

WOMEN AND THEIR INTERESTS

Business Woman Needs a Wife

By DOROTHY DIX



"My experience is that what a business or professional woman needs most is not a husband, but a nice wife, who will make her a comfortable home, and pet and coddle her up after her hard day's work is done, as a good wife does her husband. Personally, my greatest regret in life is that I can never marry a woman, and possess this sort of a domestic treasure.

"When I go home of an evening, after my hard day's work, I'd like to find my slippers waiting on the radiator, and my soft warm dressing gown hanging ready for me to put on, and just the things that like best for dinner waiting to be put on the table. It would soothe and comfort me beyond all telling to be cooed over and patted and flattered and made to feel that I was a great big, strong, noble creature

whom somebody looked up to, and these things would be the pleasant reward of my labor if I were a man.

"But the woman worker never gets them. If she has a home, she not only has to earn the money to support it, but to make the home itself afterward. If she has her favorite dishes for dinner it is because she has seen to her housekeeping before she went off to work in the morning.

"If her slippers are waiting on the radiator it is because she has carefully drilled a maid into putting them there; and just because a busy woman is too busy to look after these details they are not attended to at all, and the business woman eats what is set before her, and digs her own cold slippers out of the closet.

"I think that the tragedy of the business woman consists in this—that when she assumes the work of a man she merely adds it on to the hereditary laboring woman—which, perhaps, explains why more women do not succeed, and why so many break down in midcareer. They are playing the game, both ends against the middle. How could they win out under such a system?

"If the professional woman marries, she merely acquires a new burden, because the one thing above everything else that matrimony means to a man is physical comfort. Somebody to sew on the buttons, and darn the socks, and keep track of the laundry, and order his dinners, is what he expects to get in exchange for giving up

his personal liberty, and no matter what else his wife does or what she achieves he expects her to do these things for him.

"Men are generous enough about giving their wives the things that they buy, but they very rarely give their wives any personal service, such as a woman bestows upon her husband. They would not know how to go about it. Not one man in a thousand even knows what his wife likes to eat, and whether she takes one lump of sugar or two in her tea, while as for her other little peculiarities just observe a man's bewilderment when he has to buy his wife a present. He can't remember, for the life of him, a single taste she has got.

"The truth is husbands expect wives to do all of the fussing over people that is done in a household, and they are so accustomed to being the fuseses that it never occurs to them to reverse the process and fuss over a worn and tired woman who has done a man's work out in the world.

"And there you are," said the business woman with a sigh. "Marrying a husband doesn't help the professional woman to acquire a nice, comfortable home with somebody to take care of her, and she can't marry another woman, so there's nothing for her but the apartment hotel. But I certainly would like to have a real nice domestic little wife to toast my slippers for me and meet me at the door with a glad sweet smile and a cup of steaming hot bouillon."



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At last she turned away and suffered herself to be taken back to the little cottage out in the country. A month before she had been a sprightly old lady, quick of step, delighted with every household task, and always finding her reward in the pride that a mother takes in a good son. But in the city she had found the waters of Marah and the city's system had forced her down, down, down to drink of them.

Her little, old limbs became heavy, her tiny face whiter than the untouched scroll of judgment before sin and sorrow had ever come under heaven, and her heart—her good, gentle, tender, compassionate heart—was turned to lead.

A week after her departure her son was taken from his cell in the Tombs and over the Bridge of Sighs to the criminal courts building to be sentenced.

The boy stood up when the clerk bade him. He heard the question asked whether there was any reason why the penalty of the law should not be exacted from him. He could think of nothing to say save, "I am innocent."

The formula of sentence was mumbled by the judge and an officer took him by the arm and led him away.

As they reached the bridge over Franklin street, connecting the Tombs and court building, and the sunlight from the square windows struck upon them for a moment, Montgomery asked his keeper:

"How many years did he say? I could not hear him."

The officer looked at him uneasily and hesitated.

"Life imprisonment."

Montgomery staggered and the officer released his grip and caught him under the arms, thinking that he would faint.

There was a sob, hard and bitter, and then the young man cried as a child would cry when an ugly tempered servant took from the nursery floor its toys newly given.

The sentence of the court had swept from him the toys of young manhood and had cast them as grass into the furnace. He would never hear the sound of a woman's voice, nor the sound of laughter by man or child. He would never again see the magic line where sky and sea or woodlands meet. Even the seasons of the year were taken from him. The beauties of nature familiar to the eyes of a wholesome country boy, the spread of smiling fields, tasseled corn waving in the wind, bending roads, glimpses of the sunlit river through foliage, quiet little gardens in front of quiet little houses, were all taken from him as if the tail of a comet laden with cyanogen had swept the earth and had wiped out all the loveliness that God had fashioned for his children.

