

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

ELLEN ADAIR SEES STEERAGE FOLKS IN MERRY DANCES

Enjoys Her Days Aboard Boat Watching Happy Homeseekers as They While Away the Time.

VIII. The days flew by on the Atlantic liner, seven in all. I think those quiet days were happy ones. Among the steerage crowd were kindly folk. The Irish were the merriest of all, and nothing damped their gay enthusiasm. They danced their native dances on the deck—unfiring, unflagging. A concertina, sadly out of tune, was their sole orchestra. I loved to watch the pretty effulgent dance, shawls round their heads, and Irish eyes aglow. Each gossamer led his colleen to the floor, and in clogged feet they tripped the happiest measures.

But in the dance Galliano took the palm. Strangely enough, the men would dance together, scornful a woman partner. I have never seen more graceful dancers than these men, Galliano and Italian. The rhythm of the music spurred their feet, and lent imagination to their dance. Strange cries they sometimes gave, but musical—the gondoliers of Venice give the same when plucking quiet gondolas along. I almost heard the splashing of the oars in their strange cries, and saw the longish sparkling in Italian sun.

HAPPY HEARTS ON BOARD. When the dance was over each single man would seek his girl again, who, too, with the Italian girls had danced. Together they would share an orange or a kiss. But when that dreadful concertina wheezily began once more, each man would rush to find his own male partner.

Among the second class above, who often watched the steerage dance below, I saw the merry, humorous youth who had traveled in my railway carriage down to Southampton. Each day that boy was with a different girl. Stray scraps of conversation floated down to me, for I had claimed one solitary spot as mine—a coil of rope beside the rail—and there I nearly always sat.

"I think you are a topping girl!" I'd hear him murmur to his early-morning partner on the upper deck. "I'm really frightfully keen, you know—you look so lovely in this cold, clear wind! I love a strong athletic girl the best—in fact, just you!"

By afternoon his Early-Morning Girl would disappear. I think she spent long hours in that great swimming pool the White Star liner carried.

So in her stead would come a different type. The boy would place two deck-chairs in the sun. I glimpsed a familiar, pretty face amidst a cloud of wraps. "I hate the sea!" a petulant voice would exclaim. "I never will get up till afternoon, though mamma says I'm lazy!"

"You're all a woman ought to be, and that is simply perfect," cooed the boy—oh, base deceiver! "I hate the strong, athletic type—a man likes to protect a girl."

ILLUSIONS OF THE SEA.

The pure ozone of the Atlantic breeze most truly breeds flirtation in its train. An ocean voyage brings such strange hallucinations, too! Up in the first-class set the Married Man, so jolly in the gay deck-sports, so gallant in his manner toward the girls, has now become an object of commiseration and of pity. He is unhappily married—so the rumor has it. "Poor fellow!" says the Prattiest Girl on board. "I feel so sorry for that man! Last night's dance he really hinted that he cared for me—and there he's tied up to a wife he cannot love! Poor fellow! It is so sad and strange!"

It did seem strange. For just a day or two before I saw him almost weeping as he fondly kissed his pretty wife farewell upon Southampton dock. "Good heavens! I hate to think of this beastly voyage without you, Mary!" I had heard him say, with frankly red-rimmed eyes. "Drop me a postcard every day to let me know how all the kiddies are. This four week's trip is just a bit too long!"

Yes, it was strange! Perhaps the sea had given the Prattiest Girl hallucinations!

The voyage drew at length to its last day. That final morning I rose early and watched till New York Harbor and the great Statue of Liberty appeared. I was deeply impressed by the lovely statue with the beautiful strong face and high imperious arm. She seemed to beckon lonely emigrants onward, onward to peace and prosperity.

We slowly sailed up the North River and the swarming river-craft looked strangely foreign to my English eyes. The landing at New York was a long tedious business. Protracted interviews took place with doctors, immigration authorities, customs men. I began to wonder and to doubt if America could really be the land of freedom and of liberty after all. When all formalities had been gone through, and they do not make it easy for a girl to land alone, I scanned the faces on that great wide dock.

