

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW—THINGS THAT INTEREST MAID AND MATRON

ELEN ADAIR STARTS IN STEERAGE ACROSS OCEAN FOR AMERICA

English Girl, Alone but Hopeful, Departs From Southampton After Morning Ride on Boat Train.

The next morning I awoke early in a wild excitement. For all was ready, and I was ready to set sail for America.

I ate a hurried breakfast, my last typically English breakfast for many a long day. The frying eggs and bacon smelled so good, but were too substantial for my excited mood.

Then out to the waiting taxi my luggage was carried. I climbed inside, directed the man to drive to Waterloo Station, and I was really off! How inexpensive a ride in these London taxis is—our three-mile trip was only 30 cents—and how splendidly that smartly uniformed chauffeur did drive.

Two boxes of white carnations were fixed inside the handsome car, on either side of the narrow strip of mirror opposite me. I leaned forward and sniffed their faint perfume. No parting bouquet had been given me, so I slowly took one slender flower from its vase and fastened its fresh whiteness in the folds of my cheap little black frock.

On the platform at Waterloo Station beside the early morning boat-train was a strange and motley crowd. Uncouth Gallians were clinging desperately to awcous-looking packages, while queer, excited Italians hovered about, waving around the women dark and handsome with picturesque red scarves around their dusky hair.

The first-class passengers had a bliss air, boarded the train immediately, and pushed behind the morning newspaper.

Each carriage was a little compartment unto itself, completely shut off from every other one, for it was not a corridor train. I soon found a window seat in a third-class carriage and watched a small and most interesting group outside. A newly married couple were being "seen off" by a crowd of relatives and friends, the platform was strewn with many-hued confetti, while the air was all the more festive for the music of a brass band.

The little bride, the merriest child I had looked, hung her head and hid her face behind a handkerchief, while the lanky husband, obviously of the coster-monger class, hovered uncertainly in the rear. A stream of delicate pianissimo notes for the bride and groom directed at the blushing maiden and her new-made groom, but she responded to the music with a true Cornish spirit.

Upon her head was perched a weird and wonderful confection. Parisian in intent, but grotesque in effect. The last fond kiss of her friends, both male and female, had set this "chaucour" rakishly askew, and the strange, suggestive form it assumed in her hair now peered inquisitively over one flushed cheek.

For upon a crown of yellow straw, true tango tint, a large and flaunting imitation bird-paradise bobbed jauntily away. His red and blue plumage of every garish hue waved wildly in the rear and at every movement of the little bride caught the unfortunate groom right in the eye.

"Good-bye, my dear," "Arrieta Jane," cried a facetious gentleman in the group, who, judging from a certain slazy gaze and over-zealous air, had mistaken of the wedding feast not wisely, but too soon.

"Why, bimby, say they'll never let you land in Mexico with that there bloomin' farmyard in yer tail!" "Oo, killed cock-tobin'!"

A whistle sounded, the train moved silently out of the great station, and soon we were out in the open country once again. I gazed on the living English landscape as we sped along—the green beauty of the fields and woods and villages was fresh and new after a night of rain. "Weeping may endure for a season," said I to myself, "but joy is certainly coming in the morning."

GREAT VESSEL LEAVES TONIC. The carriage had only two other occupants besides myself—an elderly lady of uncertain years and of very severe countenance, and a merry-faced young man, who immediately announced that he was going out prospecting and gold-digging in the wilds of northern Canada. He was full of enthusiasm and very talkative.

"My dad is a parson," said he cheerfully, "and I'm the head of the family! And the poor old dad, although he's well, hasn't got learned to suffer fools gladly, although it says in the Bible that one should—I told him that. He has just conferred upon me the order of the Boot! Tea, I was booted out, and here I am! Not that I really mind—in fact, I'm rather tickled about it. You know, because the Old Country is really getting a bit played out, and I was dreadfully fed up with my family and here I am! The poor lady in the corner fixed him with an icy stare. "The oldest man surely be a painful one to any young man of right feeling," said she finally. "To me these intimate relations are peculiarly distasteful," said she retired behind her paper.

