

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

ELLEN ADAIR HAS TRYING ORDEAL IN BIG OFFICE BUILDING

Recovering From Disappointment in Employment Office, She Makes Futile Effort to Answer Telephone.

XIII.

I think that disappointment makes one feel so odd! So many sorrows have come suddenly to me—I wonder why? I gaze down vistas of long years to come and see just loneliness. Those years may bring dull resignation in their train.

I want to live, live hard, and think, and learn, and do! I hate the thought of pain and poverty! Since mother died, all the old longings that I thought long since were crushed, all the old, vague desires have come to me again as though I were a child. Those restless astringents for a full deep life are here again. O, Moon of my Desire! Is happiness for me just like that pale, cold orb shining beyond this earthly kingdom here?

Why are we humans such strange, restless things, with vague resolves that melt like snow before the heat of selfishness? Why are we given souls to ache over our own sad failures and our pain? We struggle on like children in the dark—light half-believers of our usual creed. Who never really felt nor clearly willed, whose insight never has borne fruit in life, whose vague resolves never have been fulfilled.

This sadness must be shaken off to-night. Yet in the telling of a simple tale like mine I still must write in all sincerity.

After my interview at that employment place I walked in Philadelphia's streets for quite an hour. I thought the shops in Market street held lovely things. The girls who passed me on the street struck me as having such a fashionable air, their clothes seemed cut just to the height of "style." The way their hair was dressed was most severe, dragged tightly back over each ear, with one great jeweled pin projecting at the side. I thought they looked so pretty, yet some had an artificial air—the color in their cheeks seemed sometimes hard and fixed, so different from the glow that cold winds and sea breezes bring. How wealthy they must be to dress like that, I thought, and almost envied them.

I walked through Chestnut street and saw the hurrying crowds go by. How narrow that street seemed to me! Long lines of motorcars crowded the traffic everywhere.

In Wannamaker's cool department store I lingered, hoping to hear the organ play. At length "some chord of music like the sound of a great amen" rang out, and it seemed to give me courage to face these noisy, sun-scorched streets again. I loved to hear that organ play.

AN UNEXPECTED OPPORTUNITY. After an hour of wandering I saw a notice in a window, "Employment Bureau." It was a large typewriting office, and rows of girls and men clerks busily at different machines. All seemed so content, so happy, and I felt that I felt too shy to ask another rebuff such as the last, so stood just inside, close to the door, and as far from the "Employment Bureau" as possible. Two girls were sitting close to me and I could not help hearing what they said.

"We need a girl in our office up town at once," said one, "just to do all the odd little things, answer mail, and so on. All the things no one else wants to do. Aren't you just dying to apply?"

"Yes, not for me," was the response. "I guess I have a dandy job already, thanks. Besides, the sound of it isn't good enough."

This was my chance. I stepped up courage, and I spoke.

"Would it be good enough for this particular post of which you speak?" I queried. "I have had no experience of course, but still I want to start in right away."

The girls turned round, and stared, amazed.

"I guess no particular experience is needed, just some common sense," said the one who had spoken first, "and you are curious, 'I know we want a girl immediately, so right up now and see the boss.'"

She handed me an office card, and off I set. I reached a great high building that seemed to me to tower right to the heavens, a real skyscraper. The elevator shot me like a streak of arrested lightning to the 11th floor. I entered a large office, and perceived "the boss." He was a very-looking, worried little man, and seemed to preside over a sort of stenographers, all girls. He looked around, just like a nervous hen beside the village pond at home, who found her brood were duck-like and could swim away from her.



AFTERNOON GOWN OF FUR FABRICS AND SATIN

BROADTAIL MAKES BID FOR POPULARITY IN AFTERNOON GARB

Domestic Fabric Utilized by Modistes in Absence of Foreign Material—Redingote High in Favor.

Imported dress fabrics fall very far short of the usual annual quantity this season, and consequently our own domestic fabrics are exploited by the modistes and used to develop some of the handsomest modes shown.

