

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.

The feet less prompt to meet the morning dew, The heart less bounding at a friendly new, And hope, once crushed, less quick to spring again.

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 a thousandfold. Those restless stirrings for a full deep life are here again. O, Moon of my Desire! Be 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 fallings and our pain? We struggle on like children in the dark—

Light half-believers of our casual needs, Who never desire to see clearly what we see, Whom insight never has borne fruit in death, Whom vague resolves never have been failed.

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

ALMOST ENVOIS.

After my interview at that employment place I walked in Philadelphia's streets for quite an age. 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 out just in the height of "style." The way their hair was dressed was most severe, dragged tightly back over each ear, and 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 be! Long lines of motorcars crowded the traffic everywhere.

In Wanamaker's cool department store I lingered, hoping to hear the organ play. At length "one chord of music like the sound of a great arm" rang out and it seemed to give me courage to face these noisy, sun-scoured 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 clicked busily at different machines. All seemed so competent, so capable, so self-assured, I felt too shy to risk another rebuff such as the last, so stood just inside, close to the door, and waited for the "Employment" desk as possible. Two girls were talking close to me and I could not help hearing what they said.

"We need an office woman," said one, "at once." "Just to do all the old jobs, answer the telephone and do all the things no one else wants to do. Aren't you just dying to apply?" "Yes—just for me," was the response. "I guess I have a dandy job already, thanks. Besides, the sound of it ain't good enough."

"This was my chance. I screwed up courage, and I spoke. "Would I 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, eyeing me curiously. "I know we want a girl immediately; go 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 greased lightning to the 15th floor. I entered a large office, and perceived "the boss." He was a wiry-looking, worried man, and seemed to preside over a score of stenographers, all girls. He clucked around just like a nervous hen beside the village pond at home, who found her crowd were fuddling and could swim away from her.

"Miss Smith, Miss Smith, stop talking over there and go ahead with your work!" he cried.

"Miss Brown, you've placed your chewing gum right on these bills of lading there and it has stuck! I hate to see young ladies chew the waxy you all do here!"

He turned to me. "Are you the new girl? Why, I guess you'll do. Salary is \$5 a week to start—begin right now. There goes the telephone, please answer it." He hurried off again.

THE DREAFFUL PHONE.

I hastened to that dreafful instrument. The nearest girls all stopped their work and watched. I did not know what I should do, for I had never touched a telephone before. But that wild kept ringing on, so I lifted the instrument bodily off the table and placed the mouthpiece to my ear. Of course, I heard no sound, except the wild ringing that dreafful bell, which kept up one continuous uproar.

"For heaven's sake, answer the phone right, can't you get it about the boss?" in nervous wrath. "That darned wild ringing makes my head go round!" The carrels now fell to the floor with a loud crash, and by doing so it stopped the mad ringing of the bell. I lost my head, picked up that carrel from the floor and shouted down it. "Who is there?" I shouted, and raised the phone from the girls stopped further foolish blundering.

"Come here, young lady," said "the boss." "I see you've touched a telephone before. Are you accustomed to clerical work?"

What a strange question in that business place, I thought. "I've taught in Sunday school, if that is what you mean," said I. "The clerkman used to say I could teach the children well."

Another shout of laughter greeted this. I saw that I had blundered once again. It was too much. I hurried from the place and shook that office dust from off my feet. A beautiful office and a beautiful crowd! I murmured angrily. The humor of the thing then struck me, and I laughed—and laughed.



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 models shown.

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

It is far superior in quality to the imitation fur materials of the past in its softness and its richness of tone, while in the deep blues and the browns, such as tobacco and tete de negre, it is particularly alluring.

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.

The coat belongs to the redingote class. It is a name that covers a multitude of designs, and there are many variations to the one theme.

In this instance the circular skirt of the redingote is attached in a novel way to the fitted yoke of satin. From the deep points of the yoke depend heavy silk tassels of the same midnight blue.

The sleeves are of satin and project from the coat-like sleeves from out of a waistcoat.

The collar is one of the most attractive features of the coat, shirred as it is, and set together with the straight line of an ordinary collar.

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 stifle or time to wither her enthusiasm.

To slip into the garden on a winter morning, even if the garden is the smallest of city back yards, and to gather a handful of fragrant English violets for the breakfast table, has more thrill in it, than a luncheon 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 \$1.25 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 planted.

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

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.

Advertisement for J.B. Sheppard & Sons, featuring modern dancing and undermuslins. Includes details about Palace Ballroom and dance classes.

FRENCH MENU GONE; POMMES DE TERRE BECOME POTATOES

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

Table titled 'EVOLUTION OF THE MENU' comparing French and American dishes. Columns include 'Before the war' and 'Now'.

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 bonifaces do not intend to take chances. The patron 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 "crostades de pommes de terre," that it's simply creamed potatoes, and that borsch a la Russe is plain, ordinary soup, with a dish around it. Then, too, he finds it such a relief to know that "canards rois" 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 Frenchy menu littered with "ques" and "ones," not to mention other complications.

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

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

"Neuchatel" cheese is concealed, while smenacase and cauerberg is simply labeled as bread and cottage cheese. Pig knuckles and kraut 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 blonier and Yorkshire pudding are now given as Nova Scotia herring and American plum.

"Many impatient customers are ready to fight anyhow if they are not served with lightning speed, and when their patriotism is jarred by seeing dishes announced in the language of the enemy, it is too much. Then, too, they can order more quickly, and it saves time all around. We intend to keep neutral food until the big fight has settled it."

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 water on a fire. You will find no scum on top, and can use every particle of it.

Rice should be washed in several waters before cooking it. The best way to do this is to put the rice in a sieve, and plunge it up and down in a pan of water. Warm water is better than cold.

