ELLEN ADAIR MEETS ABOARD SHIP ONE OF NATURE'S COURTIERS

Lonely Scotchman From the Island of Islay Confides in English Girl Tale of His Home.

The rise and dreadful fall of the Atlantic Ocean! Why, I think that compared with it the rise and fall of the Roman Empire itself must have been the merest trifle. One sits upon the deck and sees the strange gymnastics of the sea. For up, up up the ocean surges till one thinks the boat must swamp. Then down, down the racing waters fly, while long and shuddering vibrations shake the ship from stem to stern. A certain very human analogy might easily certain very human analogy might easily be drawn just here, but there are times when, even for the embellishing of a tale, a parallel had best be left alone. Let it suffice to say that mal-de-mer has never troubled me. My cabinmates were all laid low, a melancholy band. Between the paraxysms I know they prayed that we might hit the bottom. For after leaving Queenstown on the second day, when evening came we met the great Atlantic rollers. We pluched and rolled but oh! I loved the white

second day, when evening came we met the great Atlantic rollers. We pitched and rolled, but oh! I loved the white foam and the blinding spray! The steerage deck that was so gay was now like a deserted battleffeld. With lowered flag and pale green look, the would-be conquerors of the sea had fled below. I sat alone and meditated on the van-quished herces. A lowering sky gloomed on that

A lowering sky gloomed on that threatening sea. The forward first-class deck was quite deserted, too; behind me and above on the second-class, a few adventurous souls were cautiously pacage I was all alone.

Above the loud vibrations of the screw

Above the loud vibrations of the screw I heard a sudden melody, clear and distinct. The voice was nearby: the voice was a man's, a deep rich baritone, and the air was strangely familiar. Where had I heard that wild strange air before? I listened intently, "Lechaber no more to Lechaber no more I shall maybe return to Lechaber no more. The liquid notes were full of a yearning sadness. Where, ob, where, had I once heard that lovely melody?

A SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

The present scene now slowly faded, and in its place I saw the great Trafalgar Square of London as it looked one sum-mer afternoon long years ago. A long, sad procession of soldiers slowly followed a single gun-carriage bearing something draped over with one great flag, the Union Jack—and on that flag there rested a solitary sworl and helmet. The sun a solitary sword and believe. The sun shone on that long line of kilted Scottish

soldiers and glanced on every gleaming helmet. It was that great regiment of the race, the Gordon Highlanders, the the race, the Grand Inghanders, the brayest and the finest fighting men that Britain ever owned. With their mag-nificent physique, each man a giant and a hero, they slowly swing along, as if it were the heather of their native hills and glens they trod, and not the grimy asphalt of the London streets.

Two pipers in the Gordon kilt and tar-

his last long resting place.

"Farawell to Lochaber, Lochaber no more, I shall maybe return to Lochaber no more."

The riderless charger who was slowly

homespun, patched and darned. He had the shabblest, set the grandest air-for he was one of Nature's Sentlemen. A courther might well have envied the gallant sge rail, an way he howed and doffed his threadhare upon his ha

district?

He shook his head. "I am an Islay man," said he, "and going out beyond the seas to make a fortune. But Islay will be calling all the time?"

"The Island of Falay." I said, "does it not lie out in the Hebrides of Scotland." He nodded slowly, and his face, young wonderfully handsome, it up with a new glow and a remembrance. It was the face of a dreamer, a seer, and on it was the clear prophetly gaze peculiar to the sea-girt Highlanders of Scotland. They live so close to Nature that they have a "second signt"—and Nature is their only "medium."

"Tis lonely I was feeling in this place."

By MALCOLM S. JOHNSTON.

I am mad at you, bad Mister Wind, For the web that the spider had spinned:

You twisted and tore,
And she'll have to once more.

Fix the ends she had carefully pinned.

And I wish I could whistle like you, and could play everywhere as you do:
And you don't go to sleep.

When the little stars peep.

By MALCOLM S. JOHNSTON.

unid he, "and so I sang my saddest song all the time I will be thinking that twas (Copyright.)



