

THE POT OF FAIRY GOLD WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS

The Luxury of Today Is the Necessity of Tomorrow. Modern Striving for Wealth Does Not Lead to Happiness

By ELLEN ADAIR

WE ALL chase the rainbow for the pot of fairy gold which, as every one knows, is to be found exactly where the shining bridge touches the ground.

And this is why the rainbow has been adopted as the symbol of hope.

People are wearing out their lives in the chase for happiness. They fight and strive furiously in the world—so that they may rise to the motorcar level of life; and once there they find that happiness—slavish happiness—has hopped out of the motorcar and is darning to be just as happy as ever in a donkey harrow.

There is something infinitely pathetic in the lot of the man or woman who, having striven for wealth, not for its own sake, but that they might buy happiness, discover that their hardy won gold has turned to withered leaves, so far as this result is concerned.

"The truth," declared a philosopher recently, "is that happiness can neither be bought nor sold. It cannot be hunted nor trapped. It is the true fairy gold, which cannot be taken, and which must be given."

"This world is not expected to be happy all the time. It is a world of evolution and progress, and happiness is not progressive."

"Once we find a patch of sunshine in the grayness of life we are well content to sit and bask in it, and unless we be very youthful and full of hope, have no desire to push further along the road in search of a better camping ground. It is only youth which can afford to squander happiness."

"Discontent with the present order of things is the only great motive power in the world's affairs. Every year the scale of our expenditure grows greater, our ships grow larger, our houses more luxurious, our scale of living more indigent. We want more, and we get more, and having got it, we wonder why we are not happier."

A good deal is to be said for this particular point of view. It is an open question, for instance, whether our grandmothers, in their quiet way, did not find more of real true happiness than the

present generation, with its hectic search for increase of pleasure, with its constant demand for the satisfaction of the moment.

Our grandmothers were well content to go to the theatre once or twice in the year, and used to spend the rest of the year in discussing the play they had seen! Their granddaughter, the matinee girl, can do several matinees a week and three pounds of candy without feeling that delightfully guilty thrill which comes of a piece of undoubted extravagance.

Thus the luxury of today is the necessity of tomorrow, and to seek happiness in material things is merely to pile up an ever-increasing debt.

To quote the immortal Mr. Micawber's advice to David Copperfield: "Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nineteen pounds six—result, happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, twenty pounds nought and six—result, misery. The blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered, the gold is gone down upon the dreary scene, and—and, in short, you are forever floored."

So much for the chase for happiness.

"Happiness," we are informed, "is very feminine in her nature. The more you pursue her the more she runs away. Offer her much and she is content with little. Pretend to take no notice of her and she will come stealing upon you when you least expect her. There is no accounting for her moods and vagaries."

"We meet happiness in the most unexpected places, and in the most unexpected disguises, and we never meet her in the same place twice. Over and over again we go back to a place where we have been happy, and where for a few golden hours we lived in a transfigured world. We strive to reconstruct scenes and surroundings which, when we return, are not the same. And all our arts and will power cannot conjure up that elusive little sprite, Felicity."

The only real recipe for happiness is self-quietness. To escape entirely from thoughts of one's self and to devote one's energies to the bestowing of happiness upon other people will bring more of the elusive sprite within our own reach at last.



ETHEL A. GROSSCUP

NEW JERSEY GIRL APPOINTED INSTRUCTOR IN SCHOOL IN SPAIN

Miss Ethel A. Grosscup, of Wenonah, Has Had Many and Varied Activities—Will Sail for Madrid Next Tuesday

AT 23 years of age, Miss Ethel A. Grosscup, of Wenonah, N. J., has received appointment to the chair of English at the International Institute for Girls in Spain. She will sail from New York next Tuesday regardless of any fear of submarines, and hopes to reach Madrid, where she is to take up her work, three weeks later.

Few young women have been honored as the daughter of Mr. Edward E. Grosscup, New Jersey's State Treasurer and chairman of the Democratic State Committee. When attending Goucher College, Baltimore, where she gained her Bachelor of Arts degree, she was president of the Athletic Association in 1913-14. From 1910 to 1913 she was a member of the class basketball team and during these years was a member of the Athletic Board. She won honors in Baltimore as a swimmer in the school contests, and when she went to the New Haven Normal School of Gymnastics for a post-graduate course she was elected captain of the senior basketball team, captain of the basketball team and made the senior hockey team.

Aside from her athletic activities, Miss Grosscup has been awarded numerous other school honors. She was a delegate to the Silver Bay convention of the Y. W. C. A. in 1911; vice president of her class, 1911-12; member of the student government council, 1911-12; member of the business board of the college paper, 1911-12; member of the council of faculty and students, 1913-14; chairman of music senior dramatics, 1913-14; and while at New Haven was president of the glee club, Camp Fire guardian, a member of the Sword Society and representative of the student government board.

