WOMEN AND THEIR INTERESTS

The Reason More Men Do Not Marry

By DOROTHY DIX

"The reason that more men do not get married," said the bachelor, "is because of the terrible warnings they get against matrimony when they go to visit their married friends. Now there is the case of Jenkins, my old chum. A better fellow never lived. He is warm-hearted, and companionable, and intelligent, and cultivated, and broad-minded, and everything that is lovable in a man. He isn't rich, but he has a good position, one that, before his marriage, enabled him to live like a gentleman.

"He dressed well, ate good food, properly cooked at good restaurants, was able to take in a good play every week and a little opera, and had a couple of bachelor rooms that his landlady kept as neat as wax, and where he passed many a pleasant evening with his books, or in chat with an old pal.

"Well, poor Jenkins one day met up with a pretty little fluffy headed girl, who was as sweet, and pink, and white as peaches and cream, and she bowled him over, and he married her.

"By George, it brings tears to my eyes to think how, in the days of their engagement, the dear old chap used to maunder on about what a lucky dog he was, and how happy he was going to be and what a HOME he was going to have. His mother had died when he was a kid and he had been batted around the footstool ever since, and so there was no experience or facts to interfere with his dream about Home. He sentimentalized over it until he actually had me so worked up that I was ready to do anything desperate — even commit matrimony—to get a Home for myself.

"Luckily for me my guardian angel was doing double duty about that time, and I didn't, but Jenkins' good angel must have been off on a strike, for nothing saved him, and he led the pink and white little dollbaby up to the altar, and got his life sentence, all right.

"You should see Jenkins now. He's shabby and slouchy, with seedy clothes that have no speaking acquaintance with the presser or the cleaner, and he wears a hang-dog and dejected look to match them.

"Now and then, when I feel especially noble and heroic, I go up and have dinner at his home with him, but it isn't any more the Home his fond fancy painted than a cheap and garish chromo is an Old Master.

She Isn't Pretty Now

"The pretty little wife isn't pretty now. She is a shrewish looking little vixen in a dirty wrapper and down-at-the-heel slippers, and with frowsy hair. And the house matches her, as a house always does the personality of the woman who lives in it. It is dirty, disorderly, untasteful, a place of hubbub and confusion and complaints and whining reproaches.

"And the meals are an insult to your palate and an irreparable injury to your digestion. The bread is like lead, the meat is tough as a shoe sole, the vegetables tasteless and watery. Furthermore, there is a sickly and howling baby or two that add to the din and confusion.

"The pretty little wife doesn't know a thing on earth about managing or cooking or how to run a house, and so Jenkins' money is wasted and his wife is discontented and peevish because she can't have things that she sees other women having, and the poor old boy's spirit is broken because he doesn't see any way out of the dilemma, and knows that as long as he lives he has got to go on slaving just to pay tradesmen and listening to crying babies and his wife's reproaches, and getting worse and worse dyspepsia from her cooking.

"Not much in that to make a man want to get married, is there?

And There's Brown

"And there's my friend Brown, to whose house I also go occasionally when he summons up the courage to imply that Brown is a coward. Far invite me. I don't mean by this to from it. He is as brave as a lion before everybody but his wife, but she has got him reduced to the similitude of a whipped cur.

"Brown's wife is a good housekeeper and manager, but Brown wouldn't dare to enter his own front door without wiping his feet on the doormat and he would never dream of doing such a foolhardy thing as taking a friend home with him without first telephoning up and asking his wife's permission.

"Brown is an intelligent fellow and a good talker, and men listen to his opinions with respect. Mrs. Brown doesn't. She contradicts him flat at every statement and treats him as if he were a small child, whose rightful place was in a home for the incurable feeble-minded.

"She buys his clothes for him and at the table tells him what he may eat and what he may not. She refuses to let him have a glass of beer, because she has temperance principles, and she won't let him smoke because she thinks it bad for his nerves.

