

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

ELLEN ADAIR MEETS ABOARD SHIP ONE OF NATURE'S COURTIERS

Lonely Scotchman From the Island of Islay Confides in English Girl Tale of His Home.

VII.

The rise and dreadful fall of the Atlantic Ocean! Why, I think that compared with it the rise and fall of the Roman Empire itself must have been the merest trifle. One sits upon the deck and sees the strange gymnastics of the sea. For up, up, up the ocean surges till one thinks the boat must swamp. Then down, down, down the racing waters fly, while long and shuddering vibrations shake the ship from stem to stern. A certain very human analogy might easily be drawn just here, but there are times when, even for the embellishing of a tale, a parallel had best be left alone. Let it suffice to say that mal-de-mer has never troubled me. My cabinmates were all laid low, a melancholy band. Between the paroxysms I know they prayed that we might hit the bottom.

For after leaving Queenstown on the second day, when evening came we met the great Atlantic rollers. We pitched and rolled, but oh! I loved the white foam and the blinding spray! The steering deck that was so gay was now like a deserted battlefield. With lowered flag and pale green look, the would-be conquerors of the sea had fled below. I sat alone and meditated on the vanquished heroes.

A lowering sky gloomed on that threatening sea. The forward first-class deck was quite deserted, too; behind me and above on the second-class, a few adventurous souls were cautiously pacing the rolling deck. But in the steerage I was all alone.

Above the loud vibrations of the screw I heard a sudden melody, clear and distinct. The notes were rich, the voice was a man's, a deep rich baritone, and the air was strangely familiar. Where had I heard that wild strange air before? I listened intently.

"I shall never return to Lochaber no more." The liquid notes were full of a yearning sadness. "Where, oh, where, had I once heard that lovely melody?"

A SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

The present scene now slowly faded, and in its place I saw the great Trafalgar Square of London as it looked one summer afternoon long years ago. A long, sad procession of soldiers slowly followed a single gun-carriage bearing something draped over with one great flag, the Union Jack—and on that flag there rested a solitary sword and helmet. The sun shone on that long line of killed Scottish soldiers and glanced on every gleaming helmet. It was that great regiment of the 91st, the Gordon Highlanders, the bravest and the finest fighting men that Britain ever owned. With their magnificent physique, each man a giant and a hero, they slowly swung along, as if it were the heather of their native hills and glens they trod, and not the grimy asphalt of the London streets.

Two pipers in the Gordon kilt and tartan headed that sad procession, and from their pipes a real old Highland lament rang through Trafalgar Square. For a Highland officer and a gentleman was being borne on that quiet gun-carriage to his last long resting place.

"Farewell to Lochaber, Lochaber no more." I still saw the scene of the funeral. The riderless charger who was slowly led beside that quiet gun-carriage neighed in an eerie, heart-broken fashion. I know he understood his empty saddle, and mourned his master with a mournful wailing. Dear Gordon Highlanders! A soldier's funeral is the saddest sight.

The singer on the steerage deck now came in view, a tall, broad-shouldered youth. His clothes were of the roughest homespun, patched and darned. He had the shabbiest, yet the grandest air—for he was one of Nature's gentlemen. A courtier might well have envied the gallant way he bowed and doffed his threadbare cap, as if I were a princess, he a prince. I knew at once he was a Highlander.

"Madame," said he, and I knew that words did not come easily to him in the English, "we are companions, and one of us is ferry homeward—it will be honoring me to talk with you. This letter used I am to speak the Gaelic."

"I have enjoyed your song," I said. "And do you come from the Lochaber district?"

He shook his head. "I am an Islay man," said he, "and going out beyond the seas to make a fortune. But Islay will be calling all the time I will be thinking that 'twas



CHILD'S SWEATER COAT

HOME-KNITTED COAT SWEATERS TO MEET SCARCITY OF TOGS

War May Have Serious Effect on the Price of Out-of-door Garments for Children.

ONE of the first considerations for out-of-door garments for children is warmth without undue weight. It is in this particular that the sweater coat excels, and while it is not suitable for state or festive occasions, it is an admirable garment for play or everyday wear, and distinctly picturesque into the bargain.

