

THRILLS OF UNDERSEA AND AIR DESCRIBED BY YOUNG WOMAN

Mrs. John Phelps, of Baltimore, Struck by Weird Sensation of Submarine Voyage and Exalted by Flight Through Ether



MRS. JOHN PHELPS AND DAUGHTERS
This woman, whose adventures include trips in aeroplanes and U-boat, prefers the companionship of her two little daughters, Katherine and Eleanor, in their home in Baltimore.

Sounding the depths of the sea in a submarine and skimming California clouds at a height of thousands of feet form the elastic bounds of the thrills experienced by Mrs. John Phelps, the young Baltimore society woman, who gave "Personal Recollections" of the Indian poet, Rabindranath Tagore at the studio of Henry Rittenberg. Mrs. Phelps is the guest of Mrs. R. Emmott Hale, of 400 South Twenty-second street. She has spent the last three years in Hawaii and California. It was during the course of a visit to San Diego that Mrs. Phelps managed to get aboard a submarine and be submerged.

"It was really a terrible sensation," the lady from Baltimore remarked. "I mean the weirdness of it. The noise in our ears was something like that one hears in the tubes crossing the Hudson, only the roar seemed ten times greater. There was nothing to see, so there isn't much to talk about, when one flows—"

Aviation seemed to hold all of the wonders and fearlessness that U-boat submergence lacked, and Mrs. Phelps spoke with plenty of enthusiasm about the thrills of her air flight.

"By special dispensation I was given permission to go up with Lieutenant Baron

SUFFRAGIST OFFICES MAY BE MOVED HERE

Philadelphians Believe Action Would Aid Cause in Eastern Part of State

A movement to remove the State suffrage headquarters from Harrisburg to Philadelphia is afoot in the Woman's Suffrage Party of Pennsylvania. This agitation comes as a result of a recommendation passed at the State board meeting at Harrisburg yesterday urging that the change be made on the grounds that, as the Legislature does not convene next winter, no advantage is to be derived from the maintenance of headquarters at the State capital.

The projected removal has a peculiar significance in that the transfer of State headquarters from Philadelphia to Harrisburg several years ago centralized suffrage activities in the western part of the State. It will be remembered in the recent election it was the western and northern counties that voted affirmatively on suffrage issues. Territory surrounding Philadelphia polled unfavorably. Suffrage leaders in this city express the hope that the renaming of Philadelphia as the "suffrage capital" will again effect active suffrage co-operation in this part of the State.

Mrs. George A. Dunning, who attended the meeting in Harrisburg, reports general approval of the plan on the part of the board. Miss Lida Stokes Adams, chairman of the committee on organization in this city, who was prime mover for the removal of headquarters from Philadelphia to Harrisburg, does not think this change may be altogether for the general good of the State party.

"The recommendation comes as a surprise to me," Miss Adams said. "The original transfer was made in order that women in the western part of the State might be given opportunity to be represented on the board. It seemed rather unfair to ask them to come all the way from one end of the State to the other. Of course, perhaps conditions have changed and will show that these objections have righted themselves."

Dunning makes a point of the fact that Pittsburgh board members were most enthusiastic about the transfer.

The recommendation will be formally presented to the Woman's Suffrage party at the spring conference to be held April 18 and 19 in Harrisburg.

PLOT THICKENS, MAYBE; WOLF HAS VANISHED

He's of Teuton Strain and Overbrook Household Is Distressed by His Disappearance

Hist! More plots—maybe. Another mystery creeps into the lime-light. Where is Wolf? Is he another arch-conspirator? He is of Teuton strain.

Wolf has been in this country about three years. He came over at the outbreak of the European war. Wolf lived a life of ease, surrounded with luxury. He is admired by all who knew him. He is of a striking appearance.

Right in the midst of the many exposures Wolf disappeared. To be exact it was last Monday afternoon. "Nary hide nor hair of him" has been seen since that time.

"Looks mighty suspicious," quoth one of the many amateur investigators who has been endeavoring to force his analytical and deductive mind at the disposal of Frank Garbarino, the special agent of the Department of Justice.

"Simple matter. Put two and two together," nonchalantly added the civilian sleuth.

