

THE WOMAN WHO DRIFTS INTO MARITAL SHIPWRECK

"There Are People Who Are Growing Up in Understanding, but Down in Goodness"—The Art of Loving Is Growing Obsolete

By ELLEN ADAIR

A RECENT newspaper case, in which the desire for divorce finally granted was entirely due to "incompatibility" on the part of both husband and wife, offers much food for reflection.

Yet the whole of that really promising matrimonial venture went smash on the rocks. And just what the rocks were no one exactly knows, though their existence was a very definite matter.

In understanding, but down in goodness. It is a beautiful fact, however, that you can't grow up in goodness and down in understanding, while the great possibility is that if you are not growing better you will by and by begin to grow stupid.

"Dear Shadow," says George MacDonald, in one of his far-reaching, fanciful essays, "It is more useful that we love one another as much as we can, because that is not much. We have no such excuse for not loving as mortals have, for we do not die like them. I suppose it is the thought of death that makes them hate so much. Then, again, we should sleep all day, most of us, and not in the night, as men do. And you know that we forget everything that happened the night before; therefore, we ought to love well, for the love is short. Happy Shadow! for we only remember our tales until we have told them here, and they vanish in the shadow churchyard, where we bury only our dead selves. Ah! brethren, who would be a man and remember? Who would be a man and weep? We ought, indeed, to love one another, for we only inherit oblivion; we alone are renewed with eternal birth; we alone have no measured weight of years."

If perpetual loveliness, not among shadows but among mankind, were daily applied, the world would be so wonderful and the heaven itself would indeed come to earth.

BUSINESS ADVICE "Every employer wants a square peg, my boy." "Yes, dad." "In other words, there is no place for the rounder." "Judge."

If it's in style, anything looks like a hat to a woman.—Judge.

AN APRON TUNIC SKIRT TRIMS THIS GOWN OF JET

A STUDY of color and their varying shades is interesting at almost any time of the year, but as the seasons change and the influences of various outside elements is seen the pastime holds a singular fascination. Take, for instance, the rage for cardinal red, garnet, cherry and deep crimson, as shown at the Paris openings. These shades have been officially "out" for a number of seasons past.

Black and white, as well as all white, are to be seen this season. These two are most becoming to the average woman, both alone and in combination— evening gowns of white satin, tulle or brocade material, with silver and gold lace, in many cases both. Black gowns are made of transparent materials, as a rule, heavily beaded, embroidered and ribbon-trimmed. These are the come of beauty, and black is seen as frequently as are colors, even on the younger generation. Robes are again to the fore. The jet-trimmed robe is always useful, and this season it is worn without the usual color underneath. An example of this all-black style is seen in today's illustration. The gown is made on plain lines, with simple blouse bodice and apron-tunic skirt. The main of jet are not solid, like the older models, they are



BLACK EVENING GOWN

put on like a border, with tassels, shoulder straps and ornaments to match. The underpajama is not so short as many of the more ultra models.



MISS BLANCHE I. WEST

The Crimson Ivy

Early in the spring of the year a dainty little ivy vine came to life at the foot of a great oak tree.



That very night, Jack Frost came to that woods.

Tree's wonderful height. But soon the spring sunbeams warmed and comforted it and the kindly raindrops talked so sweetly and helpfully that before it realized what had happened it had quite forgotten to be sad and had set to work at growing and living.

All through the summer the ivy vine grew and grew. It spread its dainty tendrils over the sturdy oak trunk; it crept up many of the branches and around many of the forks and limbs. But all the while it was growing, the little ivy vine was too busy, oh, far too busy, to notice how big it had become. If any bird or breeze had asked, "How are you, big ivy vine?" the vine would have promptly replied, "Are you speaking to me? I am only a tiny ivy vine!" For when either vines or folks are busy growing they have no time to think about themselves, you know!

But when the autumn came and the frosty winds began a-blowing, the ivy vine stopped its industrious growing and looked around for a few days of rest and pleasure before it should lose all its leaves.