The popularity of broadtail would seem to be endorsed by the fact that it is a favorite with shops of a very high grade, and it ranks with chiffon velvet and plush as its suitability for afternoon costumes.

It is far superior in quality to the linethin for materials of the past, while its deep blue and the brown, which is particularly admired.

The afternoon gown of the illustration has unusual beauty and distinction of style. It is of the so-called "midnight blue" color, and it is combined with satin of the same tone.

WIFE'S DULL ROUND OF HOUSEHOLD DUTY AGE-OLD PROBLEM

Constantly She Craves Word of Appreciation Which Husband Denies Her. Recreation a Positive Need.

Much controversy and contention circle around the old, eternal question, Are wives considered by their husbands? From the days when Adam deeded and Eve first spun, this problem, like the poor, is always with us.

In these enlightened days, a wife should surely have a little leisure for the higher things, a breathing space to pause amid soul-killing routine of the pots and pans.

The "three-meal problem" seems to be a moral one. "I hate the very sight of food," cried a distracted, nervous little wife, "the cooking and preparing of the meals a day just haunts my recreation."

"I know John thinks I've passed a glorious afternoon, lying on the sofa with the latest novel and a box of candy. It's no use telling him how hard I've worked; he only smiles. He cannot see the hundred little trifles, big and small, that make my working day as hard as his."

FRENCH MENU GONE; POMMES DE TERRE BECOME POTATOES

War's Ravages Destroy Gallic Flavor of Restaurant Bill of Fare—All Foods Americanized.

The European war has caused more trouble in Philadelphia hotels than the average person realizes. In addition to affecting American ships, it has worked a metamorphosis in American hotels and restaurants, for all United States food has to remain neutral.

Proprietors of hotels and cafes here found it absolutely necessary to neutralize their menus, and one attached herewith, with its neutral interpretations, shows that the boniface does not intend to take chances. The nation who desires to know what he's getting in advance will breathe a sigh of relief for the change.

He will know, for instance, when he orders such a relief to know that "canards rôtis" is simply roast duck, while hors d'oeuvres are olives.

The translation, however, was not made simply for convenience; it was a matter of diplomacy. The hotel men discovered that a patriotic German guest did not care to be greeted with a French menu littered with "queer" and "crazy" not to mention other complications.

GERMAN FOOD DISGUISED. Nor did an ardent Frenchman care to see such announcements as frankfurters and gauerkrout or hamburger steak and liverwurst.

Therefore, the frankfurter dish has been disguised to sausage and shredded cabbage, while liverwurst is announced as an American pudding.

Neuchâtel cheese is concealed, while smaccese and cauerbeig is simply labeled as bread and cottage cheese. Pig knuckles and knaut have been succeeded by short pork and cabbage.

ENGLISH DISHES AMERICANIZED. Even some of the pronounced English dishes in the popular restaurants have been changed. The Yarmouth bloster and Yorkshire pudding are now given as Nova Scotia herring and American plum duff.

English potato chips and Birmingham oyster, which are popular in many places, are now given as Saratoga chips and beer. Dalgarnin soup is simply bean soup.

"FOX TROT," LATEST DANCE, SEEMS JUST LIKE A WILD ROMP

Newest Fling Comes Unheralded and Society Must Learn Its Steps All Over Again.

You who have feet that will twist surreptitiously. You who weigh more than two hundred and fifty pounds. Look on the call of the fox trot, a new variety of dance that has not a remote resemblance to the fox trot of the past.

Life for the dancer is just one step after another and now it's the "Fox Trot." You can't get away from it. No matter how much of a "clon" you may have been in your own home town with the tango, no matter how you may have howled them over by the beautiful sea with your exposition of the maxixe, no matter how much you may have hesitated dancing around, all around, while bowled them over by the beautiful sea, much you may have been there and she may have been there when one-stepping—no matter any of these things. For now it's the fox trot.

