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

ELLEN ADAIR GETS SEAGULL'S GIFT AS SHIP GAINS SPEED

Bit of Seaweed a Token of Happiness to Come. Ocean Liner Makes Stop at Queenstown.

VI

Southampton water on a summer morning and the little wavelets sparkling in the sun! The sea gulls circled round and round with strange and curious cries, and oh! the freshness and the utter cleanness of their snowy wings! Alone I stood upon the steerage deck and watched the shores of England slow recede. The ocean soon would roll between—and oh! I loved my native land. "Goodbye, goodbye, dear England," I was saying desperately, "and many waters cannot quench love!"

Then next occurred a curious thing, and one which gave me courage once again. For as I leaned against the steerage rail with sad and tear-dimmed eyes a solitary sea gull came to me, and in his beak I saw something strange. I am not superstitious, but my heart stood still and breathlessly I waited for the bird of promise on the waters to bring a token of returning hope. Alone yet head she raised, high over head winds, cool-stained something round, as clean and pure and snowy as the drifting clouds above, and uttering strange cries of protest at the sight she saw. "Poor, toiling, earth-stained souls and women on the steerage deck," the sea gull cried, "nature is always clean and fresh and young. You, too, can live as fresh and clean and fair as I. Look me through nature into nature's God for you have immortality!"

SEA GULL'S VALUED GIFT.

Down at my feet a little piece of seaweed fluttered from that seagull's beak. No olive branch borne on dove's wings could have brought a mightier message. "It is a token that the floods will pass, and I shall once more know true happiness," I cried, "and many waters cannot quench eternal love."

I have that little piece of seaweed still, and never shall I part with it.

The great Atlantic liner swept along past Portsmouth an idle English battleships. Austere and proud the cruisers looked that July morning in their dear gray dignity! Around them hung a certain brooding air of stillness, the calm before the coming world-wide storm.

Down past the Isle of Wight we quickly sped and out into the English Channel. A bell clanged loud and early dinner was announced. I went below and joined the steerage crowd. The White Star Line cares well for all, but oh! I shrank away from all those strange companions! On one side was a Russian Pole, unkempt, unloven and unwashed. His matted beard and strange wild eye gave me a weird uneasiness, and he consumed plateful after plateful with reckless rapidity. On the other side was a Galician woman with a tired, sad countenance, a wailing baby clinging to her lap. I think a Raphael would have loved to paint her sweet Madonna face!

The steerage quarters were constructed for the accommodation of 300 souls—yet but a bare 300 emigrants occupied them.

As soon as possible I scurried up on deck again. But what a change was there! Gone was the sunlight, gone the sparkling waves—a wall of dense fog now met my gaze. A sound, a dreary moaning sound, as of some lost soul condemned to drift these desolate waters was wailing from wave—our fog-horn, sounding intermittently! I stood and listened in the muffled mist.

STRANGE CALL FROM FOG.

A curious eerie call responded on a higher key—so near it sounded that I sharply turned to see if it were for me. But no! the deck was empty, and the cold gray fog still wrapped us round.

The strange calling and answering continued. I watched and waited, then suddenly started in alarm. For from that mist there soon emerged a strange, towering awesome shape, not long I think, fifty feet above the sea. I stood as a great and silent procession—anything misty enveloped in gray. Was it a phantom of my imagination I wondered? "The Kaiser Wilhelm, perhaps, I think," I heard a trembling voice exclaim. "She's a magnificent boat."

The curious, crude mists still clung around us. In the dense fog we seemed to collide! My thoughts flew back to that early morning tragedy of a short time ago, when, within sight of shore, the Empress of Ireland sank silently to a great resting place beneath the stormy cold waters of the river St. Lawrence. Brave Lawrence living and his brilliant adventurer wife! No more as we dined in the dining room boards! I saw him sing in "The Unwritten Law" and marvel and wonder at great Sir Henry Irving come back to life again. Great sob has gone to join a greater father.

The afternoon passed by and evening brought us to the shores of France. The Channel fog had lifted early and Cherbourg was in sight. A hurrying little tender hurried out, laden with passengers for the big Atlantic liner. Dear sunset off the coast of France! You made our glory and your gold!

