

Women and Their Interests

Let the Girl Have a Chance to Marry

By DOROTHY DIX



In our simple and sentimental American society it is the custom to anathematize the managing mother. We hold her up to scorn and ridicule, and are honestly shocked at the spectacle of a woman who tries to shape her daughters' futures instead of trusting them to luck.

Why we should assume this hypocritical attitude toward a very important subject no one knows. Everybody admits that the best thing that can happen to a woman is for her to marry the right sort of a man, and to live in the peaceful security of a comfortable home. This being the case, why should a woman be criticised instead of commended for trying to secure this happy lot in life for her daughter?

Every mature woman knows how marriages are made. She is perfectly aware that the beautiful theory that matches are manufactured in Heaven, and that a strange fate sends affinities across the world to seek each other, is all tommyrot. Matrimony is a matter of opportunity and propinquity.

The most beautiful and attractive girl in the world can be so shelved by her mother's tactlessness and stupidity that she will be more cut off from a chance to get married than if she had a humpback and cross-eyes. On the other hand, a really homely and unattractive girl can be discreetly boomed into belateddom, while it may be laid down as a general proposition that any two ordinary young people will fall in love with each other if they are thrown enough together.

Or they will have what our Christian Science friends call a claim that they are in love with each other, which will last until after the wedding day. Worse luck.

These facts are truisms with which every mother in the world is perfectly familiar, yet observe the idiotic

way in which mothers act. A woman will let a young man of dissipated habits, or one who is so shiftless that he could not support a cat, or a handsome relative, fairly live in her house, thrown into intimate daily association with her daughter, and then, when the two come to her some fine day and blushing ask for her blessing she has fits of horror and surprise all over the place.

"What, let Mabel marry that drunken Tom Smith! What, let Susie be dragged down to poverty by that trifling lazy Ben Smithers! What, let her darling Mamie marry Billy who is almost like her brother!"

It will break her heart to even think of such a thing, and she'll never consent. Never in the world. But what is mother doing when a hot-headed girl thinks she is in love, and so the poor woman has to suffer all of the agony that a mother's heart when she watches the long drawn out agony of her child's unfortunate marriage. And the mother deserves everything she gets for she has been failing to do her duty. She should have protected her daughter from falling in love with the wrong man. She should have managed better.

No woman should ever let any man get on a visiting footing in her house that she would not be willing to see her daughter marry if it came to that. On the contrary, just as much as she should protect her daughter against the wrong man, she should give her a chance at the right man.

It is the bounden duty of every mother with daughters to make her home one of the places where men like to go. She should tolerate the young men into her parlors by means of a charming hospitality. She should take the trouble to make herself agreeable and attractive and the sort of a possible mother-in-law that a man can think of without getting cold feet. She should not, of course, obviously run after marriageable youths, but she should extend them such a glad hand when they drop in that they will be sure to come again.

In a word, without throwing her daughters at young men's heads, she should put them in the attitude of receiving the blessing of a proposal from men who would make desirable husbands. And she should give the girls a chance. Chaperoning a girl is highly desirable, even necessary, but it should be done so warily as never to be perceptible.

There are households in which a girl's matrimonial prospects are frost-bitten by the entire family always sitting around, helping to criticize her beaux. This is a fatal play. You may take it for granted that no young man puts on his best clothes and comes around to listen to Mamie's babble about how marketing has gone up, or Papa's dissertation on what he would do if he were Taft. Nor does it conduce to love making for a young man to overhear the hum of family gossip in the next room, and have a suspicion that little brother is under the sofa, and little sister is peeking through the curtains.

Matrimony has fallen off alarmingly late years since the institution of the portiere for the solid oak door, a circumstance that is doubtless attributable to the fact that there are now so few places in which a man can pop the question with any sense of security that he isn't being eavesdropped.

This is a plain tip to mothers that they should furnish the proper stage setting if they want their daughters to marry.