The youth's face was a study, but he remained unmoved. "I think I'm a kindly boy for he has me a copy of the Sporting News, and I read a lurid description of the latest straight."

At length we slowed down to the little roadway crossing on Southampton docks, and with a curious thrill I saw the great White Star liner, like some tremendous floating palace, lying at her quay. In half an hour I was on board—among the steerage people, it is true—but my excitement what cared I, for now the moorings were out loose, the last bell sounded, the great vessel slowly glided out and in ten minutes was safely under way. Miss Fanny Travis was sitting out, alone but hopeful, on the great adventure!

SAVE THE PENNIES. A charming little story hails from Paris. One day just lately a fascinating little Swedish actress was charged on the public street with being a German spy. Exhibiting the faintest little smile imaginable, the indignant dame exclaimed: "Do you see these? Do you call it German?" Needless to say, nobody did, and the quick-witted little lady was soon safely installed in her hotel once more. There is a popular saying that "Much may be forgiven a pretty face, but more is forgiven a pretty foot!"

The average man pretends to regard the daily high-heeled shoe with scorn and derision, but deep in his heart of hearts he likes it because of its sheer femininity! He is glad that the day of the sensible shoe is past, and that the footgear reigns supreme. For one thing he is quite certain that the girl he is seen escorting will never be taken for a student!



MISS FANNY TRAVIS COCHRAN

SOCIAL FAVORITE BEFRIENDS LOCAL GIRL WORKERS

Miss Fanny Travis Cochran Also Interested in Consumers' League.

The working girls of Philadelphia have a very true and earnest friend in the person of Miss Fanny Travis Cochran, who for many years has labored zealously in their interest.

The gifted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Travis Cochran, of 131 South 23d street, was educated at Bryn Mawr College, and was subsequently launched into Philadelphia society. But although exceedingly popular in the social world, Miss Cochran has found her truest pleasure in philanthropic pursuits, and for many years has labored to help and make more interesting the lives of working girls.

She has always been very much interested in the Consumers' League, and in all questions pertaining to the trials and tribulations of the underpaid young woman worker. In this connection she was, several years ago, arrested at the time of the shirt waist strike. Some girls told her how they had been arrested for no reason at all beyond waiting up and down in front of the factory. So this kindly-hearted woman's champion herself walked up and down in the same place, was arrested, but was released on bail the same evening. The case, of course, never came to anything, but the incident serves to show her wholeheartedness in service to women less fortunate than herself.

Miss Cochran has purchased a farm, and thither she invites all classes of working-girls to spend happy week-ends with her in the fresh country air. Many a tired woman-worker has gained new health and strength from a week or a fortnight of delightful vacation passed at the well-cared-for guest of Miss Fanny Cochran at her delightful country home.

BEST CHURCH SOLICITOR WILL BE CROWNED QUEEN

Coronation of Miss McNulty Reward for Increasing Building Fund.

In the convent school hall of the Church of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, Third and Ritten streets, Miss Florence McNulty tonight will be crowned queen by the rector of the parish, the Rev. James A. Dalton.

Miss McNulty won the right to be crowned by reason of her activity and popularity at the street carnival held in the vicinity of the church for the benefit of a building fund, which is soon to be devoted to the erection of a new church. Through the activity of the young people who managed the affair nearly \$200 was added to the sum raised last year.

More than \$25 was contributed this year through the individual efforts of Miss McNulty, she told tickets and presented the bill booklets during the carnival. A diamond ring will be presented to her by the Rev. Dalton after the coronation. There will be a grand march to the throne room before the coronation. Twelve little flower girls will strew flowers in the path of the queen's party.

