

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.

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 cleanliness of their snowy wings! Alone I stood upon the steersman's deck, and watched the shores of England slow recede. The ocean soon would roll between—and oh! I loved my native land! "Good-bye, good-bye, dear England," I was saying despondently, "and many waters cannot quench love!"

SEA GULLS VALUED GIFT. Down at my feet a little piece of seaweed fluttered from that seabird's beak. No olive branch borne on dove's wings could have brought a kinder message.

I have that little piece of seaweed still, and never shall I part with it. The great Atlantic liner swept along past Portsmouth and the English battle-ship, and the great cruiser's 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 into the English Channel a bell chimed loud and early dinner was announced. I went below and joined the steerage crowd. The White Star Line carries well for all, but old I shrank away from all these strange companions. On one side was a Russian Duke, unkempt, unshaven and unwashed. His matted beard and straggling wild eye gave me a vague uneasiness, and he consumed a plateful of fish and potatoes with ravenous rapidity. On the other side was a Galician woman with a tired, sad countenance, a wailing baby clinging to her lap. I think a Russian would have loved to paint her sweet Madonna face.

The steerage quarters were constructed for the accommodations of 200 souls, but a bare 200 emigrants occupied them. As soon as possible I hurried up on deck again. But what a change was there! Gone was the sunlight, gone the sparkling waves—a wall of densest fog now met my gaze. A sound, a heavy, menacing sound, as of some vast soul condemned to drift these desolate waters, was wafting from above—our fog-horn, sounding intermittently. I stood and listened in the muffled mist.

STRANGE CALL FROM FOG. A curious seerle call responded on a higher key—so near it sounded that I sharply turned to see if it were by me. But no! The deck was empty, and the cold gray fog still wrapped round me. The strange call and answering continued. I watched and waited, then on a sudden started in alarm. For from that mist some one had stepped a step, a foot, a hand, a head, a face, a figure for fifty feet above the sea. I glimpsed a great and silent procession swathing mist enshrouded all around. Was it a phantom of my weird brain, I wondered.

"The Kaiser," I heard a courtier exclaim. "She's a magnificent boat." The curious, vague alarm still clung around me. In that dense fog how easy 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 silent to her last resting place beneath the heavy calm waters of the great St. Lawrence. Poor Laurence Irving and the brilliant actress! No more we see them on the London boards! I saw him once in "The Unwritten Law," and neither had the great Sir Henry had come back to us again. Great joy has come to him a greater father.

The afternoon slipped by and evening brought us to the shores of France. The "charcoal" fog had lifted now, and the sea-burg was in sight. A beautiful little tender hurried out laden with messengers for the big Atlantic liner. Dear sunset off the coast of France, I see again your stars and your sea.

A STOP AT QUEENSTOWN. At length the steersman of the liner compelled me to go down below. But I was loath to leave that perfect scene—I think the goddess Mars must have been pleased. Increased no longer than I could see the shores and below France recedes with no more sea gulls.

I found my seagull's gift was shared by five others, and I hasten seaward into the tropical bath I own a seagull's gift. I believe the dreams of Japan must have come to me that night. At Queenstown the next day we passed the little town lay in its walled harbor, and all the streets were so clean and so safe. Waves splashed against the treacherous rock-bound coast, and cautiously we awaited the steersman's lead. At Queenstown, too, I saw a woman, a girl, four little children, a woman, a man, the great Atlantic liner, and from these, weather-beaten Irish peasant women, bent an aching Irish face and from all exorbitant prices to the passengers, were tied around the waist by great ropes, and slowly hauled for 100 feet above our ship's deck. The first found, a big, dark, handsome woman, was a regular mountaineer, for with the agility of a fly on the window pane, she planted large determined feet on the side of the liner and hurled a wicker up. Her landing on the steersman deck was so successful, for the two snub-nosed, freckled Irish boys who manipulated the great rope jerked it sidling at the end, she shot amongst his head first, feet last. "Oh, Mike, ye fool!" she cried amid her laughter. "The devil take ye for his own! 'Tis killed I am ontirely!"

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 ever 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.

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 28, 29, 30. She has worked day and night all summer, with not an hour's vacation, in her efforts to make the affair a success.

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 centers, and instructs the poorer classes on such subjects as the disposal of their garbage and other household waste.

The examination was the 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

way. She has been successful in getting an appropriation through Councils of \$500, needed to take care of the expenses of the exhibit.

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."