The tender radiance of the deepening sky cast glorious shadows on a crimson sea. I lingered long upon the steerage deck, till people shadows migrated into ship and twilight descended on the shores of France.

A STOP AT QUEENSTOWN.

At length the intensest of the intensest pelled me to go down to my bed. For I was late to have that "office" scrubbed from the capacious Mary Street, Lady Oberlin lingered no longer than did I and saw the shores of her beloved France recede with no more sad "adieus."

I found my sleeping place was shared by five others, and I hastily scrambled into the topmost berth to find a veritable Jacob's pillow, my tired head rested, and I believe the dreams of Jacob must have come to me that night.

At Queenstown the next day we paused. The little town lay in the quiet harbor, and oh! the greenness of the Emerald Isle. Waves splashed against the treacherous rock-bound coast, and cautiously we awaited the outcoming tender. At Queenstown, too, I saw a curious sight—four little rowboats moored beside the great Atlantic liner, and from these, weather-beaten Irish peasant women, bent on selling Irish lace and coral at exorbitant prices to the passengers, were tied around the waist by great ropes, and slowly hauled for 30 feet aboard our mighty vessel. The first aboard, a big, dark, handsome woman, was a regular mountaineer, for with the agility of a lad on the window sills, she planted large determined feet on the side of the liner and literally walked up! Her landing on the steerage deck was scarcely graceful, for the two stalwart, freckled Irish boys who manipulated the great rope jerked it suddenly at the end. She shot amongst us head first, feet last. "Och, Mike, ye fule!" she cried amid her laughter. "The divil take ye for his own! 'Tis killed I am entoirely."

WOMEN HIGHWAY INSPECTOR HAS INTERESTING PERSONALITY

MRS. EDITH W. PIERCE

Mrs. Edith W. Pierce Extends Her Activities to Looking After Welfare of Those Needing Help.

The personality of Mrs. Edith W. Pierce is an interesting and most attractive one. She is the only woman every appointed officially as Special Inspector in the Bureau of Highways and Street Cleaning.

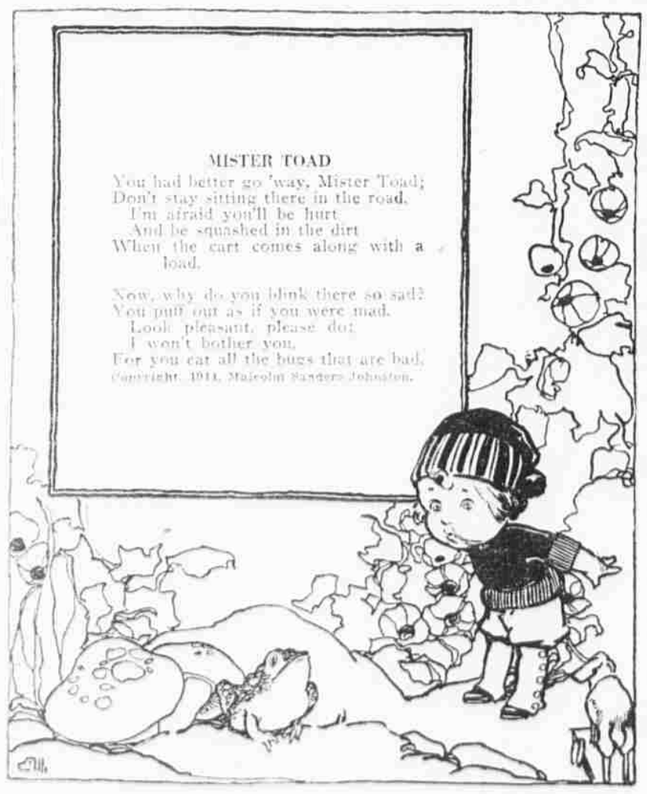
Her appointment took place in the following way. One day, about three years ago, on arriving at Broad Street Station from New York, she noticed how very dirty the streets were, and wondered if it might not be possible to do something to improve them. She discussed the matter with several persons, and finally talked it over with the Chief of the Bureau of Highways, stating that she would like to be appointed as a Special Inspector of Street Cleaning. This suggestion the chief rather welcomed. A short time later a notice was issued to the effect that a Civil Service examination would be held on a certain date for a woman Inspector of Street Cleaning, and that the woman with the highest average would be given the position.

