Useful Hints | **Woman and Home** | Ethical Talks

WHO'S GUILTY?

4th Story, The Silent Shame

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

Author of "The Silver Butterfly," "The Black Pearl," "Sally Salt," Etc.

(Novelized from the series of photoplays of the same name released by Pathe Exchange and shown at the Victor Theater.)

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

Duncan Hilliard neglects his unhappy wife, Eunice. In all innocence, she becomes friendly with Bruce Kingston, a rising young playwright. She goes to a house party, of which Kingston is a member, and is forced to snub Reggie Cadleigh, who would press his attentions on her. Cadleigh sends an anonymous telegram to Hilliard, telling him that his wife has eloped with Kingston. Hilliard is in the midst of a drunken bout, and asks for the congratulations of his companions. Eunice starts home and offers to bring Kingston into town in her motor car.

(Continued From Sunday.)

"I'm so glad you didn't strike him," answered Eunice. "You behaved splendidly. There is no way I can thank you for defending me as you did."

"I'm thanked, a million times over," he exclaimed, "if I was any help to you at all. Oh, I wish I could protect you from all the worry and sorrow you're going through!"

"Your sympathy makes it ever so much easier to bear," she said gratefully. "And I—why, look," she broke off, pointing to the house, "I wonder what is the matter. All the first-floor shades are drawn. And the lights are burning in every room!"

She was plainly troubled at the unwonted aspect of her home. Bruce once more came to the rescue.

"I'll go in there with you, if you don't mind," he volunteered. "If anything is amiss, perhaps I can be of use."

She thanked him, eagerly, for the offer, and, together, they mounted the front steps. With her latchkey, Eunice opened the door and they passed through the outer hall into the dining-room.

There, the rank odor of tobacco and of stale liquor fumes in the hot and unaired apartment smote their nostrils, even before they could glance at the scene before them.

Several of the night's revelers lay sleeping on the floor or in chairs. Cigar and cigarette butts, a litter of broken glass, and scores of empty bottles strewed the rugs.

One or two men were awake; yawning and grunting. On the edge of a sofa, sprawled Duncan Hilliard.

His dress tie was hanging at loose ends. One side of his collar had become unbuttoned. His face was pasty and flabby. His hair was tumbled and his eyes were swollen and bloodshot. His evening clothes were wrinkled and awry.

A newly summoned servant was holding out a bowl of cracked ice to him. With fumbling hands, Duncan was shoving bits of ice into his dry mouth and rubbing more of it on his throbbing forehead.

Eunice had advanced a few steps into the room. Bruce Kingston halting on the threshold. The wife's whole attitude, as well as her blanching face, betokened stark horror and amazed disgust.

"Duncan!" she cried.

Hilliard, at sound of his name, looked up and saw her standing before him. He blinked stupidly, for an instant. Then a wild-beast snarl crept athwart his nervously twitching lips.

"Get the blazes out of here!" he croaked, forcing the words with difficulty through his dry throat. "What are you doing here, anyhow? You eloped with Kingston, didn't you? Stay eloped. I'm done with you for good!"

"Eloped?" echoed his wife, dumbfounded.

"Oh, I'm on, all right," he growled. "Don't try any of your 'holier-than-thou' ways on me. It's too late for that. I know what you are. And I'm going to tell you. You're—"

"One moment, Mr. Hilliard," quietly interposed Bruce, stepping forward to Eunice's side, "you say you are going to tell Mrs. Hilliard what she is. If you tell her she is anything but the best and truest wife a drunken cur like husband ever had—why, I'm going to tell you you lie. And then I'm going to smash the words down your filthy throat, along with your teeth."

Duncan Hilliard lurched to his feet, in a gust of drunken anger, and confronted the slighter and shorter man.

"You're young Kingston, aren't you?" he growled. "I remember now, I met you once. You're the man that's stolen my wife from me, eh? Well, take her. Good riddance!"

"Keep her?" repeated Kingston, "no one but a drunken swine would ever have let her go. I'd give my soul for the privilege of having her forever, as my heaven-sent wife. But she is so loyal to you that I've never even dared breathe such a hope to her."