And then, for the first time, it noticed that it was almost as tall as the wonderful big oak! "I did grow!" exclaimed the vine delightedly. "I have grown! I'm quite as tall as the oak tree! How happy I am! Oak tree! Oak tree! Are you not glad that I am here?"

But the oak tree, being very big and important in its own eyes, answered not a word. "Never mind, that oak tree needn't notice me," laughed the ivy vine good-naturedly. "I'll make people notice! Just watch me!"

That very night Jack Frost came to that woods on the first of his annual fall visits and, of course, the ivy vine, being awake and planning to surprise the oak tree, told him that it meant to make the oak tree the most noticed of all trees.

"That's easy!" laughed Jack Frost. "I'll help you and we'll get the work all done tonight!" He promptly colored all the ivy leaves bright crimson and when the morning sun shone on them the oak tree was the most brilliant in the forest!

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Woman Socialist to Discuss Suffrage

Mrs. Kate Richards O'Hare, editor of the "National Rip-Saw," will speak on the "Socialist Attitude Toward Woman Suffrage" at the Broad Street Theatre tomorrow afternoon. This will be the second Sunday afternoon lecture in the eighth series of meetings under the auspices of the Socialist Literary Society.

Bells to Be Blessed

An interesting ceremony will take place tomorrow afternoon at 3:30 o'clock in Oak Lane, when the bells on the new Carmelite Monastery will be blessed. The Rev. D. A. Morrissey, acting for Archbishop Prendergast, will officiate. The sermon will be preached by the Rev. John J. Moore, chaplain of the convent.

BLANCHE WEST MAKES REPLY TO ELIHU ROOT

Camden Suffragist Turns Machine Gun of Logic on Protagonist of the "Antis"

More than 21 years ago Elihu Root delivered a speech that made the suffragists as mad as it made the antis glad. In reckoning up the reasons why the fair sex should not be permitted to go to the polls, he said some sweet things about women and the home—no, not particularly original, even in 1894; but Mr. Root said them, and therefore they had weight.

The "antis" thought so, at any rate. They seized upon the speech with avidity, and have been using it as part of their propaganda. This year Blanche West reiterated the statements contained in it.

Miss Blanche I. West, a Camden suffragist, declares she can stand it no longer. The Senator in her opinion has been availing in the cloud of sentimentality long enough. A sensible woman ought to have turned a machine gun of logic on him years ago, she asserts, and so, taking his contentions piece by piece, she subjects them to a scolding process that makes it look as though the Senator will have to get a new vehicle if he wants to fly in the "anti" atmosphere. His 1894 speech, according to Miss West, is quite worn out and utterly worthless for practical, modern purposes.

"The right of equal franchise," she says, "may not be a natural one in the sight of the Hon. Elihu Root, but in the sight of every fair-minded person, man or woman, it is a most just one, and in the years to come, when suffrage has become a universal act, those who were most earnest in their condemnation will wonder how they ever could have looked upon it as anything else but the natural result of progression in a nobler and broader form."

"The question is most assuredly one of expediency, the expediency of the cause having in mind the wide differentiation of sexes, seeing in the differentiation the culmination of a model form of government or democracy. The feminine mind will take up and introduce questions which men in his commercial field does not think of, or, if he does, merely brushes aside as unimportant."

"Woman's nature is essentially her own; it was put into her at the time of creation, and she could not change it if she so desired. Therefore, the mere taking upon herself the functions implied in suffrage does not give her the power of lifting and tossing aside inherent qualities as she would a cloak."

"The true political field is full of contention, bitterness, heart burning, excitement, etc., but this field in life does not contain at least two or three of those elements. If the arena of conflict will cause a woman to abandon all the nobler and sweeter characteristics, what value has her life been? We all know that metal is put into the fire in order that it may be molded into the desired shape. The woman who allows her political duties to make her hard, harsh, unlovable, repulsive, would easily be overcome by those qualities in the general struggle of life."

