

UNHAPPINESS IN MARRIAGE; THE MARTHA TYPE OF WOMAN

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

By ELLEN ADAIR

WOMEN might be roughly divided into two classes, the Martha and the Mary type. Both have their good sides...

The Martha type of woman, too, is always desperately busy about something or other. To give her her due, she is an excellent housekeeper, a hard worker, and quite unselfish.

The husband of a woman of this type is pouring out his woes into the ears of a sympathetic friend—feminine, of course. "I hold no brief for the lazy housewife," said he, "in fact, I consider one of the most deplorable partners a man can have."

"Many a time I ask her to walk down the terrace with me in the morning, my dear boy," she exclaims, "don't be ridiculous! You know I am particularly busy today. I could not possibly spare the time. I'm going to turn the dining-room out, and this is the week for the

end of mist and the orange slipped out of sight. "It's gone!" 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?

"You are right, it's beautiful!" cried another who passed by just then. "I wish you must have used all the paint there was in the world! Such bright crimson as you have spread over the roof. Such lavender and yellow and orange and pink! Where did you get it all—tell me that!"

"From the sunbeams of course," replied the fairies two. "All the summer we have been collecting and working. Each one of us can make such a sunset! Think how we have worked."

"But even so," said the passing fairy, "how did you get it all up there? A few minutes ago I looked and the sun was setting quite as it has all fall. And look at this now! Every bit of the western sky

"The last sunset of summer is slipping off into the night."

"The two little painter fairies looked at each other and asked with their eyes, "What is it?" Then they both stepped and said, "That was easy! We just climbed up to the top of the west-end sky and spilled down across the roof all the paint we had left from the summer. Quite a lot there was, too!"

"But what will you do now?" asked the passing fairy. "You say you have used all your paint. Are there to be no more sunsets? Winter is coming, when a bit of color looks beautiful and is needed. Are there to be no sunsets

"Indeed, yes, plenty of them," said the painter fairies quickly. "But they will be winter sunsets. For then we will collect the colors from the winter sunbeams and from the snowflakes. This is the last of the summer sunsets. That is the paint we used all the paint we had."

"The three painter fairies watched the sunset glow and glitter. At last Mother Nature threw a soft veil of blue over the mountain of the colors and drew them into a blue veil, a shroud of gray, and the sun was gone. A shimmer of lavender mist and the orange slipped out of sight."

"The woman was neither polite nor gracious, but told him there was one on the top floor. He could go up and see if it he wanted to. With that she shuffled off to the basement and left Vance to find his way up those three flights of stairs."

"Once there he succeeded in gaining his breath, then stood gazing at the closed doors of four rooms. How in the world he was to get into the room 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 girl."

"After a second's thought he reasoned out the room that had the sign in it and knocked on the door."

"He drew a sharp breath when the girl herself opened it. For a moment she smiled, then she said, "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

The Daily Story

Vance had seen her many times. They lived in the same neighborhood and patronized the same bookstalls. Often he had let his eyes rest upon her as she stood looking over the current magazines, and on one rare occasion he had followed her into the elevated train and journeyed as far as 30th 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 she 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-timed train.

For a 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 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.

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."

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 this time 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 with the same hand who had done her the same had she been a cash girl, a waitress or an actress. 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 called for a business. During the day, however, he was beset 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 leading to the front door and was admitted by a slatternly woman. Vance thought it was not the wonder girl's parent. "You have a room to let?" he inquired, politely.

The woman was neither polite nor gracious, but told him there was one on the top floor. He could go up and see if it he wanted to. With that she shuffled off to the basement and left Vance to find his way up those three flights of stairs."

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VELVET AFTERNOON FROCKS FOR THE YOUNGER SET



A SCHOOLGIRL'S FROCK

The democracy of American fashions is 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 former years the school-girl wore simple serge frocks, or a plain, well-made topcoat. The tailored suit was quite unheard of in junior sizes. Today the young miss of 14 has her small tulle, probably selected by herself and approved by no one. And she doesn't confine herself to serge, either. Velvets and embroidered chiffons are not too ornate for the girl of 10—a style which would have been considered outrageous a short time ago. Truly, the democracy of style shown in the shops is a liberal education.

