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

## ELLEN ADAIR SEES BOTH SIDES OF LIFE ON LONDON NIGHT

### She Gets Glimpse of Derelicts by Thames Embankment and Witnesses a Romance in Restaurant.

IV.

A certain tender radiance clings about a London summer evening, when the roar of the traffic is hushed, and the sky is slowly changing in a long and pleasant twilight. The streets at 7 o'clock no longer teem with busy men, the trains have carried these to long-drawn happy evenings on the hundred golf links which surround the great city—to gay little tennis clubs—to quiet backwaters, where rows of gaily decorated houseboats line the old river Thames. The punts and skiffs at Hampton Court are filled with happy drifting couples, and moored beneath the overhanging willows the white-flanneled river youth is courting the white-clad English river girl. Oh, happy youth! Dear Hampton Court! The old red palace in its stately Elizabethan beauty every summer witnesses the same old scenes as in those stately days 400 years ago when Anne Boleyn coquetted with the amorous King Henry, and idly drifted, a happy Queen, in her short love dream on the river Thames.

That July evening, the night before I sailed for America, is still so fresh within my mind. We drove around the London streets, the little old lawyer man and I, perched high on the great motor-bus. And mingled with the pain of my recent loss, my lonely present, and my vague uncertain future, I felt a strange elation. For I was setting forth on the Great Adventure.

"Miss Adair," said my companion suddenly, "you're a fine little girl, and I hate to think of you clearing off like this, with no one to help you. I hope that uncle of yours over in Philadelphia is a safe proposition. You wrote him last week, didn't you? He'll probably come to New York to meet you. I wish I could stay here in town to see you to your train tomorrow morning—but I can't. I've rung up a good boarding-house in Kensington, and they've got a room for you there tonight. And tomorrow just taxi over to Waterloo Station, and a porter will book you and your luggage right through to Southampton on the early boat-train. Got your ticket all right?"

"Yes, indeed," said I hurriedly, for I did not like to meditate on the fact that I was traveling steerage—it was all I could afford.

LIFE'S DERELICTS IN LONDON.

We journeyed many miles in silence, out by the Thames Embankment, when the sky was reddening in the west—past those quiet Embankment seats which hold life's derelicts, cast up from God knows where—the melancholy army of the Might-Have-Beens.

"See those poor souls sitting yonder," said the little lawyer huskily, "life's flotsam, drifting rudderless. And many of them better men than I!"

"But these are down and out," I said, "and look like tramps and beggars!"

"No matter," said the little man, "they once were great, they once were fine. On yonder lonely seats have often sat the greatest geniuses of the age—shabby—hungry—neglected—misunderstood. The learned Dr. Johnson often came here, without a copper in his pocket. Here under the shadow of Westminster and the Houses of Parliament he sat alone, and gazing on the old Thames, meditated on the vanity of all earthly hopes. O, vanitas vanitatum—how true that is."

"I don't believe it's true," cried I valiantly, "for life is surely what we make it. I hate that dull philosophizing—the path of glory leads beyond the grave, and anyhow should include a very pleasant life in this world. I mean to make the very most of my life."

"You have the courage of youth," said the little lawyer in his kindly voice, "and now that the hours are slipping by, shall we return to dinner? Frascati's in the Strand is a famous place."

And later we arrived there. In front of the great restaurant a long line of taxis, landaulettes, electric broughams was assembled. It was now nine o'clock and still daylight. And we walked in together, through the cheerful entrance-hall, to a veritable Aladdin's Cave beyond. In my country inexperience, I thought a new heaven and a new earth had opened—it was all so magnificent. Great banks of hot-house flowers mingled sweet odors with exotic perfumes of the East, great palms towered far above our heads to the vaulted roof, the glitter of a thousand lights sparked in one great chandelier beneath the dome.

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

And the people! At softly-shaded lamp-lit tables there they sat—and oh! the beauty of the women! I know I saw them all through rose-colored glasses that night, to me it was all Couleur-de-Rose—and the strains of a dear Hungarian melody were drifting from floor to gallery and dome. A pompous waiter waved us to a tiny table, rose-wreathed, rose-lit—mirrors, mirrors everywhere, and I looked strangely shabby in that gay crowd.