"Loyal to me, hey?" hiccuped Duncan, his anger swelling the fiercer for Bruce's contemptuous calm. "Loyal to me? She isn't loyal to any one. She'll be leaving you, next, for—"

"I've warned you once," cut in Bruce with a deadly quiet, "that I'll—"

He got no further. Duncan's nervously groping fingers closed about the neck of a bottle. With no word of warning he hurled it full at Kingston's face.

Bruce, instinctively, dodged the missile, and sprang at his assailant. As the two grappled, Eunice's sharp cry of terror aroused the half-dazed revelers to a sense of what was going on. One or two of the men shambled uncertainly forward with a vague idea of helping their host. Others sat up and stared in foolish surprise. None were sober enough to rally their nerves to the fighting point. So they contented themselves with gaping vacuously at the battle.

Duncan Hilliard was a big man and powerful. And he was fighting in a drink-fired rage. Up and down the disordered drawing room he and Bruce wrestled; upsetting chairs, smashing overturned tables, beating at each other with their fists, clinching, breaking free and returning madly to the attack.

But presently, youth and clean living began to tell against bulk and drunken fury. Kingston evaded an awkward swing, ran in and grappled. He slipped his hip behind his foe's, and with one hand at the latter's throat, exerted all his wiry strength in a single tremendous heave.

Hilliard flew backward and landed in a panting heap across the end of the sofa, his head striking a table edge.

There he lay, dizzy, helpless, half-stunned, while his victor towered above him.

"Listen!" commanded Bruce, glaring down at the inert body, "listen to me, you worthless hulk! Mrs. Hilliard is going away with me. She is going to my mother's home. She will live with my mother until she can get a divorce from you. Then, please God, I am going to marry her. If you try to prevent us, the consequences are on your own head!"

"Come, Eunice," he said gently, turning to the sobbing woman and leading her from the room and out of the house.

Neither looked back, as Duncan reared himself on one wabbling elbow and bellowed thickly after them.

"You'll both pay for this! You'll find it's the blackest, sorriest day's work you've ever done!"

On the same day, Eunice Hilliard was installed as a member of the pleasant little household presided over by Bruce Kingston's sweet-faced mother. Her life there was ideally happy. Every day the peace of her new surroundings smoothed away more and more of her bitter memories.

And so time went on—happily, uneventfully. A legacy of $50,000 from her long-dead mother gave Eunice sufficient income for all her simple needs. Duncan Hilliard troubled her not at all. She neither saw him nor heard from him. And she began to plan the divorce proceedings which should leave her free to marry the man she had learned to love so dearly.

(To Be Continued To-Morrow.)

Menu Suggestions

Breakfast.

Cereal Peaches
Stewed Kidneys
Baking-Powder Biscuits
Coffee.

Lunch.

Cheese Custards
Olive and Egg Sandwiches
Pineapple Sherbet Cookies

Dinner.

Vegetable Soup
Lamb Chops New Potatoes
String Beans Rhubarb Conserve
Tomato and Cheese Salad
Hot Wafers Cherry Pie
Coffee

UsingMen'sHandkerchiefs

Bandanna handkerchiefs fill an adequate place in the sportswoman's attire, a long end protruding from a voluminous skirt pocket and adding just the right touch of color on the golf links or tennis court. Not content with this use, women find that men's handkerchiefs of this pattern, as well as the all-over Dresden designs, make effective additions to their costume when knotted in true cowboy style around their necks.

Many of these useful articles help the process of collar-making. One high stock-collar of lace and embroidered linen tabs has the further addition of a jabot front and back. Each one is made from the half of a man's linen handkerchief, the fulness laid in pleats, each of which is embroidered with a row of dots. A spray finishes each end.

Men's handkerchiefs make splendid foundations for the sailor collar, so much in vogue. One seen with a lavender border has the white portion embroidered in purple dots.

For the Graduate

Fortunately for her comfort, the June graduate is not required to wear gloves—whether her sleeves come to her wrists or are mere puffs ending above her elbow. She must not wear jewels, either—nothing would be in worse taste! A pearl bead necklace is permissible, or a small brooch—gifts of graduating season; but the new wrist watch, long coveted and now acquired, will make the costume more correct by its absence if left at home in its velvet case—for this one occasion, at least.