Still the matter is unsolved. Wolf left his home. Nobody saw him depart. He was without a collar. That may prove to be a clue. His hair is slightly streaked with gray. The matter is serious. A suitable reward is offered for information concerning the whereabouts of Wolf.

Wolf is a German police dog, or in other words a German wolfhound. He is the pet of Mrs. Samuel Humphrey, of 6351 Overbrook avenue. Just before the war, Mrs. Humphrey and her daughter Adele were abroad. While in Paris they saw Wolf and were immediately attracted by his beauty. They brought him to America.

The land of freedom apparently appealed to Wolf. Likewise the magnificent residences in Overbrook and the many carriages he received. Life was one grand song of tranquility and luxurious ease. Motoring was one of Wolf's favorite pastimes. He always occupied a position on the folded top of the large touring car of the Humphrey residence.

The dog is tan and streaked with gray. His departure has caused great regret in the Humphrey household. Wolf is sorely missed.

"Movies" as Preparedness Aids

NEW YORK, March 16.—The "movies" are being mobilized for preparedness publicity by a committee of the Associated Motion-Picture Advertisers, composed of the publicity men of the big producing companies. The aim of the movement is to fight apathy in case of war, with the "movies" as an agency for putting before the people a clear statement of the dangers which confront the nation.

"Pogey" O'Brien, Circus Clown, Dies

SUNBURY, Pa., March 16.—Charles "Pogey" O'Brien, veteran circus clown, died at his home here of uremic poisoning. He was sixty-nine years old.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB
I love the days of cloud and rain
With everything in mist half-hid.
When motor cars go gliding past
It thrills me
to see
them skid.

A STORY FOR SPARE MOMENTS
The Separation That Didn't Separate

MRS. MADISON, dressed in cool lavender, her bright, dark eyes shining, while being alert and virile with life, walked up the path to her daughter's home, tapped lightly on the screen door and with-out waiting for an invitation proceeded to her daughter's room, where she paused a moment listening. She heard a little sound and she smiled. "Well, if Dora is gone, Young Peter must be here somewhere. I can hear him sniffling," she thought.

Mrs. Madison pushed open the door, expecting to find Young Peter sitting in his crib wide-eyed and alone. It was a reprehensible habit of Dora's to put Young Peter to sleep and then rush out on an errand. To Mrs. Madison's amazement, instead of seeing Young Peter she saw her daughter Dora humped up her head on her arms, her arms sprawled out upon a small table, her work on the floor, her hair disordered—and all this at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when methought Mrs. Madison considered such disorder as near a crime as anything that could come into her placid life.

Dora did not look up, but the little noise Mrs. Madison thought might be Young Peter breathing proved to be Dora's sobbing. "Dora, why, Dora! What has happened? Have you had news? Is Peter sick or Young Peter injured, or what?" Mrs. Madison asked.

Dora straightened up a little, her face turned from her mother. "Mother, I—really wish—you wouldn't traverse this house like a burglar, I wish you'd—let me alone!" Here Dora subsided again and slumped down on the table.

"Well, but, Dora, you always want me to come right in; you always want to have me search till I find you, or something to interest me till you appear from an unknown place or country or errand. You never cry! I can't see why, if you have something to cry about, you don't tell me right off. Maybe it isn't as bad as you think. I am going to leave Peter! I will Peter object to the color of the bill—"

Mrs. Madison paused, still amazed and disturbed.

"Mother," Dora said with as much dignity as could be assumed when one's face swollen and one's eyes are red with weeping and when one doesn't want to be interfered with. "I may as well tell you the whole of it. I am going to leave Peter! I've thought about it for a long time."

"Going to leave Peter? Going to leave Peter?" Every accent of voice and manner was italicized and capitalized.

