

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

ELLEN ADAIR HAS A NEW AWAKENING TO LIFE'S REALITY

She Arrives at the End of Her Journey and Has Tea in a Small Restaurant in Philadelphia.

I think that poets sometimes make the gravest errors. They sing of youth and sunny days and happy hearts. Youth typifies to them the sheerest happiness. They cannot see that youth may mean the sheerest pain.

When one is young one wants so much—so desperately much. Then, oh! the heartache if one gets but little! The "boys, long thoughts of youth" are passing strange—I know they stretch out to eternity, and always with a vague newness. It cannot come from outward circumstances. "A heart at leisure from itself" might bring it here—I do not know—I wish I thought of other's feelings more.

Once as a child I watched a rainbow gleam, a wide kaleidoscopic arch over wet English fields. To me the universe could hold nothing more fair. I went to catch the rainbow where it ends! I cried, and tramped for miles over wild, unscathed earth, through dripping woods, to catch that rainbow's gleam. But alas! it eluded me. I cried my childish heart out for an hour.

Then mother gave me a new toy, with darting quicksilver metal—but there again I failed!

I think the old folks know true happiness. At least they know a quiet calm peace. On many a furrowed, wrinkled face I see such happy looks. They also serve who only stand and wait.

ARRIVAL IN PHILADELPHIA. My train brought me to Philadelphia on a summer's day at 3 o'clock. In the big railway station I saw no familiar face. Surely my uncle must be there to welcome me. I knew he was the kindest man, and one that one should visit to be paid to England he had liked me well. I waited by the bookstall for an age.

Strange crowds went by me, as I stood alone. The girls and women seemed so smartly dressed, so fashionable. The men all looked rather alike, I thought, all wearing the same sort of hat—straw, with a high crown. No one seemed old and none seemed poor. America must be a great, glad place!

At length I sought the nearest restaurant, for I was tired and hungry. I sat down at a little table all alone. Why had my uncle failed to welcome me? A sudden thought then came and brought relief. He must have sent a substitute. Perhaps his wife had come and missed me in the station. I raised up hopeful eyes and then a strange thing happened. A beautifully dressed woman slowly crossed the restaurant and came to me. I thought she had the loveliest face, the most bewitching beauty. A faint sweet perfume clung about her gown, unlike the scent of English flowers. She smiled the sweetest smile and said to me: "My child, why are you all alone? Is no one meeting you?"

"I thought my uncle would have come," I said, "or perhaps my aunt—but I could not recognize her, and she can't know me."

"My dear," she cried, and with the kindest gesture she held out her hand. "You the little girl we were expecting? I've searched for you an hour! How glad I am! I'm the new aunt!"

This lovely name relation made me feel quite shy, she looked so grand. She made me talk and ordered a light meal. "Your uncle sent me, as he was delighted," she said. "Our motorcar is waiting to take you home to dinner, and a welcome."

"I will not bother you and uncle long—I mean to work," I said. "I think you are the loveliest and the kindest things!" A sudden shadow crossed her face.

"Please don't say that," she said, "as if my words had hurt. Tell me about your life at home."

I told her the fondness of the woods—so different from dusty cities and from town. I said, I told her of the lovely Sussex Downs and how the dew lay long upon the grass. Then next I told her of the artist's words. "And when I met

desperately to get in that tiny door. She pecked at it, she clawed and she scolded it vigorously, but it got no larger. So really she gave up and built her nest in a nearby apple tree.

"But I mean to see who gets that house," she declared to Mr. Robin. "I mean to be very particular about our neighbors."

For several days nobody came, then one morning a very cunning Mr. and Mrs. Wren flew into the yard.

"Oh, look!" exclaimed Mrs. Wren, "here is a dear little house. It's just exactly what we were looking for!"

"To be sure it is," chirped Mr. Wren in delight, and then unfortunately he looked around! When you have found exactly what you want it is a very bad plan to look any further; you will find trouble every time!

"Trouble is exactly what Mr. Wren found—trouble in the form of two other little wren houses.

"Oh, look at those," the foolish fellow exclaimed.

