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**Out of the Frying Pan**  
And In Due Time Into the Fire

By SADIE GILCOTT

"What on earth did I get married for?" growled Ainsworth, stamping the front door of his house behind him and crushing his hat down on his head as he left his home for business. "I'm going down to that dingy office, where the sun never creeps in, to slave all day by artificial light to procure food and clothes for another. Before I put this yoke on my neck I was free as air. If I wanted a cocktail or a cigar I bought it; if I wanted to play poker with my friends till 3 in the morning I could do it without being beholden to any one. Now I can't—"

"Oh, for the sense of freedom that I had when I was single—free as a bird, light as air! When I woke up in the morning I was not weighed down by a sense of responsibility as now. When I went to bed I didn't have to listen to reproaches for something I had done or something I hadn't done during the day. Instead of having my way in petty things as I have now, giving up in the important ones, I had it in both great and small things. There were no ten dollar hat frames to buy, with fifteen dollar ostrich feathers attached; no new spring and fall costumes because the men who invent the fashions get them up so that the unworn and perfectly good garments of the last season can't be made over. What induced me to give up peace, comfort and freedom to take upon myself a multitude of annoyances and cares I don't know. If I were out of it I would never go into it again."

"How in the world shall I get through all I have to do today?" said Mrs. Ainsworth to herself. "I wish I were back in the happy days when I didn't have to do gaudery. There's the washing just come in, and I've got to go over all Jim's underclothing, mend every hole and replace every button or he'll take my head off when he puts the things on. When I was free mother used to take care of my clothes. Now I have to do it myself and take care of Jim's too. And yet the comic papers are full of silly jokes on mothers-in-law. I wish mother were here this morning to give me a lift with my day's work. If she were I suppose every time she opened her mouth Jim would growl at her. She would be his mother-in-law and his mother. Of course, it wouldn't be so nice if she were my mother-in-law and his mother. Anyway, it wouldn't disturb him. He got down to his office every morning and gets rid of the household worry all evening. Then when he comes home I'm expected to look cheerful and kiss him with a smile on my lips when I'm dead tired with all I've been doing during the day. I'd just like to change places with him for one day. I can see him now sitting in his office, scanning a newspaper and smoking a cigar or chatting about the market and whether money is easy or tight or what effect the tariff will have on prices. And men call those the annoyances of a business life. I'd like mighty well to have one of them at home and the cook walk off in a passion an hour before dinner. I guess he'd find out what responsibility means."

"Off for home, Mr. Ainsworth," said Jones, the bookkeeper, at the end of business hours. "I wish I had a home. I never envy married men so much as when the day's work is over, with its annoyances and disappointments, and you go to your own dwellings. A pretty wife opens the door for you and gives you a kiss. You sit down to a dinner of home cooking; then in the evening if you are tired you sit beside a table covered with periodicals and smoke the happy hours away, or if you like to go on to an amusement you've some one to go with you—some one with whom you are congenial, some one you love."

"Just so," was Mr. Ainsworth's laconic assent.

"But we miserable bachelors," the garrulous Jones continued, "what must we do—go to a desolate room filled full of nothing? Nothing meets us at the door. Nothing gives us a welcoming kiss. We sit down on a chair and pull nothing down on our lap to sympathize with us in our disagreeable experiences of the day. While we are making a toilet nothing talks to us, and when we are ready for dinner nothing goes with us. Single life is just brim full of nothing. And there you are!"

"It beats all," growled Ainsworth as soon as he could get away from Jones, "how persons will be so stupid as not to know when they are well off."

"Good afternoon," Mrs. Ainsworth said Miss Elsie Ashe. "I just called in hoping you might be able to cheer me up a bit. I do get so tired doing nothing. And after a girl becomes too old to hobnob with young men who haven't become absorbed in the affairs of a career she is left out in the cold. Everybody says to me, 'Why don't you take up some work?' I don't need to take up some work, and I don't wish to take up some work. What I crave is what is natural for

every woman to crave—a nice little home of my own. Just like yours. Isn't it just perfectly lovely here? How nicely you've got your rooms decorated! Nothing gorgeous; everything in good taste. You're just too comfortable for anything. All day while you are interested in your household duties you have the anticipation of your husband coming home in the evening to tell you about what he has been interested in since he left you in the morning, how much money he has made."