"The house is always full of her family, and when the guest rooms overflow with them poor Brown is driven to sleeping on the library sofa. Furthermore, mother-in-law piles on the agony by always being on the scene and sitting in judgment on everything poor Brown does.

"Is there anything in that home to inveigle a man into putting his own neck under the yoke of matrimony?

"And ther's Smithkins, whose wife is so jealous that he does not dare to speak to his own sister, and Jobson, whose wife makes eyes at you, and Williams, whose wife is so extravagant that he spends his life dodging the bill collectors, and the Smithers, who are always fighting, and whose home is about as peaceful a place to go to as a prize fight.

"Is there anything in the lives of these people, and they are not exceptional cases, to make a man think longingly of matrimony? Not much. The reason so many men don't marry is because their married friends hang out too many red danger signals. It scares them off."

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FOR THE NEW BABY

A Dainty Little Robe in Panel Effect

By MAY MANTON

8404 Infant's Robe, One Size.

Every mother wants to see some fancy dresses in the layette no matter how many of the plainer, more practical ones there may be. This one is quite new, having the effect of a panel at the front, yet it is simple as all baby's garments should be. In the picture, there is a ruffle of lace at the lower edge and a group of tucks above. Mothers who do not like that treatment can finish the edge with a hem-stitched hem or a plain hem with a little needlework above or, indeed, in any way that suits the material. The lace insets are narrow as a matter of course and should be fine. The little bit of handwork above the panel is pretty and dainty. French nainsook is one of the best materials for dresses of the sort and the one illustrated. The frill is of fine Swiss embroidery and the insertion very narrow Valenciennes lace.

The dress will require 2⅛ yds. of material 36, 1⅞ yds. 44 in. wide with 2¼ yds. of embroidery for the ruffle, 2¼ yds. of insertion.

The pattern 8404 is cut in one size. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

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THE LAST SHOT

By FREDERICK PALMER

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[Continued.]

"I shall continue to obey orders and do my duty, sir!" replied Fracasse. "And they will, too, or I'll know the reason why."

There was a silence, but at length the colonel exploded:

"I suppose Westerling knows what he is doing!"

"Still we must go on! We must win!"

"Yes, the offensive always wins in the end. We must go on!"

"And once we have the range—yes, once we've won one vital position—the men will recover their enthusiasm and be crying: 'On to the capital!'"

"Right! We were forgetting history. We were forgetting the volatility of human nature."

* * * * * * *

Far up on a peak among the birds and aeroplanes, in a roofed, shell-proof chamber, with a telephone orderly at his side, a powerful pair of field-glasses and range-finders at his elbow, and a telescope before his eye, Gustave Feller, one time gardener and now acting colonel of artillery, watched the burst of shells over the enemy's lines. While other men had grown lean on war, he had taken on enough flesh to fill out the wrinkles around his eyes that shone with an artist's enjoyment of his work. Down under cover of the ridge were his guns, the keys of the instrument that he played by calls over the wire. Their barking was a symphony to his ears; errors of orchestration were errors in aim. He talked as he watched, his lively features reflective of his impressions.

"Oh, pretty! Right into their tummies! Right in the nose! La, la, la! But that's off—and so's that! Tell Battery C they're fifty yards over. Oh, beady-eyed gods and shiny little fishes—two smacks in the same spot! Humph! Tell Battery C that the trouble with that gun is worn rifling; that's why it's going short. Elevate it for another hundred yards—but it ought not to wear out so soon. I'd like to kick the maker or the inspector. The fellows in B 21 will accuse us of inattention. It's time to drop a shell on them to show we're perfectly impartial in our favors. La, la, la! Oh, what a pretty smack! Congratulations!"

B 21 was the position of Fracasse's company and the pretty smack the one that broke one man's arm and crushed another's head.

* * * * * * *

The "God with us!" song was singularly suited to the great, bulf voice of its composer, born to the red and become Captain Stransky in the red business of war. It was he who led the thunder of its verses.