Some schools will not permit white stockings and shoes on graduating day, but this seems a rather cruel deprivation, and most girls nowadays can manage to provide at least a pair of white pumps for such an important occasion. Under the schoolgirl's short graduating frock white buttoned boots of washable kid will be very smart, but if the majority of the class vote for slippers, white washable kid pumps will serve their wearer well all summer as well as on the great day. Most important is the arrangement of the hair to suggest a youthful effect, free from vanity or coquetry—the girl graduate is supposed to be thoughtful, earnest and very young to have acquired so much learning.

What to Wear

Smart Suit of Chiffon and Taffeta Combined.

By Mme. Qui Vive.

Judge not your friend's new frock until you see what sort of a melancholy failure your dressmaker makes of your own.

The lady who likes to look like a gay flower will have the bloomingest time of her life this season.

Colorings of some fabrics are radiant. The newest tint is wild geranium, a soft pink, shading almost into mauve. Grape bloom purple has a white sheen that is frostlike and silvery. Even the most subdued colors break forth with pin stripes of vivid hue. Why not? Gay clothes make gay spirits—and the chimney rocker awaits us all.

Epingle, bengaline, etienne and shantung are all good materials for summer suits. A new garment is the leopard blouse, a long coatlike thing with an emerald ground and big black polka dots. These same garments are often made of crepe silks in straw color with wide, ziggy-zig stripes in rose or porcelain blue. Floral ninons and crepe de chines are also utilized for these ripping little mantles that have the basque fullness falling from a smocked saddle.

For dressy affairs, beaded laces are all the go. Opalesque beads and crystals are both good. If you desire to improve your last year's lace frock outline the design with beads. You will gain the effect of a white peony sprinkled with dewdrops.

Immense high combs of ivory are worn with white frocks and are very dashing.

A delightful variation of the fitted basque costume appears in the sketch given us to-day by our friend the artist lady.

The material is pigeon-throat taffeta, which is combined with chiffon of the same delicate shade.

Chiffon is used for the skirt, and it is arranged in wide plaits. The tablers of taffeta are slightly longer and lift up in the back in a Watteau pouf. Also they are attached to the bodice with a frilled heading, which is extremely quaint and attractive.

The basque is long and pointed in the front, and buttons straight up and down like a frock of 1880 style. The rounded yoke of chiffon gives a long, drooping shoulder line, and there are turned-back cuffs, button trimmed. Chain stitching in gray is used as a decoration where yoke joins bodice, and this same delightful ornamentation is used on the cuffs. Yoke and

The Basque Costume.

collar are in one piece, with a circular protection piece of embroidered batiste in the soft yellow.

The girl who looks well in frocks of simple line and rather severe design will take to this model with alacrity and enthusiasm. The original came from the house of Peggy, who is rivaling Jenny in producing modes that are dainty and youthful.

Plush, velvet and all pale fabrics will be the leading materials for winter wear. Also, these delectable and beautiful stuffs will be 50 per cent dearer.

Metal effects will continue to be rich, costly and in favor.

Blues, especially Saxe blue, are coming to the front, and greens and Du-Barry pink are among the good shades for evening wear.

While the textile people of our own country are turning out good patterns in silks, the more elaborate resigns that come from France are to be very scarce.

Duvetyn, velours and kitten's ear—all fabrics that are perishable—promise to continue their vogue this coming autumn. For summer coats they are charming.

