

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 waves marking in the sand. The sea gulls circled round and round with strange and curious cries, and off the freshness and the utter cleanliness 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! "Good-bye, good-bye, 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 tea-dimmed eyes a solitary sea gull came to me, and in her beak I saw something strange. I am not superstitious, but my heart stood still, and breathlessly I watched her. Oh, thrill of promise on the water, bearing a token of returning hope! Above my head she circled high over that grim, stained and smoky air as the dethroned clouds above, and uttering strange cries of farewell at the zone she saw. "Poor, poor, earth-stained men and women on the steerage deck," the sea gull cried, "nature is so clean and fresh and young. You, too, can live as fresh and clean and young as I. Look no through nature into nature's God, for you have immortality!"

SEA GULLS VALUED GIFT Down at my feet a little piece of seaweed fluttered from that exalted's beak. No olive branch borne on dove's wings could have brought a kinder 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 of my love!" I have that little piece of seaweed still, and never shall I part with it. The great Atlantic fleet swept along past Portsmouth on the English battleships, Austers, and proud the cruisers looked that July morning in their dirty drab. About them hung a certain faint, lingering air of stillness, the calm before the coming world-wide storm. Down past the side of what we quickly called the "Great Eastern," the "Great Eastern" was a beautiful sight, and early dinner was announced. I went below and joined the other women. The White Star Line carries well for all but the "Great Eastern" from all these strange companions. On one side was a Russian Pole, unkempt, unshaven and unwashed. His matted beard and strange wild eyes gave me a shudder, and I could not help but stare at him with reverent timidity. On the other side was a girl with a face that was a picture of beauty, and a countenance, a smiling countenance that seemed to be looking at me from the depths of her eyes. I had never seen a face so beautiful as hers. She had been to paint her sweet Madonna face.

The steerage quarters were constructed for the accommodation of a large number of emigrants, and were divided into several compartments. As soon as possible I hurried up on deck again. But what a change was there! Gone was the stinging rain, and in its place a soft, warm, sun-drenched air. The sea was calm, and the sky was blue. I looked at my watch, and found that it was only ten o'clock. I had been on deck for only an hour, and yet it seemed as if I had been there for a lifetime. I looked at the sea, and saw that it was now a deep, dark blue. I looked at the sky, and saw that it was now a clear, bright blue. I looked at the sun, and saw that it was now a bright, golden orb. I looked at the clouds, and saw that they were now a soft, white mass. I looked at the water, and saw that it was now a deep, dark blue. I looked at the sky, and saw that it was now a clear, bright blue. I looked at the sun, and saw that it was now a bright, golden orb. I looked at the clouds, and saw that they were now a soft, white mass. I looked at the water, and saw that it was now a deep, dark blue.

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. 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 was a most difficult one to carry out, as it required the approval of the Board of Public Works. After several months of waiting, she was finally appointed to the position. She has since been very busy, and has done much to improve the streets of Philadelphia.

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 ruff, 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 will try strength and it is good—give me beauty." So 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, and under his beauty people love and are happy—and the old sun is still wonderful, which is the better.



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 Valenciennes, 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 84th year, broken in health. The major said the British troops had been in the village August 29 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.

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.

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 war 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.

MISTER TOAD You had better go away, 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 think 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. Copyright, 1911, Malcolm Sanders Johnson.

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; yes, and filled, alas, With life's immortal pain. Then I beheld its magic. Then I knew How every roselush grew, How every leaf rocked in the wind-blown 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. 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. Lay my head upon Night's pillow; My fevered body where the blossoms sway. Against the velvet curtains of the dark, I shall see glowworms light their little sparks. In the hushed evening; hear the crickets croon, And marvel at the moon. —Charles Hanson Towne.

WOMAN OF TITLE EARNS LIVING BEHIND THE COUNTER

Divorced Wife of Lord Affleck Employed in London Store. Lord Affleck, who has divorced his wife, Mrs. Affleck, has an interesting experience after parting with her. She is now employed in a London store, and has found that she can earn a good living behind the counter. She has been very successful in her new position, and has been able to support herself and her children. She has also been able to help her children with their education. She has found that she is very capable and hardworking, and has been able to make a good living for herself and her family.

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 party preceding the convention, and the party is preparing for a banquet and dance at the New Century Club, at Christmas. The banquet will be open to all women, and the dance will be for the benefit of the party. All the money raised from sales above expenses will be given to the State for its work in the coming year.

FINDS ENCKE'S COMET AGAIN

WILLIAMS BAY, W.V., Sept. 18.—A comet has been rediscovered by Prof. H. E. Barnard, of the Virginia Observatory, an astronomer, he announced yesterday. The comet's position was 200 degrees 30 minutes 30 seconds, declination north 22 degrees 55 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.

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 incentive 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

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

PUBLIC LEDGER