CLEANING A GAS OVEN. To clean a gas oven dissolve some rough potato in a little cold water, and paint the inside of the oven all over with it, using a very old brush, as the potato ruins it. Leave this on over night, and the next morning wash it off with warm water. All the greasy burnt bits will come away, leaving the oven perfectly clean.

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

Advertisement for J.B. Sheppard & Sons, featuring undermuslins. Includes details about The New Undermuslins and various fabric types.

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 deigned and Eve first spun, this problem, like the poor, is all ways with us. The irritating attitude of the early Victorian matron of a past decade is not yet dead—unfortunately!

In many a modern wife is seen the shrink self-immolation at her husband's needs so typical of a Jane Austin heroine.

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 three meals a day just haunts my dreams! When John comes in at night, he sinks into the nearest chair and says, 'Gee, Mary, I've just had the hardest, busiest day! You lucky girl, in this quiet haven all day long. I envy you, I hope to goodness dinner's ready?'"

"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."

WORD OF APPRECIATION CRAVED. Another wife now spoke. "In one sense I do think that the hardest profession on earth is that of wife," said she. "For that role includes just every other one. I must be an excellent cook to please my husband's epicurean taste; a good dressmaker to make my children's clothes and mine; a thoroughly qualified governess to help my children with their lessons; a clear-headed business woman with the acumen of a trained accountant, to keep my household books and run things economically. And in the evening, after dinner's done, the last dish washed, the last child put to bed, I must be bright and witty, smartly dressed, must talk about men's things, and interests. I'd do it all willingly if I only had a word of appreciation from my husband now and then. But he cannot understand why I should feel tired."

Each wife should have a certain time a day, apart from all her household duties, for relaxation and for culture's sake. Most religiously she should adhere to this scheme.

WIFE TO HAVE PLAY TIME. A very pretty married woman has just decided on a mild revolt. For 20 years, she has been the best of mothers and of wives, and the very hardest worker in her home. A little while ago, the doctor told her that her nerves were overstrained through the "three-meal problem" and her too sedentary life. She must have more fresh air and more amusement. The cure has worked so well that now she has decided to make the new state of things a permanency.

"I intend to make some time for amusement and culture every day now," said she in a determined tone. "For three hours every afternoon I'm going to 'play.' In summer it will be tennis and outdoor sports for me, and in the winter time I shall attend matinees and concerts, and lectures, and visit my friends. In all those years, I think the best part of me was getting stale along with the eternal round of pots and pans! My husband never saw it, but I did! I don't intend to neglect him now, of course, but I do intend to give myself a better opportunity for culture and for growth. I do believe that he will appreciate me more, too. I worked so hard, and yet he never seemed to see that I did a thing! So now I've thought things out, made out a little pleasant scheme to look forward to every day, and I intend to carry it out. I think there are such things as too unselfish wives, don't you?"

(The Editor of the Woman's Page will be glad to publish letters dealing with the above topic.)

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New designs in Underwear of the finer qualities. New hand-embroidered Underwear for Trousseau.

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Sacques. Albatross, Flannel, Crepe, Silk.

KAISERIN'S SMILES STRIKE BERLIN CROWDS TO CHEERS

Thousands Wait Nightly Outside Palace to Win Approval.

COLOGNE, Sept. 28. The enthusiasm of the crowds in Berlin over German successes is depicted in a dispatch to the Kolnische Zeitung from Berlin. The dispatch contains the first mention of the Kaiserin's presence in Berlin since the beginning of hostilities, and tells of a touching scene around the Imperial Palace. The dispatch says: "A large crowd of people assembled in front of the palace and with great enthusiasm called time and again for the Kaiserin. As stated in the Vossische Zeitung (official organ), the latter appeared twice at a window and waved to the crowd, deeply moved. A man in the crowd made a short address and the Kaiserin waved her thanks to him. Then she withdrew."

"But the crowd continued to wait for her to reappear until a late hour. At 11 o'clock it was scarcely believed by anyone that the Kaiserin would show herself again. Suddenly the curtain of her window was seen to move. The Kaiserin appeared and waved to the crowd. Behind her was interpreted by the crowd the whole scene lasted only a minute or two and then everything was dark again. Then a movement was noticed behind the large balcony window in the middle of the palace. The doors were opened and the Kaiserin and the Crown Princess stepped out, followed by a man in civilian attire."

"Noticeably deeply moved, the Kaiserin waved her handkerchief. The Crown Princess, with an extremely graceful gesture which was interpreted by the crowd as another report of a victory. These expressions of great joy burst forth, such as will never be forgotten. The scene on the balcony was equally impressive. The Kaiserin, in tears, embraced the Crown Princess, and the mother and daughter kissed each other. After the Crown Princess had kissed the Kaiserin's hand, both were compelled to wave acknowledgment of the crowd's joyous cries."

TOO LITERAL. "Misses—Jane, you must not talk to me in the rude way you do. You must learn to speak properly. You must say, 'If you please, Madam,' and sometimes, 'Mam,' or, for the most part, 'Mum.' When speaking to the master, you must address him as 'Sir.'"

Jane, a few days after, went to her mistress in a great hurry—"If you please, madam, and sometimes mam, and the most part mum, sir's felled down in a fit."

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 fasten them on to a piece of heavier muslin, and this will prevent tearing and stretching in the process of washing and laundering.

Its distinguishing characteristic is its high rate of speed. Woe to him or her who still feels the necessity of counting his steps or to those whose avocations restrict their dancing at all times to a stately promenade. For the formula in plain words is to get on 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.

1229 Walnut Street Philadelphia, Pa. September, 1914—28th—29th—30th

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