### MHAPPINESS IN MARRIAGE: THE MARTHA TYPE OF WOMAN

wife Who Is Always Busy Never Makes a Happy Home for Her Husband-The Result Often Is Divorce

min two classes, the Martha and the r type. Both have their good sides, soth their had. But to my mind Martha type is the hardest to get

or the Martha type is invariably selfgive and "bossy." She is condr laying down the law on every subander the sun, and particularly on w of whose fundamental facts she is evely ignorant.

me would have no objection to women ing themselves' in their raiment. air they do it rather loudly, if only suld confine themselves to that m of expression," said a wit recently, m" on the part of some opinion-

Martha type of woman, too, is alsperately busy about something her due, she is an excellent housekeeper, a hard worker, and she has a peculiar narrowness of vision, and a total inabilty spective on life. making a success of housekeeping. fails in the higher

he husband of a woman of this type pouring out his woes into the ears sympathetic friend—feminine, of "I hold no brief for the lazy sald he, "in fact, I consider is one of the most deplorable partners there is a happy medium between type and the 'always busy' wife. ha is of the latter class. From early here, there and everywhere, with er a moment's breathing space."

ompanionable wife

Many a time I ask her to walk down the terminus with me in the morning.

My dear boy,' she exclaims, 'don't be You know I am particularly me. I'm going to turn the dining- an idea out, and this is the week for the wrecked.

By ELLEN ADAIR TOMEN might be roughly divided furniture to be polished, so you see it's furniture to be out of the question."

"It's just the same in the evening," continued the aggrieved little man. "Whenever I suggest a walk she always has some work on hand which makes it quite impossible for her to accompany me. So, thinking a walk is quite necessary after being in an office all day long, I sometimes depart alone. But I don't enjoy the walk, because I know Martha will be lonely. More often than not I stay home reading when I should be in the fresh sir."

Although we are informed that "to be busy is to be happy," this gentle axiom can indeed be overdone. Every man likes to see his home kept nicely, but when this is only attained by the mistress of the house being always "on the trot," then there's going to be martimonial. then there's going to be matrimonial shipwreck sooner or later, and the mistaken wife will be brought to the inevitable realization that if a husband doesn't find companionship at home, he's certainly going to seek it elsewhere.

In many divorce cases, where the husband has walked out of an apparently happy home, never to return, the sympathies of outsiders invariably turn to the injured wife. But is she herself not largely responsible for the desertion? What has she been contributing of real, true companionship to the compact? Wherein has she failed to keep her part of the bargain? The words "to love and to cherish" in the solemn marriage service do not merely mean a promise to at-tend to the bodily wants of a man, to see that he gets his full complement of meals per day, and that the house is as spick and span as a new pin. No, the vow means something much more than attending to housewifely duties. It means the admission of the husband into a real camaraderie; it means the giving up of time and trouble for his entertainment and edification.

It strikes me that the "always busy" woman loses the best side of life. She never knows what it is to spend an hour in "loafing" with her husband. She rarely, if ever, suggests a stroll when the trials and troubles of the day can be discussed and mutually smoothed away. She never has time for confidence. There is always "something to be done." And You know I am particularly upon this rock of failure in companion-I could not possibly spare ship the whole of what might have been ideally happy marriage will

## The Indian Summer Sunset

done this fall!" exclaimed two little ries as they looked at the sunset spread

Ton are right, it's beautiful!" cried sether who passed by Just then. "I bick you must have used all the paint are was in the world! Such bright simes as you have spread over the Such lavender and Yellow and and pink! Where did you get it

m the sunbeams of course." reof the fairles two. "All the summer we sen collecting and working. der we can make such a sunset! ak how we have worked."

at even so," said the passing fairy. tes ago I looked and the sun was quite as it has all fall. And look low! Every bit of the western sky



summer is alipping of into the night."