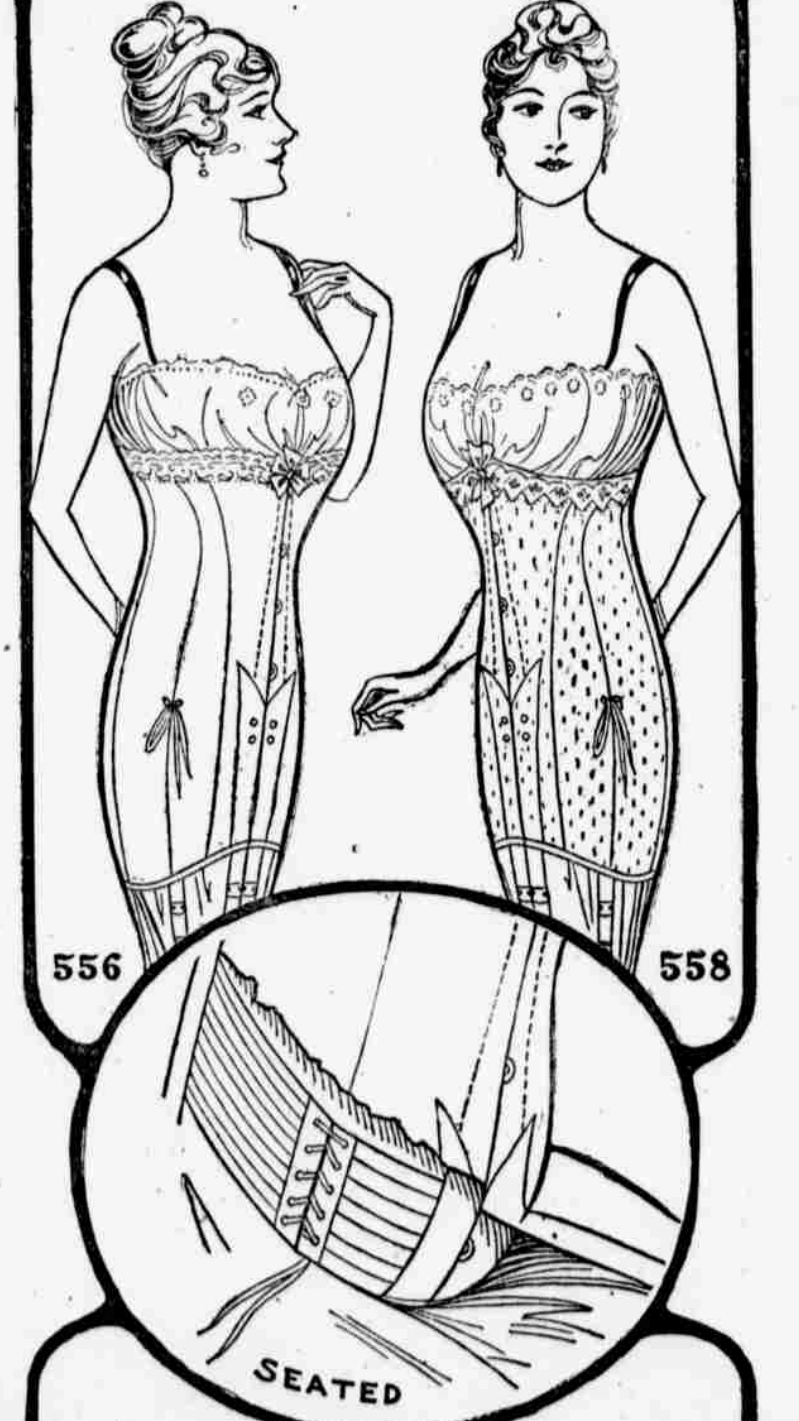
"Yes," firmly, though Dora's lips quivered so she could hardly control them.

"Then Peter did object to the hat or the

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By a variation in construction, the marvelous benefits of the Nemo Wonderlift Bandlet are made available to women of slight form as well as those of full figure.

"WONDERLIFT"



Many a woman of slender—even very slight—figure needs abdominal support (not reduction) quite as much as any stout woman.

The form of the Wonderlift Bandlet shown above gives the gentle support that brings a grateful sense of uplift; relieves strain on nerves and ligaments; and produces the youthful, buoyant feeling that keeps one's face young and smiling.

No. 556 and 558 are both intended for slender to medium figures. No. 556 is of fine white batiste. No. 558 is of fine dotted batiste, in pink or white; low girle top. **\$5**

No other corset resembles—even remotely—the Nemo Wonderlift in the health-fashion service these marvel corsets give. No matter what your figure, you should know Wonderlift.

as much as I should like to do and I often find myself rubbing or dusting something that doesn't need it."

"Well, Dora, I suppose you will admit that I am some older than you are."