"I certainly like that song," he said. Well he might. It had made him famous throughout the nation. "There's Jehovah and brimstone in it. Now we'll have our own."

"But we're always losing positions!" complained one of the men. "Little by little they are getting possession."

"They say the offensive always wins," said another.

"Five against three! They count on numbers," said Lieutenant Tom Fragini.

"There you go, Tom! Any other pessimists or anarchists want to be heard?" called out Stransky. "Just how long, at the present rate, will it take them to get the whole range? There's a limit to the number of even five millions."

Then the telephone in the redoubt brought some news. The staff begged to inform the army that the enemy's casualties in the last three days had been two hundred thousand! Immediately everybody was talking at once in Stransky's parliament, as he sometimes called that company of which he was, in the final analysis, unlimited monarch.

"How do they know?"

"Do you think it's fake?"

"That sums up to pretty near a million!"

"My God! Think of it—a million!"

"We're whittling them down!"

"It doesn't make any difference whether Partow or Lanstron is chief of staff!"

"They're paying!"

"Paying for our fellows that they've killed! Paying for being in the wrong!"

Stransky, his eyes drawing inward in their characteristic slant, was well pleased with his company, and the scattered exclamatory badinage kept on until it was interrupted by the arrival of the mail. Partow and Lanstron, understanding their machine as human in its elements, had chosen that the army should hear from home.

"How's this!" exclaimed one man, reading from a newspaper. "They're going to put up a statue of Partow in the capital! It's to show him as he died, dropped forward on the map, and in front of his desk a field of bayonets. On one face of the base will be his name. Two of the other faces will have 'God with us!' and 'Not for theirs, but for ours!' The legend on the fourth face the war is to decide."

"Victory! Victory!" cried those who had listened to the announcement.

Stransky was thinking that they had to do more than hold the Grays. Before he should see his girl they had to take back the lost territory. He carried two pictures of Minna in his mind: one when she had struck him in the face as he tried to kiss her and the other as he said good-by at the kitchen door. There was not much encouragement in either.

"But when she gets better acquainted with me there's no telling!" he kept thinking. "I was fighting out of cussedness at first. Now I'm fighting for her and to keep what is ours!"

CHAPTER XIX.

The Ram.

In the closet off the Galland library, where the long-distance telephone was installed, Westerling was talking with the premier in the Gray capital.

"Your total casualties are eight hundred thousand. That is terrific, Westerling!" the premier was saying.

"Only two hundred thousand of those are dead!" replied Westerling. "Many with only slight wounds are already returning to the front. Terrific, do you say? Two hundred thousand in five millions is one man out of twenty-five. That wouldn't have worried Frederick the Great or Napoleon much. Eight hundred thousand is one out of six. The trouble is that such vast armies have never been engaged before. You must consider the percentages, not the totals."

"Yet, eight hundred thousand! If the public knew!" exclaimed the premier.

"The public does not know!" said Westerling.

"They guess. They realize that we stopped the soldiers' letters because they told bad news. The situation is serious."

"Why not give the public something to think about?" Westerling demanded.

"I've tried. It doesn't work. The murmurs increase. I repeat, my fears of a rising of the women are well grounded. There is mutiny in the air. I feel it through the columns of the press, though they are censored. I—"

"Then, soon I'll give the public something to think about, myself!" Westerling broke in. "The dead will be forgotten. The wounded will be proud of their wounds and their fathers and mothers triumphant when our army descends the other side of the range and starts on its march to the Browns' capital."

"But you have not yet taken a single fortress!" persisted the premier. "And the Browns report that they have lost only three hundred thousand men."

"Lanstron is lying!" retorted Westerling hotly. "But no matter. We have taken positions with every attack and kept crowding in closer. I ask nothing better than that the Browns remain on the defensive, leaving initiative to us. We have developed their weak points. The resolute offensive always wins. I know where I am going to attack; they do not. I shall not give them time to reinforce the defense at our chosen point. I have still plenty of live soldiers left. I shall go in with men enough this time to win and to hold."