And then the red-coated leader of the orchestra stepped forward and the music changed. It began with a vague sighing of the wind-instruments, like the early stirrings in a wood in autumn, when four-footed furry little creatures are stealthily stalking over the fallen leaves—I could smell the pines and the bog-myrtle, and feel the fresh keen tang of autumn in the air—and then the cadence deepened as the 'cellos softly caught the melody. It was all a breath, a shadow, so softly did they start. And then my heart leaped strangely, for the violin obligato swelled louder. It was the great "Barcarolle" of Offenbach, that wild sweet melody that holds the tears, the heart-throbs of a universe! At first, it softly rose and fell, rose and fell, with a tender lilting cadence that refused to plunge beneath the surface of things, but that held that gay crowd, in the hush of a sudden silence. I could still hear the autumn stirrings in my English forest, and see the quiet unfolding of the little wood-sorrel as it raised its pink face and tender foliage to the morning sun.

And then, on a sudden sobbing breath, the music rose on a higher key—no words of mine could give its passion and its pain—nor yet its wild exultant beauty! Up through the glittering gallery, up through the lofty palm trees and the great arched roof it drifted, I think to the very gates of heaven! It filled me with a yearning and a pain, and yet a strange new ecstacy I could not fathom.

Beside us at the nearest table sat a slender lovely girl in a rose-pink gown, and by her side an eager boy, a typical London youth, with a keen, clever face and fine dark eyes. As the melody rose and fell, rose and fell, I saw him suddenly grasp her slim hand in his big strong, sunburnt one. Higher and higher the cadence rose, and in it was the love that many waters cannot quench, and many floods can never hope to drown. Then suddenly, on one breathless note vibrating with a tender passion, the music paused—and on that passionate note the boy leant forward. "Leonora, Leonora!" said he breathlessly.

I turned my head away, for I felt I was rudely treading on holy ground. "Miss Adair," said the little, old lawyer, "You have not even touched the hors-d'oeuvres yet—and I wonder why your pretty eyes have tears in them!"

## REV. DR. ANNA SHAW AGAIN CAMPAIGNS FOR SUFFRAGE

REV. DR. ANNA SHAW

### Is Now Traveling in Northwest States, Where Question of Votes for Women Will be Fought Out at the Next Election.

That valiant-hearted, indefatigable worker in the woman's cause, the Rev. Dr. Anna Shaw, is once more out upon her travels, and undergoing as arduous a campaign as any soldier in the time of war. For she is no longer young, and her plan of action is as strenuous and exhaustive as any man could ever hope to undertake.

Every night, from September 1 till November 1, she has addressed, and will continue to address, large meetings, and—here comes the salient point—in a different town every night. For she is campaigning through seven States; First, in South Dakota, with all its towns; then North Dakota, Montana, Nevada, Nebraska, Missouri and Ohio. In all those States the great question of woman's suffrage is to be submitted to the voters, and sometimes Miss Shaw speaks as often as six times in one day.

On her arrival at one town, the following arduous program awaited her. She had arrived in South Dakota at 10 o'clock in the morning, somewhat exhausted after her four and a half days' train journey, and was informed that she was to address the high school students at 12 o'clock, to attend a large luncheon party at 1 o'clock, to address the Women's Club at 3 o'clock, a street meeting at 7 o'clock and later on a large meeting in the Opera House.

After a four and a half days' journey such a program might well fatigue many a younger man or woman. But Miss Shaw enjoyed herself thoroughly, and came through with flying colors. Within the last week she has spoken in three different towns in one day, and on more than one occasion six times on the same day.

The career of the Rev. Dr. Anna Shaw is so well known to the Philadelphia public that it needs little detailing. She is an Englishwoman, a graduate in medicine of Boston University, a graduate from the theological department of Boston University and president of the National Suffrage Association of the United States. Upon her the Kansas University conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Miss Shaw would have made a splendid lawyer, for she possesses great powers of oratory, a strong sense of justice and a real gift in debate. Although a suffragist, she is far from being a militant, and, indeed, there is no necessity for militancy, for no suffrage campaigner has ever been refused an audience at Washington.