BEFORE THE

claimed his companion.

SANDMAN COMES

SOMETIMES I feel very like a fairy," said a little goldrish. He

in the big glass bowl of water and elegantly nibbled a bit of fish food.

heard of such a creature as you are. You always pretend something or

feel as if you are something won-derful!

"Now, you know perfectly well that you are a goldfish and that you are shut up solidly in this tiny bowl, so

The first goldfish, whose name, by

the way, was Dream, softly nosed the top of the water, then darted down

and swam around the bottom of the

bowl before he quite made up his mind

and so dainty and filmy that it seemed at times to have no more substance

than a dream-that was the way Dream got his name, you see.

seemed especially good at remember-

owl and this silly little piece of coral

"Dear me," exclaimed Dream, "what

want to dart through that lovely cas-tle of coral and stones we had there!" He talked so vigorously that he quite panted for breath, and Dream

what is the use of pretending?"

what to reply

in the bottom!

"I don't! I feel like a fish!" ex-aimed his companion. "I never

swished his tail round and round

Just the sea-mews heard: But now I see I had another listener. You are a leddy. I'm a crofter's son. But 'tis the kindest eyes you have—I'm thinking they are like the mountain tarns among the peats the season of the peats and the season of the peats in the season of the se like the mountain tarns among the peats of Islay-or those deep pools the sea will leave among the rocks." "Telt me about Islay, please," said I

THE TALE OF ISLAY

"The finest place on earth," said he "And 'tis the finest view in Scotland from our shieling. The roof is only from our shieling. The roof is only thatch, you know, but then that means the birds nest there! All day my mother sits and spins, while I work in the fields or at the fishing. She has no English,

just the Gaelle.
"You sing so well." I said again.
"The a ferry poor hand I will be at the singing." said he modestly, "but everything sings all day long in Islay. The sea sings on the rocks, and after rainy lights the burs in seate are singing. nights the burns in spate are singing down the hillsides. 'Tis brooks in flood you will be calling them, but we say burns in spate—and then the sea-mews and the curlews always call, and in the woods the pinctrees and the birches sing -and in the fields the reapers sing all

Two pipers in the Gordon kilt and tartan headed that sad procession, and from their pipes a real old Highland Lament rang through Trafalgar Square. For a Highland officer and a gentleman was being borne on that quiet gun-carriage to his last long resting place. pines. At night the curiows call among its reeds-and in the long deep heather, grouse and ptarmigan are hid. We have The riderless charger who was slowly led beside that quiet gun-carriage neighed in an eerle, heart-broken fashion I know he understood his empty saddle, and mourned his master with a mourning regiment. Dear fortion Highlanders! A soldler's funeral is the saidest sight. The singer on the steerage deck now came in view, a full broad-shouldered youth. His clothes were of the roughest.

in view, a tail, broad-shouldered lis clothes were of the roughest I said again.

"To my dring day:" said he fervently, oun, patched and durned. He had abbiest, yet the grandest air—for he showing it." He leaned against the steer's look.

age rail, and I saw again the seer's look upon his handsome face. cap, as if I were a princess, he a prince. "From the lone shieling and the misty

By MALCOLM S. JOHNSTON



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HOME-KNITTED COAT **SWEATERS TO MEET** SCARCITY OF TOGS

War May Have Serious Effect on the Price of Outof-door Garments for Chil-

VE of the first considerations for out-of-doors garments for children is warmth without undue weight. It is in this particular that the sweater coat excels, and while it is not suitable for state or festive occasions, it is an admirable garment for play or everyday wear, and distinctly picturesque into the bargain.

Today's illustration shows a sweater coat of champagne-colored silk, fastened with knitted buttons of the same color, and tied with a sash ending in tassels. The cap exactly matches the sweater in color, weave and trimming, as there

is a button on one side and a tassel on

the other. It is an excellent model, either for purchase or for home manufacture. It has been designed on the most simple lines, and the sweater was never meant to be

ornate, although it sometimes is. It is knitted with the regulation stitch. but the sash prevents it from looking either plain or severe.