The examination was a most difficult one, each applicant having an equal opportunity. Out of 45 contestants, Mrs. Pierce came out on top with flying colors, and at once received the appointment which, needless to say, she has in every direction filled most capably and efficiently.

Her work is preventive in character. She goes to the different schools and gives little helpful talks to the children. She visits social centres, and instructs the poorer classes on such subjects as the disposal of their garbage and other household waste.

The executive ability and indefatigable working powers of Mrs. Pierce are too well known to detail. She has a convincing way of putting an argument peculiarly her own, and a happy tactfulness which makes her ideas appeal to all classes, for she is careful of the feelings of all.

Mrs. Pierce was appointed by Director Porter to be Vice Chairman of the Philadelphia Municipal Committee of the Carnival of Safety to be held in Convention Hall, September 26, 28, 29. She has worked day and night all summer, with not an hour's vacation, in her efforts to make the affair a success. The carnival is to be held under the auspices of the city Government. Her enthusiasm has overcome obstacles that would have discouraged many a man. As one instance of her ability to accomplish things, she has succeeded in getting an appropriation through Councils of $500, needed to take care of the expenses of the exhibit.



WOMAN OF TITLE EARNS LIVING BEHIND THE COUNTER

Divorced Wife of Lord Affleck Employed in London Store.

Lady Affleck, who has divorced her husband, Sir Robert Affleck, had an interesting experience after parting with him. She decided that her financial position compelled her at once to seek a living, and, being a sensible woman with very little snobbery about her, she sought a position in a large English department store.

Her attractions, personality, knowledge of foreign languages and other excellent qualifications quickly enabled her to find an enviable position. For she became second saleswoman in the costume department of one of the largest establishments in Oxford street, London, and under the name of "Madame Julie" soon made a great reputation as a splendid useless woman.

"I had some rather amusing experiences," says she. "One day I had just concluded a sale in French with a Parisian customer, and as I turned away another customer patronizingly remarked, 'How well educated you shopgirls are nowadays! Do you attend evening classes?'"

FINDS ENCKE'S COMET AGAIN

WILLIAMS BAY, Wis., Sept. 19.—Encke's comet has been rediscovered by Prof. E. E. Barnard, of the Yerkes Observatory, on photographs, he announced yesterday. The comet's position was right ascension 3 hours 43 minutes 40 seconds, declination north 37 degrees 46 minutes.

SUFFRAGISTS PLAN MEETING

County Convention to be Held at New Century Club.

A county convention of the Woman Suffrage party will be held in this city at the New Century Club on South Thirteenth street in October. Plans for the event now are being made under the direction of Miss Lida Stokes Adams, the vice chairman. District leaders and organizers from surrounding counties will participate.

Plans also are being made for the week preceding the convention, and the party is preparing for a bazaar and dansant at the New Century Club at Christmas. The bazaar will be open afternoon and evening and an admission fee will be charged for the dances. All the money received from sales above expenses will be given to the State for its work in the coming year.

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BEFORE THE SANDMAN COMES

CAN you imagine sunset without pink and rose, without violet and blue? With no softly tinted clouds chasing over the sky and no gorgeous crimson ball dropping lower and lower towards the horizon?

Yet in some lands the sun just slips out of sight without color or glow. Listen to the story of how the beautiful sunsets came to be.

Long years ago the sun shone with all his fiery fury through the long day—all the time from sunrise till he dropped out of sight in the west. He thought that was the right way to do, you see.

One day two little cloud fairies met each other in the sky. "Isn't the sun a perfectly awful person!" said one.

"Oh, no, he isn't awful at all," said the other pleasantly, "he is merely stupid."

"Stupid!" exclaimed the first fairy in amazement; "how do you make that out?"

The second fairy chuckled softly. "That's easy! He is so very stupid he thinks he has to shine his very hottest and hardest all the day."

"Yes, but that proves how powerful he is," said the first fairy.

"Not at all," replied the other; "it merely proves he only knows how to do one thing. Now I could make the sun really famous if I had the chance I want."

"What's that? What's that?" cried the sun in his gruff, fiery voice. "Who's talking about me?"

