

NEW YORK AUTHORESS OWNS TO ODD MATRIMONIAL CREED

NEED TALENTED WOMAN GIVE UP CAREER FOR HOME AND HUSBAND?

Mrs. Ethel Watts Mumford Thought Not, and Broke Marital Chains That Bound Her Too Tightly.

ROOM IN HEART FOR BOTH LOVE AND WORK

Now She Has Found a Husband Who Promises Devotion and Freedom to Pursue Her Literary Duties to Any Extent She May Desire.

To love, cherish—and obey! Is this a promise to be kept to the last letter? Does it mean even the sacrificing of a talent under dictation? Must the woman give up the natural gift of the bidding of the man, though it may not prevent her from loving and from cherishing?

"No!" said Mrs. Ethel Watts Mumford, most emphatically. "Decidedly yes!" retorted George Dana Mumford, lawyer and capitalist and lately the husband of Mrs. Mumford, one of New York's most talented and successful women writers.

Can a woman who writes be, at the same time, a good wife and a good mother? Can a woman devote herself to art and her home at one and the same time?

"Certainly!" declared Peter Geddes Grant, broker and lover. Mrs. Mumford agreed with him very decidedly. So now the marriage of Mr. Grant and Mrs. Mumford follows quite naturally on the heels of the celebrated divorce case of Mumford vs. Mumford.

Ethel Dickinson Watts was one of the most talented daughters of the south when she met George Dana Mumford. Born in New York herself, she was still the high type of southern girl that her mother, Mrs. D. G. Watts, meant her to be. She was tall, athletic, witty, vivacious, beautiful, clever.

Her mother, a woman of wealth, saw that the daughter's natural gifts were not neglected. She had a fine education, and then was sent to Paris to finish. She studied painting under Benjamin Constant; she spent a year traveling in Europe and the Orient. There was another year in Japan, a long stay in the South Seas, journeys to the south and west in the United States, and visits in Mexico and Central America.

When Miss Watts got back to New York, says the World, of that city, she was bubbling over with ideas which she longed to put down in black and white. And so there blossomed out another successful woman writer.

Then came Mr. Mumford. He was rich, good looking, a graduate of Columbia, '89, and Harvard, '91, a member of half a dozen smart clubs, and well known socially in New York and in Tuxedo. He fell head over heels

into being, only to be striven for by the publishers. But prose and poetry did not comprise all the brilliant girl's talents. She would write a play and she did—"The Scenario"—and the talented Annie Russell presented it. It was a story of Mexico and Paris—note how the young wife kept close to the scenes she had visited before her marriage.

And all the time she wrote and wrote. Things were finished, only to be torn up and rewritten. Other efforts were destroyed, never to be seen by anyone. And all the time, too, the boy was growing bigger and bigger, and needing more and more his mother's care.

Who shall say who began the trouble? If a vital household dispute arises, either wife or husband must make the sacrifice. It is for the outside world, knowing nothing of what transpires around the hearthstone, to say who shall yield?

Mrs. Mumford wanted to write. Mr. Mumford didn't want her to write. There was the problem. He wanted his wife to entertain, to go out with him, to give him all her spare time, to spend her energies within her home and not between the covers of the magazines.

Mrs. Mumford said "No!" She insisted that she could be a good wife and a good mother, and still give rein to her literary ambitions. Neither side would yield. There were quarrels. So, after five years of married life, in 1899, Mrs. Mumford took her boy and left her husband alone in his New York home. As for her, she went to California and acquired a legal residence there. Then suit for divorce on the ground of desertion was brought by the young wife; the proper papers were served on Mr. Mumford. He appeared by an attorney, but put in no defense. In 1901 Justice Hebard, in the superior court, San Francisco, granted the decree, and the young wife, free now to write all she pleased, went back to New York with her little son, whose custody the court allowed her.

But even in California, when the lawyers were busy untying the knot tied so few years before, Mrs. Mumford's pen was not idle. She brought

Savage, assisted by Rev. Dr. Clay MacCawley. There was a honeymoon down at Mr. Mumford's country place, and when they came back to town in the autumn it was to live just across Central park, where Mrs. Mumford No. 1 lived with her mother and her little son.

Forgotten, Mrs. Mumford soon forgot. "I'll never marry again," she told her friends, "unless a man comes along who will not mind how much I write and paint," but they laughed at her.

"Wait and see!" was the drift of what they said in reply. "There are men who won't mind how much you write and paint."