Today's illustration shows a sweater coat of champagne-colored silk, fastened with knitted buttons of the same color, and tied with a sash ending in tassels. The cap exactly matches the sweater in color, weave and trimming, as there is a button on one side and a tassel on the other.

It is an excellent model, either for purchase or for home manufacture. It has been designed on the most simple lines, and the sweater was never meant to be ornate, although it sometimes is.

It is knitted with the regulation stitch, but the sash prevents it from looking either plain or severe.

Any one at all skilled in knitting would find it an easy model to copy.

There are several grades of wool that could be substituted for the silk, and any color, either light or dark, could be chosen in the place of the champagne color of the illustration.

Although it is early in the year to speak of Christmas, the rumor has started, and keeps on growing, that there will be a dearth of toys and playthings this year.

Some of the toy shops and department stores that make a showing of such things received their supplies from Europe before the war broke out.

They are probably in the minority. If the prices go up in proportion to the scarcity of the articles it will make rough sledding for many householders.

It is commonly said that the number of children is in reverse ratio to the worldly goods of the parents, which may be the law of compensation manifesting itself obscurely. But if the prices of toys are prohibitive the children must not go without gifts.

A gray-colored cap and sweater would delight the heart of any child, and it is surprising how quickly they reach completion when they are started and worked on in the odd moments that otherwise might pass with nothing to show.

And, furthermore, knitting is recommended by physicians as a sedative to nerves.



MRS. IMOGENE B. OAKLEY Philadelphia woman commends the French people for their calm during the trying days of the mobilization.

CIVIC ASSOCIATION WORKER TELLS FRENCH EXPERIENCES

In her charming apartment at the Gladstone, Eleventh and Pine streets, Mrs. Imogene B. Oakley cheerfully recounted her European experiences, for she has just returned from France, and glad she is to be at home again. Accompanied by Miss Ella Robb, secretary of the Civic Club in this city, Mrs. Oakley sailed for the shores of Brittany early in July, where she spent one happy month, and then proceeded on to Tours. On her arrival she was greeted with vague news of the war, but did not feel unduly alarmed.

However, the seriousness of the position for Americans abroad was brought sharply home to her on the following morning. On going out to get some checks cashed she discovered, ruefully, that a soul would cash them. The French landlady proved a good friend in trouble; she immediately said, "Madame will stay as long as she likes and will pay me next year." Indeed, to stay in Tours was the only possible thing to do, for all the trains were used for mobilization purposes, and even had she had the money Mrs. Oakley could not have left.

The daughter of the late George F. Baer was in a like predicament at Tours, and was also forced to stay. For two weeks she had to do without her favorite afternoon cup of tea, since she was unable to pay for it.

"I want to tell you this specially," said Mrs. Oakley in her eager, vivacious way; "the American Express Company was the first one that cashed our checks, and when it did, it paid in full. All the hotels took the American Express Company's checks, saying that they knew they would be paid in a few months. 'We were so desperately anxious to see the chateau in the valley of the Loire,' continued Mrs. Oakley, 'yet it looked as if our chances of doing so were slim. We could not even afford to send a postcard home to say where we were;'

Correspondence of general interest to women readers will be printed on this page. Such correspondence should be addressed to the Woman's Editor, Evening Ledger.

BEFORE THE SANDMAN COMES

SOMETIMES I feel very like a fairy," said a little goldfish. He swished his tail round and round in the big glass bowl of water and elegantly nibbled a bit of fish food.

"I don't! I feel like a fish!" exclaimed his companion. "I never heard of such a creature as you are. You always pretend something or feel as if you are something wonderful!"

"Now, you know perfectly well that you are a goldfish and that you are shut up solidly in this tiny bowl, so what is the use of pretending?"

The first goldfish, whose name, by the way, was Dream, softly nosed the top of the water, then darted down and swam around the bottom of the bowl before he quite made up his mind what to reply.

"Of course all that you say is true, partner," he finally said, "but why talk about it? Why not forget it?"

Now, Dream's partner in the fish bowl was named Really Truly because he had such a really truly little short tail! So short it seemed as if it couldn't possibly belong to a goldfish. Dream's tail was large and "spready" and so dainty and filmy that it seemed at times to have no more substance than a dream—that was the way Dream got his name, you see.

