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

### **ELLEN ADAIR MEETS** ABOARD SHIP ONE OF **NATURE'S COURTIERS**

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

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, down the racing waters fly, while long and shuddering vibrations shake the ship from stem to stern. A 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

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 paroxysms I know they prayed that we might hit the bottom.

For after leaving Queenstewn on the 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 battlefield. With lowered flag and pale green look, the would-be flag and pale green look, the would-be conquerors of the sea had fled below. I sat alone and meditated on the vanquished heroes.

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 pacing the rolling deck. But in the steerge I was all alone

Above the loud vibrations of the screw heard a sudden melody, clear and dis-inct. 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 be-fore? I listened intently,

"Lochaber no 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-carringe bearing something draped over with one great flag, the Union Jack—and on that flag there rested a solitary sword and helmet. The sun shone on that long line of killed Scottish 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 mag-nificent physique, each man a glant and a hero, they slowly swung along, as if it were the heather of their native hills and glens they trod, and not the grimy aschalt of the London streets.

phalt of the London streets.

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. his last long resting place.

"Farewell to Lochaber, Lochaber no more," shall maybe return to Lochaber no more." The riderless charger who was slowly led beside that quiet gun-carriage neighed in an eeric, heart-broken fashion. I know he understood his empty saddle, and mourned his master with a mourning regiment. Dear Gordon Highlanders! A soldier's funeral is the saidest sight. The singer on the steerage deck now

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 gallant way he bowed and doffed his threadbare cap, as if I were a princes, he a prince. I knew at once he was a Highlander. "Madame," said he and I knew that words did not come ensity to him in the English, "we are companionless, and one of us is ferry homesick—it will be honoring me to talk with rou. This letter used I am to speak the Gaelle."

"I have enjoyed your song," I said. "And do you come from the Lochaber district."

"And do you come from the Lochaber district."

"To my dving day!" said he fervently, "aid he fervently, the said he fervently, and the steer's look upon his handsome face.

"From the lone shieling and the misty island. "Dear me," exclaimed Dream, "what do you want?"

"I want to be back at the store where I came from. 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 nomespun, patched and darned. He had

district."

He shock his head, "I am an Islay man," said he, "and going out beyond the sens 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."

He nodded slowly, and his face, young, wonderfully handsome, lit up with a new glow and a remembrance. It was the face of a dreamer, a seer, and on it was the clear prophetic gaze peculiar to the sea-girt Highlanders 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."

"Tis lonely I was feeling in this place."

said he, "and so I sang my saddest song
—all the time I will be thinking that 'twas



BEFORE THE

claimed his companion.

what is the use of pretending?"

derful!

what to reply.

You always pretend something or

The first goldfish, whose name, by

than a dream-that was the way

seemed especially good at remember-

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

Dream got his name, you see.

as if you are something won-

SANDMAN COMES

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 of Islay-or those deep pools the sea will 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." just the Gaelic.

just the Gaelic.
"You sing so well." I said again.
"Tis 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 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

"Hut Islav is a lonely place, a sort of kingdom in the sea?" I said.
"'Tis just a kingdom and we all are kings," said he "For all the moors and bills and giens are ours. But never lonely! I know a little lochan in the prince. lonely! I know a little lochen in the place. At night the curiews call among its reeds—and in the long deep heather, grouse and ptarmigan are hid. We have our Highland chieftain, too, the great MacDonald of the Isles—the King's own friend he is—and at the Oban Games last year he was a judge. I tossed the caber at these games last year—a heavy pine it was—and Cameron of Lochiel with the Duke of Argyll were judging, too, but Lord MacDonald gave the prize to me."

"You love your island in the Hebrides." I said again.

said hgain "To my dwing day!" said he fervently, "and 'tis this verse of poetry will be showing it." He leaned against the steer-

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

But can play all the day and night,

(Copyright.)

When the little stars peep,



HAND-EMBROIDERY AND REAL LACE

ROLLING COLLARS-plain white or in the daring, semi-barbaric colorings now used with such charming effect.

VESTEES with the "touch"-great variety. FRENCH GUIMPES with military collars.

The New Bedouin Scarf

Distinctly clever styles and many of them.

Special

Wonderful line of Rolling Collars at 50c. Made in

I-B-SHEPPARD & SONS 1008 CHESTNUT STREET

## HOME-KNITTED COAT **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 the other.

It is an excellent model, either for pur-

chase or for home manufacture. It has been designed on the most simple lines, and the aweater 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.