And of course Mrs. Wren looked. "Aren't they lovely!" she cried. "We must look those over before we settle in any. Maybe those are better than the first one we saw."

So they looked them over. They ran in and out; they examined and tittered and exclaimed till Mrs. Robin was thoroughly disgusted.

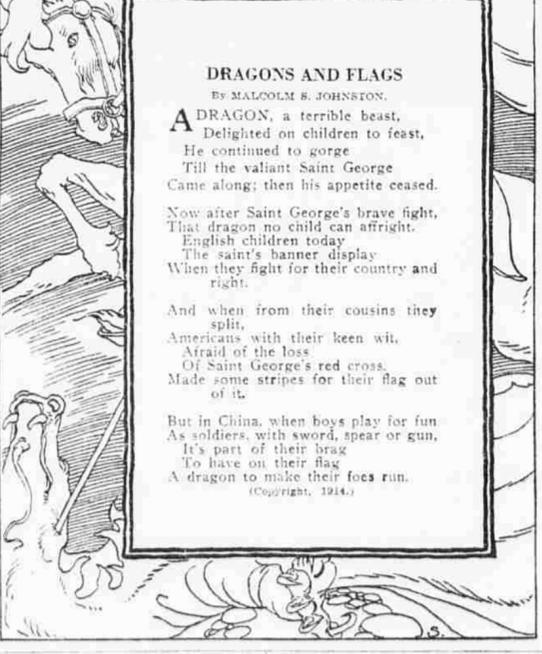


The above is a happy portrait of Mrs. Tom Ridgway, who, before her marriage, was Miss Edith Wayne. She is a prominent leader in Philadelphia society and is noted for her beauty and her charm.

you here, I knew at once my loneliness. I could not drag you down along with me! Goodbye—forget me ever met."

"What could she mean? 'But Uncle is expecting us,'" I cried, against. "Your uncle's never seen my face," she said. "But if he ever did, he'd tell you what I am! Oh, little English girl—keep young and good—there is no turning back for me! Remember this: for it is true—some things it better now than it."

"The Moving Finger writes, and, having writ, Moves on. Nor all our piety nor wit Can lure it back to cancel half a line! Nor all our tears blot out a word of it!"



DRAGONS AND FLAGS

By MALCOLM S. JOHNSTON. A DRAGON, a terrible beast, Delighted on children to feast, He continued to gorge Till the valiant Saint George Came along; then his appetite ceased.

Now after Saint George's brave fight, That dragon no child can fright, English children today The saint's banner display When they fight for their country and right.

And when from their cousins they split, Americans with their keen wit, Afraid of the loss Of Saint George's red cross, Made some stripes for their flag out of it.

But in China, when boys play for fun, As soldiers, with sword, spear or gun, It's part of their drill To have on their flag A dragon to make their foes run.

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was the best. Then, after an hour, moved back to the first!

That last move was too much for practical Mrs. Robin. "Such fickle creatures!" she scolded; "I won't have them around." And she screamed and scolded so vigorously that Mr. and Mrs. Wren gave up all three of their lovely houses and settled in a distant barn.

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WHITE SLAVERS USING NUN'S GARB TO LURE VICTIMS

BIG HAT AND LITTLE RIVALS FOR FAVOR; MILITARY IN TONE

Tricorne, With Cockade or Stiff Feathers, Particularly Well Liked by Those Who Can Wear It.

There are two kinds of hat today, the very small and the very large. The small hat is dashing and very often military, for there are Russian turbans, Scotch bonnets, continental and the tricorne, that is welcomed so eagerly by the woman who can wear it.

The tricorne assumes a very martial air this season; it appears with cockade or stiff feather standing erect.

The Scotch bonnet has the rosette or eagle feather, or even a tassel for ornament.

On the Russian turban there are galleons of metallic appearance and motifs that are very warlike in design.

These, with the tallour or trotteur frock, still have the pas, although the cocker, by which name was revived the wide-brimmed sailor, appears determined to win its place once more in feminine affection.

Black velvet has apparently the cachet of famous milliners, although colors, such as red, blue and lake de negre, have a vogue of their own.

And, just as the small hats take a dashing or jaunty air, picturesque in the extreme, the large hats and wide brim of the kind that has long been known as the Gainsborough.