As the sentenced prisoners were being taken from the Tombs for the journeys to the state's various prisons Detective Lieutenant Michael Kearney sat in the office of his inspector and received the congratulations for his excellent work in the Montgomery case.

Inspector Ranscombe looked over his list of assignments for the day and found nothing worth the time and skill of his favorite man hunter.

"You have a day off, Mike," he told the detective.

Kearney rose, saluted and left headquarters. A man absolutely unappreciative of the ordinary pleasures of life, he found himself at a loss what to do. There was only one thing worth while on a day off—his little flat in Oliver street. He made his way home. He rang the bell in the vestibule. The lock clicked and he entered.

Kearney mounted the stairs and opened his mother's kitchen door without knocking.

"Well, Mike," exclaimed Mrs. Kearney in surprise, "what brings you home at this time of day?"

"I gotta day off," he told her. "Ye're scrubbing the kitchen stove again. When'll you be done?"

"Pretty soon, Mike. You go in the parlor and make yourself comfortable, and I'll bring the beer and your pipe."

He did as she bade him, and she followed, clearing off a center table and placing his beer, pipe and tobacco on it.

He tried several chairs. They were all sturdily tufted—bought for "company." He could adjust himself to none of them comfortably. He returned to the kitchen.

"Could ye spread down some bagging so I can stay in here?" he asked.

"Sure, lad," she replied from her knees. "I'm finished now."

She made him comfortable in his old chair by the window. He was engaged in balancing himself at his favorite angle when he noticed something black on the end of the kitchen table.

"What's that, old lady?" he asked curiously.

The mother's face paled. He reached over and picked it up. It was a filmy and torn veil. Beneath it was a little black fan.

"She forgot them—Mrs. Montgomery," explained the mother, taking the two articles from the hand of her son. "The poor little woman, the poor little woman!"

She hurried with them to her bedroom, which opened on the kitchen. When she returned and began shaking down the ashes in the stove she sighed.

"It's terrible, Mike," she said. "The poor old mother is left out in the world

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Cumberland Valley Railroad TIME TABLE

In Effect May 24, 1914.
 TRAINS leave Harrisburg:
 For Winchester and Sta. 8:40 p. m.
 For Hagerstown, Chambersburg, Carlisle, Mechanicsburg and intermediate stations at 5:03, 7:50, 11:53 a. m.; 2:40, 5:32, 7:40, 11:00 p. m.
 Additional stations like Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:48 a. m., 2:18, 3:27, 6:50, 9:30 a. m.
 For Dillsburg at 5:03, 7:50 and 11:53 a. m., 2:18, 3:40, 5:32 and 6:30 p. m.
 Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday.
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June Wedding Ceremonies in Central Pennsylvania

Sunbury.—Miss Goldie Welsh and Lester A. Seal, both of Sunbury, were married at the Second Methodist Episcopal Church, Sunbury, by the Rev. F. G. Yost. They left on a honeymoon trip to Chicago, Ill.

Sunbury.—George P. Neldig and Miss Cora A. Marks, Sunbury, were married here to-day. I. A. DeWitt, a suitor, who is a personal friend of the bridegroom, tied the knot.

Bareville.—A double wedding was solemnized yesterday, when the Rev. H. W. Warmessel, of Reading, united in marriage Misses Bertha W. Becker and Grace Elizabeth Becker, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. John Becker, and L. Joseph Lentz, of this place, and A. Amer Kellenberger, of Groff's Store.

Dillsburg.—On Saturday evening Miss Florence Cassel and Samuel Baker were united in marriage. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. O. E. Keenz, pastor of the Calvary United Brethren Church, at the parsonage in Dillsburg. Mrs. Baker is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Levi Cassel, of Carroll township, and Mr. Baker is a son of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Baker, of South Baltimore street.

EQUIPMENT FOR CAVALRY
 Sunbury, Pa., June 30. — Saddles, bridles and other equipment for Troop I, Third Squadron of Cavalry, N. G. P., Captain Charles E. Clement, commander, and headquarters, Sunbury, arrived here to-day. They will be used for the first time at the encampment at Rolling Green Park, July 18-25.

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Miss Fairfax Answers Queries

YOU MUST SAVE YOURSELF

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am deeply in love with a young man who works in the same place I do. He is married, but his wife does not live in the same town. He goes to see her about once a week or once in two weeks. I have allowed him to take me home and have grown very fond of him. I know he thinks a great deal of me and treats me very nice. I have tried very hard to give him up, but it seems I just can't. I don't want to leave my work, as I have a nice position, and I see him nearly all day. I am 26 and he 27. What shall I do? BESSIE.

If you permit yourself to foster your love for a married man you are in danger of ruining three lives—his, his wife's and your own. If you are strong enough to meet this man with an air of frank friendliness and to allow no romance or lovenaking, you will be safe in keeping your position. You must not permit yourself to think of love for this man. A man who is not true to the wife to whom the law and the church and his sacred vows bind him is not likely to be faithful to a girl who holds herself lightly, is he?

