

MARITAL MILLSTONES—THE WOMAN WHO STANDS IN HER HUSBAND'S WAY

She Not Only Cheats Herself and Her Children, But Will Find the Shadow of the Might-have-been Between Her and Happiness.

By ELLEN ADAIR.

MANY times the excuse is offered that it takes all kinds of people to make a world, and perhaps it does; but somehow or other I have to look very hard to see the reason why we need to put up with the women who stand in their husbands' way.

The other day I heard two women talking about a young man they had just met. She was exceedingly attractive, and looked as if she was a young high school miss, instead of the mother of two charming children.

Peer, foolish woman—jumping out of the frying pan into the fire. She is placing many unseen difficulties before her. She will have to contend with more than loneliness. First of all, she will have to act as comforter to her husband for the financial loss, to say nothing of the problem of making both ends meet.

scarcities of learning a new business, especially if the men higher up are unympathetic. And most trying of all, she must battle continually with an invisible but none the less mighty opponent—the wife of the might-have-been. She will always know that her husband feels that she has stood in his way. He may be man enough to keep it in his heart, or he may not. A great deal of her future happiness depends upon his chivalry in this respect.

Then, besides this, there is a problem of the children. A mother who deliberately takes from them their opportunities for education, culture and refinement on account of her own selfishness has much to regret. She is stealing from them what they cannot retain for themselves, and for what end? A doubtful happiness, innumerable financial worries and most probably a strained feeling in the home sooner or later leading to open discord.

For it is a certainty that love flies out of the door when poverty flies in the window, the kind of poverty which comes from blind selfishness.

A man will work and work hard for the woman he loves. He will ask nothing in return as long as he feels that she is sharing the burden and doing her part; but let her turn into a selfish, metaphysical millionaire around his neck, while he battles both at the office and in his home, and you can count upon two more victims for the divorce courts.

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TRANSPARENT EFFECTS STILL FASHIONABLE FOR EVENING WEAR

HERE is a gown for evening wear which has been designed by an artist for the stout woman. It almost seemed as if the "too, too solid flesh" of which Shakespeare spoke would have to be encased in taffetas when the spring evening gowns made their first appearance, because they all followed what I call "debutante lines"—the full, fluffy lines of the high-waisted costume. These flower-trimmed gowns practically excluded the stout woman, because she couldn't possibly wear a Victorian model.

Black began to make its appearance early in the summer as a most acceptable solution of the problem, and its instant popularity insured its success. The stout woman can wear it and look well—it shows the lines of her figure to the best advantage, without accentuating them. Today's illustration is a charming gown of black silk net over a charmeuse foundation and trimmed with cut jet ornaments. The bodice is a sort of jupe colotte of the jet, with an extremely décolleté front, veiled in net. This is held at the throat by a black velvet bandeau, outlined by a dainty wreath of pink roses. The sleeves reach all the way to the wrist, and are made of a single thickness of the net.

The skirt is a marvel of well-managed drapery. It is arranged in two tunics of varying lengths, made of the net. The upper one is trimmed with an edging of ball trimming in jet, while the other has a piping of charmeuse. A very wide band of jet heading outlines the underskirt, which is slightly shorter than the net tunic. It is really one of the most effective gowns I have seen for fall wear.



GOWN FOR THE STOUT WOMAN

WEATHERMAN WINS COMPLETE VICTORY OVER DAME FASHION

Atlantic City Women Bow in Servility Before the Cold Winds, and Wear Winter Raps as Token of Their Abject Defeat.

EVEN ATLANTIC CITY NEEDS SOME DIVERSION

Lots of men, tired of straw, are wearing flannel white. Other new pushing baby carriages. You see them everywhere. Youths, whose fathers have large bank accounts, wear the gayest of bathing trunks on the sand. The man who has climbed Absecon Light-house and counted every step on the way up, is telling everybody about it. Plenty of men who have read fine stories from Zola are down on the Boardwalk at Savannah avenue pulling in two-inch pieces and calling it sport. Middle-aged men carry umbrellas to ward off the sun and wear the brightest scarves to be seen on the Boardwalk. Gallantry is not dead here by any means, but it does seem as if the men folk do pick out the most comfortable chairs on the hotel piazzas. A Philadelphian who commutes every day takes three dogs down to the beach every evening when he takes his swim. Not a few impressionable ladies are wondering whether the Italian bands on the pier are going abroad to enlist for Italy's sake just as soon as the summer concert season is over.