Shopping Hints

A lovely striped crepe de chine blouse in shades of cool greens and tans on a cream background may be had for \$5. These give excellent wear, and broken dozens of napkins, etc., sell in one store for \$1.35. Just the thing for the bungalow or breakfast room.

Good quality nightgowns for ordinary use are selling in another store at 50 cents apiece.

A fancy vegetable or fruit curlier for the Halloween table sells for 50 cents.

Simple linen such as broken dozens of napkins, etc., sell in one store for \$1.35. Just the thing for the bungalow or breakfast room.

Nice warm scarfs for the shoulders in wool sell for \$1, in almost any shade. The all-silk models are \$2.



I like to save my money up. I scrimp and go without my lunch and save for weeks and weeks and weeks— And spend it in a great big bunch!

HALLOWEEN NOVELTIES TO HELP THE BUSY HOSTESS



THE Halloween table offers a wide field for variety, in picturesque decorations as well as in appetizing dishes. There are so many colorful favors and novelties, and such a riot of orange and black and gold and autumn tints, that one's originality just races ahead of one's pocket-book in many cases. A few hints as to a few of the more novel and inexpensive styles may help the Halloween hostess.

If your table is round, you can get a charming little ready-made table-cover in orange crepe paper, with designs of elves, and cats and witches and hobgoblins and such, all around the border. At each place you can put small almond dishes, made of paper, like little pattle shells, and covered with the crepe paper. Candelsticks of yellow glass, with shades of orange crepe paper, also alighted with witches, give a lovely shaded note as well as adding a mysterious touch to the whole.

Your place cards may be as original as you choose, from the simple orange one with cut-out cats, goblins, etc., to hand-painted ones which cost more. The most successful hostess makes her guests entertain themselves, and one clever woman took it upon herself to compose little rhymes about each of her guests, and to have him or her read them out and try to guess which rhyme fitted the reader.

If one wishes to go into very elaborate decorations—which, of course, will be correspondingly expensive—one may have a large bouquet of autumn flowers at the centre of the table. A good substitute for this is a few stalks of dried corn, tied artistically together with orange ribbon. Autumn foliage may be gathered almost anywhere, and makes a stunning festoon for the chandelier. Small real or paper mache pumpkins, heads, red devils, black cats and the usual witches may be suspended from these garlands of leaves most attractively. If you use candles on the table, be sure to veil the artificial lights about the room with orange paper.

ROASTING OYSTERS A MERRY GAME FOR CREOLE BELLES

IN OLD Creole days it was the custom to have parties at which the belles and beaux contested in a very unique game. This, while serving to give plenty of merriment and an opportunity for shy little flirtations on the side, had the added advantage of supplying the most important part of the refreshments. The Southern method of roasting oysters is forgotten, and the hostess who is looking for something new in the way of entertainment will do well to remember this recipe.

Roasted oysters—Take three dozen large, fat oysters; clean the shells thoroughly, set them on the top of the stove or place in a baking pan until the shells are easily removed. Remove the flat outer shell, butter the oyster in the deep shell and serve very hot with salt and pepper. The baking only takes a few minutes.

Creole oyster fritters—Take 2 dozen large oysters, drain them in a colander and remove carefully any pieces of shell or grit that may adhere. Chop the oysters fine. Take 2 eggs and beat until very light, then add a cup of milk and rub in smoothly 2 cups of flour and 1 teaspoonful of good baking powder. Mix well and then drop in the oysters, which must be dry. Then drop into boiling oil or lard. When browned on one side turn on the other, being careful not to use a fork or to pierce them, as that would render the oysters and fritters heavy. Use a skimmer in removing from the pot, and drain on brown paper. Serve on a dish on which you have placed a folded

EVIL CONDITIONS FOUND IN PENNA. ALMSHOUSES

Investigators Declare Sixty-Day Law Was Violated in 300 Instances

The "60-day" law, which prohibits the keeping of normal children in almshouses for more than 300 instances during the last year, according to the Russell Sage Foundation, of New York, which has just completed an investigation of the child welfare work in this State.

