EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1914.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW-THINGS THAT INTEREST MAID AND MATRO we had no money. Then a delights thing happened for us. A man free Brooklyn, who was touring in his and burst a tire, and was forced to stay b Tours, for he, too, had no money. A the end of two weeks, my friend and got some money through the America Express Company, but this unfortunes man had a Brown-Shipley letter of cres it, and could not set it cashed. He are

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.

VIL

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 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 narallel had best be left alone. Left it suffice to say that mai-de-mer has never troubled me. My cabinmates were all laid low, a melancholy band. Be-tween the paroxysms I know they pray-ed 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 binding spray. The steerage dock that was so gay was now down, down, down the racing waters fly,

foam and the binding spray: The steerage deck that was so gny was now like a desorted battlefield. With lowered flag and pale green look, the would-be conquerors of the sea had fied below. I sat alone and meditated on the van-quished herces.

quished herces. A lowering sky gloomed on that threatening sca. The forward first-class deck was quite deserted, too; behind me and above on the second-class, a few adventurous sculs were catiously pac-ing the rolling deck. But in the steer-age I was all slove.

age I was all alone. Above the loud vibrations of the screw I heard a sudden melody, clear and dis-tinct. The voice was hearby: 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. 'Lochnber he mers! O. Lochaber no more.' I shall maybe return to Lochaber no more.' The liquid notes were full of a yearn-ing sadness. Where, ch, 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-Square of London as it looked one sum-mer afternoon long years ago. A long, sad procession of soldlers slowly followed a single gun-carriage bearing something draped over with one great flag, the Union Jack-and on that flag there rested sword and helmet. The min shone on that long line of kilted Scottish idlers and glanced on every gleaming heimet. 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 as-

giens they trod, and not the grinny as phalt of the London streets. Two pipers in the Gordon kilt and tar-tan headed that asd 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



BEFORE THE

claimed his companion.

what is the use of pretending?"

derful!

just the sea-mews heard! But now I see I had another listener. You are a leddy, I'm a crofter's son. But 'Us 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 embarrassed.

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, just the Gaelle. "You sing so well." I said again.

"Tis a ferry poor hand I will be at the singing," said he modestly, "but every-thing sings all day long in Islay. The thing 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 niways call, and in the woods the pinetrees and the birches sing -and in the fields the reapers sing all what to reply.

"But Islay is a lonely place, a sort of

Two pipers in the Gordon kilt and tar-tan headed that and 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. "Farewell to Lochaber, Lochaber no more." The rideriess charger who was slowly led beside that quiet gun-carriage neighed in an eerie, heart-broken fashion. I know he understood his empty saddle, and mourned his master with a mourning regiment. Dear Gerdon Highlanders! A soldier's functal is the saddest sight. The singer on the steerage deck now

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

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

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 bargain.

Today's illustration shows a sweater cost 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 slik, 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.

SANDMAN COMES Some of the toy shops and department stores that make a showing of such things received their supplies from Eu-S OMETIMES I feel very like a fairy," said a little goldfish. He rope before the war broke out. fairy," said a little goldfish. He swished his tail round and round They are probably in the minority. If the prices go up in proportion to the in the big glass bowl of water and elegantly nibbled a bit of fish food. scarcity of the articles it will make "I don't! I feel like a fish!" ex-aimed his companion. "I never ough 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 You always pretend something or worldly goods of the parents, which may feel as if you are something wonbe the law of compensation manifesting itself obscurely. But if the prices of toys "Now, you know perfectly well that

are prohibitive the children must not go you are a goldfish and that you are shut up solidly in this tiny howl, so 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 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 might pass with nothing to show. And, furthermore, knitting is recom-mended by physicians as a sedative to bowl before he quite made up his mind

"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 benerves.

waited 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 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



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,

Mrs. Imogen B. Oakley cheerfully recounted her European experiences, for panled by Miss Ella Robb, secretary of the Civic Club 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

alarmed. However, the seriousness of the position for Americans abroad was brought sharply home to her on the following morn-ing. 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 purposes, 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-

pay for it. "I want to tell you this specially," said Mrs. Oakley in her cager, vivacious way: "the American Express Company was the Evening Ledger counted her European experiences, for she has just returned from France, and glad she is to be at home again. Accom-hotels took the American Express Company's checks, saying that they knew they would be paid in a few months. "We were se 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 We could not even afford to send slim.