"The army is yours, Westerling," concluded the premier. "I admire your stolidity of purpose. You have my confidence. I shall wait and hold the situation at home the best I can. We go into the hall of fame or into the gutter together, you and I!"

For a while after he had hung up the receiver Westerling's head drooped, his muscles relaxed, giving mind and body a release from tension. But his spine was as stiff as ever as he left the closet, and he was even smiling to give the impression that the news from the capital was favorable.

When he called his chiefs of division it was hardly for a staff council. Stunned by the losses and repulses, loyally industrious, their opinions unasked, they listened to his whirlwind of orders without comment—all except Turcas.

"If they are apprised of our plan and are able to concentrate more artillery than our guns can silence, the losses will be demoralizing," he observed.

Westerling threw up his head, frowning down the objection.

"Suppose they amount to half the forces that we send in!" he exclaimed. "Isn't the position, which means the pass and the range, worth it?"

"Yes, if we both take and hold it; not if we fail," replied Turcas, quite unaffected by Westerling's manner.

"Failure is not in my lexicon!" Westerling shot back. "For great gains there must be great risks."

"We prepare for the movement, your excellency," answered Turcas.

It was a steel harness of his own will that Westerling wore, without admitting that it galled him, and he laid it off only in Marta's presence. With her, his growing sense of isolation had the relief of companionship. She became a kind of mirror of his egoism and ambitions. He liked to have her think of him as a great man unruffled among weaker men. In the quiet and seclusion of the garden, involuntarily as one who has no confidant speaks to himself, reserving fortitude for his part before the staff, while she, under the spell of her purpose, silently, with serene and wistfully listening eyes, played hers, he outlined how the final and telling blow was to be struck.

"We must and we shall win!" he kept repeating.

* * * * * * *

Through a rubber disk held to his ear in the closet of his bedroom a voice, tremulous with nervous fatigue, was giving Lanstron news that all his aircraft and cavalry and spies could not have gained; news worth more than a score of regiments; news fresh from the lips of the chief of staff of the enemy. The attack was to be made at the right of Engadir, its center breaking from the redoubt manned by Fracasse's [illegible]

[To Be Continued]

Cumberland Valley Railroad TIME TABLE

In Effect May 24, 1914.

TRAINS leave Harrisburg—

For Winchester and Martinsburg at 5:03, *7:50 a. m., *3:40 p. m.

For Hagerstown, Chambersburg, Carlisle, Mechanicsburg and intermediate stations at 5:03, *7:50, *11:53 a. m., *3:40, 5:32, *7:40, *11:00 p. m.

Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:43 a. m., 2:18, 3:27, 6:30, 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.

H. A. RIDDLE, G. P. A.
J. H. TONGE.

POULTRY NEWS

SELECT NEXT YEAR'S BREEDING PENS NOW

Better Results Obtained From Careful Selection of Hens Before Breeding Starts

It is not too early to give some consideration to the breeding pens that are to produce the 1915 crop of chicks. Don't wait until the breeding season is here and then make the selections haphazard. The year-old hen that shows no signs of molt at this time, and goes about scratching lustily, too busy to notice anything that is going on about her, should be nominated at once. Select others from time to time as their qualifications are observed.

Select birds rather long of body, broad, with legs set well apart, but at the same time not inclined to be too deep behind compared with the forequarters, as such hens are inclined to convert their food into meat rather than eggs. Look for the alert, nervous eye.

It is better when hatching from high producers to select eggs from those in their second year, after they have rested and recovered from the great effort of their first year. Such a method offers these advantages: (1) the record of the hen is a known quantity; (2) the first eggs laid after the resting period, which are generally supposed to be strongest ingenerative power, may be selected and (3) high producing hens in the second year often begin to lay ust before the most favorable season for hatching.