The word of honor in attendance to the queen will be Miss Florence Meyer, Fifth and Ritten streets, who was Miss McNulty's nearest competitor. Also Miss Rose Gallagher, last year's queen, and the Misses Sophie Gaper, Margaret McLaughlin, May Hamilton, Margaret Hamilton, Jessie McNulty, Anna Harris, Basha Krutner, Agnes Dunn.

Various contests were held at the carnival and the winners of these will receive prizes after the coronation.

FREE "MOVIES" IN ST. LOUIS. Upon the recommendation of Dwight F. Davis, the public recreation commissioner, the Municipal Assembly of St. Louis appropriated \$200 for an eight weeks' season of free municipal moving pictures in the parks and playgrounds of that city. A contract was let with a motion picture company at \$20 per week, they to furnish the machines, booth, movable screens, films and other apparatus needed, and to move the same from place to place as directed from this department and are changed weekly. The general policy so far adopted in selecting films has been to have one of the current weekly films, one travel film, one popular film, either comic or drama, and one nature film, such as the animals in the Zoo, and one industrial film, the effort being to keep the education purpose dominant, but not "too high-browed," to use the commissioner's phrase.

There is a circuit of fourteen parks and playgrounds with performances every night, including Sunday, so that each park gets a performance once every two weeks. Probably next year with the same season the circuit will be changed to take in all the parks and playgrounds. The plan has proved very popular, the number of spectators averaging 1000 a performance.—The Living Church.

MONKEY FUR. Monkey fur is fashionable again. It is seen here, there and everywhere, around the crown of hats and on the trim, as trimming for collar and cuffs and even as a lining for tunics. Monkey fur combined with satin makes very attractive neck pieces and suits.

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BEFORE THE SANDMAN COMES

Green Apple Dolls

OF COURSE you have all heard about green apples; about the trouble they make and that they are fit for nothing but pie!

Now, as a matter of fact, green apples are good for many things besides pie and one of the very best of those many things is dolls.

"Dolls of apples! such a foolish idea, did you say?" Not foolish at all, but lots of fun, as you will see when you know all about it.

The first thing to do in order to have some handsome green apple dolls is to collect your apples.

If you have an apple tree in your yard that is easy. Or, if you happen to know of an apple tree near your home you can beg for some of the "windfall apples"—they make the very best dolls, but are not good for much else. If you can't get any apples yourself, perhaps your mother will let you have some of the very little ones from among those she buys at the grocery. Tell her she can have them back after you have played with them, and she won't mind a bit.

Now wash your apples clean and rub them till they shine.

Next collect some straight sticks—some two, some three and some four inches long. Then some leaves—and you are ready for work.

Sort out your apples into two lots—the littler are the dolls' heads, the bigger ones make the bodies. Pair them off the way they fit together best—the littler heads with the littler bodies, then the biggest heads with the big fat bodies.

Fasten the heads into the bodies by thrusting a two-inch stick into the "body" apple and then pressing the "head" apple down into the stick.

Choose which side of the apple is to be the front and mark a jolly-looking face on the round head—eyes, nose and a smily mouth.

Now stick a pair of the three-inch sticks in for arms and a pair of the

four-inch sticks for legs. Isn't he a handsome fellow?

But you don't want just one doll—no indeed! Think how lonesome the poor fellow would be!

Make him some company as quick as ever you can. Make lady dolls and children dolls—just as many dolls as you have apples for—the more the merrier! And some of the faces must be smily, and some sober, some jolly and some teasy—have just as many expressions as you have dolls.

But you haven't used the leaves you say? Don't worry, you are coming to those right now. Those are for clothes!

You can make beautiful little hats, frocks and coats by shaping different sized leaves together and pinning them in place with leaf stems.

Then when you are all through, line your dolls up and have a parade—perhaps they will march straight out to the kitchen and into the pie—who knows?

CLARA INGRAM JUDSON. Tomorrow—The Story of the Sunset. Copyright 1914—Clara Ingram Judson.

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GEMS' FASCINATION SETS DEEPER THAN APPEARANCE ALONE

Ancient Beliefs in Occult Virtues of Precious Stones Are Given as Their Purposes as Ornaments.

