

STENOGRAPHERS AS WIVES

Rich Men Often Marry Them, and the Result Is Domestic Happiness.

ENTER midday—the stenographer exits the chorus girl—turn off the spot light.

It may be that the more spectacular chorus girl gets the publicity, but it is the quiet little girl in the black dress and the white turned-over collar and cuffs who seems to be capturing the millionaire. And, let it be recorded in passing, that whereas millionaires and chorus girls yet divorced in a year or two, it is yet to be noted where a man who has married his stenographer after months or maybe years of daily association with her in the office has become tired of her as the mistress of his home, or she tired of him.

Ask any of a score of very rich men who have married their head stenog-

veloped the fact that Miss Bronlehen had been Mr. Towner's stenographer for more than five years, in the office of the American Surety company, for which he is chief attorney. Nobody guessed, however, that the girl whom he addressed so formally as Miss Bronlehen had really won his heart.

And there is a great rejoicing today in a modest little room at 292 West Broadway, over a rag-picker's shop, where Mrs. Towner and her husband, who made the announcement still live. Ports is a waiter in a West street restaurant, but for all that Mrs. Towner is now sister-in-law to one of the proudest families of New England.

"We are awfully glad," she said, "that Hermione is so happy and that she has married a rich man. She has gone with her husband to the Adirondacks and before they come back they will visit his old home in Connecticut."

Nobody grudges Mrs. Towner's pro-

in that state. Because she was a stenographer up in Jersey never hurt her social position down south in the slightest.

Pittsburg society has been upset many times by chorus girls. But they never caused so much gossip as did its favorite clergyman, the Rev. Dr. William L. McEwen, pastor of the Third Presbyterian church, when he married Eleanor Fulton Colvin. She was a stenographer. Not even a member of his church, where Mrs. William Thaw worshipped, was asked. It was in his study that Harry Kendall Thaw and Evelyn Nesbit were married. Today Mrs. McEwen is one of the social leaders of Pittsburg, though once a person's secretary.

Why is it, then, that the stenographer, no matter how modest her position before, is at once accepted by society? Why is it that marrying her employer is looked upon as quite a matter of course for the stenographer?

Statistics give the answer. The real helpmate of the busy man who has no time for society is his stenographer. While he has been making his millions she has been making herself indispensable.

The stenographer has been marrying her employer in far greater ratio than chorus girls have been capturing the callow youth.

And why not? The woman secretary represents the stable, satisfying, long-working, personally interested assistant to the busy man. She may, therefore, soon appear as his natural affinity. Once she makes him her husband her heart is in the business a thousand times more.

Ask Frank H. Bailey, vice president of the Title Guarantee and Trust company of Brooklyn. He married Miss Marie Louise Lambert, his stenographer for 19 years. He is 49 years old and she 25. And there isn't a happier couple in Brooklyn today.

When Miss Katherine Stiles, just turned 22, stenographer in the office of the People's Security company, 277 Broadway, was introduced to George P. Smith, in charge of the department, neither knew that Cupid was smiling upon them. Now they are married. Mrs. Smith is no longer a Broadway stenographer, but the queen of a home, and some day share in the fortune which ex-Senator Geo. B. Smith is to leave to his son.

Countless other cases could be mentioned where men of affairs have married their typewriters for them. Many of them have refused to leave the office just because they have married their employers. There is Mrs. Charles W. Post of Battle Creek, Mich., the bride of the millionaire manufacturer, for instance.

She will never have to strike a key again as far as having to make her living is concerned. But she says: "My husband is a hard worker and I would not be happy to be forced to remain idle."

So she works as his secretary still.

And there is ex-Gov. William W. Stickney of Vermont, who married his stenographer, Miss Sarah E. Moore. Today she helps him in his political work. And note the romances of Judge William H. Kelley of Bridgeport, Conn., member of one of the oldest families in New England, and supposedly a confirmed bachelor, who married Miss Edith K. Kiefer, his stenographer for nine years.

Such romances could be multiplied time and again, were it necessary, without occasion for chronicling a single failure.

There is Alexander R. Peacock, now one of Carnegie's millionaires, who married the young woman who took his dictation. She is now one of Pittsburg's social leaders.

There are two reasons. One is that when a man marries a woman who has been at his right hand for years he knows pretty well what she is.

The other reason is that when a woman marries a man from whom she has been taking orders for a long while she reasonably feels that she knows him at his worst as well as at his best—and has the minimum chance of a mistake.—New York World.



ROSE L. FRITZ.

TO TYPEWRITE FOR WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP.

Typists are busy all over the country practicing for the coming annual international typewriting championship, to be held in New York city the week beginning Oct. 27, at the National Business show.

Miss Rose L. Fritz, a New York girl, is the present holder of the championship, and is confident that she will be able successfully to defend her title this year.

Other competitors are: Miss Mac Carrington of Springfield, Mass.; Miss Lillian Rehmer of Chicago, Miss Lella Hann of Indianapolis, Sarah Benson of St. Louis, Miss Blanche Newell of Boston, Miss Eva Derles of Louisville, Miss Dorothy Fisher of New Orleans, Mrs. Jane E. Hutzog of the pension department, Washington, Miss Carolyn Snow of Portland, Me., Miss H. D. Pomboke and Miss Rola Worthing of New York.

From abroad are entered Miss Martha Baumgarten of Berlin, Miss Dupont of Paris and Miss Elizabeth Mason of London.

raphers in the past year or so—ask if they are dissatisfied in the choice they have made.

"No!" will be the answer in unanimous chorus.

The divorce between the millionaire and his former stenographer has yet to come before the court of the land. And why should it?