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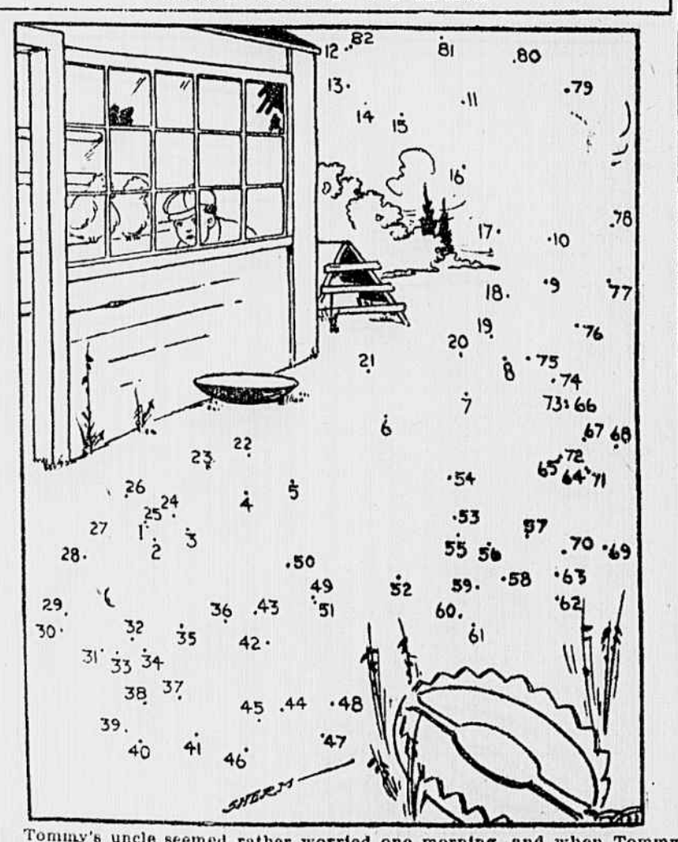
THE DOT FARM



Tommy's uncle seemed rather worried one morning, and when Tommy asked him what was the matter he learned that a number of little chickens were missing. There had been no more hawks seen on the farm, and Uncle Frank said that he thought the chickens had been stolen.

"But I'll fix the thief," said Uncle Frank. "I've set a trap, and to-morrow morning we will see what we will see."

However, Tommy could not wait until morning, so that evening he hid in the hen-house and watched the trap.

And he had only been there a little while when he saw a ——

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Beauty Secrets

How to Take Care of Feet in the Summer.

BY MME. LINA CAVALIERI.

Have you heard that tender feet make one old?

It is true, but, like most unpleasant truths, this can be modified. Let me relieve your mind at once by saying that naturally tender feet never made any one old. It is the artificially acquired tenderness of the feet that makes for short life.

We are born with feet adapted to carrying our weight and to doing all the walking that is necessary. They are ready for all the ordinary usages of life, but they are not ready, and never will be, for the extraordinary demands of the fashionable tight shoe.

If you are a slender woman, or a bony one, you can wear the kind of shoe the average dealer makes. If you are plump, you will suffer from those shoes as you would if your foot were in a vise. The Chinese women of high rank suffer but little more than the fashionable women of this country in the matter of foot torture.

Comfort vs. Beauty.

The problem of how to wear shoes that make the feet comfortable and yet look trim is one that many have tried to solve. Pending its solution, let me advise that when you must choose between comfort and beauty for the feet, choose comfort. Long ago some one invented the adage that we must suffer to be beautiful; but we must not suffer if we would remain young. Suffering is ageing. And nothing makes us suffer more than foot torture.

The steady ache of tired or tormented feet causes weariness and loss of vitality, sometimes actual illness. I know a girl who in her sixteen-year-old vanity bought a pair of shoes that "made her feet look small." In a half-hour after she put the shoes on her feet began to swell. The girl tried to take the shoes off, but the swelling was so great she could not. For three days she hobbled about in those shoes and slept in them at night. At last her relatives had to cut off the shoes. The girl was ill for a week.

Should Care for Feet.

Another reason why the feet that have been made tender by misuse produce old age before its time is that we all shrink from exercise when our feet hurt us. Lack of exercise produces a long train of evils. Chronic indigestion, paralysis, apoplexy, fatty degeneration often are the penalty exacted by nature for lack of exercise.

There is no reason, except vanity, why the feet should not be as free from pain and distortion as the hands.

The summer is the most trying time for the feet. Even perfect feet, never distorted by tight shoes, are inclined to swell in the summer, and incline to one of the extremes, a hot, dry skin, or excessive moisture, and to become exceedingly tender.

To correct these conditions be even more careful of the feet in the summer than the winter.