The fascination of precious stones goes far deeper than is thought by those who have only seen them in the shops of the jeweler and on the necks of women. A friend of the writer, who visited the ruby mines in Burma some years ago, and brought back with her a handful of uncut rubies, sapphires and aqua marines, has never reconciled herself to having them made into conventional ornaments, but keeps them by her in the rough to feed her eye as these little fountains of pure color. She would probably say, with that other fine soul, Dorothea, in "Middlemarch": "It is strange how deeply colors seem to penetrate one, like scent. I suppose that is the reason gems are used as spiritual emblems in the Revelation of St. John. They look like fragments of Heaven."

It is a notable fact that the names of the precious stones, almost without exception, are as beautiful as the stones themselves. Few passages in literature illustrate this better than St. John's description of the New Jerusalem. "The first foundation was Jasper; the second sapphire; the third, a chalcedony; the fourth, an emerald; the fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolite; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the 10th, a chrysoberyl; the 11th, the jacinth; the 12th, an amethyst. And the 12 gates were 12 pearls; every several gate was of one pearl." To these we may add diamond and ruby, turquoise and opal, aventurin, carnelian, lapis lazuli and tourmaline. A friend reminds us that the Jews, with their racial instinct for beauty, have often adopted surnames derived from gems, like those of Rubinstein, the musician, and the Austrian satirist, Kappler.

It is easy to understand how some of the precious stones have acquired their reputation for occult virtues. The world-wide belief in "sympathetic magic" accounts for many of them. It is a form of homoeopathy based on the axiom that similar similitudo curat, but unconsciously accepting any trace of similarity as adequate. Thus yellow stones, like the beryl or topaz, were thought to cure jaundice. Any red stone would check hemorrhage, though the bloodstone par excellence is a dark-green chalcidony or Jasper, splashed with red markings like blood drops.

We may hazard a guess that the well-known power of the amethyst to prevent drunkenness, hitherto unexplained, may have originated in its resemblance in color to the nose of the combed drunkard. But there are many other beliefs which it is well-nigh impossible to explain; we must suppose that, like the immortal Topsy, they "growed."

There seems no reason in the habits of things why the agate should make its wearer agreeable and persuasive; the beryl bring success in litigation (what stimulate the timid orator); the cat's-paw drive away evil spirits; the sapphire confer good fortune; the emerald insure a warm welcome at an inn—no should pin our faith in modern days to diamonds for this purpose; the moonstone arouse love; the ruby and garnet disengage from destructive influences; the sapphire protect its wearer from envy—nowadays it often attracts it.

On the other hand, we can readily understand why the pearl should be not particularly liked by the protector of pearls; why the diamond, hardest and strongest of all stones, should endow its wearer with fortitude, strength and courage; why the loosestone (which is seldom or never worn in these cold-hearted days) should make all women fall in love with its possessor.

THE KAISER'S DILEMMA. In the impending Armageddon the Kaiser will be unable to exercise his functions as War Lord by taking supreme command in the field, since he cannot be on the French and Russian frontiers at once, and must therefore direct his authority with some one else. Nothing whatever is known of the Kaiser's military capacity, since it has never been put to a practical test; but at peace maneuvers he certainly has committed some frightful "howlers," and was once so frankly criticized by Count Waldersee, the great Moltke's successor, that his Majesty relieved him of his office and sent him to Altona to command the Ninth Corps. As for the Emperor's commanding generals—of 25 army corps—they are all "dark horses," though all trained upon the Moltke lines, and some of them received their "baptism of fire" in 1900—London Chronicle.

YOU CAN BE A GOOD DANCER. It's all in how you go about it. You'll find plenty of good dancing in the city. We have expert teachers, both men and women. Classes forming now. The Cortisio School. (Pronounced Cortisio). Call Locust 3122. 1229 Chestnut St.