When a man and a woman work side by side for a long time, isn't it fair to assume that they know each other pretty well. She knows all his habits and his failings; he knows just what he can expect from her.

They marry.

Is there any reason why they should not be happy? If she knew him in the office, can she know him in the home? If he knew her in the office, can he know her in the home? If he knows her to be a faithful, steady, empty-headed employee in the office, would he ask her to assume charge of his establishment?

Of course not.

And so the marriages of millionaires with stenographers go on without a single slip-up. And the most recent example is that of Rutherford H. Towner—

the last to set the business world walking.

Of course it came with something to do with society. The news was spread in the brief card bearing his legend:

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Elsworth Towner have the honor to announce the marriage of their sister, Miss Hermione Bronlehen, to Mr. Rutherford Hamilton Towner.

"Who are Mr. and Mrs. Towner?" asked some of Mr. Towner's friends.

"This is Miss Hermione Bronlehen?"

A lot of Mr. Towner's bachelor acquaintances insisted that the whole thing was a joke. Upon inquiry they learned that the ceremony had been performed privately by the Rev. John P. Peters, at St. Michael's church, Amsterdam avenue and West Ninety-ninth street.

motion in the social scale. She was one of the most contented and diligent employees of all in the office of the Surety company. And no one guessed that she ever took time enough from her typewriting and shorthand notebook for any man to make love to her.

She is tall, handsome, with dark hair, regular features, clear skin and a complexion of roses and cream—quite a foil for Mr. Towner, who is tall, strapping and athletic.

That the alliance will be a most successful one there are countless proofs. Go back only a few days to the springtime and you will learn of the marriage of Jerome Alexander, heir to a million, not to his own stenographer, because he isn't old enough to have one, but to his stepfather's stenographer, and office manager. She was Miss Violet Adelaide Oakley. It was an elopement and the family were very sorry for it, because they would have much rather welcomed the bride at a conventional wedding ceremony. Everybody liked the girl, especially her employer, young Alexander's stepfather, Mr. Bonner. His summing up of the affair is as follows:

"Miss Oakley was a tall girl of clear complexion and dark brown hair, very attractive in feature and manner. Jerome entered Princeton last fall as a freshman. When he was home for the Christmas holidays he first met Miss Oakley in my office and got to talking with her. A few weeks ago he gave up his studies at Princeton and entered my office—just played around trying to look like working. He got to talking with her. She was very kind and we are prepared to welcome Mrs. Alexander."

The Whitting-Greely wedding was something along these lines. Samuel Raynor Whitting, son of ex-Congressman William Whitting, millionaire manufacturer of Holyoke, Mass., and Miss Gertrude L. Greely, long time stenographer, were married quietly last February without much formal ceremony. Mr. Whitting did not lose any caste with his father for marrying his stenographer. He is now secretary of the company and some day will control it. Mrs. Whitting, however, has enough to do in attending to the management of his home and doesn't go to the office.

Charles Lee, a millionaire manufacturer, of Oneida, N. Y., has a stenographer bride. She was Miss Mabel E. Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Brown of Syracuse. Mrs. Lee no longer visits the office where she was Miss Brown, typewriter, but she is one of the leading social lights of Syracuse, thanks to her husband's position and her own tact and cleverness. No society leader turned her nose up at receiving Mrs. Lee.

There is a family in New York proud to own an office girl as an heirless to its millions. She was once Miss Ada Briley, who worked in New Britain, Conn., from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. She is now, if you please, Mrs. Francis Edgar Talcott of 7 West Fifty-second street, New York city, neighbor of the Vanderbilts, Whitneys, Ochsens and others of the world of fashion, and daughter-in-law of James Talcott, the multi-millionaire dry goods merchant.

It wasn't an elopement.

Mr. Talcott, Sr., very frankly admitted that he did not want anybody to think that he was ashamed of his son's marrying a girl who had to work for her living.

"Both of them," said Mr. Talcott, "have my full and free approval of their marriage."

Young Mr. Talcott holds a responsible position today in his father's mills. The best proof possible that his marriage with a stenographer did not hurt him in a business way is that he has been promoted.

Turn now to the case of Augustin Meagher of Mobile, Ala., head of the house of one of the proudest families

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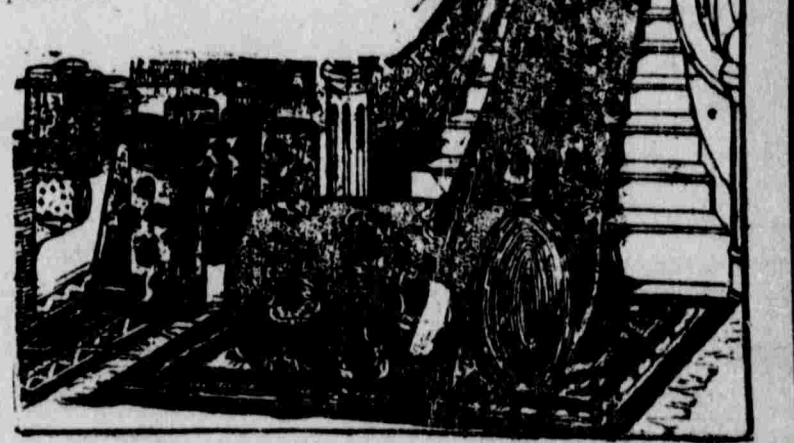
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We have just received a car load of Feather Pillows from the Sanitary Feather Company, and are now prepared to furnish you Sanitary Down Pillows; also all other grades made by the Sanitary Feather Company.

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