It is a hat that comes and goes as certainly as the fashion and in spite of the high tariff, ostrich feathers or tips are almost certain to be used for trimming.

The wide brim, slightly curved in front, the skirt and faced with chiffon. This corded on the edge and at a depth of a few inches and it is shirred as well.

Actions the soft crown two ostrich tips are placed. Where they come together, a little at one side, there is a soft choux of chiffon to match the facing.

is designed to wear at an angle, which, of course, adds greatly to its style and at the same time displays the chiffon underbrim.

The color scheme is tete de negre as to crown and upper brim, while the chiffon facing is of a delicate rose, and the ostrich tips were chosen of the same delicate tint.

GIRL A GENUINE HOBO

Followed the Road Since She Was Orphaned at Twelve.

CHICAGO, Sept. 23.—"Just a poor little wet girl," said Patrolman Charles Loding as he stood muffled in his dripping raincoat in front of a dark doorway last night on Quincy street.

Huddled in the doorway that sheltered her from the rain was a girl. She wore a soiled white hat, a gray mackintosh with frayed edges and a pair of soggy white canvas shoes. She was leaning against the side of the door and her head was dropped forward on her breast.

"Can you beat it? She's sound asleep standing up," continued Loding to himself. The limp hat bobbed uncertainly several times and the girl awoke with a start.

"I must have—I guess—Saw, was I sleeping here?" she inquired as soon as she had recovered from the shock of the police insignia on Loding's cap. "I was just waiting for a car. I guess I was a little drowsy. I think I'd better be go."

"Wait a minute," said Loding. He began to question the girl. Not satisfied with her replies, he took her to the South Clark street police station. There she told her story to the matron.

"I know you'll call me a hobo, but I guess it's all right. I'm used to it. My name is Pauline Henderson and I am 17 years old. I've been on the road since I was 12 years old. My mother died then and we were living in Kansas City.

"I have been all over the country. I ride on the trains whenever I can get a ride. I can hang on to the rods, ride the decks, or the bumpers, or the blind—anyway, I get there.

"I got in two nights ago, or maybe it was three nights ago. I don't keep track. I beat it from Toledo. They kept me there in the detention home for a month because I fell asleep in the park. Then they told me I had to get out of town. So I got, and here I am."

SPAIN SOLD \$100,000 WORTH OF TOYS DURING 1913

400 Manufacturers Supplying Foreign and Domestic Demand.

Spain has depended in the past to a large degree for its supply of toys on purchases from abroad. During 1913 this country imported toys to the amount of about \$90,000, of which Germany furnished goods to the amount of about \$150,000 and France about \$50,000 worth. Twenty-five years ago Spain exported scarcely any toys. In 1913 it sold over 400 million worth of various toys. France being the chief buyer, followed by Argentina, Belgium, Turkey and Spanish possessions.

It has become more apparent in Spain in recent years that the manufacture of toys can be made a lucrative industry on account of the steady demand, with the result that at present there are at least 400 Spanish manufacturers of importance supplying toys for domestic use and for export. In Barcelona there are 15 workshops devoted exclusively to the production of toys which employ from 40 to 50 hands, 30 with less than 10. Other cities and towns in Spain have important toy factories that cater largely to local use.



HAT OF BLACK VELVET FACED WITH CHIFFON AND TRIMMED WITH OSTRICH FEATHER TIPS

ACROSS THE COUNTER

There is no single article of dress upon which a woman's comfort depends to the extent that it depends upon the corset. With the waist line a matter of conjecture, as it is in so many of the present-day gowns, the slender people at least can consider comfort first.

The tango girdle of elastic webbing has no rival in this field, at least in the opinion of the people who wear it. It is made in several lengths. The medium length costs \$2; the very short girdle, only six inches wide, costs \$1.25.

There is a modified form this season, with the back of coutil laced in the regulation way and elastic webbing in the front. This costs \$3.

A new style in firmly woven treco costs \$2.50. It has the flexible steels that are used in the place of whalebone nowadays. Of medium length, it is cut slightly higher in back than in front.

