

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 at 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, 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 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

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 Tan 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.

One after another the things came 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

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 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 camaraderie 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. 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 her affairs or her coming marriage. She is no longer a part of my life."

The wedding took place on Saturday, June 2, Rev. Charles Townsend, of Orange, N. J., Mr. Grant's pastor, officiating. It was a quiet little home ceremony at Mrs. Watts' house, only members of the families being present. Hereafter Mrs. Grant will divide her time between New York and Scot-

land, but the public can assure itself that fiction and adventure from the fluent pen of Ethel Watts Mumford will be just as frequent as it was from the pen of Ethel Watts Mumford.

And now Cupid, god of love, and Clio, muse of literature, will walk hand in hand.

Letter From 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 written up the



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PERPLEXED HOSTESS

SOME SUGGESTIONS THAT MAY PROVE OF HELP.

The First Year Comes the Cotton Wedding—May Be Made a Gay Affair—Some Astrological Lore.

The "Cotton" Wedding.

One year of wedded life brings the "Cotton" anniversary, and it may be made a most attractive affair. So soon after the original ceremony it will probably not be a difficult matter to arrange for a reunion of the bridal party, and this alone will make the occasion a memorable one. Send the invitations on squares of fine cotton cloth written with indelible ink.

Decorate the rooms with vines, plants and branches. Over these put a quantity of fluffy cotton flakes. Portieres and window drapes are effective made from strips of white cotton. If cards are to be the amusement, "Hearts" is a good game, and there are so many articles in the shape of hearts which will make appropriate souvenirs and prizes. The dining-room table may be covered with thin layers of cotton instead of a linen cover. At each place put a cotton snowball tied with ribbon, the name card tucked under the bow. Inside the ball put a tiny souvenir. The centerpiece should be a jardiniere wrapped with cotton and filled with the kind of flowers that were used at the event of a year ago.

There should be a wedding cake containing a ring, piece of money and a thimble; all young people know the meaning of these symbols, and there will be a jolly time when the bride cuts the cake. Have the ice cream frozen in balls, tied with ribbons of spun sugar candy of the color used at the original wedding supper.

The gifts to be given the happy pair are, of course, limited to articles made from cotton. One little bride of a year rejoiced in a generous cotton crêpe kimono and the groom in a pair of pajamas. These were given by the bridal party and were sent in a huge packing box which was delivered during the party. Opening this box caused much merriment, as on each successive wrapping there was written a clever little rhyme.

Your Fortune in Each Month.

Here is a bit of astrological lore which may be of use to a hostess in amusing a crowd of young people. Ask the birth month of each; the following little table gives the answers. The entertaining feature of these so-called fortunes is in how far they generally are from the real characteristics of the person whom they are supposed to portray.

- January—A maiden born in this month will be a prudent housekeeper, good tempered, but inclined to be melancholy.
- February—Humane and affectionate; a tender parent.
- March—A chatter box, fickle, stormy and of a quarrelsome nature.
- April—Pretty, dainty, inconsistent and not studious.
- May—Handsome in person, contented and happy in spirit.
- June—Gay, impetuous and will marry early.
- July—Fair to look on, but sulky in temper and jealous.
- August—Amiable, practical and will make a wealthy marriage.
- September—Discreet, affable and a favorite with every one.
- October—Pretty, coquettish and oftentimes unhappy without a cause.
- November—Liberal, kind and pleasant and thoughtful of others.
- December—Well proportioned, gay, fond of novelty and inclined to be extravagant.

MADAME MERRI.

CONCERNING GLOVES.

A Pretty Design for Evening Glove, Afternoon and Evening Lengths—White Ones in Fashion.

A PRETTY DESIGN.—One of the prettiest styles of elbow-gloves yet shown is delicately shaded at the top an almost imperceptible mauve, with a slightly-embossed and indefinitely-traced pattern upon it of lilies of the valley or ivy leaves. Bas-relief patterns of the same indefinite and picturesque nature appear on the upper arm of white gloves, shaded a faint shell-pink or a faint sea-green.

STYLES TO WEAR.—Except for mourning wear, white gloves are worn upon all smart occasions. For evening wear the glove must rise beyond the elbow and meet the short evening sleeve more than half-way up to the shoulder. For day wear the gloves are slightly shorter, and need not rise higher than the elbow, for, although day gowns are worn with short sleeves this season, they are of necessity longer than those worn in the evening.