No uncle was in sight. "The time of business has come," said the man in my own, "and I to myself in a would-be optimistic spirit, 'he will certainly be at the Philadelphia terminus!'"

THE RETURN TRIP.

In half an hour my baggage was transferred, and I stood awed within the portals of the finest railway station in the world. I thought I must be back in dear Saint Paul's Cathedral once again. No sign of smoke or trains was there, and yet its name was Pennsylvania Railroad Station. In the hush of its vast



AN INCOMPLETED COSTUME WHICH AWAITS A FINAL FITTING FOR ITS LAST TRIUMPHANT STITCH

FASHION'S LATEST WORD IN DESIGNING OF PERFECT GOWN

Sketch Made by Artist While Prospective Wearer Awaits Verdict as to What Is Becoming.

The pattern gowns and robes that are already so nearly made are being sold in some places with a sketch of the finished garments that still further simplifies their construction.

RECIPES FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

LIVER STUFFED. Choose a calf's or sheep's liver. Lard it carefully with little pieces of fat bacon. Prepare a stuffing of breadcrumbs, thyme, parsley, a little piece of lemon rind, 2 ounces of suet, and mix with a little milk. Grease a small baking tin, spread the stuffing in the tin, lay the liver over and bake for three-quarters of an hour.

ENGLISH TEA CAKES. Ingredients: 1 pound of flour, 3 ounces of butter, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 2 ounces of sugar. Rub butter into flour, add sugar and baking powder, mix to stiff paste with milk, roll and cut into rounds 3/4 inch thick. Bake in quick oven. Eat hot or cold, cut open and butter.

LENTIL SOUP. Wash 1 1/2 pounds of lentils, peel and slice one small carrot, 2 potatoes, 2 onions and cut small enough turnip and celery to fill a teacup. Fry the onions in a little dripping till brown; add the remainder of the vegetables and fry also for a few minutes. Now add the lentils, with 2 quarts of water, or stock made from a marrow bone. Simmer for two hours, and then pour all through a sieve. Return to the saucepan, season with salt and pepper, stir in a little dripping or butter, heat up, and serve with crisply toasted bread.

COUNTING. MALCOLM S. JOHNSTON. I've had one peppermint, And now I'll eat one more, I wish I only knew, If three comes first—or four, For "three," my mother said, Was all that's good for us, And so I'm wondering, Does four come first—or three? (Copyright, 1914.)

BEFORE THE SANDMAN COMES

SIX little crayon pencils stood in a row in a little celluloid case on Tommy's desk.

Each stood up straight and tall with its sharpened nose erect in the air.

Tommy was very proud of his pencils and he often sat in front of his desk and looked at them.

"I wonder which one will get worn out first," he thought to himself, and he counted over the colors carefully. "Red, brown, green, yellow, purple and blue; of course, they're all very nice, but somehow red seems to be the nicest!"

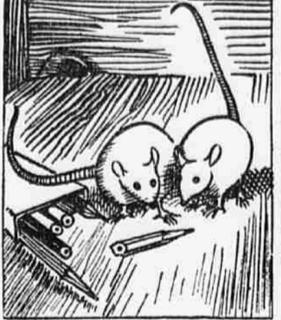
Then he hunted up some magazines so he could color the pictured advertisements in the back.

"I think I'll color this picture first," he said, as he found the picture of a big automobile. Then he looked his pencils over to decide what color it should be.

"Of course it will be red," he said, after much thought, and he set to work making the most gorgeous red automobile you ever saw!

To be sure he put green grass and some yellow daisies at the side of the automobile; he made the road brown and the sky blue, but for all that the picture was red—very red.

Then he found a picture of a big factory. "Maybe I ought to make this brown," said Tommy thoughtfully,



and he tried brown on a corner of the building. But brown was so dull he didn't like it at all, so he decided to color the building red—red brick, of course.