It is made for the very slender and has a natural curve in at the waist. For corset figures there is a corset of coutil that is higher both back and front and depends on its shape to confine the figure rather than upon many bones. It, too, costs \$3.

The so-called boneless corset is still sold for \$1, in several lengths. It is only steeled back and front, with one steel cord at the side. It seems to find favor for wear when dancing. It can be replaced without great loss if it should give way by too strenuous exercise.

A conservative corsetiere says that the high-busted corset is not making headway. Women will not go back to the modes of their great-grandmothers, even if they do for their styles.

FISHERMAN CATCHES GIRL

Unusual Luck of Freddie Goshorn, Three Years Old.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 23.—Freddie Goshorn, 3 years old, found one of his father's fishing lines. Taking a piece of meat out of the icebox, Freddie went fishing.

He cast the line out the front window of his parents' third floor flat. For some time he failed to have any luck, and Freddie began to doubt the fish stories told by his father.

Suddenly he got a bite that an old-time fisherman would call a whale. Freddie pulled and the "fish" let out a scream. He pulled again, and a second scream aroused the neighborhood.

Freddie never had heard of a fish screaming, so he leaned out of the window to have a look. On the end of his line he saw Mary Hall, 4 years old, residing on the first floor of the building.

Freddie dropped his line. Neighbors cut the line and Mary Hall was taken to the City Hospital in auto patrol No. 2, where the fishhook was cut out of her head.

EQUALITY OF SEX THEORY BREAKS UP A FAMILY

Woman Carries It to Length of Taking Husband's Automobile.

CHICAGO, Sept. 23.—Until recently the problem of the "single" standard and other questions pertaining to the "equality of sex never troubled the mind of Otis Wilson. He always has been too busy attending to the business of his garage in Winnetka.

Mr. Wilson believed, and still believes, a man has the right to do as he pleases, as long as it does not infringe on the rights of others. He felt that when he provided for his family and attended to his business, and paid taxes to the State, and abided by the laws, his duty as a citizen had been fulfilled.

It had been the custom of Mr. Wilson to go any place he pleased whenever he pleased. If he felt like taking a party of one of his automobiles with a party of friends it was no one's business but his own.

Mr. Wilson has a wife. Strange as it may appear, Mrs. Wilson agreed perfectly with her husband on this subject, but Mr. Wilson did not know it. In fact, Mrs. Wilson did not make her belief known to any one, but she believed it just the same.

So, in the course of events the garage owned by Mr. Wilson in Winnetka caught fire and burned to the ground. Mr. Wilson lost considerable money, but he resolutely set to work and built another garage. When it was completed Mr. Wilson held the following policy of doing as he pleased, celebrated the event by taking a joy ride with a party of friends.

Mrs. Wilson did not express her opinion when she learned of it. She simply went to the garage and, taking her 3-year-old son, Jack, with her, got into one of her husband's automobiles and started on a joy ride for herself.

Then she took the machine to a dealer on Michigan avenue and sold it for \$25. Did she take the money home and tell her husband about it? No. She bought herself and Jack some pretty clothes. Then she boarded a train at the Park street station and went away on an "indefinite vacation."

Did Mrs. Wilson tell her husband where she was going or when she was coming back? No, indeed. She knows Mr. Wilson believes in "personal" liberty and felt he could not object to his wife having the same privileges.

But Mr. Wilson did object, and he asked the police to make a search for his wife and son. Mr. Wilson told the police he believed Mrs. Wilson was "vacationing" in or near Glenview, Ill. The police failed to locate her there.

However, Mr. Wilson is doing some serious thinking.

THE RETORT VICTORIOUS

A certain brilliantly clever lawyer had one little peculiarity: He fondly imagined that he looked at least twenty years younger than he really was.

One day in court he was cross-examining a self-possessed young woman who was acting as one of the witnesses in a famous trial. Needless to say, the courtroom was crowded. The learned lawyer was anxious to find out the age of somebody the lady knew, and she was equally determined not to give him the desired information. The lawyer told her that she could at least make a guess.

The determined young woman eyed him with a withering glance. "From your looks I should say you were at least 90; but judging from the questions you ask, I should say 15," said she tranquilly.

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