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

HOME-KNITTED COAT

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.

VII.

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 triffe. One sits upon the deck and sees the strange gymnastics of the sea. For up, up, up the ocean surges till one thinks the heat must swamp. Then down, down the racing waters fly, while long and shuddering vibrations shake the ship from stem to stern. A certain very luming 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 cablimnates were all laid low, a melancholy band. Between the paroxysms I know they prayed that we might hit the bottom.

For after leaving Quientiown on the second day, when evening came we met the great Atlander rollers. We pitched and rolled, but oh! I loved the white feam and the binding apray! The steerage deck that was re gay was now like a deserted battlefield, With lowered flax and pale green look, the would-be flax and pale green look, the would-be down, down, down the racing waters fly,

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 threatening sen. The forward first-class deck was quite descrited, too; behind me and above on the second-class, a few adventurous souls were cautiously pacing the rolling deck. But in the steer-

age I was all alone.

Above the loud vibrations of the screw I heard a sudden melody, clear and distinct. The voice was nearby; the voice was n man's, a deep rich baritone, and the air was strangely familiar. Where had I heard that wild strange air before? I listened intently.

"Lochaber to more O. Lochaber no more," I shall maybe return to Lochaber no more, "The liquid notes were full of a yearning sadness. Where, oh, 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 summer afternoon long years ago. A long, sad procession of soldiers slowly followed a single gun-carriage bearing something a single gun-carriage bearing romething draped over with one great flag, the Union Jack-and on that flag there rested a solltary sword and helmet. The sun ahone on that long line of killed Scottish soldiers and glanced on every sleaming helmet. It was that great regiment of the race, the Gordon Highlanders, the bravest and the finest fighting men that Britain ever owned. With their maginfleent physique, each man a glant and a liero, they slowly swung plong, as if it were the heather of their ngitive hills and glens they trod, and not the grimy asphalt of the Landon streets.

Two pipers in the Gordon kilt and tar-

The singer on the steerage dock now came in view, a tall, broad-shouldered youth. His clothes were of the roughest homespun, patched and darned. He had the shabblest, yet the grandest air-for he was one of Nature's gentlemen, A courtier might well have envied the galant way he howed and doffed his threadonre can as if I were a princes, he a prince. I knew at once he was a Highlander.

"Madame," said he, and I knew that Munitains divide us, and a world of Mountains divide us, and a world of

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 Islay." I said. "does it not lie out in the Hebrides of Scotland".

Le notice of the state of the state of the said.

He nodded slowly, and his face, young, wonderfully handsome. It was the face of a dreamer, a seer, and on it was the clear prophetic gaze peculiar to the cear prophetic gaze peculiar to the cear prophetic gaze peculiar to the sea-girt Hishlanders of Scotland. They live so close to Nature that they have a "second sight"—and Nature is their only "medium."

"Tis lonely I was feeling in this place," But can play all the day and night, and he first the little stars peep.

But can play all the day and night, too.

(Contrigat.)



just the sea-mews heard! But now I see I had another listener. You are a leddy.
I'm a crofter's son. But 'is the kindest
eyes you have—I'm thinking they are
like the mountain tarns among the pears
of lalay—or those deep pools the sea will
leave around the reals. leave among the rocks."
"Tell 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 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, but the Gaelle.

or at the fishing. She has no sagish, just the Gacilic.
"You sing so well." I said asain.
"Tis a ferry poor hand I will be at the singing." said he modestly, "but everything sings all day long in Islaw. The sen sings on the rocks, and after rainy nights the burns in spate are singing down the hillsides. "Tis brooks in food you will be calling them, but we say burns in spate—and then the sea-ments." ourns in spute-and then the sea-mews and the curiews always call, and in the woods the pinetrees 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 Traksian Source. For a Highland officer and a gentleman was being borne on that quiet gun-carriage to his last long resting place.

"Enrewell to Lockaher, Lockaher no more, I shall marbe return to Lockaher no more. The riderless charger who was slowly led beside that quiet gun-carriage neighbor. I know he understood his empty saddle, and mourned his master with a mourning regiment. Dear Gordon Highlanders! A soldler's funeral is the saldest sight.

The singer on the steerage deck now came in view, a tall, broad-shouldered youth. His clothes were of the roughest homespun, patched and darned. He had the sald sald.

To my doing day!" said he respect sing all day."

"But Islay is a lonely place, a sort of lingdom in the seal?" I said.

"Tis just a kingdom and we all are lings, said he "For all the moors and bills and gleen are ours. But never lonely! I know he little lockan in the long deep houlier, too, the great and parmigan are hid. We have not read the change and parmigan are hid. We have not regiment to be about a really truly little place.

"The riderless charger who was slowly led beside that quiet gun-carriage to his last long resting place."

"The riderless charger who was slowly led beside that quiet gun-carriage to his last long resting place.

"The riderless charger who was slowly led beside that you say is true. Place and the moors and the moors and the moors and the curlews call amount its reed-and in the long deep houlier, too, the great should be about it? Why not forget it?

Now, Dream's partner in the fish bowl was named Really Truly because lie had such a really truly little place.

