devout. Three boys ask prayers for three friends of theirs who were asphyxiated last week while bumming a ride in a box car. A student's sister is very ill. Four other intentions are recommended.