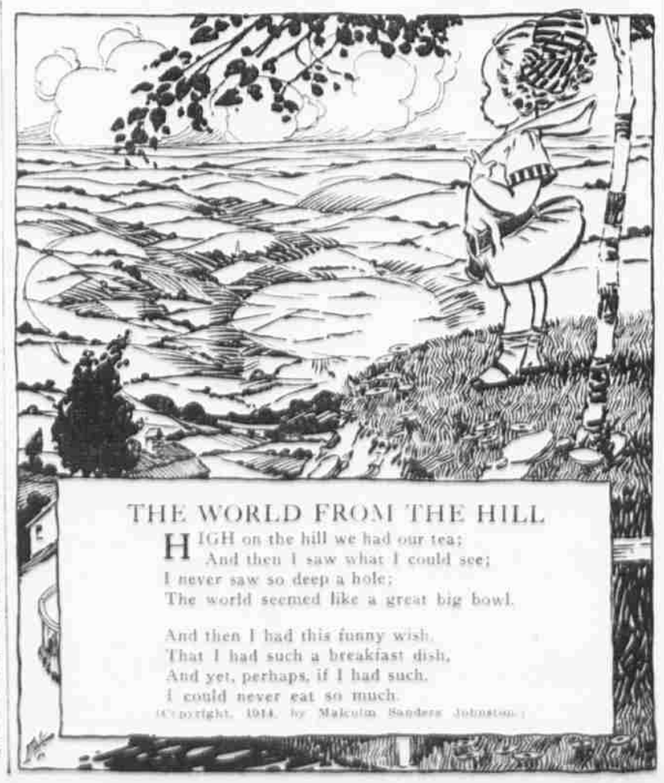
During her present tour, in addition to her lecturing in towns, Miss Shaw gives speeches from the rear platform of the train at the different railroad stations the train may pause at en route. A band is frequently engaged to play at such a stopping place, so that Miss Shaw may have a fair sized audience waiting for her, and although she often has only time for a three minutes' address enthusiasm is always great and she gets a cordial welcome. In this way she frequently includes three or four minor towns in a single journey.

The vote has been granted to women in ten different States now, and it is hoped that this year will include many other States.

Miss Shaw came to America from England with her parents at the age of four. They were shipwrecked at Queenstown and had to put in to Spike Island, where the child witnessed a curious and depressing sight, which was ever after to influence her future life and work. Dozens and dozens of weary prisoners spent the long day in drawing water up from the sea at one side of the island, then walking across and emptying their buckets into the sea on the other side of the island. This dreadful waste of energy, this purposeless soul-killing activity, deeply impressed the little girl, and in later years her great interest in prisoners and prison work was the outcome of this early episode.

In character Miss Shaw is simple and unaffected, with a strong love for her home and her friends. She enjoys nothing better than the entertaining of young and merry people, and in her beautiful home at Media many pleasant parties take place. This domestic side in the brilliant woman's character makes it very hard for her to have to leave her home so often and for such long periods. Her love of gardening is another tie to home life, and her present great regret is that the tour she has now embarked upon will prevent her seeing the ripening of her fruit trees and the beauty of the Media orchard in fall.

Of Miss Shaw's strong sense of humor many good tales are told. When she first started in college she wore her hair cut short, and once at a Chautauqua gathering a pushing young man said to her: "We were just discussing and wondering why some women wear short hair. I am sure, Miss Shaw, you would not wear yours so without some very good reason. Won't you tell me what that reason is?" To which impertinence the lady replied: "I feel very sensitive about it, but, since you ask me, I will tell you! It was a birth-mark: I was born that way!"




## FRESH MEATS KEEP THEIR HIGH PLACE IN HOUSEHOLD LIST

### Dealers Anticipate Rise in Prices Next Week—Market Basket Quotations Show Little Change.

The prices of meats, poultry, fish, butter, eggs, vegetables and seafoods at the closing of the week remain unchanged and no advance in prices is anticipated by the retail dealers except in the case of fresh meat. Higher prices may be asked for next week.

Mutton and lamb chops are retailing at 25 to 30 cents a pound. Legs of mutton 18 cents and lamb 25 cents. Shoulders of mutton are 12 cents. Sirloin steak is bringing 35 cents a pound and round steak 28 cents. Beef liver is 14 cents and calf's liver 40 cents. Hams cost from 17 to 25 cents a pound. Stewing veal can be had at from 15 to 20 cents a pound.

White potatoes are retailing at 60 cents a basket and sweet potatoes 30 cents a half peck. String beans cost 25 cents a half peck and green peas 40 cents. Tomatoes are 25 cents a half peck. Corn is bringing 25 cents a dozen ears and cauliflower costs 25 to 35 cents each. The lowest prices quoted on peaches is 25 cents a box. Blackberries are 18 cents a box, huckleberries 18 cents and raspberries 10 cents a box.