ng with color. How did you do

two little painter fairles looked at each other and asked with their "Shall we tell?"/ Then they both d and said, "That was easy! We Imbed up to the top of the west-y and spilled down across the all the paint we had left from the Quite a lot there was, too!" what will you do now?" asked asing fairy. "You say you have all your paint. Are there to be no sunsets? Winter is coming, when hit of color looks beautiful and is all. Are there to be no sunsets?

ed, yes, plenty of them," said the fairies quickly. "But they will fer sunsets. For them we will colcolors from the winter sunbeams in the snowflakes. This is the last summer sunsets. That is we used all the paint we had." That is the thy the three fairless watched the sky. Admiringly they saw the flow and glisten, till at lest Mother three a soft well of blist. threw a soft veil of blue over the sat of the colors and drew them loward her home. bins veil, a sheen of gray, and the a was gone. A shimmer of lav-

IERE! That's the best job we have | ender mist and the orange alipped out of

"It's going!" cried the fairy sadly. The last sunset of summer is slipping off into the night. Are your paints all used up? Can't you make a dash of crimson? Must the end come so soon?"

The painter fairles looked and on the ends of their brushes they saw some drops of crimson color. Without a word, they streaked the bright drops across the west-ern sky and there they glowed till the night came, and the last summer sunset

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## NEW CURTAIN STYLES INTEREST HOUSEWIFE

A Few Hints on Draperies in Vogue This Season From an Expert

This is the season of the year when he windows of Philadelphia homes begin flaunting their spotlessly white signals that all is well within, at least as far as cleanliness is concerned.

The arrangement of madame's curtains s the finishing touch to her houseclean-

Styles in curtains this season, according to a drapery expert, resemble somewhat madame's own short-skirted modes -that is, short, or sill length is prefer-

And the fabrics woven into these window draperies and overhangings are varied and exquisite enough to run the while gamut of tastes feminine.

White and ecru are given preference as shades for the curtains next to the win-dows; golden browns and delff blues-for ever drapery colors. Pastel shades in overhangings are passe.

"A choice of marquisette, scrim or voile," says this expert, "will be the proper thing for curtaining the windows of the living, dining or bed rooms. These will be in sill length and will have insertions of cluny or antique laces. Also the panel curtains, which come in expensive laces, such as filet, Marie Antoinette, and combinations of filet cluny and scrim are the order of the day in curtaindom. are the order of the day in curtaindom

"There will be some long curtains used in pariors and drawing rooms. These will consist of Irish point, genuine Brus-sels, Marie Antoinette and filet laces. "The over draperies this season are mostly sunfast fabrics in all colors, such as shiki, figured armures and jasper effects. Fifty-inch velours are being split to form side draperies for each window.

to form side draperies for each window. The balance is being used effectively as heretofore. "Many of the door draperies are of to match the over-window hang-

The overhangings for the bedrooms are of figured and dark cretonnes, with plain hemetitched schim for inside window drapery.

The Daily Story Room to Let

Vance had seen her many times. They veil in the same neighborhood and patonized the same bookstalls. Often he had let his eyes rest upon her as she stood looking over the current magazines, stood looking over the current magazines, and on one rare occasion he had followed her into the elevated train and journeyed as far as 34th street. She had left the train there, no doubt to shop. The remainder of the daily trip to Rector street had seemed a sorry affair to Vance.

He was not sure that the girl had so much as noticed anything attractive about him. It is true that they had exchanged a scrutinizing glance as if to sum up the general characteristics of each other. There had been nothing in the expression of either to excite the wrath of Mother Grundy, and Vance came to the conclusion that he was only one of the many male creatures who had entered her line of vision.

Vance had long ago made certain that who was not a business girl in the strict sense of the word. Otherwise he would have had the joy of riding each morning in the elevated with her. Vance would have seen to it that he caught the well-

For an habitually level headed man Vance had done a rather senseless thing in falling in love with a girl whom he had not the power to become acquainted with. At least that power had not made itself manifest nor had a kindly fate come along to help him in his love affair.