BOOK WHITE FOR AUSTRALIA. If land in northern Australia can be rented, as reported, for a cent an acre, let's rent some and persuade the Rev. Book White to make up a colony of Socialists. A cheaper way to guarantee them freedom and exercise it is rather hard to imagine.—Brooklyn Eagle.

THE QUESTION BOY. Where did the fishes come from? And why won't they play with me? And what makes the leaves turn pretty? And who put them on the tree? And what makes the clouds grow blacker? And why does the thunder shout? And where is the fire—please tell me, When I blow the matches out?

Most every one thinks it's funny. Because I say quick, "What for?" Whenever they tell me something They never have told before. Such a lot of things I think of I want to know all about— But say! What becomes of the fire, When I blow the matches out? (Copyright, 1914, by Malcolm Sanders Johnson.)

FINDS HER CHILD AFTER 11 YEARS. Mother Recognizes Daughter, Although They Parted When Girl Was Baby—Dramatic Moment at Reunion.

Information to the house they represented and other traveling men from the house would be asked to search for the children. Their efforts were in vain.

A year ago Mrs. Gibbs went to Norway and there found her two sons attending high school. They had been legally adopted by persons living there under the supposition that their mother was dead. They had been in Norway all the time, but on the earlier visits of Mrs. Gibbs the children were small and kept at home, so she did not see them or learn of them. Through the heads of the families who had adopted her sons she gained access to the records of the children's institutions, she says.

She said the records showed she was dead and that her daughter had been adopted by a Baptist minister, the Rev. W. A. Parker, of Mount Enterprise, Tex. Mr. Parker was dead and the girl had been given a home in several other families and finally had disappeared from Mount Enterprise. Mr. Parker's son, William, was teacher in the school where she had been, and he helped her in the search. He finally found the girl at the home of James York, of Hanover, Texas.

He wrote to Mrs. Gibbs. Mrs. Gibbs received the letter at West Frankfort last Saturday. She wired a ticket to Hanover for her daughter to come to Union Station. York took her to the station and put her on a train, telling her some good people in St. Louis were going to give her a home. York did not understand from the telegram that Mrs. Gibbs was the mother of the child he had adopted.

Mrs. Gibbs came to Union Station and asked permission to meet every train coming in from the Southwest. She told Union Station officials her daughter had been kidnapped 11 years before and they attended her every aid in meeting the trains. When there would be no trains from the Southwest for several hours she would go to a hotel near the station and sleep, but all her waking hours were spent in the station.

Patrolmen Rich and Vennerich heard the story. She did not tell them all her story and she was not certain that it was coming, so the patrolmen thought that perhaps she might have trouble in recovering her child.

When the train did arrive bearing Gertrude she was informed by trainmen that a little girl from Hanover, traveling alone, was on the train. She rushed to meet the girl, and when she saw her burst into tears of joy.

"You are Gertrude, you are Gertrude," she cried.

"Yes, I am Gertrude," said the girl. "I am Gertrude Bettrus. Who are you?" "I'm your mother," said the woman, as she gathered the child up in her arms. Gertrude was overcome with nervous shock to learn her mother was alive. She cried and held her tight for fear she

Just now it's interesting to compare American preparedness with European fighting efficiency. You will see examples of both in Sunday's Intaglio—scenes on foreign battlefields and the serious business of putting our own house in order as shown by camera shots of the recent maneuvers at League Island.

You'll be interested, too, in the Intaglio's portrait studies of Ambassadors, prominent political candidates and other national figures, society men and women at the Newport Horse Show and familiar faces that smile upon you as the curtain goes up this season.

In the Sporting Magazine George E. McClintock presents "A Baseball Understudy," contributed by the game's most successful cross-fire south-paw, Eddie Plank. William H. Rocap tells who he thinks was the best featherweight, and why. Parke H. Davis, of the Intercollegiate Rules Committee, gives a football talk on the playing code for 1914. "Ty" Cobb shows the pay-envelope side of baseball.

PUBLIC LEDGER

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