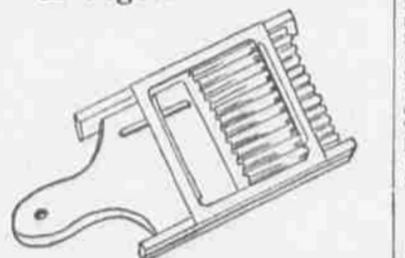
ATLANTIC CITY, Aug. 7.—The 57 different varieties of weather handed to this resort during the last four days, have kept the woman who wants to be up-to-date in the matter of dress, in a constant turmoil. A chameleon could not have kept pace with the changes demanded. Sultry, oppressive weather would last only a few hours. Then would come showers and sprinkles, followed by blasts of icy air from the ocean. Coats and wraps that had been placed in campfire were hastily dug out to meet changing conditions, and summer furs, which every one claimed were doomed to stay in the discard pile, were worn extensively.

PHILADELPHIA VISITORS. Among the Philadelphia visitors are: Mr. and Mrs. David E. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Connor, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mezes and Miss F. Marie Mezes, Mr. and Mrs. George P. Brady, Albert Erickson Peterson, Leroy Brehm, Miss Mary Kelly, James Moore, Mrs. H. C. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Curley, Mr. and Mrs. James Hancock, Mrs. Matilda Hancock and Miss Katharine Hancock, Harold Smith, Miss Adele Douglas, Philip Smith, Mrs. Daniel McClinch, James E. Sweeney.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Morris Wistar and Miss Betty Wistar, J. J. McKay, George H. Lukens, Miss S. Mitchell, Harry Rosenthal, J. J. Menkus, Miss Rose Strumpf, Mrs. H. Hall and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Ferguson, Dr. and Mrs. F. R. Feldman, Mr. and Mrs. I. Farman, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Gruber, Miss Leah Hughes, Miss Mildred Holt, of Roxborough; Mrs. William Sprout, Miss Rae Sprout and Miss Lillian Sprout, Mrs. A. Poth, Mrs. A. M. Poth and Mrs. Harry Poth, of St. Davids; Mrs. Samuel Wexler, Mrs. Lloyd and James S. Logan, of Germantown.

Mr. and Mrs. Celladay Allen, Miss Emily Winters and Mrs. Thomas Cadge, of West Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Cohen, of Kohon, William Zimmerman, Thomas Power, R. R. Smalley, C. M. Torrington, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lehman, Mrs. Adelaide Norton, Miss Violet Levy and Herbert Norton, Mr. and Mrs. J. Porter Cope, Mr. Leonard Kiffman, Mrs. M. O. Hall, Miss Marie Bonner, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. McDermott, Mrs. Alice Owens and son, Mr. and Mrs. John Newbold Wilkins, Jr., Mrs. Louise Perry and Miss Pauline Perry, Mr. and Mrs. William Reid Fitzsimmons, Mrs. John Day.

A Vegetable Cutter



Every day some enterprising person devises some new and attractive article for kitchen use, and the latest one is the vegetable slicer. This is a small board, with a slanted tin arrangement on it, which slides back and forth. This is for making almost any kind of fancy shaped vegetable, such as the popular and artistic shoestring potatoes or bean for baked steaks, fancy carrots, peppers, etc. There is no gainfulness about this article, it hangs by a handle and can be bought for 35 cents.

HOW GERMAN KULTUR DESTROYED THE TOWN OF SENLIS, IN FRANCE

"Le Boches" Killed Innocent Noncombatants, Men, Women and Children Alike—Officers Refused to Listen to Pleas of Mercy and Carried Out in Full Policy of "Frightfulness."