"Oh, yes, but then human life and experience don't count so much. It is the dullness of it. Now, father—he's new and different all the time. He always has a pleasant word and a joke or something. But just goodness, placid, unruffled! I wish Peter had some faults. They'd be fascinating."

"Does Mrs. Hodges find her husband's faults fascinating?"

"No—," admitted Dora, curiously troubled.

"Neither does any woman. As for your father's factiousness and differentness—father, they almost drive me mad sometimes," Mrs. Madison spoke with conviction.

"Mother," gasped Dora. "Why, I thought you and father—"

"Well, we do. We get along fine, but if I didn't go away by myself and if he didn't we'd simply pall on each other. Now that's just what the matter here. You're simply tired of the same routine, you want a change; if you'll go away for a week or two, leave Young Peter with me, and if after that length of time you still wish to leave Peter I will say nothing. Go on and live your life and pay your way. There isn't anything the matter with mine—let's of the separated couples but an overdose of each other. Now, you try it. Just go."

So Dora went away, and Mrs. Madison and Young Peter really had the time of their lives. Peter was very interesting after a man like father, who was so "different," as Dora put it. When Dora wrote in ten days that she really must be getting back, Mrs. Madison knew that her cure of absence had averted a bar case of discontent and irritation.

"Mother," gasped Dora. "Why, I thought you and father—"

"Well," said Peter to mother, "I suppose

now I'll have to toe the mark again. Dora doesn't like to have me away much." Dora looked a little regretfully at the pleasant porch, with its tea table, its hammock, its magazines and comfort. "She is the dearest girl in the world," said Peter loyally, "but I have enjoyed her trip. Yes, I have, he admitted frankly."

"Not any more than I have, Peter. But it will seem rather good to have Dora back again."

"Good?" cried Peter. "Good?" Why, it'll seem just about like heaven to have her bustling me around again and telling me what neckties to wear with what clothes. I suppose," he added dubiously, "that I've been fearfully 'off color' on my neckties these days."

Mrs. Madison laughed. "They've suited me just right, Peter; just exactly right."

"You understand so," returned Peter thoughtfully. THE END

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A Great Suit Event, Saturday
5500 Beautifully Tailored Chiffon, Taffeta & Cloth Easter Suits at Savings of \$3 to \$10

By purchasing fabrics months ago direct from the mills, and by advancing spot cash to the leading manufacturers of New York, we have had designed and tailored specially to our order and specifications the most distinctive, fascinating new spring suits to be found in Phila.—and the prices are a glorious triumph over rising costs in materials and labor.

\$17.50 to \$22.50 Spring Suits at \$15

\$23.50 to \$27.50 Spring Suits at \$19.98

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Marvelous suits in quality, style and variety. Wool velours, fine American wool poplins, Burella cloths, serges, club checks, wool Jerseys and chiffron taffetas in gold, rose, magenta, Russian and lawn green, navy, black, etc.—big variety of box- and knife-plaited models, tailored and fancy styles, with new, large contrasting collars of khaki-kool, patch pockets, fancy silk linings and other touches of elegance and smartness.

High-class wool Jerseys, chiffron taffetas, fine poplins, serges and velours in semi-tailored, sports and effectively trimmed styles. Rich peau de cygne linings, new side flare pockets; skirts with pockets and belts, and other features denote their general distinction and superiority. All colors and sizes, including extra sizes that impart the slender, straight contour in vogue this season.

Styles that are faithful reproductions of expensive imported models, developed in high-class French serges and Poirer twills, wool velours, silk and wool poplins, chiffron taffetas and fine wool jerseys. Lined with richest of peau de cygne silk. Scores of styles and colors. Specially designed fashionable stouts for extra size women included.

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"SWEET BLOOM" is made from the purest, richest cream of Alderney stock, and under very unusual sanitary conditions. It's the choicest product that can possibly come from a churn—the butter for particular people. **45c lb.**

"STERLING" is an exceptionally choice grade of carefully made creamery butter. It's really the highest quality second-grade butter in America, and the demand is widespread and constantly increasing. **39c lb.**

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"SWEET BLOOM" are the fullest, largest, meatiest eggs obtainable anywhere; quickly gathered and rushed along from nest to table. **35c doz.**

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