"I am," replied the fairy bravely. "I was wishing I could make you famous."

"Make me famous," cried the sun in disgust. "Don't you know I am famous already?"

"Famous as a hot-head, fiery person maybe," replied the fairy, "but I could make you famous for your beauty and softness, your color and glow."

"Who cares about such trifles as those?" said the sun heatedly. "I dazzle the world with my fire and light—that is enough."

But he couldn't forget what the fairy had said. He thought of it all the hours. 'Beauty,' she said. I wonder what 'beauty' would be like? Would it be as great as strength?"

"You could have both," whispered the fairy, who happened by just then. "Now you have only strength, but I can tell you how to have beauty, too."

The hot old sun thought a while, then he said, "Very well, I have tried strength and it is good—give me beauty."

So the fairy called her mates and they draped the sun with shimmery clouds.

So the fairy called her mates and they draped the sun with shimmery clouds. They tinted the sky as a rainbow. They softened the hot rays to a twilight glow.

And the old sun was pleased and happy and thanked the faries for their toil.

So ever since that day the sun shows his strength at noontide and his beauty in the evening. And under his strength the trees and flowers grow, but under his beauty people love and are happy—and the old sun is still wondering which is the better.

CLARA INGRAM JUDSON.

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UNFORGETTABLE

I never learned the wonder of that lane
Drenched with the summer rain,
Where through my boyish feet were wont to pass,
Until I left for the passionate town,
Marble and iron and brass,
Filled with all laughter; yea, and filled, alas,
With life's immortal pain.
Then I beheld its magic. Then I knew
How every rosebush grew,
How every leaf rocked in the windblown noon,
Far, far away I saw it beneath the moon
On matchless nights of June,
When the untarnished silver of the sky
Poured through the boughs,
And two young lovers whispered deathless vows,
And then I heard
Each song-enraptured bird
Pipe his mad music as we wandered by.
I breathed the fragrance of the hawthorn flowers,
I drank the joy that the black cup of night
Poured for my youth's delight—
While round about me from great steeples and towers
The punctual city clocks sounded the rushing hours.
I shall go back some day
To the enchantment of that wildwood way,
I shall know once again the scent of musk
In the cool summer dusk,
And lay my head upon Night's pillow; lay
My fevered body where the blossoms sway
Against the velvet curtains of the dark,
I shall see glowworms light their little spark
In the hushed evening; hear the crickets croon,
And marvel at the moon.

—Charles Hanson Towne.

SMART WALKING SUIT OF TWEED OR HOMESPUN

AMERICAN WOMAN FORCED TO WATER GERMANS' HORSES

Civil War Veteran and Niece Have Trying Experience.

PARIS, Sept. 19.

Trying experiences befell Major Edwin Jacob Stivers, U. S. A., retired, and his niece, Miss Stivers, who were caught in the line of battle at Vaumoise, a little village about 45 miles northeast of Paris. The American Ambassador, Myron T. Herrick, learned of the major's situation and sent Lieutenant Edwin St. John Grebel, Jr., one of the young army officers attached to the embassy, in an automobile to bring the major and his niece to Paris.

Lieutenant Grebel found the American, who is in his 88th year, broken in health. The major said the British troops had been in the village August 30 and 31 and the Germans from September 1 to 10. There had been a good deal of shooting around his cottage. He painted a small American flag on a piece of board, which he nailed to the cottage, and this was usually respected. Miss Stivers, however, was made to do all kinds of work for the German soldiers, such as serving them at table, making tea and watering their horses.

All their food was taken except potatoes, and on them alone they lived for several days. Some of the last Germans to pass through, Major Stivers said, declared they had had scarcely anything to eat for three days. He says he saw them eat raw potatoes and carrots.

As all means of communications with Paris had been cut, Major Stivers was unable to send word to Ambassador Herrick. Tears came into his eyes when he saw the automobile on which was painted "In the service of the Ambassador of the United States." Within an hour he and his niece and a pet bird were on their way to Paris.

Major Stivers was born in Brooklyn, O., and distinguished himself in the Civil War. He was mentioned by General Rosecrans for conspicuous gallantry in the battle of Chickamauga. His home recently has been in Paris.

