

Women AND THEIR Interests

Why My Husband Left Me

By DOROTHY DIX.

"I lost my husband," said the seventh woman, "through my children."

"Children are popularly supposed to be the strongest bond that holds a husband and wife together. Sometimes they are, and sometimes they are the first aid to divorce. It all depends how much good, hard horse sense the woman has, and how well she understands men."

"I didn't understand men at all. I thought that a father was just as much of a father as a mother, and was just as willing to be offered up as a sacrifice on the altar of a red-faced baby, and by the time I found out my mistake the mischief was done. My happiness was wrecked and our marriage had gone to swell the mountainous matrimonial junk pile."

"You remember the old French saying: 'There are women who are all wives, and other women who are all mothers.' Whenever I hear a man address his wife as mother I shudder. It means that she has killed as a wife, and that she is nothing to him but his children's mother."

"When Tom and I were married we started out with every prospect for happiness. We were rich. We were young and good looking and deeply in love with each other, and, best of all, we were comrades. We liked the same sort of things. We golfed together, we automobilized together. We went to the theater together. We had little suppers together. We were the kind of chums that two people may be who are absolutely sympathetic in every taste and habit."

"Then my baby came, and we were frantic with delight over him. I, in particular, was mad about him, and I not only spent the whole day hanging over his cradle, but I never let my evenings sit beside it, although there wasn't the slightest necessity for doing so, for Tommie was a sturdy, healthy little chap, and I had a reliable nurse who knew a hundred times more about taking care of babies than I did."

The Baby Begins to Figure.

"To my amazement, by the time the baby was a month or six weeks old I found out that Tom expected me to take up our usual life. One evening at dinner I saw him looking critically at me. Aren't you feeling quite well again?" he asked me. "Splendidly," I replied. "Then why don't you put on some of your pretty, frilly dresses and do your hair fussy again?" he asked. "Oh, Tom, I can't," I laughed; baby pulls so at my things and he's so strong he'd tear my laces to tatters!" "Lumph!" was all that Tom said by way of reply, but I could see that he was unconvinced."

"I told myself that he was silly to expect me to dress up like I used to, and that a mother's first duty was to her child, and I never suspected what a tramp I was degenerating into, nor how I looked to Tom's beauty loving eyes. He used to be so proud of my looks, but now he never was again after our first baby came. "I was actually horrified when Tom

proposed our joining a dancing class that was being made up among our friends. 'Why, I can't go, I've got to stay and take care of the baby,' I replied. 'What's the matter with that nurse?' he inquired; 'if she's reliable, turn her off and get somebody who is. I don't see any reason for our cutting out all our amusements just because we happen to have a baby.'"

"But I refused to even consider such a thing as leaving the baby for a whole evening. 'Suppose he should wake up and cry?' I exclaimed tragically. 'Well, suppose he does; I guess the nurse can give him a little peppermint and water as well as you can,' said Tom. 'I'd be perfectly miserable,' I objected; and that ended the matter."

"Once or twice that Winter Tom did manage to drag me to the theater, but during the most poignant scene I would grab his hand and whisper: 'Tom, suppose the house is on fire, and nurse has gone away, and the baby should be burned up?' Or, in the midst of the most laugh-provoking scene, I would sit up with a tragical expression, and when Tom would ask me what was the matter I'd reply that I just felt sure that baby's feet were uncovered, or nurse had neglected to fix a sterilized nipple on his bottle when she fed him."

No More Cheerful Evenings.

"Nor were our evenings at home much more cheerful, because I would spend hours putting the baby to bed, and after he was tucked in I would sit with one ear strained listening for a wail from the nursery, while Tom vainly tried to interest me in some topic that was absorbing him. So obsessed was I with the baby that I was actually relieved when Tom took to going to the theater without me and spending his evening at his club. Of course I meant to go back and take up our life together when the baby was a little older, but I never did it, for in the succeeding years other children came to us, and I became more and more the mother and less and less the wife."