According to the divorce statistics the managing mother cuts a very conspicuous figure in the matrimonial difficulties in most households. If mothers would only manage a little more before their daughters marry instead of waiting to do it afterward, all of this trouble might be averted.

And one word—let no woman be scared off from doing her duty to her daughter by fear of being called a managing mother. It is every woman's business to help her girls get good husbands and to throw opportunities in their way and quarantine them against the danger of falling in love with the dissipated, the immoral, the trifling, and the no-account youths that infest society.



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"Don't call me Mr. Hawkins," protested Bill. "Call me Bill. This ain't any place for the mister business."

Bill had gradually loosed his clothes as he talked. He was now ready to retire. Montgomery saw him lift his long, powerful arms and take hold upon the edge of the upper pallet. Without touching the lower one with his feet he drew himself up and swung into bed with the agility and ease of an orang.

"Good night," he grunted from above.

Montgomery prepared to retire, and when he was ready to creep under his blanket he knelt and bowed his head. The cell lights had been turned out. Hearing no sound from below, Bill leaned over the edge of his pallet and peered into the checkered shadows made by the tier lights shining through their bars. He saw the boy in prayer and held his peace.

James Montgomery had started the long treadmill jaunt to the grave of a life convict. The gong awakened him in the morning, and he fell in line outside with the men of his tier, to be counted and accounted for in the morning report of his tier warden. The morning meal was dispatched in silence, as prescribed by the rules, and he started work in the machine shops.

The careful training his old mother had given him stood him in good stead. Every task that came to his hand he did cleanly and quickly. He found that the dreaded rule of silence was an advantage. He had much to learn about machinery and could apply himself to getting this knowledge without distraction of any sort. His foreman found him efficient, steady in his work and willing. He promised to become one of the most useful men who ever worked in prison garb.

The weeks passed into months and the months finally rounded out a year, and No. 60,108 had a white chevron sewed to his sleeve under the white disk.

During the first year he had been as much cut off from the outer world as if he had gone down to the bottom of the sea with the crew of a sunken submarine. Now he was given pencil and paper. He had earned the privilege of writing a letter. His heart hungered for a word from or about his mother.

Resting a pad of paper on his knee, he sat on the edge of his cot after the end of a year's work to write to her.

The task was a mighty one. The very beginning of the letter with the words "Dear mother" shook his whole nature. His hand trembled violently and his heart beat so fast that he felt weak and ill. A great sorrow enveloped him, so great that it left no room for bitterness or protest. Just the touch of her dear hand, just a glimpse of her dear, sweet face and the sound of one spoken word from her lips! Could any boon be as great?

The tears filled his eyes and fell upon the sheet of paper. He turned from the task. The stretch of hopeless, barren years for both of them was before his mind's eye. He threw himself on his cot and sobbed.

His burglar cellmate moved uneasily, not knowing what to say or do in the presence of such distress.

"Say, kid," he said at last, "get a strangle hold on the job. Don't let it floor you. Don't be taking the count, old fellow. Gimme a chance, and I'll write the letter for you if you tell me how to spell the words right."

Montgomery felt the kindness and humanity in the offer.

"I'm all right now, Bill," said he. "Thank you. I just lost my nerve for a minute. I want to write my mother, and I didn't know what to tell her."

"Tell her?" echoed Bill. "Why, there's lots to tell her. Tell her about the white disk you still got on your arm and about the white chevron. Tell her you're the best boy in the Sunday school and always know your lesson. Tell her that every time you get a white stripe there's something doing for a big, fine record and that after awhile they will let you out for being so good."

The suggestion was a worthy one. He would tell her all of this, as the practical sense of the old burglar had advised. He would tell her also of his advance in his craft, of the new tools he had learned to use, of the machinery he was already building and repairing and of his plans for perfecting mechanical devices. He would draw a picture of inventions he had in mind and that he would have patented, of the fortune that he would make some day and of the spending of that fortune to gain his liberty and prove his innocence by finding the man who had killed the watchman.