By ELLEN ADAIR

SENILIS, Northern France, July 11.—IT HAS been no easy task to reach this war-stricken town, 25 miles northeast of Paris, which has been so terribly wrecked by the Germans, and where so many peaceful citizens have been massacred. And as I sit writing here I see before me a long street in ruins. The houses have been shelled and bombarded into blackened pieces, and those walls which are still standing are embedded with shrapnel and torn splinter. The horrors and atrocities which are today being recorded! The Germans occupied the town for 10 days.

Only a few minutes ago I talked with a beautiful little French girl, Marie St. Jean, 15 years of age, who bears a great six-inch scar upon her leg as a witness of German "kultur." She and her mother with many other women were carried in front of the German troops in order to serve as a shield against the shells and bullets of the opposing French army. I am informed wherever I go that this is the usual procedure of the Germans, or, as the French call them, "les Boches."

"I could not help crying, madame!" Hoped little Marie, when she broke in upon me, "I was so large with fear at the recollection of all she had to go through at the hands of 'les Boches.' The soldiers told us that we must be silent, and they in front and catch the bullets as they came, and they pushed us with their rifles! Maman was crying too—and one big 'Boche' said he would put his bayonet in us both if we did not cease weeping in our distress! But the bullets and the shells gave me a great fear!"

SHOWED NO MERCY. Her mother, who is concierge at a convent close to Senlis, told me that she and she remained in that line of death while the moon rose over the field. We thought each moment our last! The strain was terrible and I felt suddenly faint with horror at approaching death.

"After a time the captain returned on his horse," she said, "and we stood there overwhelmed with surprise and relief. When I was sufficiently recovered I begged him to spare the town—but he refused. He said that the other men might go, but I was to stay with him for a while."

"It seemed that he wanted me to act as guide to the house of the Mayor, who he considered responsible for the poisoning of the water. He made me drink the water, too, first out of a great bucket, then out of a pond and then from a pump. Just to show him that he was mistaken and that the water was not poisoned I drank quantities and explained that the citizens of Senlis would not dream of doing anything so dreadful as to poison the water!"

"I was accompanied all through the town by Germans, who smashed every door and window we passed!" This spoke M. Mader, a simple, kindly soul of the best French type.

A Florida Sunset

There's a thread of silver through the sunset pines. A splash of crimson and gold; And the tropic twilight is close at hand As the day grows old, grows old.

A shred of gray lace 'mid the shimmering silk. The sun's last rays have spun, As it clings and blends with the velvet of night And the day is done, is done.

—CLARA BEACH ROTH, in Southern Woman's Magazine.

NEGRO POET'S WIDOW TO DEVOTE HERSELF TO SUFFRAGE CAUSE

Mrs. Paul Lawrence Dunbar Says Pennsylvania Should Have Granted Women Vote Long Ago—Will Work in Negro Communities With Aid of Prominent Philanthropists.

MRS. PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR, widow of the famous negro poet, who arrived in this city recently after a tour throughout the country, said, in an interview, that "it is not to the credit of the women of this State that the tried and proved principle of equal franchise is still being debated at this late day."

"The efforts of suffrage workers here are commendable," she said, "but the vote should have been granted before now." A believer in the cause for many years, Mrs. Dunbar has been active in the movement since last June. Since that time she has been educating Negro women in the merits of female suffrage. Before deciding to devote all of her time to the propaganda, Mrs. Dunbar lectured on literary topics in schools, colleges and public halls.

Paul Lawrence Dunbar died in 1906. His temperament, understanding of Negro traditions and his ability to picture the hopes and life of his race won for him a national reputation. Mrs. Dunbar prided by the fame of her husband, but her own contributions to literature have prompted favorable criticism from various sources. She is a woman of unusual beauty and a brilliant conversationalist. Some of her works are "The Goddess of St. Roque," "Masterships of Negro Eloquence" and "Short Stories of Life in New Orleans."

PLANS FOR DOG PARADE ROUSE GREAT INTEREST IN WILDWOOD CIRCLES

Elaborate Preparations Under Way for One of Season's Biggest Events to Be Staged on Resort's Famous Promenade.



MISS IDA PICKERING VOTED MOST POPULAR GIRL

Philadelphia at the Pelham this week are Mr. and Mrs. Berkowitz, Mrs. W. J. Klein, Miss Felice Elkin, Doctor and Mrs. Shea, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Levy, R. W. Norman, Miss Elizabeth Turner and B. Tietzworth and family.