In addition to these activities, Miss Grosscup found plenty of time to become an expert photographer, a vocalist, a pianist; to participate in dramatics, horse-back riding, skating, swimming, boating, rowing, canoeing and sailing. All the while she was gaining her degree and mastering French, Spanish, German, Latin and Greek. In the odd moments between these she prepared for and became a Sunday school teacher and taught the college Bible class.

Born 23 years ago, Miss Grosscup is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 131 pounds and has never been sick. She is a Presbyterian in faith, although the institution to which she has received appointment is a non-sectarian one, organized by the late Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick, of Boston.

AN UNUSUAL NEGLIGEE FROM LUCIENNE TRACY, OF PARIS

FASHION styles in negligees will develop the tendency toward extreme elegance, flowing lines and sheer materials, which made its initial appearance several months ago. The rage for pastel-tinted crepes de chine, which has given us the most picturesque and unique creations, named by the French "robe d'automne," and other equally romantic appellations has not abated a bit. French designers give us rose negligees in silk, chiffon, Georgette crepe, and even brocaded chiffon for fall wear.

These are wonderfully light and fragile, and are conspicuously lacking in the numerous embroideries which were formerly used. The present penchant is for fringe, loaded trimmings, hemmed and finished with delicate, fringed or contrasting materials and fur. The latter is particularly effective on long bodice robes of chiffon, with artificial flowers here and there.

Not in use to good advantage are many negligees in myriad ruffings, both around the neck and on the negligee proper. The pink and blue combination of colorings, which was in last autumn, has given away to blue-green in many instances. In fact, lingerie made of Nile green crepe de chine is not at all unusual in Paris.

Lucienne Tracy, of Paris, sends this design for a bodice and lounging robe. It is made of flesh-pink crepe de chine with a trimming composed entirely of dull silver beads. The skirt is given a delightfully rounded line to the figure, and the upper part of the



A CHARMING NEGLIGEE

negligee is made like a coat. A note of color is introduced by using a large black velvet flower at the front of the corsage. The slippers worn with this gown are made of rose-colored velvet.

Billy Robin Visits With Bluey

AFTER Billy Robin and Tommy Sparrow had eaten Bluey Blackbird and had eaten a fine little meal from the piece of bread he shared with them, they decided to stay in the park and play awhile. "Might as well stay and have a nice time while he is so pleasant to us," chirped Tommy in a quick aside to Billy, and, with a nod of his head, Billy agreed.

Now that suited Bluey exactly. Nothing he liked better than entertaining a friend when he could do the talking and showing off. He took Billy over to the little island where he had a nest; he showed Tommy the corner nook in between two trees where one could always be sure of finding picnic scraps; and he



"They look more like fish to me!"

explained to them both about watching for discarded bait.

Then he puffed out his chest, tossed his head and remarked with an air of casualness: "You should take my advice and get a good place to live! Only stupid, stay-at-home creatures live in that poky garden!"

Billy looked at Tommy and Tommy looked back as much as to say, "Oh, dear, we forgot he was such a braggart! What a pity! And he can be such a nice bird, too!" But he was too polite to say anything out loud, of course. Billy hopped onto the nearby tree and looked thoughtfully around before he made any answer. Then he said, "Well, Bluey, you are right, this is a fine place to live."

(And of course that made Bluey swell up and puff out his feathers more than ever. "But somehow or other, the garden suits me very well. I have so many nice friends there and I feel so at home—seems to me that I would never like another place so well!")

Bluey turned up his bill and was just about to make a saucy reply when Billy Robin spied something moving down in the shallow water near the shore. "Look at that," he called sharply, glad of a diversion, as he saw Bluey was getting angry; "what are those creatures I see in the water?"

Bluey immediately forgot the quarrel he was getting ready to make with Billy and looked into the water. "Oh, those!" he said with his bill in the air, "those are minnows! I supposed everybody knew that!"

"Minnows!" exclaimed Billy. "They look more like fish to me!"

"Bilby!" cried Bluey, "they are fish."



MRS. S. M. LESSNER

ORGANIZERS OF BLOCK PARTY

Proceeds Will Be Devoted to Jewish Institute for Relief of Advanced Cases of Tuberculosis

A block party in aid of the Jewish Consumptive Institute of Philadelphia, 406 Wharton street, will be held tonight and tomorrow night in 3rd street between Norris and Diamond streets. The institute is devoted exclusively to the treatment of advanced cases of tuberculosis, being virtually the only one of its kind in the country.

The affair that will start tonight has been arranged by Mrs. S. M. Lessner and her daughter, Roseline Lessner, of 207 North 35th street; Miss Zelma Lessner and other women interested in the work of the institute. Flags and other decorations for the porch in the block have been donated by storekeepers.

The institute was founded 20 years ago. It maintains a corps of social service workers, who visit tuberculous patients in their homes. It also supplies milk and eggs to patients unable to purchase them, and cares for indigent cases of the disease. Other institutions.