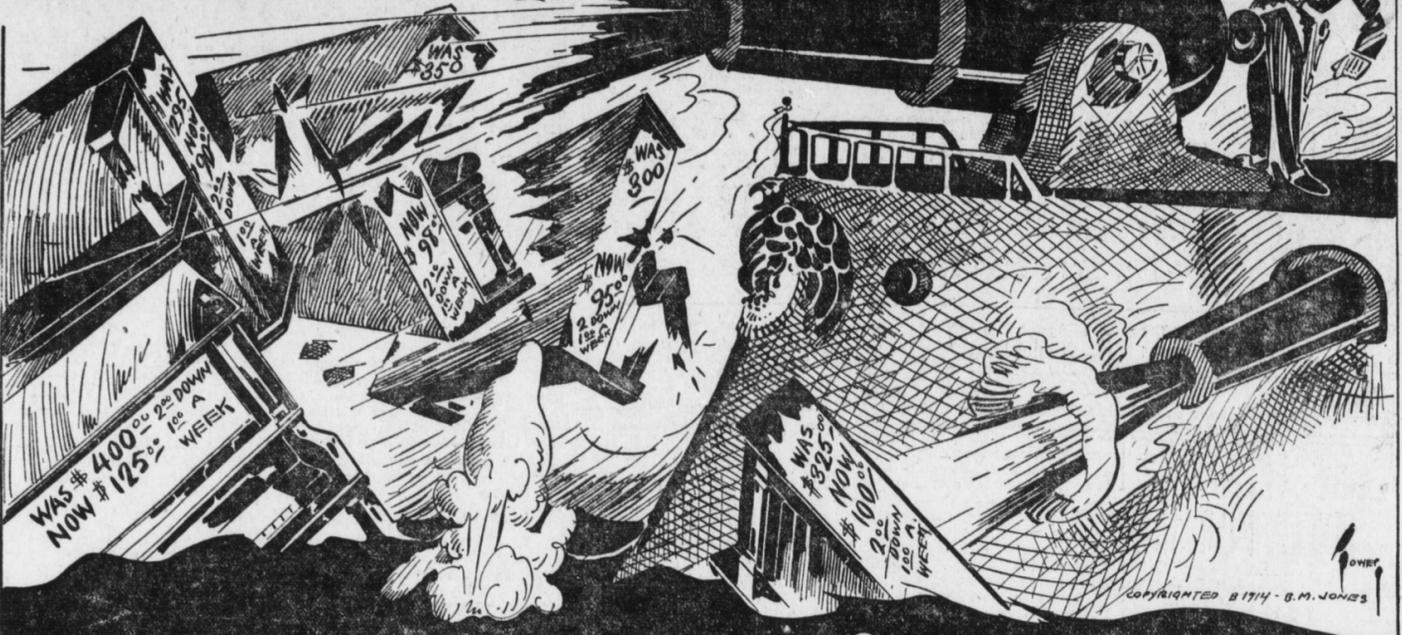
"I ceased to be a companion to my husband. I lost interest in the things he was interested in. I grew old and dull before my time, shut up in the nursery, and I bored people because my only line of conversation was about the relative merits of baby food, and what Johnnie said, and Tommie did."

"And Tom was a man who had to have companionship, who had to be amused, who had to be admired and petted, and made much of, and because I neglected him, and he found none of these things at home, he sought them abroad. Such a man never seeks in vain, and at last I came to know that while I had been holding my baby's hand of an evening another woman had been holding my husband's."

"Our children had separated us. Believe me, the real co-respondent in many a divorce suit is the siren in the crib from whom some fool infatuated young mother cannot tear herself away long enough to look properly after her husband."