NO!

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am a young girl, 18 years of age and deeply in love with a young man two years my senior. He is very fond of me, but he only earns \$10 a week. Do you think it advisable for us to marry on this small salary. BESSIE.

You are young enough to wait for marriage until the boy you love is earning enough to undertake the responsibilities of supporting a home and family. Just figure out for yourself what your necessary expenses will be, and you will realize that ten dollars is not enough on which to marry.

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

I am a young girl and have been keeping company with a young man for three years, and we are now engaged. Would it be proper for me to ask him what his salary is and how much money he has saved, or shall I wait until he tells me? SALLY.

Marriage is a partnership in which man and woman are equal. You ought to know just exactly what the conditions under which you start are going to be. Tell him very sweetly that you think it will be for your mutual happiness if you discuss your finances before marriage.

to starve or die of a broken heart. Blessed Mother in Heaven, look after her."

Some of the coziness of the room seemed to leave it. Was there chill in the air, or did he just imagine it? He closed the window back of him.

"The evidence was all one way," he grunted. "I didn't try him. I wasn't the judge or the jury. I didn't decide whether he was guilty or innocent. That ain't my job. My job is to get the evidence for the prosecution."

He tried to think of something to say that would turn the conversation to some more agreeable subject, but he was a one idea man, and there was no fancy in him.

From the open door of his mother's bedroom came a soft, ruffling sound.

It startled him.

"What's that?" he demanded.

"It's that devil of a kitten, Mickey," she told him.

As if in answer for himself, Mrs. Kearney's mouset rolled into the kitchen, snapping and playing with a black object, the mourning fan of Mrs. Montgomery.

Kearney left his chair and went to a closet, taking down a rusty felt hat and a raincoat.

"I think I'll walk around to th' Oak street station f'r a bit of gossip," he said.

"But I'll be gettin' lunch f'r ye pretty soon, Mike," she protested.

"Now, I guess I'll eat out f'r a change." With a grunt of goodby he left the flat.

CHAPTER IV. No. 60,108.

OF the men sentenced with James Montgomery six were sent to Sing Sing, while the others went to Clinton and Auburn. The six Sing Sing men were manacled in couples, but as Montgomery was a "lifer" additional precaution against attempted escape was taken by handcuffing him to a guard as well as to his prison mate. There were three links in the chain of humanity and steel.

Montgomery found that the prisoner locked to his right wrist was a heavy, long armed man with the prognathous jaw who had sworn heartily and bitterly the morning of the lineup at police headquarters.

The six men and their guards piled into an automobile van in front of the Tombs on Center street. Above the clanging of the gong of the machine and the heavy roar of vehicular traffic as they were taken toward the Grand Central station Montgomery could hear the man beside him keeping up a low growl, as of a beast dreaming of battle. Had he known the length of this man's sentence he might have envied him, for he was to serve only fifteen years. His offense was burglary.

They boarded a train for Ossining at the Grand Central station.

At Tarrytown, where the electric zone ended, the train was delayed while an engine was coupled to the coaches. Here the tracks run on the very edge of the Hudson, the river splashing the ties during high winds from the west.

Across the river Montgomery could see a pretty cluster of houses half hidden in the trees. It was the village of Nyack. Just over the skyline and beyond the last peaked roof was a cottage standing back from the broad automobile road which leads to Tuxedo. Within that cottage was the little mother with the faded eyes and the heart that had turned to lead in the criminal courts building in New York. His eyes peered hungrily through the coach window. He had written to her from the Tombs. It was a brave letter of determination to some day prove to the world that he was innocent of the crime of which he had been convicted. He advised her to cast about for a boarder so that she could keep the taxes paid on the home. His father had been a Mason in good standing, and the Masons had helped her before. They would help their dead brother's widow again, he told her.

The boy pressed his forehead against the window pane and feasted his eyes for the last time on the heavily wooded farther shore.

One of the strongest swimmers among the sturdy country boys about Nyack, he had swum the river, a good three and a half miles, more than once, and this scene in all its simple loveliness was old, and sweetly old, to his young eyes.

The train paused at Scarborough and was off again in less than a minute. Suddenly the eyes of the boy at the window encountered total darkness and to his ears came the din of a railroad tunnel. The short tunnel was directly under the entrance to Sing Sing prison. In a few seconds the train cleared the tunnel and stopped at Ossining station.

A covered tumbler was ready to take them up the steep road from the station to the highway running south and to the prison. The team of horses struggled upward, straining and panting, and, reaching the highway, stopped to blow. The convicted men had a few more precious moments in which they could feast their eyes with glimpses of sky, river and hills through the open front and rear of the vehicle.

[To Be Continued]

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