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W.A.Bender READING TERMINAL MARKET

What Shall I Get for Dinner?

This winter Mrs. Oakley intends to con-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 should be addressed to the Woman's Editor

it, and could not set it cashed. He can to us and said that if we would give his money to mend his tire, he would mete us around the chateau. Needless to say we heartily agreed.

"The Loirs is too beautiful for words, said Mrs. Oakley. "You know it is called the 'Garden of France.' Crop after emp of strawberries appears there in a single

season, for the climate is so equable ;

delightful that everything grows rap "At Chanonceaux a melansholy Fre

woman, whose husband had just left a the war, showed us round the a chateau. 'Mon mari est alle a la guera was her one cry, while tears kept ru ning down her cheeks. She could m

was her one cry, while tears kept rms 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 Man-seilles, to catch the first chance of set ting a good steamer home," continued Mrs. Oakley. "We had a dreadful joer-ney down for two days-only a Mais sandwich or two to eat, and sitting bet upright night and day. At midnight one we got out for a four hours' wait at a little station called Chasse. 'You cannet sit in the first-class waiting-room, for it's for the officers,' said the stationmaster to me. 'I have a first-class ticket, sai be glad to have the officers join us. Show them in.' But no, he insisted, we must set 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 wind.

I. These officers would not come in, but peered at intervals through the window!

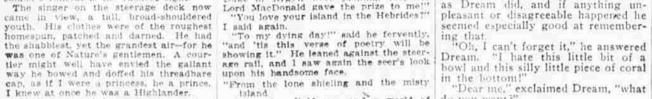
"I wish to say," concluded Mrs. Oakler, "how very much I admired the calm self-control on the part of the French soldiers

and people; not the slightest sign of boasting, nor hysteria, nor vain talk was there. All was done quickly, sliently and

methodically."

At the Sign of a postcard home to say where we were THE GREEN DRAGON "The Little Studio Upstairs" 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-

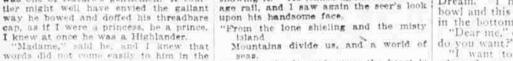
cons, teas or dinners,



"Madame," said he, and I knew that words did not come easily to him in the English, "we are companientless, and one of us is ferry homesick-it will be honoring me to talk with you. "The better used I am to speak the Gaelic." "I have enjoyed your song." I said.

"And do you come from the Lochaber district?" He shock his head. "I am an Islay

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 le 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 dreamet, a scer, and on it was the case prophetic gaze peculiar to the sea-girt Highlanders of Scotland. They live no close to Nature that they have a "second sight" and Nature is their only "medium."
"The lonely I was breing in this place," and he is may saddest song and the time I will be thinking that twas



And we in dreams behold the Hebrides!"

MISTER WIND By MALCOLM S. JOHNSTON

I am mad at you, bad Mister Wind,

is to worry about troubles or to think leasant or disagreeable happened he remed especially good at remember in that. "Oh, I can't forget it," he answered ream. "I hate this little bit of a owl and this silly little piece of coral the bottom!" "Dear mc," exclaimed Dream, "what "I want to be back at the store "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!"

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" 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.

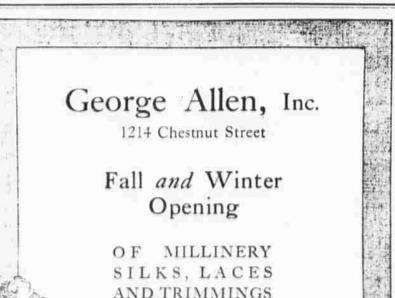
Really Truly couldn't forget things as Dream did, and if anything un-

want to be back at the store

But still the heart is true, the heart is where I came from. I want to swim Highland! to turn around every minute and I want to dart through that lovely cas-tle of coral and stones we had there!" He talked so vigorously that he

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 logram Judson.

quite panted for breath, and Dream



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