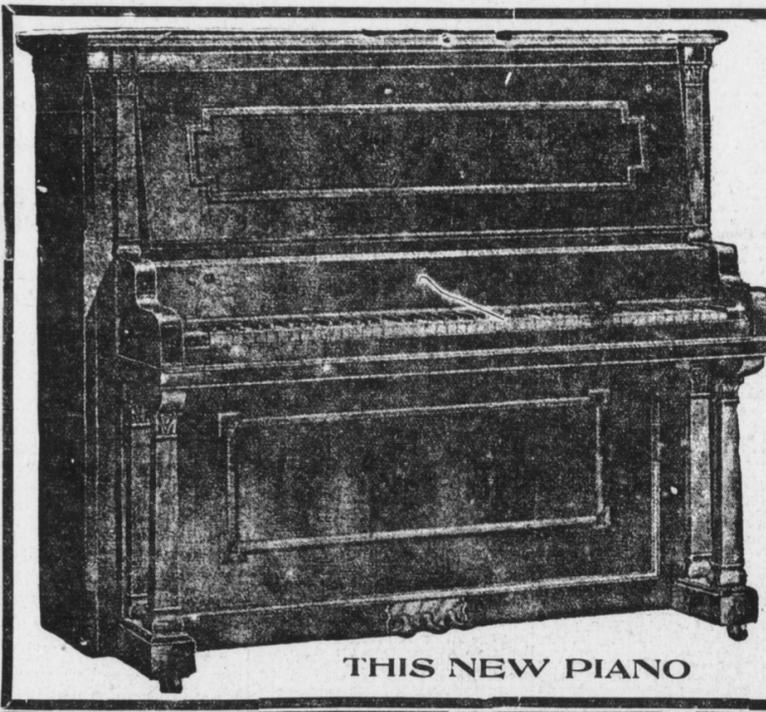
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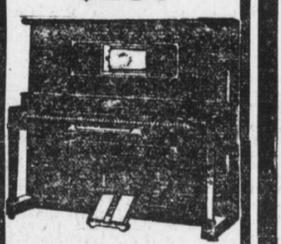
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For the 4 year size, the dress will require 2 1/4 yds. of material 27, 2 yds. 36, 1 1/2 yds. 44 in. wide, with 3/4 yd. 27 in. wide for the collar and cuffs.

The pattern of the dress 8465 is cut in sizes for girls from 2 to 6 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

Bowman's sell May Manton Patterns.
ROYAL ARCADE ELECTS
Waynesboro, Pa., Dec. 10.—At the regular meeting of the Royal Arcanum the following officers were elected for one year: B. R. Summer, regent; D. F. Poe, vice-regent; J. Edgar Oiler, orator; H. H. Harmon, past regent; W. J. C. Jacobs, representative to grand council; S. P. Ambrose, secretary; D. W. Baer, collector; William G. Eppley, treasurer; W. J. C. Jacobs, chaplain; George Tschudy, guide; John E. Creps, warden; Thomas Eakle, sentry; F. E. Grove, trustee.

Mr. Workingman:

How many times have you said "My girl will never have to go into the mill? How many times have you said "I hope Tom will never have to work the way I have had to?" Tom is only a boy now, Mary is only a girl, but the struggle for existence will eventually face your boy and girl just as it faces the boys and girls of yesterday. Mr. Workingman (you are the boy of yesterday) How about your boy or your girl? Are you going to give them a chance? Your boy, that girl that sits on your knee to-night may be a musical genius, but you must give her the chance to develop that talent, come down to this store, bring along the wife and kiddies, select a brand new piano as low as \$98 plus the balance as low as \$2 down and \$1 a week. COULD WE MAKE A FAIRER OFFER.

Mr. and Mrs. Piano Buyer:

Are you going to give the children that piano for Christmas? Are you going to have a Piano Christmas Morning? If not, why not? Is it the Big Prices that are usually charged for pianos that prevents you? Is it the first payment that causes you to hesitate? Don't deny the children a piano this Christmas on account of either. We have cut Prices to the heart. We have placed terms so low that a news-boy could pay for a piano. Come down to this store. Bring along a few dollars. We will deliver the piano when you are ready for it. Christmas Eve, if you say so.

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