Bath Twice Daily.

The feet should be bathed once a day in the winter. In the summer they should have two daily baths, one in the morning and once in the evening. The evening bath should be tepid, and, if the feet be tender, a teaspoonful of borax may be added to a quart of water. Let the borax dissolve, then bathe the feet in the water. If they are unusually tender be not satisfied with the ordinary bath of the feet, but soak them. If necessary, add occasionally a pitcher of hot water to keep the bath tepid.

In the morning, when the feet are less tender, and the need of soothing is less, the bath may be cooler. It may even, if the person is young and vigorous, as young and vigorous as Wonderful Walking Weston, who crossed the continent on his trusty feet, be cold.

Be more than ever careful in your choice of shoes and stockings for summer wear.

Wear Sandals.

A good rule is to wear shoes a size larger than usual in the summer, and to wear stockings two sizes larger, for the perspiration has a more direct effect upon the stockings than the shoes, causing a greater shrinkage.

Wear sandals as much as you can in the summer. The soles protect your feet from dampness, and the straps hold them on. They enable the feet to spread to their proper width, to let the toes lie loose and independent of each other. They give the feet the needed air and light, which are so seldom permitted them.

When buying shoes for summer wear be very careful to let the toes lie flat and free from each other, and let the soles be broad. Look to a close fit of the heel and instep, letting the arch be strong enough to support the weight upon it.

Excessive perspiration, or rather its unpleasant effects, can be checked by sprinkling the feet, especially between the toes, with boracic acid powder.

The unpleasant effects can also be removed by adding a few drops of ammonia in the water in which the feet are bathed.

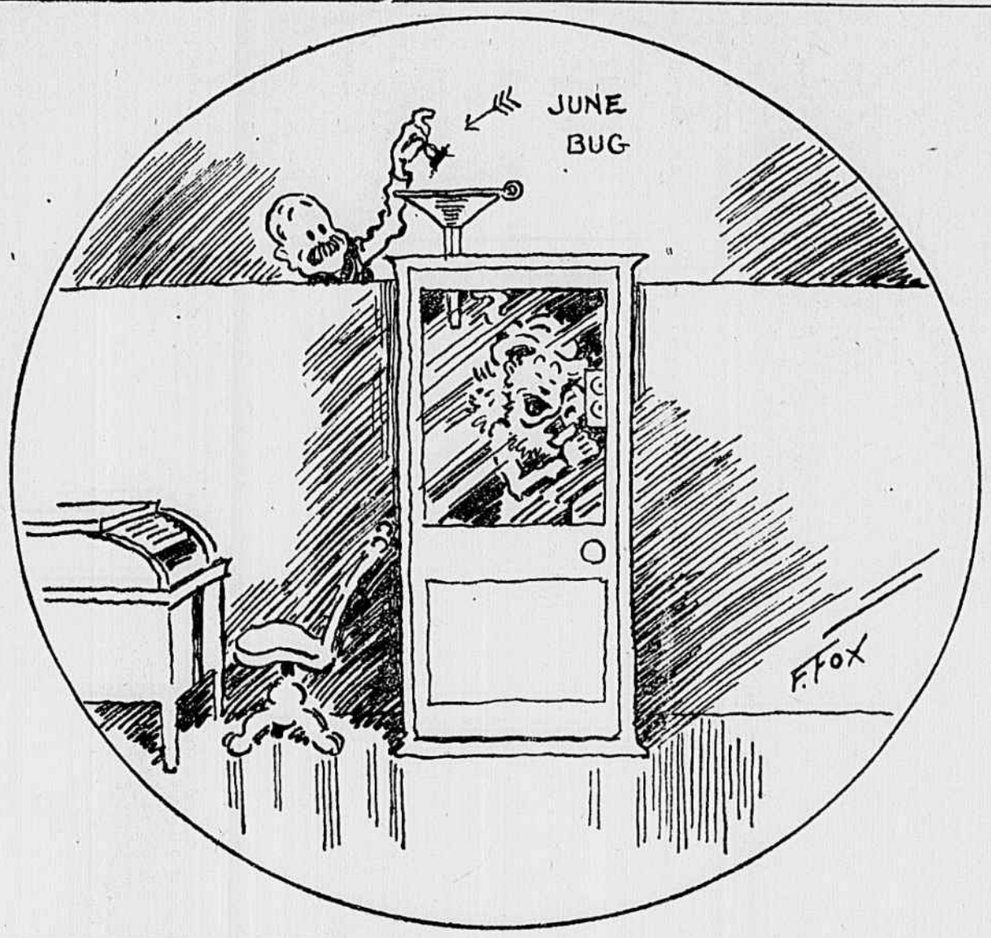
To remove calloused spots, especially on the soles of the feet, rub them daily with pumice stone.