Any one at all skilled in knitting would

find it an easy model to copy. There are several grades of wool that could be substituted for the silk, and any color, either light or dark, could be chosen in the place of the champagne color of the Illustration.

Although it is early in the year to speak of Christmas, the rumor has started, and keeps on growing, that there will be a dearth of toys and playthings this year.

Some of the toy shops and department stores that make a showing of such things received their supplies from Europe before the war broke out.

They are probably in the minority. If the prices go up in proportion to the scarcity of the articles it will make rough sledding for many householders. It is commonly said that the number

of children is in reverse ratio to the worldly goods of the parents, which may be the law of compensation manifesting itself obscurely. But if the prices of toys are prohibitive the children must not go without gifts. A gay-colored cap and sweater would

delight the heart of any child, and it is surprising how quickly they reach completion when they are started and worked on in the odd moments that otherwise might pass with nothing to show. And, furthermore, knitting is recom-

ended by physicians as a sedative to

"Of course all that you say is true, partner," he finally said, "but why talk about it? Why not forget it?"
Now, Dream's partner in the fish bowl was named Really Truly bewaited a minute to be sure that he was through. He wasn't!
"And I don't like this room," he went on. "I want the children to cause he had such a really truly little short tail. So short it seemed as if it couldn't possibly belong to a goldfish. Dream's tail was large and "spready"

stand around and watch us as they used to—so there!"

Dream looked pretty solemn; you see, he liked all those things, too. And even a goldfish's troubles sound pretty dreadful if they are said right out all together that way! Then he remember how foolish it

Really Truly couldn't forget things as Dream did, and if anything unpleasant or disagreeable happened he about things one can't have. "I suppose that's all true," he aning that
"Oh, I can't forget it," he answered
Dream. "I hate this little bit of a

swered Really Truly, and then he added calmly, "but you see I don't stay a goldfish long."
"No?" exclaimed Really Truly,
"No, I don't," replied Dream, con-

From the lone shelling and the misty words all one he was a Highlander. "Madame," said he and I how that words did not come easily to nim in the English, "we are companionless, and one English, "we are companionless, and one to talk with ron. The bottom time to talk with ron. The bottom time of us is ferry homesick—it will be honoring me to talk with ron. The best of the heart is true, the heart is true and the mistry "I want to be back at the store where I came from. I want to swim in that hig tank where I didn't have to turn around every minute and I want to dart through that lovely castle of coral and stones we had there!"

MISTER WIND

MISTER WIND

By MALCOLM 8, JOHNSTON.

"No, I don't," replied Dream, contended you want?

"I want to be back at the store where I came from. I want to swim in that hig tank where I didn't have to turn around every minute and I want to dart through that lovely castle of coral and stones we had there!"

He talked so vigorously that he

comorrow-The Little Red Crayon.

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George Allen, Inc.

1214 Chestnut Street

Fall and Winter

Opening

OF MILLINERY

SILKS, LACES

AND TRIMMINGS

MRS. IMOGENE B. OAKLEY Philadelphia woman commends the French people for their calm during the trying days of the mobilization.

Gladstone, Eleventh and Pine streets. Pay for it. "I want to tell you this specially," said Mrs. Imogen B. Oakley cheerfully re- Mrs. Oakley in her eager, vivacious way; counted her European experiences, for she has just returned from France, and glad she is to be at home again. Accom-panied by Miss Ella Robb, secretary of pany's checks, saying that they knew panied by Miss Elia Robb, secretary of the Civic Club in this city, Mrs. Oakley sailed for the shores of Brittany early in July, where she spent one happy month,

and then proceeded on to Tours. On her

CIVIC ASSOCIATION WORKER

arrival she was greeted with vague news of the war, but did not feel unduly alarmed. However, the seriousness of the position for Americans abroad was brought sharp home to her on the following morn-g. On going out to get some checks cashed she discovered, ruefully, that not a soul would cash them. The French landlady proved a good friend in trouble:

she immediately said, "Madame will stay as long as she likes and will pay me next year." Indeed, to stay in Tours was the only possible thing to do, for all the trains were used for mobilization pur-poses, and even had she had the money Mrs. Oakley could not have left.