CLEANING WHITE KID.—You can clean white kid gloves at home by this process: Place the glove in a small basin, and pour over just enough benzoline to cover, set a plate over the basin, so as to prevent the spirit evaporating, and let the glove soak for five minutes. Have a thick cloth ready on the table and a piece of clean flannel, take the glove out of the basin, let it drip a little, set it on the cloth, and wipe it with the flannel, changing the surface constantly as it is soiled. The glove must not be rubbed too hard or the surface will be spoiled. When the glove is quite clean, blow into it to inflate it and hang in the shade in a draught.

The Stout Woman.

Eat less and cut out all sweets. Drink nothing with your meals.

FASHIONABLE EYEBROWS.

To-Day Liking Is for Delicately Pencilled Brows Rather Than Heavy Ones of Former Days.

Fashions in eyebrows change and the eyebrow of to-day is not the eyebrow of yesterday. The latest brow is delicate and slightly uplifted. There is in it the almost querulous expression which one notes in the portraits of the old-time beauties.

The worst eyebrows in the world from the standpoint of beauty are the heavy furry eyebrows. Yet there was a time when even these were considered pretty.

When queens reigned in Russia the big black eyebrow was the thing, and the beauties of those days used to pencil the brows heavily to make them dark and threatening. In those days it was considered a mark of aristocracy to have a heavy line running across the forehead—a heavy black furry line.

Until very lately women pencilled their brows, and the eyebrow pencils, of course, a necessity on the stage. In private life it is considered objectionable.

Nowadays a woman's eyebrows should be natural. They must be slightly curved, soft and fine, and the hair must be lustrous and satiny. They must not be too long nor must they be rough.

There is a beauty doctor in London who works upon the eyebrows without the electric needle. If they are too heavy or too long, too bushy over the eyes, or straggling, he pulls out the hairs with tweezers and immediately paints the spot with weak ammonia. It must be done carefully, because ammonia kills the hair.

Here are the latest eyebrow rules: The eyebrows should be lifted as high as possible without wrinkling the forehead.

The brows should be slightly darker than the hair, but should not be pencilled. It is allowable to stain them, but never to use the pencil.

Knitting the brows should be avoided; it is unbecoming. It makes the brows look heavy and ugly, and it makes wrinkles between the eyes and over the nose.

SMART AFTERNOON DRESS

A Charming and Picturesque Costume This, One of the Prettiest That Have Appeared.

This is a very charming dress in Empire style; it has a plain, short bodice, to which the skirt is set in gathers. The foot is trimmed with three shaped bouffants put on with curved ends terminating each side the center front.

The bolero is a little full on the bust, the fulness being gathered into



THE PRESENT MODE.

the strap that goes all round the edge. It is ornamented with two buttons. From under the fronts of bolero come the fronts of a vest of broche fastened by buttons. The puffed elbow sleeves are finished by two hem-stitched cambric frills, and are ornamented with buttons.

Materials required for the dress: Eight yards 46 inches wide, one-half yard brocade for vest, nine small buttons, eight larger size, two yards lining silk, six yards frilling.

INCLINED TO FRECKLE.

Victim Can Only Hope to Keep Them Faded and She Should Take Careful Precautions.

The best the girl with freckles can hope to do is to keep them faded, that they do not show so much; she cannot remove them; if she take the skin of the new skin is soon very much worse than the old, being so tender that it is the more easily affected by the rays of light.

A very present help in keeping freckles faded out is to always wear a yellow veil; there is something in the chemical change in the rays passing through the yellow chiffon that keeps them from affecting the cuticle. And another help is to plaster her face with cold cream and powder beneath the veil when going into the light and heat out of doors in summer.

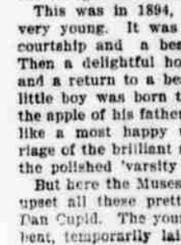
Then she should not wash with soap, but use the bran bags and almond meal instead. She should avoid the direct rays of the sun and also not go into a strong wind without protecting the skin, and she will find it better to wear a sunbonnet or a "poke" bonnet, with a veil closely tied down when out of doors.

Modish Buttons.

The most modish buttons on custom or tallmade are wooden molds covered with cloth the same as the suit.



THREW HER BOY AND LEFT HER HUSBAND'S HOME.



STUMBLED WITH CONSTANT.



ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD GRANT.

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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."

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