Be sure to change the stockings every day, and not to wear the same pair of shoes two days in succession.

Another warning especially applicable in the summer is to dry the feet thoroughly after bathing them, especially between the toes, to prevent soft corns.

A Very Simple Arrangement For Keeping a Talkative Lady From Spending the Day in Your 'Phone Booth

(Copyright, 1916, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.) By F. Fox



An Excellent Paste

One tablespoonful of brown sugar added to two tablespoonfuls of flour and three of cold water and cooked, stirring constantly, until creamy, makes a most excellent paste. Makes a splendid sizing where wall paper refuses to stick to a painted wall.

FINALS ARE UNDER WAY AT RANDOLPH-MACON

Many Social Affairs Arranged for Commencement Week—Rev. S. T. Senter Preaches Sermon.

ASHLAND, VA., June 4.—The first of the social affairs to be given during the Randolph-Macon College finals was a reception on Saturday night in the home of President and Mrs. R. E. Blackwell in honor of the graduating class and alumni. Other guests included the visiting and town girls and members of the faculty and their wives.

On Monday evening the Sigma Phi Epsilon men will give a reception at their house, on Railroad Avenue, in honor of a house party they are entertaining, and on the same evening a dinner dance will be given at the Henry Clay Inn by the members of the Kappa Alpha fraternity.

The Phi Kappa Sigma men will entertain at a large reception and dance at the Henry Clay Inn on Tuesday evening, and a reception will be given at the chapter house of the Kappa Sigma fraternity on Wednesday evening. These attractive affairs, with the final dance of the Hanover Cotillion Club on Thursday evening and several morning dances, make up the social program for the coming week.

The Duncan Memorial Chapel was packed to its capacity with graduates, friends and visitors, who came to hear the baccalaureate sermon preached this morning by Rev. S. T. Senter, pastor of Epworth Church, Norfolk.

There are twenty-one graduating with the degree of A. B. They are as follows: E. C. Beery, Broadway, Va.; R. R. Burnette, Highland Springs, Va.; William H. Cassell, Portsmouth, Va.; Calvert Lewis Estill, Lewisburg, W. Va.; Julian B. Gassaway, Gaithersburg, Md.; George W. Gillette, Courtland, Va.; John O. W. Gravely, Rocky Mount, N. C.; John H. Greene, Prospect, Va.; J. M. Groves, Jr., Martinsville, Va.; V. B. Heltzel, Wardensville, W. Va.; Frank H. Hill, Elmont, Va.; H. B. Hopkins, Baltimore, Md.; E. S. Manry, Courtland, Va.; R. B. Marston, Woodstock, Va.; G. R. Richardson, Farmville, Va.; J. H. Rosenberger, Winchester, Va.; J. R. Spann, Dallas, Texas; W. R. Squire, Emporia, Va.; W. B. York, Cumberland, Md.; J. A. York, Cumberland, Md. The two A. M. men are Harry King Smith, Jr., of Baltimore, and C. T. Harrel, Adams Grove, Va.

IT SURE WAS.

"How did you like that singing trapeze artist at the show last night?"

"To tell the truth, it seemed to me that her music was a bit over the heads of the audience."