The best eggs are 40 cents a dozen. Tub butter 38 cents a pound and print butter 45 cents a pound. Chickens are bringing from 25 to 32 cents a pound.

Fish and seafoods are comparatively cheap. Steak cod can be had for 15 cents a pound. Halibut is 20 cents. Brook trout is 75 cents and sea bass is selling as low as 12 cents a pound. Catfish is 18 cents and flounders and butterfish are selling for 12 cents a pound. Sixty cents a pound is asked for fresh mackerel and the best oysters are not selling for more than $1.50 a hundred.

## THIS IS THE TIME TO PLACE ALL BULB PLANTS

### Better Results Can Be Had If Soil Is Prepared.

Tulip and hyacinth, narcissus and daffodil, the little crocus that has such an audacious air as it pops up through the snow to greet the spring, now is the time to plant them all.

They are all bulb plants that repay one generously for the little trouble in preparing the soil

They will grow almost everywhere, but it goes without saying that the flowers will be large and fine if the ground in which they are planted has had some special preparation.

The earth should be spaded for eight or ten inches; it should be enriched with a fertilizer of some kind at that depth, and if a little sand is placed beneath the bulb itself, so much the better. This will prevent the bulbs from rotting, if heavy rains should follow too soon on the planting.

Six inches deep and six inches apart is the rule for planting hyacinths.

Tulips can be planted four inches deep and four inches apart. They both need sunshine, but the snowdrop and the crocus can be scattered over the ground or along hedges, or even between evergreens, and yet come up smiling.

There are many varieties of bulbs, and some of the Dutch kinds are especially expensive. But crocus and narcissus bulbs can be bought for 10 and 15 cents a dozen. Single tulips and the Roman hyacinth are to be had for 5$ cents a dozen. The price of the double tulip and the double hyacinth depends on the nationality of the bulb and the fame of its original exploiter, but a dollar and a half a dozen is a fair average price.

Gardening is regarded by many people as an expensive hobby to ride, but not by physicians. It means sunshine and fresh air and an interest in the out-of-doors. It is really more than an interest, for the woman who plants a garden lives in a state of constant and thrilling excitement from the moment the first shoot of green appears, through the budding and blossoming time to the very end of the summer.

And a woman who has once had a garden will probably spend the winter consulting catalogues in preparation for the spring.

## COLD STORAGE MEAT

### Method Involving Freezing Rather Than Mere Chilling Favored.

In these days when cold storage, the employment of preservatives in foods, and the adulteration of food products are being subjected to the most severe criticism, a discussion held by the Society of British Medical Officers of Health on the refrigeration of food, and reported in the Lancet, should prove of interest, says the Medical Record.

Dr. Hanna, who opened the discussion, referred to the fact that the United States was not only no longer sending cattle to Great Britain, but was taking for its own supply cattle from countries which had hitherto exported almost exclusively to Great Britain. He went on to point out that the methods of refrigeration of foodstuffs depended chiefly on the scientific fact that expanding air or vaporizing substances, such as sulphuric acid, carbonic acid or ammonia, in assuming the gaseous form abstracted heat from the atmosphere or other bodies in the neighborhood.

Fresh meat was carried from distant countries either as hard frozen meat or chilled meat. Chilled meat arrived in a condition ready for consumption and retained the characteristics of fresh meat more closely than frozen meat, but the chilling process required great care, and the transport needed constant supervision. The frozen method was the better as regarded preservation, although it sometimes damaged the cellular and fibrous structure of the meat unless special care was taken in defrosting. Hanna gave it as his opinion that meat when thawed would keep with proper care as well as freshly killed meat after being taken from the refrigerator, even in high temperature, a view not in accordance with popular opinion.

Of course, refrigeration or chilling of foodstuffs is necessary when these have to be conveyed for long distances, as for example, from North or South America to Europe, but great care must be exercised both in the process itself and the defrosting. That, however, animal food thus treated does not undergo a certain amount of deterioration is a view opposed, at least, to popular ideas, and certainly the suggestion that refrigeration may improve the flavor of meat is one not borne out by experience.