The daughter of the late George F. Baer

was in a like predicament at Tours, and was also forced to stay. For two weeks she had to do without her favorite after-

In her charming apartment at the noon cup of tea, since she was unable to

TELLS FRENCH EXPERIENCES

"the American Express Company was the first one that cashed our checks, and when it did, it paid in full. All the they would be paid in a few months. "We were se desperately anxious to e the chateau in the valley of the bire," continued Mrs. Oakley, "yet it looked as if our chances of doing so were slim. We could not even afford to send a postcard home to say where we were;

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W.A.Bender READING TERMINAL MARKET

we had no money. Then a delightful thing happened for us. A man from Brooklyn, who was touring in his auto, burst a tire, and was forced to stay in Tours, for he, too, had no money. At the end of two weeks, my friend and I the end of two weeks, my friend and I got some money through the American Express Company, but this unfortunate man had a Brown-Shipley letter of credit, and could not get it cashed. He came to us and said that if we would give him money to mend his tire, he would motor us around the chateau. Needless to say, we heartily agreed.

"The Loire is too beautiful for words," said Mrs. Oakley. "You know it is called the 'Garden of France.' Crop after crop of strawberries appears there in a single season, for the climate is so equable and delightful that everything grows rapidly,
"At Chanonceaux a melancholy French
woman, whose husband had just left for the war, showed us round the old chateau. 'Mon mar! est alle a la guerre!' was her one cry, while tears kept run-ning down her cheeks. She could not even explain a picture to us, as the tears kept trickling down her nose, and it was so infectious that we joined in, too.

'At the end of August we left for Mar-

At the end of August we lett for Marssellies, to catch the first chance of getting a good steamer home," continued Mrs. Oakley. "We had a dreadful journey down for two days—only a stale sandwich or two to eat, and sitting bolt upright night and day. At midnight once we got out for a four hours' wait at a little station called Chasse. 'You cannot little station called Chasse. 'You cannot sit in the first-class waiting-room, for it is for the officers,' said the stationmaster to me. 'I have a first-class ticket, and here I stay,' I said decidedly. 'I shall be glad to have the officers join us. Show them in.' But no, he insisted, we must get out. He threatened; he implored. 'No, I will not go sit third class,' said I. These officers would not come in, but peered at intervals through the window! "I wish to say," concluded Mrs. Oakley,
"I wish to say," concluded Mrs. Oakley,
"how very much I admired the calm selfcontrol on the part of the French soldiers
and people; not the slightest sign of boasting, nor hysteria, nor vain talk was there. All was done quickly, silently and methodically."

This winter Mrs. Oakley intends to continue her efforts in abating city noises, and in her prominent position on the American Civic Association will doubtless have a busy and a useful time.

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.

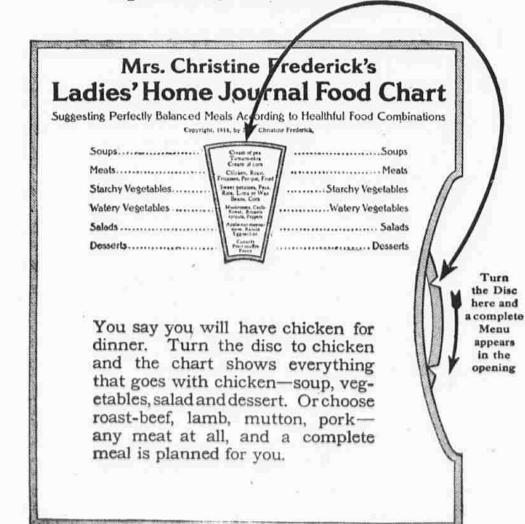


and the Tea House at 214 South Fifteenth St.

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