WOMAN MAY WORK BUT SIX DAYS IN EACH WEEK

Attorney General Brown, in Decision, Settles Question Raised

HARRISBURG, Sept. 1.—In an opinion given today by Attorney General Brown to John Price Jackson, Commissioner of Labor and Industry, the limitation of six days' work a week for female employees is absolutely fixed. The Attorney General says his department has been as liberal as is possible in interpreting the law in order to avoid causing hardship, but that it is impossible to go beyond the six-day limit.

The opinion is of sweeping effect in the telephone business and also touches other lines of industry, applications from all parts of the State having been made to the industrial board for various modifications of the female employment law. The opinion follows:

"I forward the letter of two telephoning and two telephone operators of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and request an opinion based upon their letter as to whether the act of July 25, 1913, regarding the labor of women, is mandatory, and in so far as it prohibits working more than six days in one week.

"The act provides, in unmistakable language, that female shall be employed or permitted to work in, or in connection with, any establishment for more than six days in any one week, etc.

"Department has heretofore interpreted this law as liberally as possible, so as not to work hardship, and we have granted this request with reference to the request in the letter submitted with your request, viz.: That this provision of the law will ultimately close the line of work to women, with a view, if possible, to finding some method for so constraining it as not to work such result.

"We are unable to do so. The language is plain. There is no room for any other construction. The prohibition that no female shall be employed for more than six days in the week is mandatory. We are prohibited to deviate from the letter of the statute. The appeal for relief, if the hardship exists as indicated in the letter which you submit, must be made to the Legislature, but as long as the law stands as now written, I advise that it is unlawful to permit women to work in any establishment more than six days in any one week.

Court Gets New Bibles

The new Bibles today took the form of the old and were taken from the shelves of the State House in the city of Harrisburg. The new Bibles were taken from the shelves of the State House in the city of Harrisburg. The new Bibles were taken from the shelves of the State House in the city of Harrisburg.

LYDIA SHARPLESS FIVE YEARS PAST CENTURY

105th Birthday, Celebrated in California August 22, Observed by Home Friends

Chester County friends of Mrs. Lydia Heald Sharpless celebrated her 105th birthday in absentia today, and telegrams expressing good wishes were sent to Mrs. Sharpless at her home in Pasadena, Cal., to commemorate the occasion. Mrs. Sharpless lived in West Chester, Pa., the greater part of her life, and is well known to residents of Chester County. Her birthday was on August 22, but today's messages were sent in response to telegrams from California telling of a celebration there.

For the guidance of those who would reach her age, Mrs. Sharpless assembled 10 rules, which, closely adhered to, ought to bring about the desired result, she believes.

"Thou shalt not worry," says Mrs. Sharpless. This is the first of the rules. The other rules are: 1. Do not eat after 7 o'clock. 2. Do not eat after 7 o'clock. 3. Do not eat after 7 o'clock.

Germany, April 28, 1856. When he was 10 years old his family came to America. He was a student at the College of the City of Philadelphia, Pa., and was a member of the oldest member of the Pennsylvania Club of Southern California. She has seen the United States involved in four wars and has been a witness to many of the greatest of the world wars. Her memory of the reports which reached this country after the battle of Waterloo is still clear.

"When the more daring spoke of a canal between the North and South American continents 90 years ago they were laughed to scorn," Mrs. Sharpless said. When the Panama Canal was finally opened Mrs. Sharpless took great interest in the accounts and read with avidity the newspaper descriptions of the event.

Mrs. Sharpless lives with Mrs. Robert Hiatt, of East Philadelphia street, Pasadena, Cal. She was born in Columbia County, Ohio, August 23, 1810, and in 1838 was married to Robert Sharpless.

Typoid Epidemic Under Control

DANVILLE, Pa., Sept. 1.—The authorities of the Danville State Hospital for the Insane have the typhoid epidemic situation well in hand, although several new cases have broken out, bringing the number well above 20, the disease has manifested itself in a mild form, and although it is unmistakably typhoid, few of the patients are seriously ill. The hospital and State authorities have adopted every precaution to prevent the further spread of the disease.

Selling Second Crop of Strawberries

HOOVER, Pa., Sept. 1.—Lovers of strawberry shortcake are having their desire in that direction satisfied, because E. J. Brown is selling the second crop of the berries. He is selling them at the July market price and expects to be able to apply the demand until the snow lies.

DOMINIC Exclusive Models With the Original Dominic Touch are presented for the fall and winter. Original creations, with a diversity of style that will please the followers of fashion. \$55 and \$60 WOOLEN SUITINGS \$45 \$55 and \$60 SPORT SUITS \$45 Wilbur's is never sold in bulk No first quality Cocoa can be sold for less than WILBUR'S Quality First Says Your Grocer: WILBUR'S COCOA 1/4 Pound Tin 10 cents

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