"That's the stuff, kid!" exclaimed the delighted old burglar. "You're bound to put it over on them yet. You got brains. The warden will help you get your patent, and there's plenty of lawyers in this place to draw up the applications. Before you know it you will have money rolling in on you, and with money you can do anything in this world. You can buy political influence enough to get a pardon. Go to it, son, and make the old lady think that you'll soon be out and be a rich man too."

In the morning Bill was ready with more suggestions.

"If I could stomach all these rules like you," he said, "I wouldn't serve half my term, believe me. Once they get to trusting you they watch you less. You come and go like a trusty, and then some day you'll see your chance for a getaway, and off you go. And if you ever get a start all you got to do is to beat it over the river to the West Shore tracks and hop a fast freight for the Hackensack meadows. You'd be as safe there as in a jungle. If the mosquitoes don't eat you alive you can take your time, and as soon as you get a coat and a pair of pants you're all right."

"You mean try to escape?"

"Sure," replied Bill. "Why not? You're in for life, and they can't add nothing to your sentence."

"But the pardon?"

"You might have to wait fifty years," said Bill, "and what's the use of getting out then? You would starve to death. When the time comes I'll lend you a hand, kid. There'll be a way of slipping you a little money and getting clothes for you."

Montgomery felt a curious little thrill of pleasure at the suggestion.

"There's lots of time, lots of time," he warned. "Don't be in any hurry. You can afford to wait five years if necessary. Just keep at your job, but all the time keep your eyes skinned for the chance. It will come some day sure."

CHAPTER V.
Planning.

No. 60,108 began to count the hours and days, the probable moment when he would receive an answer to his first letter from prison.

His home was hardly more than twelve miles away from Sing Sing, but it was across the river and well out in the country. It would depend upon the rural system for its delivery. As it traveled on its way, he let his mind follow it with many tender and yet distressing thoughts of her who would receive it.

Two days passed and the looked for letter came. It was delivered to him O. K'd by the deputy in charge of the correspondence department. He studied the handwriting on the envelope. It was not in the old-fashioned script of his mother, and his hands shook as he drew forth the letter and unfolded it.

He glanced at the signature and read the name of Margaret Wadhams, a friend and neighbor of his mother. She wrote that his mother had been very ill and that her eyesight was falling rapidly. She could not see well enough to write and had asked Miss Wadhams to do the writing for her.

"She tells me to write you only a bright letter," wrote Miss Wadhams, "but I think it is my duty to tell you that your dear mother has broken very rapidly and I believe that she has not many more days to live. Her heart was crushed by the blow that fell upon you and that was only intended for you, James. She is patient and prays constantly that some day your innocence will be established."

[To Be Continued]

Police Investigating Purchase of Revolvers by Mechanicsburg Boys

Mechanicsburg, Pa., July 2.—While suffering considerable from the wound caused by the bullet, Everett Smith, the lad who was accidentally shot by his companion, Paul Ritter, on Tuesday afternoon while testing a revolver, is getting along fairly well, but the result continues uncertain. Had the bullet penetrated one-quarter of an inch higher death would have been certain, stated the physician. Investigations are being made by the authorities, and the police have caused the boys in the crowd to produce the firearms in their possession, as they were suspicious that others were secreted. So far, six revolvers have been handed over to Chief of Police William Martin by this youthful band of gunners. Two others, in addition to the one used in the shooting at the quarry, near town, were unearthed under a stone at that place, the boys having confessed the same to the chief. All of the weapons are in good condition, three being practically new. As to who purchased them, and where, is the line the police are working on at present.

MITE SOCIETY BIRTHDAY

Mechanicsburg, Pa., July 2.—Last evening the Mite Society of Trinity Lutheran Church held a birthday ingathering in the lecture room of the church. The program arranged by the president of the society, Mrs. R. M. Martin, included a piano duet by Miss Pauline Sheeder and Miss Edith Springer; instrumental quartet, Louis A. Diller, G. W. Hershman, D. L. Snavely and Frank Hollinger; vocal duet by Charles M. Senseman and J. Merzbacher, of New York; readings by Miss Margery Herman, of New Kings-ton; Mrs. H. Hall Sharp and Mrs. John T. Lamb. The remainder of the evening was spent socially and refreshments were served.