THE NEW BASQUE GIRDLES WITH LONG SLEEVES

## BEFORE THE SANDMAN COMES

### THE CARDINAL'S BREAKFAST

AS YOU sit down to the nice breakfast of fruit and cereal, and maybe a poached egg on toast, did it ever occur to you to wonder what the birds are eating for breakfast at this very minute? Of course, you know they eat worms and grubs and insects, but perhaps they like cereals, too. Notice some time when you are walking where birds are and see if you can find some that eat grains and seed as well as worms.

The pretty little scarlet cardinal that makes such a gay streak as he flies across the garden likes seeds very much better than grubs and worms, and if you throw out wheat, he will surely visit your garden. In the seed time of the year, when every plant in the garden has its own little pods of seed, you need not throw out any bait, as he is wise enough to come there and help himself of the feast that Nature has spread for him.

All summer long a certain cardinal had kept his eyes on a very beautiful garden. Some day he was sure he would get some extra fine food from that garden. Above all, he had his eye on the big tall sunflower way back at the end of the yard. Early in summer, this sunflower was a lovely big blossom, so big and cheerful and sunny did he look that he made the whole garden seem like one big smile.

But now the sunflower's big goldy petals were all dried up and blown away, and the soft velvety centre was dry and hard with big fat seeds.

You would think the flower was prettiest when in blossom—but the cardinal wouldn't agree with you. He didn't care a bit about a blossom—but a dead blossom full of seeds—that's different—that's about the very best thing to eat he knows of.

For days he watched the seeds dry up—with a soft peck he would test them, but no—they were not quite right, and with a whisk and a song he flew away.

But finally a morning came when the seeds were just right and he decided to stay for breakfast.

Round and round the flower he circled, singing joyously, just as a little child runs around a gaily lighted birthday cake.

Then he lighted on it to eat the first course.

But alas! The flower stem that had been so brave and strong when the flower was young was now old and frail and easily bent.

The bird slid off into the air.

Even the weight of the dainty cardinal bent the face of the old flower so far front that the bird slid off into the air.

"Well, well," said the puzzled cardinal, to himself and he began planning what to do.

At last he decided to get them on the fly, so he made a quick dash, passed the flower, pecking out a seed as he went.

Without stopping to even taste it, he dropped the seed and got another, and then another, till several seeds lay on the ground by the flower.

Then he daintily alighted on the ground and ate his fine breakfast in a leisurely and gentlemanly fashion.

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Tomorrow—Green Apple Dolls.

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.

## ACROSS THE COUNTER

Among the novelties of the season, collar and cuff sets in great variety, find a conspicuous place.

The long sleeve is responsible for the return of the separate cuff and it is shown in linen stiffly starched, or in sheer lawn and batiste, delicately embroidered and sometimes edged with lace.

Collar and cuff sets of linen can be purchased for as little as 50 cents.

The collar is wide and flaring and the cuffs are from four to six inches wide.

Sheer lawn, edged with a bias fold of pink or blue, attached by the ornamental picot, forms a dainty set that is sold for $1.

Fine pique is used for collar, waistcoat and cuffs.

A broad collar costs 50 cents and a pair of cuffs the same.

A smart little waistcoat with a collar attached can be bought for 75 cents.

A new idea in the shape of a high collar, exactly like a man's, is made of organdie.

A stiff cravat of narrow black ribbon ties in a conventional bow in front. The cuffs to match are straight and severe, with a bow of black ribbon to fasten them.

The set costs $2.00.

A plaited collar, wired at the back, vest with plaited ruffle and plaited cuffs, form a novelty that sells for $2.25.

A pretty conceit in the way of neck ornamentation is the collar made of plaited moire ribbon in some one of the beautiful colors now in vogue.

It is completed by a labot of lace that falls from both sides half way down the blouse. The price is $3.95.

A chemisette of organdie, with an embroidered collar, trimmed with lace and button of the lingerie variety, costs $3.50, with cuffs to match.

For the linen and the pique collars there is the crepe de chine necktie, not only in a great variety of shades, but figured and flowered also, and even embroidered.

The narrow black velvet ribbon that dates back at least to the beauties of the court of Louis XIV appears this season with a delicate pendant, very small, of filagree silver and rhinestones.

There is an ornament of similar design at each side, no wider than the ribbon, and a clasp at the back.

It is a thing of unusual beauty and reasonable at the price of $1.50.