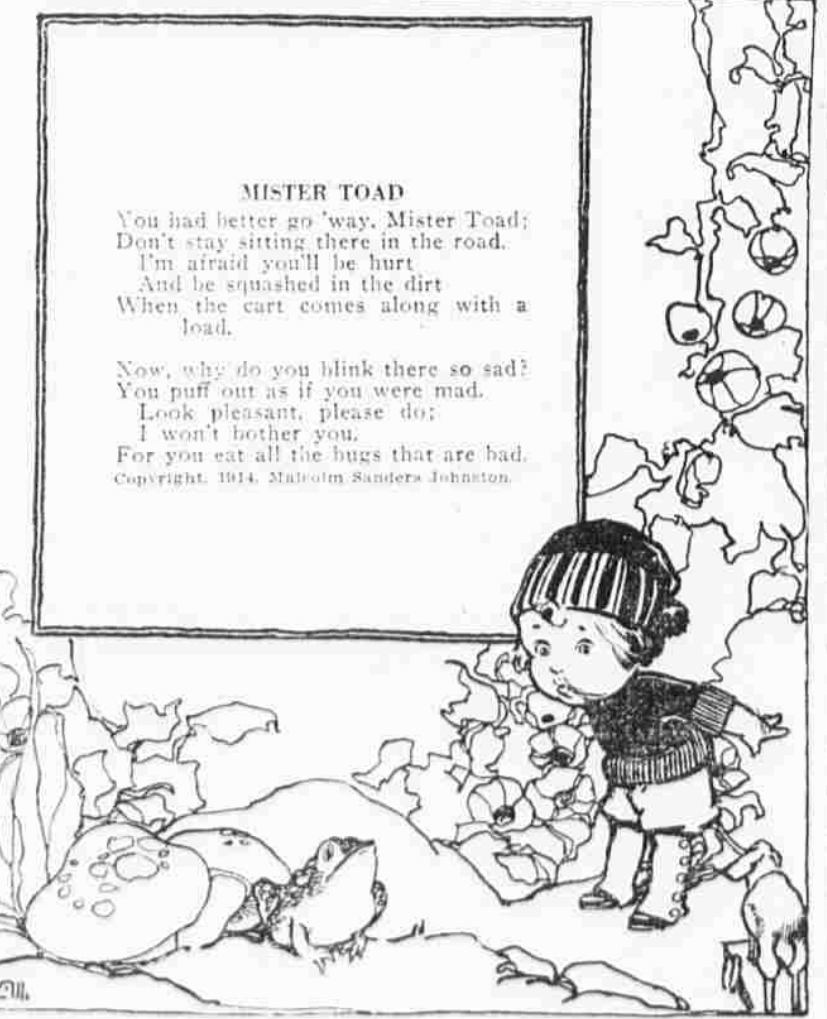
"Who cares about such trifles as those?" said the sun heatedly. "I dazzle the world with my fire and light—that is enough." "But he couldn't forget what the fairy had said. He thought of it all the hours, 'Beauty,' she said, 'I wonder what 'beauty' would be like? Would it be as great as strength?"

"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 shimmering clouds. The fairy called her mates and they draped the sun with shimmering 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 fairies 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. Copyright, 1914—Clara Ingram Judson.



MISTER TOAD

You had better go 'way, Mister Toad; Don't stay sitting there in the road. I'm afraid you'll be hurt And be squashed in the dirt When the cart comes along with a load.

Now, why do you blink there so sad? You puff out as if you were mad. Look pleasant, please do; I won't bother you. For you eat all the bugs that are bad.

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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, and on her own account, is now employed in a London store.

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 Thirtieth 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.

FINDS ENCKE'S COMET AGAIN

WILLIAMS BAY, Wis., Sept. 19.—Kirk's comet has been rediscovered by H. E. Harwood, of the Yerkes Observatory, on photographs, he announced yesterday. The comet's position was right ascension 3 hours 45 minutes 46 seconds, declination north 47 degrees 45 minutes.

Burnwell Coal

Our BURNWELL is no fiction, but a grade that does indeed burn extremely well and produces the best results in heat and economy. E. J. Cummings 4 Yards: Main Office, 413 N. 13th St.



SMART WALKING SUIT OF TWEED OR HOMESPUN

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 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 trend 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 draped 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 skirt 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 setting her ragged or untidy, and in which one can go or come in street cars without appearing overdressed.

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 Vousoise, 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 19. 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 were on their way to Paris.

Major Stivers was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., 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 German 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 Grand Whiteley, the American Minister, they were permitted to leave for the Netherlands.

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.

DANCING. MARTEL'S, 1710 N. BROAD. Popular Saturday Dance Tonight. LATEST DANCES. SOCIABLE EVERY FRIDAY EVENING. PRIVATE LESSONS DAILY.—Call of "The Public Ledger."

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

Advertisement for Grossman's Fall Opening. Text: Ask the Woman who wears a Grossman Suit. GROSSMAN'S FALL OPENING. In our spacious new quarters you will find the charming Grossman Suits for Autumn. We invite you to see—and select. Grossman Suits this season will be more perfect in style, design and fit than ever before. All our imported cloths arrived before the war. And Mr. Grossman, a master-tailor and master-designer, is now with us as head-fitter. As a special introduction to our new quarters, and an inducement to have you come and see us here, we offer Suit or Top Coat made of Imported fabric—\$30 to \$40 for \$15 and \$20 value. We guarantee all garments to be perfect in fit and to give entire satisfaction. GROSSMAN THE LADIES' TAILOR 1307-9-11 Market Street ELEVATOR ENTRANCE—1307