The report of the organization asserts that in numerous instances children were forced to live in close proximity to idlers and insane persons, while in some almshouses they were forced to associate with persons having loathsome diseases, vicious morals and the extremely aged.

An instance of the conditions found by the investigators is illustrated in the following extract from the report in reference to conditions at the county home at Woodville, Allegheny county, where the children had no separate quarters for sleeping or playing.

"The sanitary conditions were particularly objectionable; one room in which 10 babies and little girls and four women were crowded day and night contained a toilet built into one corner and separated from the room by a thin wooden partition. The only provision for ventilation in this living-sleeping room, as in the other rooms where the children slept, was by windows which were rarely opened; the heating was by gas, and the air was foul."

"Little boys over 2 years old slept in the open ward occupied by disabled men—cripples, paralytics and locomotor ataxia cases. During the day these little fellows had no place in which to play except the sitting room, where the men smoked and played cards. The visitor to this institution found 40 children between the ages of 4 and 16 standing about in listless groups."

In conclusion, the reports urge the adoption of a State program for child welfare, and suggests that the various charitable institutions of the State meet to outline a course for future action. The report also embodies a proposed "children's code," calling for radical changes in the legislation which now allows in-sanitary and abhorrent conditions to prevail in the almshouses of the State.

Little Benny's Note Book

My cousin Artie came around this afternoon and we played Ponts de Leon discovering the fountain of youth, turning over the shower bath in the bathroom for the fountain of youth and starting away the voyage of discovery down in the front vestibule, Artie being Ponts de Leon and me being the different dangers he had to overcome while he was hunting.

The first danger was down in the hall, Artie saying, Methinks I smell a flock of angry wolves, and I jumped out at him from behind the hatrack and we resealed awl over the hall, and after we had fixed the rags back were they belavenced, Ponts de Leon started his voyage again, the 2nd danger being at the top of the stairs.

Indians, as I live, upon my sole, sed Artie, and I jumped out from behind the setting room door, and we raseled awl over the setting room floor, Artie going, Bang, bang, supposed to be guns, and me going Zip, zip, supposed to be arrows, and we herd the fountain of youth turned awn in the bathroom awl the time, and we put the chares and things back were they belavenced, and Ponts de Leon started his voyage again and I laid down in the 2nd story hall pretending to be a rushing torrent.

STEAMBOATS

Advertisement for Wilmington Steamboats, featuring a ship illustration and text: "25c WILMINGTON STOPPING AT CHESTER Special 30-day excursion tickets good Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, 25c."

Advertisement for poultry: "Create a Comfortable Home for th Fowls, Rather Than a Mere Storage Space is the theme for a poultry article in Sunday's Public Ledger. Also other practical, pointed paragraphs by H. Armstrong Roberts, and an article on "Weeding for Next Season's Breeders."

MILLIE AND HER MILLIONS



MONTY, I WISH YOU WOULD COME AND HELP ME TO CHOOSE SOME DRAPERIES FOR THE NEW BATH-ROOM.

CERTAINLY, ANGEL.

LET'S GO TO COOPLES FIRST THEY HAVE A WONDERFUL ASSORTMENT.

GOOD IDEA, QUEEN.

WE WANT TO LOOK OVER SOME DRAPERIES. PRICE IS NO OBJECT.

ABOUT \$20 A YD, MA'AM.

GOING UP!

THIS IS SOMETHING QUITE SPECIAL, MA'AM, DESIGNED BY THE INMATES OF THE LUNATIC ASYLUM.

IT ISN'T QUITE WHAT YOU KNOW.

THAT'S THE VERY THING HOW MANY YDS OF THIS HAVE YOU IN STOCK?

ABOUT 2000 YDS MA'AM \$25 A YD.

OVER A MILE.

THEN I'LL JUST TAKE ALL YOU HAVE SO AS TO BE SURE AND HAVE AN EXCLUSIVE DESIGN.

EXCLUSIVENESS IS THE MAIN THING, AFTER ALL