"Candy Kid"

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Pennsylvania Couples Are Married at Hagerstown

Hagerstown, Md., July 2.—Miss Mary Woods and Alexander A. Miller, both of South Fork, Pa., were married here on Tuesday evening at the parsonage of Washington Square Methodist Episcopal Church by the Rev. Allan F. Poole.

Miss Edith I. Burnett and Eli M. Garrett, both of Mechanicsburg, Pa., were married in this city on Tuesday by the Rev. J. W. Kiracoff, a minister of the United Brethren Church.

Marriage licenses were issued here yesterday by the clerk of the circuit court to the following persons: William J. Silver, of Harrisburg, Pa., and Emma R. Harris, of Mechanicsburg, Pa.; James Barton Garwood, of Boyce, Va., and Alice Craver, of Harrisburg, Pa.

Linglestown Plans Great Events For Fourth of July

Linglestown, Pa., July 2.—This town will celebrate July 4 this year as never before. Arrangements have been made by the committee for two games of ball during the day, a parade and concert in the evening. Camp 23, P. O. S. of A., will have the Rev. Linebaugh of Harrisburg as their prominent speaker at a patriotic meeting at the festival, and delegations of members of the order will be present from Harrisburg and vicinity to help make the occasion a success. The Penbrook Band will furnish music and the town will be decorated with flags and bunting in keeping with the day.

MECHANICS ELECT OFFICERS

Dillsburg, Pa., July 2.—At the regular meeting of council No. 324, Order United American Mechanics on Tuesday night the following officers were elected: Councilor, J. Percy Helsey; vice councilor, S. C. Gross; recording secretary, Samuel Wagner; assistant recording secretary, Bennett Karns; financial secretary, William H. Shriver; examiner, H. J. Eurich; inside protector, John Baker; outside protector, W. H. Baker; trustee, J. R. McClure; treasurer, Charles Couslin; inductor, George Martin.

SIX DIE IN MONTH

Mechanicsburg, Pa., July 2.—During the month of June, Mechanicsburg lost six persons by death, which was five more than the corresponding month last year. Three of the number had passed the three-score and ten mark. The list follows: June 10, Daniel Glace, 81 years; June 14, Joseph Hunsberger, 83 years; June 19, Palmer Stevenson, 27 years; June 23, Martin Douglas, 84 years; June 24, Mrs. Charles May, 47 years; June 27, Mrs. Catherine H. Meloy, 70 years.

TETANUS KILLS WOMAN

Grantville, Pa., July 2.—Funeral services of the late Mrs. William Nye, who died of tetanus caused by tramping in a nail, was held on Tuesday from her late home near Indian Town Gap. Services and burial were held at the Moonshine Church by the Rev. O. R. Bittner, of Grantville. Mrs. Nye was aged 53 years and is survived by her husband and two daughters.

PRICES THAT PLEASE

Never in the history of this great store have values been so inviting, varieties so alluring or customers so enthusiastic over the merchandise presented as in this annual June clearing sale. Real bargains when really needed the most. Decisive reductions on coats, suits, skirts, dresses, waists and underwear. Klein Co., the new store for women, 9 North Market Square.

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Place cards and candy favors guessing games and all the things to do at a party to make it an enjoyable affair to the guests, are here in excellent variety. Other games entertaining to the children as well as odd toys and things suitable for suitable prizes at party gatherings. Marianne Kinder, Mark, 218 Locust street.



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Safety in Summer

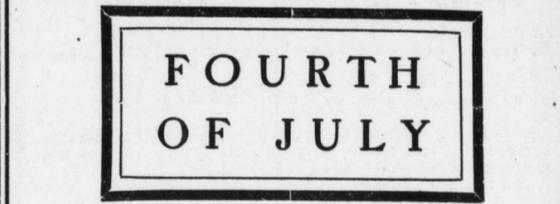
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