"The fidence is charged who was slowly like about it? Why not forget lings, said he "For all the moors and the moors and the fish in the long and the moors and the lockan in the length of the lings, said he "For all the moors and the moors and the moors and the fish about it? Why not forget

For the web that the spider had spinned;

You twisted and tore,

BEFORE THE SANDMAN COMES

SOMETIMES I feel very like a fairy," said a little goldfish. He swished his tail round and round the big glass bowl of water and elegantly nibbled a bit of fish food.

"I don't! I feel like a fish!" exclaimed his companion. 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 what is the use of pretending?"

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 what to reply.

as Dream did, and if anything unpleasant or disagreeable happeized he seemed especially good at remembering that.

"Oh, I can't forget it," he answered Dream. "I hate this little bit of a bowl and this silly little piece of coral in the bottom!"

"Dear me," exclaimed Dream, "what do you want?"

"I want to be back at the store of think about things one can't have.

"I suppose that's all true," he answered 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, contentedly. "A few minutes ago I was a cloud in a make-believe sky. Just now I am a fairy queen dressed for

SWEATERS TO MEET SCARCITY OF TOGS

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

NE 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

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

It is an excellent model, either for pur chase 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 will be a dearth of toys and playthings

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 com-pletion when they are started and worked on in the odd moments that otherwise aight pass with nothing to show.

And, furthermore, knitting is recommended by physicians as a sedative to

waited a minute to be sure that he was through. He wasn't! "And I don't like this room," he ent on. "I want the children to went on. stand around and watch us as they

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 is to worry about troubles or to think shout things one can't have

Takew at once he was a Highlander.

"Madame," said he and I knew that words did not come easily to bin in the goal.

Solution of us is ferry homesick—it will be honoring me to talk with you. The better used I am to speak the Gaelle.

"I have enjoyed your song," I said.

"I have enjoyed your song," I said.

"And do you come from the Lochaber district."

"MISTER WIND

By MALCOLM S. JOHNSTON

He shook his head. "I am an Islay I am mad at you, had Mister Wind.

"I want to be back at the store where I didn't have to turn around every minute and I want to swim in that big 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 duite panted for breath, and Dream

Tomorrow—The Little Red Crayon.

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

CIVIC ASSOCIATION WORKER TELLS FRENCH EXPERIENCES

In her charming apartment at the noon cup of tea, since she was unable to Gladstone, Eleventh and Pine streets, "I want to tell you this specially," said

started, and keeps on growing, that there | she has just returned from France, and glad she is to be at home again. Accompanied by Miss Ella Robb, secretary of the Civic Clab in this city, Mrs. Oakley sailed for the sheres of Brittany early in July, where she spent one happy month. and then proceeded on to Tours. On her arrival she was greeted with vague news of the war, but did not feel unduly

> However, the seriousness of the position for Americans abroad was brought sharp-ly home to her on the following morning. On going out to get some checks cashed she discovered, ruefully, that not a soul would cash then. 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 cashes provided that the said of the stay in the said of the said next year. Indeed, to stay in fours was the only possible thing to do, for all the trains were used for mobilization purposes, and even had she had the money Mra 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-

Mrs. Imogen B. Oakley cheerfully re-counted her European experiences, for she has just returned from France, and when it did, it paid in full. All the hotels took the American Express Com-pany's checks, saying that they knew they would be paid in a few months.

"We were so desperately anxious to see the chateau in the valley of the Loire," 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 heartly agreed. 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 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 mari est alle a la guerre!' was her one cry, while tears kept running down her cheeks. She could not even explain a picture to us, as the tears kept trickling down her nose, and it was trickling down her nose, and it was kept trickling down her nose, and it was

even explain a picture to us, as the team kept trickling down her nose, and it was so infectious that we joined in, too.

"At the end of August we left for Marseilles, 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 boit upright night and day. At midnight ones we got out for a four hours' wait at a 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! peered at intervals through the window!
"I wish to say," concluded Mrs. Oakley,
"how very much I admired the calm selfcontrol on the part of the French soldlers 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 to the state of the state o

tinue 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 sho addressed to the Woman's Editor



and the Tea House at 214 South Fifteenth St.

will reopen for the season Tuesday, September 22. The service will in-clude luncheon, afternoon tea, informal suppers or dinners. Meals served to those living in apartments, Rooms reserved for special lunch-

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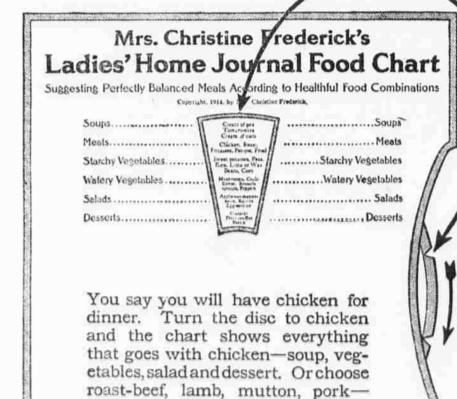
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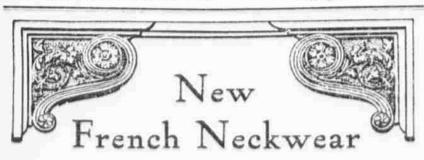
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