DUCHESS AND HER RED CROSS WORKERS SAIL FOR ENGLAND

Leave the Netherlands After Working Under Fire at Namur.

THE HAGUE, Sept. 19.—Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland and her Red Cross workers left for England by way of Flushing yesterday. The party had an adventurous experience during the bombardment of Namur, working in a hospital established in a convent and nursing 150 Belgian, 45 French and 8 German wounded. After the Germans captured Namur, the Belgian and French patients were removed as prisoners of war, although their condition was such that they should not have been moved, according to members of the party. The Germans took over the care of their own wounded.

Several shells exploded in the convent yard and the house in which the nurses were quartered was burned down.

The party went from Namur to Brussels, where they were placed under the control of the German military authorities. Thanks to the intervention of Brand Whitlock, the American Minister, they were permitted to leave for the Netherlands.

TAILORED SUIT A WELCOME BOON GRANTED BY FASHION

Refreshingly Simple for Outdoor Wear and Designed on Thoroughly Practical Lines.

While fashion may force us to fuss and fume over our town clothes, we can be refreshingly simple in the country, for the walking suit and the sports suit are tailor-made and are designed, first of all, on the most practical lines.

The suit in the illustration has several features that are well worth considering for their distinctive cut and style. The length of the coat, for instance, which is long enough for grace and yet short enough to walk in easily. Both tweed and homespun have the advantages of warmth without much weight, and, no doubt, they were woven with this intent.

Another point that attracts notice is the high lap, although the lapels are long and low and only two buttons are used to fasten the coat. The belt, which is at the waistline proper, is stitched to the coat and is fastened by one of these two buttons. The buttons are used to fasten the sleeves, which are severely plain, without even the cuff, or simulated cuff, which has had a long-continued vogue.

The skirt is cut with a flare for greater freedom in walking than the closely gored skirt can give, and, in addition, there are plaits that are stitched only to the knee and add several inches to its width. The stitched fold at the bottom of the skirt is a revival of the style that was once used on golf skirts, and, long, long ago, on bicycle skirts.

It gives a certain finish to a skirt and at the same time prevents any possibility of its splitting or tearing at the seams.

The hat shown in the illustration is severely simple, but the rolling brim keeps it from being hard, while the feather is placed at just the angle that gives it dash.

And here, as in so many affairs, it seems to be not so much what one does as how one does it. The difference in the position of the feather is what distinguishes the amateur milliner from the professional, while the artist is born, not made.

Although the suit shown is primarily intended for country or mountain resort, unless the signs fail, it will not be long before just such suits will be worn again as street suits in town.

For the woman of leisure the plain coat and skirt are not a matter of much importance, but for the business woman the tailor-made suit is a boon, indeed. In fact, it is the only sensible thing that can be worn in an office without getting bedraggled or untidy and in which one can go or come in street cars without appearing overdressed.

PRINCE OF WALES IS TOLD HE MUST REMAIN AT HOME

Lord Kitchener Refuses His Pleading to Go to Front.

LONDON, Sept. 19.—The Prince of Wales pleaded today with Lord Kitchener to allow him to proceed to the front, but Lord Kitchener, it is officially announced, had to refuse the Prince's request, saying that as the heir apparent had not completed his military training it was undesirable that he should at present proceed to active service.

MISS ADAMS TO SPEAK

Miss Lida Stokes Adams, vice chairman of the Woman Suffrage party of Philadelphia and vice president of the Woman Suffrage Association of Pennsylvania, will address the Ethical Culture Society, of Canton, Pa., tomorrow night on woman suffrage.

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Good Suggestions for Home Building

If you are building a home, putting up an apartment house, erecting a bungalow or cottage, laying out a country place, improving your grounds, or remodeling, enlarging or redecorating, you'll get many a practical hint from

"Indoors and Out"

This beautiful and instructive magazine will be issued as a special supplement to the Public Ledger on Tuesday, September 22d. It contains sixteen pages of sound advice to every kind of property owner and prospective builder, printed on fine coated paper and well illustrated with photographs, plans and drawings. The data for every article has been obtained from prominent architects, contractors, interior decorators and gardeners. To get this big, free supplement, place your order today for next Tuesday's

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