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IF YOU HAD TO LIVE IT OVER AGAIN.

By Dorothy Dix.

"My marriage," said the third man, "is a failure because there is no companionship between myself and my wife. Our marriage has become the very husks of wedlock. The soul of love, and even of friendship has gone, and nothing is left but the body of the thing from which the spirit has fled.

"Some cynic said not long ago that the chief advantage in being rich was that the wealthy had to see so little of their husbands and wives. They were not thrown so closely together, and did not have to daily rub rasped nerves against rasped nerves, or have their disillusion focussed on each other so continually as the poor do. Hence, they do not have so many unseemly spats.

"In this manner my wife and I dwell in our big house in outward amity and peace. She has her apartment. I mine. She has her allowance, paid into her bank; her own automobile; her own independence in every way. When we meet in our own home, or elsewhere, we are suavity and politeness itself to each other, but I often wonder if my wife is as lonely as I am, if the friendships of the outside world are as hollow to her as they are to me, if she yearns for the mellow love and companionship that is tried and proven, the love that is interwoven with the memories and experiences of half a lifetime that should be ours.

BOTH GROWING OLD.

"We are both growing old. We are past middle age, past the time when either one of us can hope to inspire any

sincere affection in a stranger, or make any new ties that would be disintested. When young and beautiful women smile at me, I see behind them the jewels and fine gowns I am good for on which their avid eyes are fixed. When young men hang about my wife, I have a sardonic vision of the champagne, and opera boxes, and automobiles, and horses, and country places, the opportunities for flirtations with younger and prettier women that being in her good graces stands for to them.

"We alone could mean something to each other. We alone could be companions, friends, lovers as we go down into the twilight shades of the evening of life. And yet we two, who should be the closest together, are the farthest apart of any two creatures on God's earth. We have not a thought in common, not an aspiration in common, not a hope in common.

"I often wonder why, of all the women in the world, I married her. I know she wonders why she married me, and yet when we were married no two people were ever more in love with each other, and this being true, the marvel is how we killed love between us.

"Whose fault was it, hers or mine? Mine, I think, chiefly.

"Yes, dust and ashes is on my head, because I murdered love. I did it, not with one swift blow, but I starved it to death through long arid years of neglect.

"You see, when I married I had just begun to get a foothold on the ladder of success. I had just begun to make money, and the madness of that greatest and most absorbing game in the world was upon me. I was crazy for money and more money, and evermore, more money, and for the sense of power it gave, the ability to do big things, to shape events, to be the little god of the machine that works the strings and makes the things happen whereat men marvel.

ALL FOR MONEY.

"I gave all of my time, all of my thoughts, all of my interests, all the best of me, to my business. I was away from home much of the time, called hither and thither by enterprizes in which I was interested, and when I was at home I was either too absorbed in some new deal to be anything but a money-making automaton, or else I was a wreck of overwrought nerves and was as cross and surly as a sore-headed bear.

"I had brought my life from out of a big family of charming and gay people,

who were most loving and affectionate to each other. I put her down in a strange city, and left her to her own devices, and felt that I had done my full duty when I gave her a handsome home and plenty of money to spend. I never even thought of such a thing as trying to interest myself in her pursuits, or doing anything for her pleasure, or attempting to find out what she really thought, and aspired to, what sort of a woman she was developing into.

"I knew vaguely that she went into society. I grumbled at having to show up now and then at dinner parties she gave. I went with her occasionally to the theatre, but mostly I was too busy to be her companion, and when I did go with her I was too absorbed in my own plans to give her more than a surface attention.

"So the years went by, and she went one way, and I went another, and our paths grew farther and farther apart, and I, at least, was utterly unconscious of what was happening. I was cocksure that I was doing my part as a husband, because we had the finest house on the street, and I gave my wife diamonds at Christmas and automobiles on her birthday.

AN ANIMATED CHECKBOOK.

"I never realized that I had become nothing but an animated checkbook to my wife; that she had forgotten that blood instead of silver ran in my veins, and that I could feel some pang that wasn't caused by a slump in Wall Street. Still less did it occur to me that in all her splendor my wife might be starving for a little love, for a little tenderness, for some sign that she was something to her husband besides a stalking horse to show off his money.

"Then one day I woke up to the fact that my wife was as indifferent to me as I was to her; that she had passed into another world of new interests with which I was as unfamiliar as she was with mine, and that we two, who should have had everything in common, had nothing in common. And I was desolate.

"If I had to live my life over again I should devote less time to business and more to my wife. I should not make wealth the god before whom I sacrificed, I should bow the knee to love.

"I should begin, from the very wedding day, to try to win my wife's friendship so that when the fires of passion

[Continued on 4th page]