"Or lost," interrupted Mrs. Ainsworth. "Yes, lost sometimes. If it were all gain there would be no pleasure in it. It's the losses that give zest to the gains. There's nothing that makes life worth living except the home. And you've got the nicest home of any one of my acquaintance. Besides, you have the prospect of children. I'm a natural lover of children, and do you know every year I love them more and more. I never go into a home where there are a lot of them romping about that I don't envy the mother. They're such a blessing. I've often thought how nice it must be to dress them up at times and at other times watch them play in the dirt, always merry and imparting their merriment to their parents. Well, goodbye. I just ran in from my lonely room to get buoyed up by a sight of your cozy home. How I do envy you!"

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Ainsworth to his wife as they walked together into their upstairs chamber, "how has the battle gone today?"

"I don't know, Jim," replied his wife, whom he drew down on his lap, "but that we make too much of these ordinary annoyances of life. It seems to me that if we stopped occasionally to think how much better off we are than some other persons we wouldn't feel that our daily life contained so many troubles. Elsie Ashe dropped in today just to have a look at the comforts we have in order to cheer herself up from the misery of being alone in the world. I had been grumbling to myself after you went to business at what I am obliged to do for you every day, considering myself to be a slave to you and all that."

"I was thinking the same about you,"—when Elsie came in, and she rattled away in that garrulous fashion of hers, showing me how well off I am, making me ashamed of myself."

"Funny! That's exactly what Jones was saying to me when I left the office."

"I tell you what we'll do. Hereafter I'm going to consider myself not your slave, but your willingly obedient wife, ready to obey you in everything, not because it is a duty, but because it is a pleasure."

"And not get through my pocketbook any more?"

"That's not a matter of obedience, but a measure of precaution. We mustn't spend all our income or we'll never get ahead, and when the little one comes we must be prepared to—"

"By the bye, Kit, when the little one comes we'll have some one we can both boss, and we won't think so much about bossing each other."

"I suppose so."

"I have an idea. Phil Jones and Elsie Ashe are both so miserable alone. Suppose we give them a taste of married life by making a match between them?"

"Elsie would make a good wife."

"And Phil is a fine fellow."

"Very well. We'll bring them in together for dinner."

"And a year after the wedding we'll ask them how they like it. Maybe they'll say they have jumped out of the frying pan into the fire."

"If they don't we won't get back into the frying pan again any more than we will, will they?"

"They kissed and went down to dinner."

"I heard, Mrs. Ainsworth," said Mrs. Elsie Ashe Jones a year after the last recorded dialogue between Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth, "that the baby is sick. I have come in to ask if there is anything I can do for you."

"Oh, no. There's nothing needed. He's asleep now. Jim and I were up with him all night. The child had the worst case of colic he's ever had. Jim walked the floor with him from 2 till 4 in the morning. The poor man has gone down to business all tired out."

"Too bad. I suppose that if children are a comfort—"

"They must sometimes be a nuisance," said Ainsworth, entering and interrupting the speaker.

"Why, my dear," exclaimed Mrs. Ainsworth, "what did you come home for?"

"Headache; played out all over and from walking post for two hours last night, besides getting up ten times heating water, warming milk and other things that I didn't have to do as a bachelor."

"Oh, Mr. Ainsworth," exclaimed Mrs. Jones, "you should be so happy to have the dear little thing sent down from heaven to you!"

"From where?" growled Ainsworth. "Dear," said the wife, "you said that when the baby came we would have something to unite us, because we needn't spend our time thinking that we were each bossed by the other; we would both boss the baby."

"Did I say that?"

"Yes, you did."

"If I said that it showed the folly of giving one's views without experience. In that little monster we've both got a tyrant that'll be rubbing our noses into the ground for the rest of our natural lives."

"And if he stops rubbing your nose in the ground—I mean if you lose him—you'll be wild with grief."

"I suppose so," grunted the father. "Dear, I'd like a cup of strong tea."

**12 PEOPLE KILLED**  
Two Electric Trains Collide, Telescoping Two Cars.

**BOYS PULL WHISTLE IN JEST**

Youths Who Caused Wreck Crushed—Several Passengers Are Cut to Pieces—One Man Carries Out Eight Bodies—Ten Die in Collision in France.

To "horse play" by youths, who pulled the train whistle, is attributed the loss of twelve lives and the injury of 200 persons, many of them fatally, at Vineyard station, near Los Angeles, Cal. Two Pacific electric trains collided, telescoping two cars and wrecking another.

Three trains loaded with excursionists to the beach at Venice, sixteen miles from Los Angeles, had stopped at a curve, where a switch is turned. The last train began moving forward while the two foremost trains remained at a standstill.

Carroll Bartholomae, the conductor of the last car of the center train, jumped to the track with his light to "flag" down the approaching train. Some youths on his car, say passengers who escaped death, pulled the whistle in jest. This, it was said by railroad men, was misinterpreted by the motorman of the moving train as the signal to go ahead.