Vance realized that a true hero of fic Vance realized that a true hero of fiction would have tripped on the elevated stairs and fallen all the way down so that the heroine would have rushed to his side, taken his bruised head in her arms and held it there until the ambulance arrived. Vance, however, had no desire to break his head. His heart was sufficiently injured. The remainder of his physical being he wanted to keep whole in case he would one day meet the object of his affection and present himself sound of body as well as mind before her. He was not conceited, yet he had no desire to ruin his face.

Kindly fate did not enter the affair until Vance had been gazing in silent admiration for nearly three months at the girl's alluring beauty.

One bright morning in early May Vance noticed that as the girl stood in the bookstall she had made the purchase of a sign, on which was printed in bold letters "Room to Let."

letters "Room to Let."

For the first time since catching sight of her Vance followed her stealthily home. His chance to become acquainted with her had undoubtedly come. If he lost the opportunity thus flung before him he was a coward and a failure in love affairs. He had somehow imagined the girl to be above the station of letting rooms, but Vance would have loved her the same had she been a cash girl, a waitress or an heiress. If he could get a room in the house in which she lived everything would be easy.

When he had made sure of the number of the more or less shabby dwelling in which she lived, Vance went back to the elevated station and down to business. During the day, however, he was beset by fearful worry lest any one, seeing that

by fearful worry lest any one, seeing that sign in the window, would enter and snatch the coveted room from beneath his very eyes. He felt convinced that every man in New York city would make

a dash for that room.

However, his fears were groundless.

When he returned from the office and made his way toward the address of the girl he saw the sign in the window of a room that seemed to be three flights up. "I see where I lose a few pounds if I have to climb those stairs twice a day or more," he ruminated; "but it will

be worth it until I have to go out and search for a flat for two." He mounted the brown-stone steps lead-

ing to the front door and was admitted by a slatternly woman. Yance hoped it was not the wonder girl's parent. "You have a room to let?" he inquired, The woman was neither polite nor

gracious, but told him there was one on the top floor. He could go up and see it if he wanted to. With that she shuf-fled off to the basement and left Vance to find his way up those three flights of

breath, then stood gazing at the closed doors of four rooms.

"How in thunder do I know which room it is?" he questioned there in the almost pitch darkness of a boarding-

house hall.

He felt that his path to love was not strewn with roses so far, but he smiled as he realized that he was under the identical roof that sheltered the wonder

After a second's thought he reasoned out the room that had the sign in it and ocked on the door. He drew a sharp breath when the girl berself opened it. For a moment she, too, was nervously silent.

"This room," blurted Vance suddenly, is to let-isn't it?"
The girl found voice and command of

the situation first and opened the door for him to enter. Vance did so and saw a cozy room that was apparently the den of a writer.

"My landlady is most disagreeable,"

the girl told Vance, and there was a sparkle of mirth in her eyes. "I have contracted for this room for a year and

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VELVET AFTERNOON FROCKS

FOR THE YOUNGER SET THE democracy of passing glance, for the worthy of more than 'a outcome is decidedly interesting. By this I mean the tendency toward a common style

for both the young girl

and her mother. In for-

mer years the school-

girl wore simple serve

frocks, or a plain, well-

lored suit was quite un-

Today the young miss

of 14 has her small tall-

leur, probably selected

to serge, either. Vel-

vets and embroidered

chiffens are not too or-

nate for the girl of 20-

a style which would

have been considered

outre a short time ago.

Truly, the democracy of

style shown in the

shops is a liberal edu-

Navy blue velvet in

seen on this little after-

noon gown for the

schoolgirl. The lines

are simple enough to

escape the accusation

of overelegance, but

the materials them-

selves, fur and velvet,

serve to accentuate the

lack of simplicity which

really exists in juvenile

atyles. The severely

simple gown, both in

line and material, has

given its place to the

more practical models.