## BASQUE GIRDLES AND LONG SLEEVES MARK NEW MODES

### Models Show Revival of Former Fashions—Gowns May Combine Several Materials—Elbow Sleeve Lingers.

Fashion may be responsible for many outre and sensational frocks, but simplicity is always attainable without departing from the dictates of the season.

For evening wear black has a charm that never wanes. Aside from its assured elegance, it has a practical value that makes it a wise choice for the woman of few evening dresses, while at least one black frock is a necessity to the woman of many.

Silks, satins, velvets, nets, chiffons and laces, the whole gamut is run for evening wear this year.

Or, one may chose one material and trim it with another and even combine two or three in such a way that it would be hard to know the foundation from the ornamentation.

Simplicity is the keynote of the gown illustrated, while at the same time it has the high basque girdle and the full length sleeves, which, though revivals of another day, pass as novelties with a new generation.

The bodice is cut surplice fashion, the V in back as well as in front coming down to meet the girdle. It is untrimmed except for the narrow band of jet, which is repeated in greater width at the wrists and still greater on the tunic, while the high girdle is solidly jetted.

The under bodice is of satin and is sleeveless. But sleeves are fashioned of the net of the outer bodice, along mousquetaire lines, tapering to the wrist and ending in heavy bands of jet.

These bands have the appearance of bracelets and make the hands appear both white and small. It is in such details that the artistry of the designer is shown.

There is always a charm about a material that conceals and reveals, and a white skin never looks whiter than through filmy black.

These long sleeves are graceful affairs, and are finding favor as a fashion for afternoon frocks in place of the elbow sleeve worn so persistently both winter and summer and spring and autumn for several years.

Not but that the elbow sleeve will have its devotees, for it means a freedom and comfort that the full length sleeve and the revived knuckle, Sarah Bernhardt sleeve can never give.

The new girdle that comes up above the bust and well below the waist is made, in the instance of the evening frock shown, of jetted net, slightly draped.

The jetted net is neither too stiff nor too heavy to show the outlines of the figure, for the uncorseted figure is exceedingly popular still, and nothing stiff that would confine it too closely could hope to have present-day approval.

The satin of the skirt is repeated at the top of the girdle, very much after the fashion of a binding of wide ribbon. The girdle is further ornamented with a bunch of gardnias at the waistline and at the left side.

The satin skirt is veiled in net, tunic fashion, and is banded with jet spangles.

The effect of the dress is altogether charming, and it has a value for the womankind in the fact that it could be so easily copied.

It could be reproduced just as it stands, black satin, veiled in net, jet-spangled basque girdle and jet trimmings, or it could serve as a model for other materials.

The distinctive fashion notes are, of course, the long sleeves and the basque girdle. These should be preserved, or the gown would lose its modish effect.

But the jet might be replaced by a number of things if the style of the frock was developed in another color or another material.

Gold and silver tissue would serve very well for this purpose. They are highly decorative and would make the basque girdle most effective.

And apropos of these tissues, they are seen in colors this season and in the soft shades that strike a responsive chord in all beauty-loving breasts.

## WAR DELAYS LIBRARY

### Wilmington Postpones Canvass to Raise $300,000 for Building.

WILMINGTON, Del., Sept. 17.—War has made itself felt in the project to raise the necessary $300,000 for the purpose of erecting a new library building in this city. The managers of the institution have decided that because of the unsettled condition of business due to the war it would be unwise to start the subscriptions at this time. As soon as business recovers, however, a determined canvass will be made for funds and it is not expected there will be any particular difficulty in securing them.

The managers will raise the $300,000 in addition to the funds already on hand and while the site has not yet been selected, it is intended to erect the new building somewhere in the vicinity of Tenth and Market streets, which is to become a civic centre when the new joint city and county building is completed.

### How Many Shots Will Be Fired?

The question is often asked how many shots are fired in an ordinary battle, and, although it would be impossible to make a guess in regards the small arms, the Scientific American gives the following figures relating to the artillery:

The number of rounds that will be fired during an ordinary battle can only be imagined. We have data from the Russo-Japanese war showing that at Ljaopan one battery fired 2600 rounds in one day, while another fired 3304 rounds, making for each gun about 413 rounds in one day. This was not an uncommon occurrence, and it shows the expense involved in carrying on a modern war.

The most common projectile of the 3-inch calibre is the shrapnel, which is in itself a gun, arranged by time fuses so that at the desired height it is made to burst, shooting forward out of a shell 250 lead balls, each effective to kill a man.