With a crash of breaking glass, splitting timbers and the cries of passengers, the motor car of the last train drove into the rear of the center train.

**Jokers Are Crushed.**  
The youths who had played with the whistle were crushed in the debris. The colliding cars were telescoped. The second car of the stationary train was almost demolished. The motorman of the moving train, hearing the whistle, had given full speed. A curve had prevented his seeing the standing cars of the next train. The third train was not affected. The three trains were said to have been running at three minute intervals.

Most of the killed were cut to pieces. Their identification was slow. Special trains rushed the injured to Los Angeles hospitals and the dead to morgues here.

**One Man Carries Out Eight Bodies.**  
Passengers on the rear car of the standing train filled the seats and stood in the aisles when the crash came. The seats were shuffed as a deck of cards. Those who stood were crushed against each other into the far end of the car. The lights went out. Arthur Hill, a sailor from the torpedo boat Paul Jones, carried out eight bodies, including a woman gripping an infant's body in her arms. Mother and child were dead. Mrs. W. B. Stewart of Los Angeles dragged out the body of her husband, who had been stunned.

Few of the Christian Endeavor delegates were on the trains. The headquarters of the Toronto delegation of 125 announced that none of the Canadian visitors was in the wreck. Practically all those killed and injured were residents of Los Angeles and suburbs.

**Ten Die in Collision in France.**  
At Hendaye, France, two electric trains which were crowded with passengers on their way to a bull fight at Irun, a Spanish frontier town, collided. Ten persons were killed and fifty wounded, many of them seriously.

**ELECT EDWARD LEACH AS NEW ELKS' RULER**  
Fred C. Robinson of Dubuque, Ia., Re-Elected Secretary.

At Rochester, N. Y., Grand Treasurer Edward Leach of New York was elected grand exalted ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, to succeed Thomas B. Mills of Superior, Wis. Mr. Leach was opposed by J. Cookman Boyd of Baltimore. Grand Secretary Fred C. Robinson of Dubuque, Ia., was re-elected in a three-cornered fight.

Others officers chosen are: Grand esteemed leading knight, P. H. Shields, Clarksburg, W. Va.; grand esteemed loyal knight, H. H. Jennings, Bridgeport, Conn.; grand esteemed lecturing knight, E. M. Dickerman, Tucson, Ariz.

Denver, Col., won the fight for the 1914 convention.

**REMITTANCE MAN DIES**  
Anthony Van A. Winans Succumbs to Starvation in New Orleans.

At New Orleans, La., Anthony Van A. Winans, said to be the heir of a New York ferry magnate, died at Charity Hospital of starvation, according to the physicians. Winans, found unconscious in a local hotel, had been without food for several days.

Hotel officials said his usual remittance had not been received from New York.

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**Publication Notice**

STATE OF ILLINOIS  
LAKE COUNTY, ss In the County Court of Lake County

To the August Term, A. D. 1913.

Edward M. Laing, Administrator of the Estate of Alexander Laing, Deceased, vs. Decedent, Real Estate to Pay Debts

Affidavit of the non-residence of John W. Laing, defendant above named, having been filed in the office of the Clerk of the County Court of Lake County, notice is hereby given to the said John W. Laing, administrator of the Estate of Alexander Laing has filed his petition in the said County Court of Lake County, for an order to sell the premises belonging to the Estate of said deceased, or so much of it as may be needed to pay the debts of said decedent, known and described as follows, to-wit:

The west three hundred and fourteen feet (W. 314 ft.) of the northerly six hundred and ninety three feet (N. 693 ft.) of the northeast quarter (N. E. 1/4) of section thirty two (Sec. 32) township forty three north (Twp. 43 N.) range twelve, East (R. 12 E) of the third principal meridian. And that a summons has been issued out of said Court against you, returnable to the August Term, A. D. 1913, of said Court, to be holden on the fourth day of August A. D. 1913, at the Court House in Waukegan in Lake County, Illinois.

Now, unless you, the said John W. Laing shall personally be and appear before said County Court of Lake County, on the first day of a term thereof, to be holden at Waukegan in said County, on the fourth day of August 1913, and plead, answer or demur to the said complainant's petition filed therein, the same and the matters and things therein charged and stated will be taken as confessed, and a decree entered against you according to the prayer of said petition.

Waukegan, Illinois.  
LEW A. HENDER, Clerk.

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Complainant's Solicitor. 18-19-20-21

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**Highland Park Mail Service**  
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