The yoke at the bodice is a noticeable innovation. The drop shoul-

der is a good idea, for it serves to soften the an-

gularity popularly and

not always acurately associated with youth. The collar is turned down, with color notes in blues and greens. The rest of the bodice to the collar full with cut

quite full, with cut

steel buttons down the

The girdle of fur is

a dainty feature. It is used to bring out the waist line, which is

slightly above the nor-mal. Pockets of skunk are seen at either side

of the front to good ef-

fect. These are used on some of the most suc-

cessful styles of the

cation.



A SCHOOLGIRL'S FROCK

Vance heaved a sigh of relief. The wonder girl was in no way connected

with the awful person who had let him "I haven't any furniture," he said. "I thought the room would be furnished."

"Oh-I do want to let it furnished," ond, the she told him quickly. "You see," she at him, added shyly. "I have been selling lots of "Only stories lately and can afford a few months at the sea. But," she sighed, the top floor. He could go up and see the top floor. He could go up and see the top floor. He could go up and see the top floor. He could go up and see the top floor. He could go up and see the top floor. It am a prisoner in town so long as this room hangs on my hands." Her eyes were looking softly into Vance's own. The man wondered afterward how he refrained from telling her at their very first meeting just how desperately be a seen to the could go up and see the floor. It am a prisoner in town so long as this room hangs on my hands." Her eyes were looking softly into Vance's own. first meeting just how desperately he and had loved her for three long months. He did have the temerity to speak quite frankly, and, looking with

peculiar meaning at her, said: "If you will select a summer hotel near enough for a city man to run down to each week-end I will take this room and consider myself a most lucky person. The wonder girl tried not to admit the The wonder girl tried not to another meaning in his look, but a soft color creeping into her cheeks told Vance that the guite understood the situation. He smiled and the girl caught the smile and responded.

"My landlady is the most awful person you can imagine, and I will want my furniture in the autumn when I return to town, and you won't like so stairs to climb, and-" she would have

she refuses to let me go until September. said more in her nervous excitement had If I sublet it, of course, she cannot be bject." said more in her nervous excitement had Vance not laughed aloud to relieve the strain.

"I can stand anything," he told her, "so long as you permit me your friend-ship during the coming summer." Vance waited a trifle breathlessly for her answer.

The wonder girl hesitated but a second, then cast a swift, adorable glance

"Only during the summer? What about the autumn?" she questioned.
"I have a very definite plan for the autumn," Vance informed her.

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Reward for Scholar

Dr. Maude Siye, the University of Chicago medical research worker, who recently established the theory that cancer is inherited and not contagious, as a result of ten years' experiments with mice, has been awarded the Howard Taylor Hicketts prize by the faculty of the university medical school

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## WOMEN TO HONOR MAYOR AND PORTER

League to Hold Reception With Executive and Candidate as Principal Guests

The 10th birthday anniversary of the Women's League for Good Government will be held this afternoon in the auditorium of the Curtis Building, with the Mayor and Mrs. Blankenburg and Mr. made topcoat. The tal- and Mrs. George D. Porter as the guests of honor. Thirty-five hundred invitations heard of in junior sizes. to members and friends of the league have been issued. The reception will begin at 4 o'clock.

More than 2000 women, members of the by herself and approved league, are working for the election of by no one. And she Mr. Porter and the other candidates of doesn't confine herself the Franklin party, who have been indorsed officially by the association. The receiving committee at today's affair will consist of

Mr. and Mrs. Blankenburg, Mr. and Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Mrs. Herbert B. Allman and Mrs. Frank Miles Day, Miss Mary A. Burnham, Miss F. Arline Tryon, Mrs. George Bacon Wood, Mrs. Henry L. Davis, Jr., Mrs. Charles

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School Cornerstone Laid

The Rev. Mgr. Philip R. McDevitt, superintendent of the Catholic parochial schools of Philadelphia, officiated at the exercises that marked the laving of a corneratone for a new school building to be erected adjoining the Church of St. Bonaventure, 9th and Cambria streets. The Rev. Hubert Mammeke gave an address in German.

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