At the Breakers are Mrs. C. A. Leach and son, Mrs. M. L. Deady and daughter, Miss Irene Bramble, Miss Harriet Townsend, Mrs. J. Lee Hall and daughter, Mrs. C. William Fried and Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Smith, Assistant Surgeon John D. Target, of Philadelphia, and family, are spending the month at the Breakers.

At the Ferns for the season are Dr. Mary Green, Miss Mary Green, E. C. Hastings, Henry Moore and George Moore, of Philadelphia, and Mrs. Eliza Hahn, of New York.

Among the large Philadelphia contingent at the Edgemoor Inn are Viola J. Nelson, J. F. Hawley, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. J. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Flanagan, Miss L. Linstreth.

Quaker City folk at the Dorsey include Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hartzell, Charles Galoway, Roy A. Fursey, A. W. Pearson, Benjamin Moskowitz, G. E. Maxwell, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Lafferty and son, Summering at the Havilla are Susan McDermott, Professor M. Hass, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin H. Deader and son, Mrs. S. Loder and Helen B. Hagerty.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward R. Conley, the famous "Honey" wedding couple of last week, of Philadelphia, are at the Beechwood and are the most popular ones at the big hotel. Other guests are Edward A. J. Smith and family, George W. Bugey, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Tagler and Mrs. E. Kurtz and daughter.

The Misses Florence and Bertha MacKinnon, of Philadelphia, are at the Sheldon. Other guests are Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Weymann, Edward C. Schreishuhn, Jr., Gus Feurer, Mrs. Flora Durst, Mrs. E. MacKinnon, Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Wren, Mr. John Finley and City Treasurer William McCooch, of Philadelphia, Mrs. C. W. Herr, Miss F. Herr, Mrs. C. F. Heers, Jack Showell and Richard Britts, of Edgemoor, N. J., compose an auto party making the Sheldon their headquarters.

Sojourning at the Marcella for the summer are Miss Nettie M. Roy, Miss Madeline Doyle, Miss Mollie Butler, Miss Miriam Cantor, Ruth Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Hahn and J. H. Butler.

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Tommy Tittle-Mouse Is No Hero

AROUND at the side of the house, quite near the coal chute, was a great wide flat door which led to the vegetable cellar. Through this door were carried the winter's supply of potatoes, of apples and of pears.

Tommy Tittle-Mouse was always kept very tightly shut, the garden creatures never stopping trying to see into the dark cellar to which it led, and which surely must contain many delightful mysterious

secrets! she asked Tommy, one day when he was talking about it; "you can slip through the place nobody else would even think of entering. You are just the one to find out if all these stories are true. When if they are, you can garden creatures how to get into the cellar. That will be honor enough for a lifetime."

Tommy pook-pooked the idea, but he couldn't stop thinking of it! You know yourself that when once you get into your head the idea that perhaps you all alone can do a wonderful thing, something nobody else can do, you can't stop thinking about it all in a minute.

That was the way with Tommy Tittle-Mouse. Every time Mrs. Tommy spoke about that cellar door, he replied, "Oh, pshaw! You still talk about that!" But as a matter of fact, he himself thought of little else.

In the day time, when he could spare a minute from his many duties, he crept over to the door and eyed it carefully. And the more he looked at it the more desirable did exploring behind its dark covering become.

In the night time when Mrs. Tommy was sleeping the sleep of the ambitious, Tommy crept out and measured the door and puzled his head about how to dig behind it.

At last he made a great resolution. He would slip out some dark, dark night, and crawl through a crack in the brick foundation. Then he would see for himself what was behind all the covering. He would come out and tell everybody and he would be the hero of the garden! Hadn't Mrs. Tommy said that he would be? And wouldn't she be proud? And wasn't he brave?

Just then Old Man Owl awoke him, slipping through the shadows, and called out, "Who-a, I'll get you!" Tommy ran—just in time—and darted around the house to his home.

"No more exploring tonight!" he cried; "I don't believe I'll brave after all!"

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