Miss Laura Coons.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]

CULPEPER, VA., June 4.—A telegram was received here yesterday announcing the sudden death in New York of Miss Laura Coons, at the home of her sister, Mrs. Orin Corwin. Miss Coons was a trained nurse, and last summer volunteered for Red Cross duty in the war hospitals, spending six months in a field hospital four miles from the firing line. After her return to this country and a visit to relatives here she resumed her work in the Presbyterian Hospital, New York. Her last visit to Culpeper was in February, when she attended the marriage of her sister, Helen Coons, and Williams A. Green.

She was a daughter of the late Frank Coons, of this county and Minnesota, and niece of Warren E. Coons, clerk of the county. She is survived by a brother and sister in Minnesota, and five other sisters, Mrs. Huntstrother, Mrs. Roger A. Bickers, Mrs. W. A. Green, Mrs. Joseph Grant and Miss Jean Coons, and one brother, Alexander Coons, all of Culpeper.

Detective White Dead.

BRISTOL, VA., June 4.—Eugene White, for years a special officer of the Southern Railway and later a successful private detective here, died to-day. He was forty-two years old. His last man-hunt was when he ran down Rev. B. T. Moody, an evangelist, who eloped with the wife of a prominent Southwest Virginia farmer. Moody was recently sent to the Federal penitentiary at Atlanta.

NATION DOES NOT REALIZE WORK OF JEFFERSON DAVIS

Representative Harrison Predicts There Will Some Day Be Monument in Washington.

WASHINGTON, June 4.—That some day there will be erected in the national capital a monument to Jefferson Davis was predicted by Representative B. P. Harrison, of Missouri, in the course of an address made at the celebration of the 108th anniversary of the birth of the Southern leader at Mount Vernon Place Methodist Episcopal Church, South, last night. The celebration was under auspices of the United Daughters of the Confederacy of the District. Mrs. Maude Howell Smith presided.

"Jefferson Davis was the Oliver Cromwell of America," declared Representative Harrison, following an extended review of the life and works of Davis, both while he was connected with the United States government and while he was president of the Confederacy. "To-day this nation, as a nation, does not appreciate his splendid work and glorious character," continued Mr. Harrison. "But truth and justice will triumph, and the time will come when the whole people will appreciate him, and in this city there will be raised a monument to his memory."

The true character of Davis, Representative Harrison said, is less appreciated by the nerican people than that of any other man connected with the American government. The speaker traced the life of his subject in detail, stressing particularly the treatment accorded Davis upon his capture.

CLOTHING CARDS PROPOSED

Question of Supplying Poorer Classes in Germany Officially Taken Up.

BERLIN, June 4.—The question of supplying the poorer classes of the German population with clothing has just been taken up at a conference of the members of the Imperial Clothing Commission and representatives of the textile industry.

The manufacturers assured the commission that they are able to furnish woolen, linen and cotton fabrics, enough for the entire nation, provided all waste is stopped and the consumption reduced as much as possible. To accomplish this it was decided to propose the introduction of clothing cards to the Federal Council.

The cards will entitle every person to a certain amount of textile goods at a fixed price. Manufacturers and merchants will not be allowed to charge more than the maximum price fixed by the commission and the poorest classes will receive the necessary clothing from the government. The manufacture of fine and costly fabrics is to be reduced to a minimum and may be stopped entirely.

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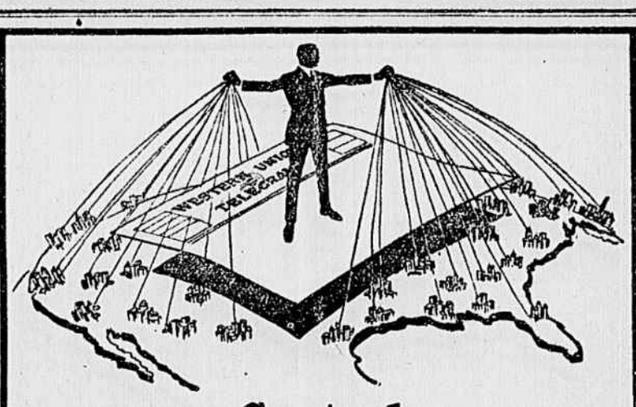
Resinol Ointment, with the help of Resinol Soap, clears away pimples and dandruff. Sold by all druggists. For trial size free, write to Dept. 11-R, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.



Control

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