Navy blue velvet is seen on this little afternoon gown for the schoolgirl. The lines are simple enough to escape the accusation of over-elegance, but the materials themselves, fur and velvet, serve to accentuate the lack of simplicity which really exists in juvenile styles. 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 shoulder is a good idea, for it serves to soften the angularity popularly and not always accurately associated with youth. The collar is turned down, with color notes in blues and greens. The rest of the bodice is quite full, with cut buttons down the front.

The griddle of fur is a dainty feature. It is used to bring out the waist line, which is slightly above the normal. Pockets of skunk are seen at either side of the front to good effect. These are used on some of the most successful styles of the season.

she refuses to let me go until September. If I slyly let it, of course, she cannot object."

Vance heaved a sigh of relief. The wonder girl was in no way connected with the awful person who had let him into the house.

"I haven't any furniture," he said. "I thought the room would be furnished."

"Oh—I do want to let it furnished," she told him quickly. "You see," she added shyly, "I have been selling lots of stories lately and can't afford a few months at the sea. But," she sighed, "I 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 he loved her 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 meaning in his look, but a soft color creeping into her cheeks told Vance that she quite understood the situation. He smiled and the girl caught the smile and responded.

"My landlady is 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 many stairs to climb, and—" she would have

WOMEN TO HONOR MAYOR AND PORTER

League to Hold Reception With Executive and Candidate as Principal Guests

The 30th 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. and Mrs. George D. Porter as the guests of honor. Thirty-five hundred invitations to members and friends of the league have been issued. The reception will begin at 4 o'clock.

More than 300 women, members of the league, are working for the election of Mr. Porter and the other candidates of the Franklin party, who have been endorsed 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. Altman and Mrs. Frank Miles Day, Miss Mary A. Burnham, Miss F. Arline Tryon, Mrs. George Bacon Wood, Mrs. Henry L. Davis, Jr., Mrs. Charles

THE Lace Shop 922 Chestnut St. Bargains for Tuesday Real Irish Picot. Regular price 25c a yd., at 10c a yd.

46-inch Imported St. Gall Batiste. Elegant for Underwear. Regular price 45c a yd., at 28c a yd.

100 New Top Coats; All-Wool Zibeline, etc.; up-to-date Models. Belted or plain effects. Regular price \$13.50, \$8.50 at.....

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36-inch Black Beaded Nets. Extra special.... 85c yd.

\$2.50 Large Black and White Ostrich Neck Ruffs. Special \$1.65 at.....

Reward for Scholar Dr. Maude Slye, 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 Hockett prize by the faculty of the university medical school.

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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 laying of a cornerstone for a new school building to be erected adjoining the Church of St. Bonaventure, 8th and Cambria streets. The Rev. Hubert Mammeke gave an address in German.

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WHAT DO YOU WANT TO STOP THERE FOR?

TELL THE MANAGER THAT MRS. MONTAGUE VAN DODDLES WANTS TO SEE HIM PLEASE

YES, MA'AM.

CHARMED TO MEET ME AND MRS. VAN DODDLES, I'M SURE HOW CAN I SERVE YOU?

WE HAVE A PRIVATE MOVING PICTURE THEATRE IN OUR HOUSE. HAVE YOU ANY GOOD PICTURES OF FICE

THIS IS THE BEST MOVING PICTURE OF MICE THAT HAS BEEN SHOWN

OH! I'LL TAKE THAT ONE. IT'S JUST WHAT I WANT.

I SAY! MILLIE! WHY ARE YOU SO INTERESTED IN MICE?

MY DEAR MONTY, CAN'T YOU IMAGINE HOW

FIDO WILL ENJOY BARKING AT THOSE MICE?

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