SOMETIMES I feel very like a fairy," said a little goldfish. He They are probably in the minority. If swished his tail round and round in the big glass bowl of water and elegantly nibbled a bit of fish food. the prices go up in proportion to the scarcity of the articles it will make "I don't! I feel like a fish!" ex-laimed his companion. "I never rough sledding for many householders. It is commonly said that the number

heard of such a creature as you are. 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 "Now, you know perfectly well that you are a goldfish and that you are shut up solidly in this tiny bowl, so 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 the way, was Dream, softly nosed the top of the water, then darted down surprising how quickly they reach com-pletion when they are started and worked on in the odd moments that otherwise swam around the bottom of the might pass with nothing to show.
And, furthermore, knitting is recomhowl before he quite made up his mind mended 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

"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 because 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" and so dainty and filmy that it seemed at times to have no more substance "I want the children to stand around and watch us as they used to-so there!" at times to have no more substance

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

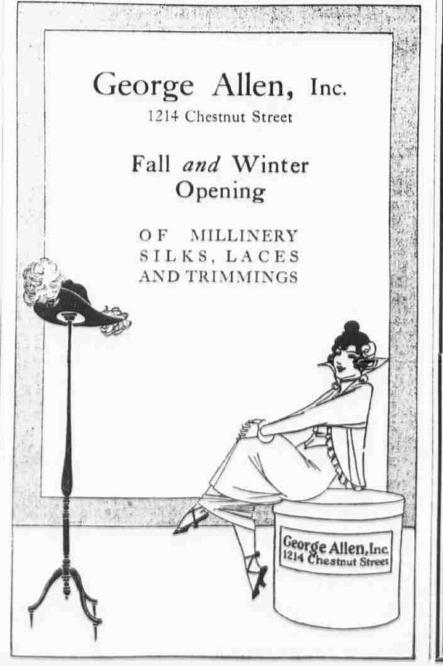
Really Truly couldn't forget things as Dream did, and if anything un-pleasant or disagreeable happened he is to worry about troubles or to think about things one can't have.

"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 gueen dressed for ing that "Oh, I can't forget it," he answered Dream. "I hate this little bit of a

now I am a fairy queen dressed for a ball!" And he circled gracefully round the bowl, flirting his gorgeous chiffon train in gay delight—as he added, "and make-believe is fun—just try it and see!"
Tomorrow—The Little Red Crayon.
Copyright, 1914, by Clara Ingram Judson.





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 counted her European experiences, for she has just returned from France, and when it did, it paid in full. All the glad she is to be at home again. Accom- hotels took the American Express Companied by Miss Elia Robb, secretary of

the Civic Club in this city, Mrs. Oakley salled for the shores 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 the war, but did not feel unduly

However, the seriousness of the position for Americans abroad was brought sharply home to her on the following morning. 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-

Gladstone, Eleventh and Pine streets,

Mrs. Imogen B. Oakley cheerfully recounted her European experiences, for

"the American Express Company was the

pany's checks, saying that they knew they would be paid in a few months. "We were so desperately anxious to see the chatcau 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;



EXTRA FINE JERSEY
POULTRY AND FINE
WHITE PERIN DUCKS

The latter are ultra choice and wellseated. Fresh eggs received daily, Mall or
hone orders given careful and prompt atention. We deliver anywhere. Prices alrays reasonable.

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 same money through the American 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 heartly 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 so infectious that we joined in, too, "At the end of August we left for Marselles, 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 once 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

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, "how very much I admired the calm self-control on the part of the French soldlers control 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.

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

# What Shall I Get for Dinner?

You turn a disc and you have a perfectly balanced meal



..... Desserts

You say you will have chicken for dinner. Turn the disc to chicken and the chart shows everything that goes with chicken-soup, vegetables, salad and dessert. Or choose roast-beef, lamb, mutton, porkany meat at all, and a complete meal is planned for you.

in the opening

Turn

the Disc

here and complete

Menu

appears

A complete answer to the most oft-asked question of housewives everywhere

It is presented like a "cut-out" - you cut it out of the magazine and you have it.

The October Issue of

## The Ladies' Home Journal

Fifteen Cents the Copy, of All News Agents Or, \$1.50 a Year (12 issues) by Mall, Ordered Through Our Subscription Agents or Direct

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY Independence Square, Philadelphia Pennsylvania