INCREASE PROFITS BY PLUCKING GEESE

Poultry Profits May Be Greatly Increased by Selling Downy Feathers

If the geese are plucked at regular intervals and the feathers marketed best advantage, the receipts from poultry will be given a substantial boost. There is always a demand for these feathers at from 50 to 75 cents a pound. In some markets the pure white feathers of Embdens will command a higher price than those plucked from colored geese.

After the laying and hatching season is over the mature birds may be plucked about every six weeks. The early goslings may also be plucked during the latter part of August and again in October, provided they are not being fattened for market at this last date. Of course, the feathers should never be plucked in winter nor during the laying season, as the birds cannot produce eggs and feathers at the same time.

To determine when the feathers are ripe, that is, before they reach the stage that they drop out, try a small bunch, and if they pull readily and the quills are free from blood, then they are ripe enough to pluck. If they are not ripe when pulled they will not be of a good quality and the work of plucking will cause pain and injury to the bird. Pull only the small feathers and keep them as clean as possible. This work will be more pleasant if the birds are not fed or watered for at least 12 hours before the work begins. Plucking should be attended to regularly in order to obtain the greatest profit from the fowls.

Fresh Water Essential to Good Egg Production

There is a pint of water in every dozen eggs laid by a hen and the water must be provided directly as drink or from the food eaten. Green food is chiefly valuable for the water it contains in forms that do more good than water taken directly as such, though both are needed. It is well to have the water fountains as far from the mash hoppers as possible, for there will be a continual parade from the mash hoppers to the water fountains and back, and in this way the birds get additional exercise. A cow can eat, lay down and do 25 per cent. better, but a hen does best if she gets plenty of exercise.

SHOW MUCH INTEREST IN NEXT EXHIBITION

Entry Blanks For Second Annual Poultry Show Here Going Fast

The success of the annual show of the Central Pennsylvania Poultry Association, December 8 to 12, inclusive, is already assured insofar as the number and quality of exhibits can assure success. There is an advance demand for entry blanks that is most gratifying to the management.

The association does all in its power to attract exhibitors but the greatest attraction seems to be Harrisburg itself. The advertising that has been sowed in behalf of Harrisburg the past few years, seems to enable the poultry association to reap business from distant points now. Even at this early date requests have come from many of the State east of the Mississippi river.

This year the show will be held in the Chestnut Street Hall. The location of this hall with its splendid appointments, will be a big factor in influencing breeders to show at Harrisburg. Express cars will be unloaded almost at the door of the exhibit hall, and it means much to an exhibitor to know the hardship of close confinement in shipping coops will end promptly upon the arrival of birds in this city. Harrisburg being the state capital city is another consideration that gives the local show prestige. "Won at Harrisburg" is an asset to the commercial side of the fancier's interests.

The association itself offers cash premiums far above those offered by other shows and many trophies are being donated to further stimulate competition.

C. S. Smith, secretary, West Fairview, Pa., predicts that the entries will number three times those of last year's show.

Increase Farm Profits by Care in Sorting Eggs

Some farmers, and many poultrymen as well, do not know that there are numerous grades of eggs. There is one thing that every farmer does know, and that is, that in most cases eggs collected on the farm are seldom sorted, but are sold just as they are gathered, and it is left to the buyer to grade the eggs so that they may be placed upon the market in proper shape, and at prices fixed according to their value. The simple act of grading eggs, whether it is done by the huckster who travels from farm to farm, or by the commission merchant who handles them in car lots, may not appeal—in fact does not appeal to most farmers as being important; yet this simple act affords the man who does it, a great deal of profit, a profit that would have gone into the farmer's pocket if the farmer himself only realized the importance of grading them, and knew how it should be done.

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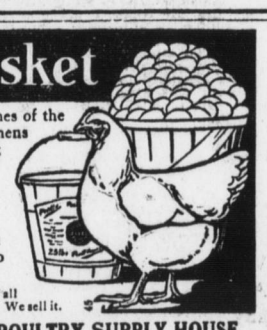

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