Really Truly couldn't forget things as Dream did, and if anything unpleasant or disagreeable happened he seemed especially good at remembering it.

"Oh, I can't forget it," he answered Dream. "I hate this little bit of a bowl and this silly little piece of coral in the bottom!"

"Dear me," exclaimed Dream, "what do you want?"

"I want to be back at the store where I came from. I want to swim in that big tank where I didn't have to turn around every minute and I want to dart through that lovely castle of coral and stones we had there!"

He talked so vigorously that he quite panted for breath, and Dream

THE TALE OF ISLAY.

"The finest place on earth," said he. "And 'tis the finest view in Scotland from our shieling. The roof is only thatch, you know, but then that means the birds nest there! All day my mother sits and spins, while I work in the fields or at the fishing. She has no English, just the Gaelic.

"You sing so well," I said again.

"'Tis a ferry poor hand I will be at the singing," said he modestly, "but every-thing sings all day long in Islay. The sea sings on the rocks, and after rainy nights the burns in spate are singing down the hillsides. 'Tis brooks in flood you will be calling them, but we say burns in spate—and then the sea-mews and the curlews always call, and in the woods the pinetrees and the birches sing—and in the fields the reapers sing all day."

"But Islay is a lonely place, a sort of kingdom in the sea?" I said.

"'Tis just a kingdom and we all are kings," said he. "For all the moors and hills and glens are ours. But we say 'lonely!' I know a little lochan in the pines. At night the curlews call among its reeds—and in the long deep heather, grouse and ptarmigan are hid. We have our Highland chiefs, too, the great MacDonald of the Isles—the King's own friend he is—and at the Oban Games last year he was a judge. I tossed the caber at these games last year, and heavy pine it was—and Cameron of Lochiel with the Duke of Argyll were judges, too, but Lord MacDonald gave the prize to me!"

I said again:

"To my dying day!" said he fervently, "and 'tis this verse of poetry will be showing it." He leaned against the steerage rail, and I saw again the sailor's look upon his handsome face.

"From the lone shieling and the misty island Mountains divide us, and a world of seas; But still the heart is true, the heart is Highland! And we in dreams behold the Hebrides!"

MISTER WIND

BY MALCOLM S. JOHNSTON.

I am mad at you, bad Mister Wind, For the web that the spider had spinned;

You twisted and tore, And she'll have to once more Fix the ends she had carefully pinned.

And I wish I could whistle like you, And could play everywhere as you do; And you don't go to sleep When the little stars peep, But can play all the day and night, too.

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THE FINEST PLACE ON EARTH.

"The finest place on earth," said he. "And 'tis the finest view in Scotland from our shieling. The roof is only thatch, you know, but then that means the birds nest there! All day my mother sits and spins, while I work in the fields or at the fishing. She has no English, just the Gaelic.

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What Shall I Get for Dinner?

You turn a disc and you have a perfectly balanced meal

Mrs. Christine Frederick's Ladies' Home Journal Food Chart

Suggesting Perfectly Balanced Meals According to Healthful Food Combinations

Copyright, 1914, by Mrs. Christine Frederick.

Soups.....	Cream of pea Tomato Cream of corn Chicken, Bean, Potato, Beef, Fruit	Soups
Meats.....	Roast beef, Pork, Beef, Corn, Chicken, Potatoes, Spinach	Meats
Starchy Vegetables.....	Carrots, Potatoes, Spinach, Peas	Starchy Vegetables
Watery Vegetables.....	Spinach, Peas, Carrots, Potatoes	Watery Vegetables
Salads.....	Salad, Potatoes, Spinach, Peas	Salads
Desserts.....	Cake, Bread, Butter, Sugar, Eggs, Fruit	Desserts

Turn the Disc here and a complete Menu appears in the opening

You say you will have chicken for dinner. Turn the disc to chicken and the chart shows everything that goes with chicken—soup, vegetables, salad and dessert. Or choose roast-beef, lamb, mutton, pork—any meat at all, and a complete meal is planned for you.

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