They were right. The man came along six months ago. He was Peter Leavitt Grant, a Scotchman, formerly of Granttown, Scotland, but now a member of the New York brokerage firm of Leavitt & Grant.

He was older than Mr. Mumford and broader in his views. They met at the house of mutual friends—the rich broker and the beautiful young authoress. He was immensely taken

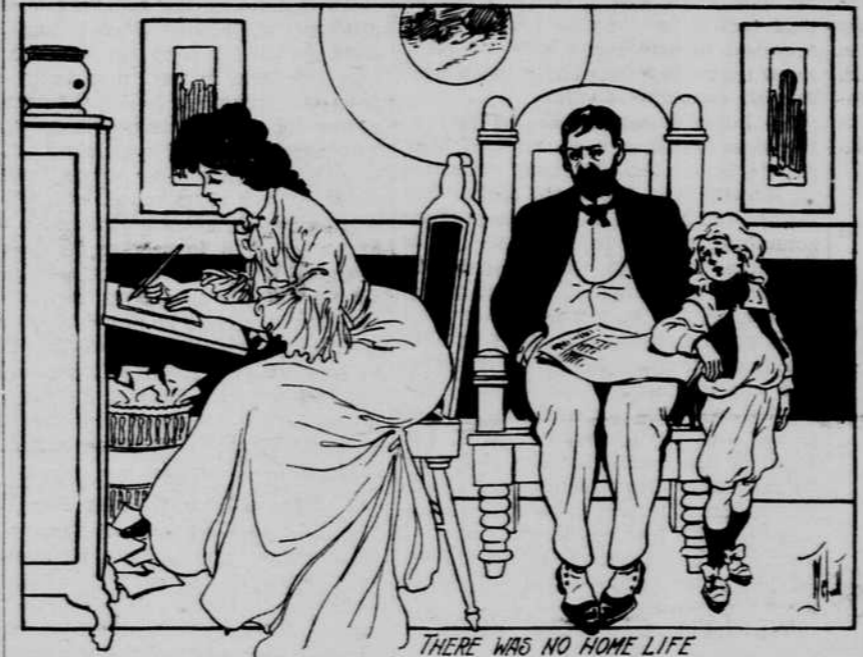
With it went the understanding that the bride-to-be-for-the-second-time could write and paint and study just as much as she pleased.

"That is distinctly understood," replied the gallant Mr. Grant, and a few days ago the engagement was announced. "My daughter will keep on with literary work," explained Mrs. Watts, the mother, "just as she always has done. There is no reason whatever why a woman cannot be a good wife and mother and at the same time give some time to her talents.

"Mr. Grant understands this perfectly and is just as interested in my daughter's success as we are. He is very proud of what she has done already and looks forward to even better things in the future. They have gone on a honeymoon in the country and in the autumn they will sail for Europe to visit Mr. Grant's family in Scotland."

As for Mr. Mumford, he was seen at his office and took the news of his former wife's engagement rather testily.

"Mrs. Mumford is my divorced wife," he said, "and I cannot discuss



with her literary work and never wearied of praising it to his friends—so different from Mr. Mumford, whom it bored quite thoroughly. Mr. Grant frankly told his friends he believed there were plenty of clever women who could follow their talents and at the same time be good wives and mothers. He held that there could be no incompatibility between the art of a woman and the helpful comradery of the home. Finally the time came when he felt that he could say this same thing to Mrs. Mumford. He did. His answer was a whispered "Yes," just as the young college man, Mumford, had received it 12 years before. But this time it was a more qualified one.

A LETTER WRITTEN BY A SELF-MADE PACKER TO HIS SON

Paris, June 11, 1906. Dear Percy: While I am not on the ground and cannot size up the present situation with every confidence in my judgment, I think it would be wise to clean up the yards and all the houses, so as to be ready for any inspectors or reporters who may ask to be shown through the plant. I may be wrong, but probably it wouldn't hurt anything if you were to do a little cleaning up. You can get Thomas Jefferson Jackson to do a week's whitewashing. He can daub up enough fences in that time to make the cattle and hog pens look fairly clean, and possibly he could finish in time to whiten up the interior of some of the rooms of the plant.