Unlooked for and unheralded, from sources unknown, the bomb, almost as deadly as that hurled down by the mightiest of Zeppelins, has crashed into the midst of a dancing world, carrying wholesale destruction in its wake to those who had fortified themselves behind the seeming impregnable defenses of what was the latest trip in terpsichorean trot.

It strikes terror to the souls of those who, by going without lunch for days, year weeks, had amassed enough to obtain of Minnie Waltz and her troupe, "select teachers of the modern dance," the assurance that they were now "equipped to do the most difficult with the best."

In reality the new dance is the simplest of them all. It gets its inspiration from the old, old turkey trot which was difficult and unattractive largely because it was the first in a new regime and people were not accustomed to the new idea.

Its distinguishing characteristic is its high rate of speed. Were it him or her who still feels the necessity of counting his steps or to those whose avoirdupois restricts their dancing at all times to a stately promenade, the formula in plain words is to get on one foot quick and having got there to get off as swiftly as possible.

In the light of which everybody is likely to kick back the rug, turn on the talking machine and go to it. For this winter there will not be any cups coming your way unless you fox trot.

SCRATCHES ON FURNITURE. Furniture is so apt to become scratched and such a state of affairs looks somewhat unsightly. A remedy is suggested, making it as thick as treacle, and apply to the scratched surface. Afterwards rub very briskly with a dry flannel.

Washing fine lace. Fine lace or muslin is dreadfully apt to tear in the process of washing, particularly small articles, such as collars and cuffs. Before washing fine lace or muslin collars and cuffs baste them on to a piece of heavier muslin, and this will prevent tearing and stretching in the process of washing and laundering.

A WINTER VIOLET BED NOW IS TIME FOR PLANTING

When a woman once begins to garden she is lost! Perhaps it is the curiosity with which she is supposed to be endowed, and after she once starts the variety is too infinite for custom to restrain or time to wither her enthusiasm.

To slip out into the garden in the morning, even if the garden is the smallest of city back yards, and to gather a handful of fragrant English violets in the breakfast table, has more thrill to it, if one has watched and tended the violets, than a bunch from the florist could possibly give.

They grow so amazingly well under glass and a few plants give so many flowers that they will bring much joy and very little heartache to the novice in gardening.

As an experiment one can make a first attempt on a very small scale. There are miniature hotbeds to be bought complete as to frame and glass, that measure 20 by 12 inches, and the price is \$1.25. A bed of this size is about large enough for half a dozen plants, but the number of flowers on a single plant is out of all proportion to its size.

The question of soil is not a difficult one. Just ordinary earth, spaded and enriched with a good fertilizer, such as plant food or bone meal, will answer very well.

The violet plants, at just the right stage for transplanting to the cold frame, are sold by florists at the price of \$1.75 for a dozen plants.

In January, or early February, they will be in bloom if they are planted now, and just now is the time when they should be placed.

There is a charm to town-bred flowers, possibly it is the element of the unexpected, combined with the element of chance.

MODERN DANCING. PALACE BALLROOM 39th and Market OPENS WEDNESDAY NIGHT, SEPTEMBER 30. Receptions every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evening, with largest orchestra. Admission, ladies, 25c; gentlemen, 35c, including wardrobe.

MODERN DANCE CLASSES. Every Tuesday and Thursday evening, with largest orchestra. Admission, 25 Cents. A courteous staff of good assistants is available for the instruction and practice.

CHAS. J. COLL'S 38th and Market Streets

Beginners' and Dancers' Class in the Modern Dances. Tuesday & Friday, \$1 Per Month. Polite Assemblies, Mon. and Sat. Watch This Column for the Opening of Our Branch School, 40th and Market Streets.

Two Thousand People Wanted TO ATTEND THE OPENING OF THE PALACE BALLROOM 39th and Market Streets Wednesday Night, Sept. 30th.

DOMESTIC HINTS

If you wish to make starch and let it get cold before starching the clothes, try this method: After the starch is made and still hot, sprinkle cold water all over the top as though you were sprinkling clothes. You will find no scum on top, and can use every particle of it.

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.

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