As I think it over, I guess it would be a good idea to clean the floors in all the rooms. Naturally a great deal of grease will fall on the floors in 10 or 12 years, and much of it will be ground into the wood and saved. Pieces of pork, beef, mutton and rind and a great deal of lard, no doubt, cover the floors to a depth of six or seven inches in places. This should be scraped up carefully and turned over to the olive oil department, where it can be placed in the vats with oxalic acid and formaldehyde. It can be bottled as "La Picha Olive Oil. Quality Guaranteed by the Italian Government." The sediment can be used in the boneless chicken department.

Put up a few signs saying: "The use of tobacco prohibited. A violation of this rule means discharge." Of course, such a nonsensical rule can't be enforced, and you can give the men to understand as much.

Here is another thing you can do: Send for reporters from every paper in the city and give them a little talk on food purity and similar sort, tell what efforts we've made to kill germs, and tell how for years we have sprayed the walls, floors, tables, wagons and tools with formaldehyde in order to be certain of absolute clean-

ness. In proof of the statement show them our formaldehyde bills for the last five or six years. That'll convince 'em. How is the egg business coming along? I met a famous French chemist yesterday who showed me a thing or two about eggs, and I had always supposed I knew about everything worth knowing. I think we can revolutionize the egg business. This fellow has a secret preparation that preserves eggs for as long as seven years. It's something wonderful. Best of all, this stuff is cheap, costs only eight cents a gallon, and a gallon is enough to preserve nearly a million eggs. You need only one drop of the stuff, and great care must be observed not to use more than one, as two drops cause the stomach to rebel and three cause serious illness and sometimes death. However, we must all take chances in this world. This Frenchman has invented an instrument with which the egg is punctured, the preservative injected and the hole sealed. I have offered him \$500,000 for his formula and instrument, to become my exclusive property, and I think he will accept. That seems like a large amount of money, and it is, but think how soon it will come back. We will have thousands and thousands of dollars in ice. And when he perfects it so it can be used on meat—well, inside of a few years the phrase "cold storage" will be deadlier than Chauncey M. Depew. Your affectionate father, JOHN BEEFHAM.

Neckties on Beels. Haberdashers now keep plain ribbon ties on reels, the way tape is sold; but instead of having to take the whole roll a length of tie is snipped off for each customer. The advantage of the reel is that it will fit the size collar worn by the buyer. Formerly different lengths had to be kept in stock, but now thin necks or fat ones, small or large, may each be fitted accurately by cutting a piece off the reel.



TRUE LOVE LETTERS.

AS A RULE WHAT MAY BE CALLED COMMONPLACE.

Love Letters of the Brownings Never Descended to Banality and Gush—Letters That Intrench on Delicacy Not True Expressions of Love—The Sweetness of a Mother's Homely Letter to an Absent Child—Homeric Simplicity of Letters from San Francisco Sufferers—Vivid Pictures of Life of Former Days Preserved in Letters.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER. (Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

When, a few years ago, the son of Robert and Elizabeth Browning was induced to publish the love letters of his father and mother, written to one another in the confidence and unreserved of their mutual affection, everybody shivered as if a blow had been struck at the most sacred and tender thing in life.

The first shock over, everybody who had found inspiration and joy in the poems of the marvelously gifted pair, proceeded to read the letters. They were found to be not very unlike the love letters of other people, with no pretensions to genius and no ability to pour themselves out in splendid verse. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Browning before their marriage or after seemed to have descended to banality or gush. Their letters were honest and affectionate and sensible, and were often rather commonplace, merely the everyday letters of a cultivated man and an intelligent woman who understood one another and were necessary to one another's happiness.

Love letters that overflow in the language of passionate devotion, that contain too great an amount of protestation or that intrench on delicacy and modesty are not the expressions of true love. There can be no real love where there is not the highest esteem and the most chivalrous regard.

Take, for example, the letters exchanged by husband and wife when they are temporarily separated. Of course, they write to each other every day. When postage is cheap and communication swift and sure, there is no reason why members of the same family should not exchange letters frequently and constantly when they are separated by business or pleasure, but although the married lovers are essential to each other, although they have, so to speak, the same heartbeat, they do not fill whole sheets with declarations of admiration.

All that is in the past. Mary writes about the children, about Johnny's whooping cough and Fanny's school report, and the new paper on the walls, and the little things that make up the daily sun of daily life. These are far more welcome and far more interesting to the absent husband than the finest essay on Life and Friendship could possibly be. Should Mary send the man a composition such as she read on commencement day, ten years ago, he would fancy her out of her wits. On his part, Jack writes of the road, of the people he has met, of the success

he has had in business, of the incidents and episodes a man meets away from home. Each concludes the letter with a word or two of love, and the signature, "Your wife," or "Your husband," conveys a whole world of unbounded affection and regard. The shortest letter brought by the postman and handed in at the breakfast table is a hand-clasp that conveys a heart-throb.

Letters of a still more tender sweetness, were it possible, are forever fitting across the continent in Uncle Sam's mail, letters sent by mothers to absent sons, to daughters at college or to children away on a visit. Some of the sweetest letters ever written are penned by hands that are more accustomed to the broom and the rolling pin than to ink and paper. So many wise cautions, so many gentle reminders, so many loving counsels weave themselves into homely letters, that go from the farmhouse or the city flat to the distant child, that one fancies the recording angel smiles as he peeps over the writer's shoulder.

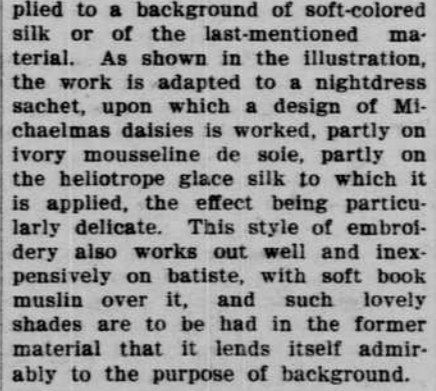
Every great catastrophe, a tornado, an earthquake, a vast conflagration or a late at sea, is the occasion of letters that, in their straightforward and pithy narrative, surpass much that is written directly for the press. When San Francisco was destroyed by earthquake and flame, and its thousands upon thousands of happy people were made homeless in a day, the first mail bags were burdened with letters of Homeric simplicity and force. They were sent to kindred and acquaintances, who watched for them eagerly and snatched at every detail with an avidity that could not wait. Times like these test the sincerity of love and letters written in the ground—swell from the heart. It is curious to note in letters of this kind characteristics of bravery and faith in an almost universal absence of complaint. People who lost everything they had in the world were impressed with the sufferings of others and wrote as if they had been spectators of a calamity rather than victims. Instantly, by wire and post so soon as it was possible, tangible relief went flying from the east to the west, not merely in great contributions, but in individual sums that in every case meant real self-denial and sacrifice.

A caution may be addressed to all writers of love letters, especially before marriage. Never write that which would cause you a blush or a fleeting embarrassment should it fall into the wrong hands. Letters sometimes go astray. It is foolish and futile to pour out upon paper a string of fulsome adjectives and superfluous superlatives, that really mean little. Love should not waste itself in written endearments that lose force by needless repetition. Love is a thing that should stand the wear and tear of life, that should wash and not lose color or fiber, that should endure wind and sun and neither fade nor tarnish. The best love letter is the one that the recipient may hold close to her heart while she would not blush should it by accident fall under the eye of a stranger.

FOREIGN FINANCE. Great Britain's public revenue in April, the first month of the fiscal year, amounted to £418,895, and expenditures, £21,300,361. New capital issued in London from January 1 to May 5, amounted to \$288,788,915, as against \$434,216,505 in the same period in 1905. Total operations of the Bank of Japan in the year 1905 amounted to \$14,578,127,060, an increase of \$5,744,106,420 compared with 1904. The annual report of the Banque de Paris for 1905 shows that net profits amounted to only 10,804,883 francs, against 19,411,421 francs in 1904. A loan of 100,000,000 francs will be shortly put on the Paris market for the French colonies in West Africa. The greater part is intended for Senegal and the Upper Niger, to improve the navigation on the two rivers. The mare is by no means singular. Everything goes, where money is the motive.—Puck.

DELICATE EMBROIDERY.

It is Worked on Exquisitely Fine Material and Applied to Background Equally Fine.



SEMI-TRANSPARENT EMBROIDERY. The illustration is for some exceedingly tasteful and quite novel fancy work. Delicate flower sprays,

as light and feathery as possible, are worked upon white mousseline de soie or cambric, which, in its turn, is applied to a background of soft-colored silk or of the last-mentioned material. As shown in the illustration, the work is adapted to a nightdress sachet, upon which a design of Michelmas daisies is worked, partly on ivory mousseline de soie, partly on the heliotrope glaze silk to which it is applied, the effect being particularly delicate. This style of embroidery also works out well and inexpensively on batiste, with soft book muslin over it, and such lovely shades are to be had in the former material that it lends itself admirably to the purpose of background.

To Brighten a Switch. For brightening switches of false hair, dip them into common ammonia without dilution. Half a pint is enough for this purpose, and the dipping is said to revive it and make the hair look as if just cut from the head.

NOTES ON THE FASHIONS.

Bright Green on White Chip Sailors—The Green Linen Suit in High Favor.

A white chip sailor hat with a wide folded band and bow at the side of green silk ribbon is the very smart thing to wear with all suits and gowns that allow it, declares Anne Rittenhouse. Such a hat with a white wash frock, green suede belt with broad, square buckle and green sunshade, makes a most fashionable combination. In truth, green—this vivid shade of violet had last year. For instance, the very stylish linen suits are now green. The shade used for them is not so pronounced as that worn in the ties and hats. It is more faded and there is no use denying that it becomes more so each week that it is worn.

There has never been found a green dye that will stand the sun; not even the one of nature. However, as all colors fade under our hot suns, why

Washing Bamboo. Bamboo is improved by an occasional wash with cold water, but should be thoroughly dried afterwards.

Never Loses Its Strength



Always the Same

Calumet Baking Powder

Is Most Healthful, Wholesome and Economical

\$1,000.00

given for anything injurious to health found in Calumet Baking Powder.

Do not be induced to pay 45 or 50 cents a pound for the Trust baking powders; they leave large quantities of Rochelle Salts in the food.

The constant dosing of Rochelle Salts will derange the digestive organs. Your physician will tell you this.

INVESTMENT IN MOTH BALLS

Manner of Using the Preventive That Proved to Be a Signal Failure.

A State street druggist, telling of the quaint characters whom he encounters in his business, recently said: "Late one afternoon one of the 'ould sod' ambled up to the counter. 'Hov sez anything good to kill moths?' he asked, relieves the Chicago Record-Herald. " 'Yes,' said I, 'we have moth balls, the best remedy known.' " 'Give me tin cints' worth, thin,' says he.

"I made up the package, handed it to him, and he ambled out again. I had forgotten all about my customer until about four o'clock the next afternoon, when I was forcibly reminded of the transaction of the day before. After I had waited on my customers in their turn I walked over to another counter and was there confronted with my moth-ball investor. Without giving me time to make an inquiry, he said: " 'Are yez the young man that sold me thir things yistday?' showing me the remains of about half a dozen of the white balls.

"I answered in the affirmative, and also inquired what the trouble was. " 'Av all the oan games I've run up against in me toime, this bates thim all,' he said. 'To think of onyone running a decent down-town store selling the likes of thim things to kill moths with, or onything else, for the matter of that. They might be all right for playing marbles, but for killin' moths, niver. I may not be as young as yez are, young man, but I'm just as stiddy, and I want to tell you wathing. If yez can show me the man or woman that can throw wath of thim balls quick enough to kill a moth I'll not only ate ivry wath of thim yez have in stock, but I'll say onything about the picture the ould woman and meself broke in the foine little game yez would have us play.'"



in love with the talented girl, and she thought she loved him. This was in 1894, when both were very young. It was a quick, ardent courtship and a beautiful wedding. Then a delightful honeymoon abroad and a return to a beautiful home. A little boy was born two years later—the apple of his father's eye. It looked like a most happy union—this marriage of the brilliant southern girl and the polished 'varsity man.

But here the Muses took a hand and upset all these pretty little plans of Dan Cupid. The young wife's literary bent, temporarily laid aside during the courtship and honeymoon, again asserted itself. Tales of adventure, poems of the seas, romances of far-away lands—all were seething in her brain. And so she took up her pen again and wrote.

out her first novel in California—"Dupes"—published by the Putnams, and very successful. Then followed another novel, "White Wash," and "The Cynic's Calendar," published in San Francisco. In New York Mrs. Mumford began writing again, mostly stories for the leading magazines. She took up her residence with her mother, who is very wealthy. Meanwhile the divorced husband, eager still for a home, was not idle. Hardy was the ink dry on the legal decree divorcing the two, when he met Mrs. Claire Drake Butterfield, widow of the immensely wealthy Theodore Butterfield, of Rochester. Six months after the divorce was made public Mrs. Butterfield announced her engagement to Mr. Mumford. In June, 1902, they were married at the Church of the Messiah, by Rev. Dr. Minot J.

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."