By the time that was done the red point was all worn off and Tommy's father had to make a new one. That, of course, made the red pencil shorter, but Tommy didn't care—he had his red pictures—what did the length of the pencil matter?

Over and over, every day the same thing happened!

The magazines became full of red colored pictures, for Tommy colored everything from canoes to garbage cans the same gaudy color. And the poor little red pencil grew shorter and shorter, till it was only a tiny stub, barely sticking above the white case.

Then one night something happened—what do you suppose it was?

At the mystic hour of midnight, when you and Tommy were both asleep; at the very hour when all sorts of queer things happen, those crayon pencils began to talk!

"Oh, dear, I don't see why nobody likes me," grumbled the brown one; "here I have never even been sharpened but once!" And he looked very mournful as he aired his grievance!

"I wish I wasn't so popular," groaned the red pencil sadly. "I'm nearly worn to death with hard usage!"

Just then two little mice came snooping round to see what they could find to nibble. They heard the red pencil speak, so they hurried up to see what he was like.

"Nice soft wood, better try some," said one.

"Let's see what's inside," said the other.

They nibbled away till the red pencil was ruined, then they scampered off to the pantry in search of something more filling.

And how do you suppose poor Tommy felt the next morning when he found his beloved red pencil all ruined?

Tomorrow—House Hunting.

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SOLDIERS OF TIN FILL YOUNGSTERS' HEARTS WITH JOY

Reflection of War on Toy Market—No Scarcity in Supply of Playthings of All Kinds.

Here's good news for you, boys and girls.

Expensive toys, which have been so scarce since the war was begun, are now to be had in abundance, and even if peace is not declared within five years the nursery will not suffer to any extent.

On your doll's piano, your sled, or that fine drum that you have been using for many years you have noticed the words "Made in Germany." In fact, on almost all of your best playthings these words appear.

But conditions have changed since the European armies were assembled, and hereafter on many of your toys will be printed in great, broad letters "Made in America." And, by the way, Philadelphia boasts of the largest toy factory in the United States.

When commerce between this country and the German empire was discontinued the toy merchants were frantic. Their business depended almost entirely upon imports. Toys of a certain kind were plentiful enough here, but the delicate tin playthings, dolls that make speeches, and all of those things which are typically German were not obtainable here.

The American toy man is resourceful. He decided that, as far as possible, what can't be had from Germany shall be made in the United States. Consequently, many of the factories are now producing goods that have hitherto been sold only by German firms.

Perhaps the domestic product won't

be quite as good as the European, or perhaps some foolish children will be disappointed by their failure to see "Made in Germany" on their playthings, but the average American child will be as happy as ever with his American-made boats, dolls, guns and games.

To please the exceptional youngster who won't be content without the foreign kinds a ship will sail to this country every week bearing a few toys of European manufacture. The goods will be shipped from the German factories to Holland or Sweden and from the ports of either of those countries the toys will be shipped to New York.

So there is no reason to worry about playthings while the troubles of school are just beginning. Santa Claus' chief assistant, the best known toy man in Philadelphia, said today that of all things that he has in stock tin soldiers are in greatest demand.

While mothers and fathers are talking of the terrible times in Europe, it is only natural that the little ones should be thinking of military matters. As a result, every boy who is having a birthday just now is anxious for a set of soldiers.

They always were a favorite among children, but now they are liked more than ever. Some make believe soldiers are made in America and some in Germany, and it is hard to tell which brand is best. The large toy factory in this city is now making cannons that shoot rubber balls. They make a noise that is said to be almost as loud as real guns.

Automobiles made entirely of wood are now on the American market. They are being sold in large numbers because whether you kick them or hit them, throw them in the street or stamp your foot on them, they won't break. Airships are as popular as ever.

Jet trimmings in vogue. The glitter of jet is seen on many of the creations of the season. It is riding the wave of popularity—and jet motifs, bands, wide and narrow, and balloons of different cut and size trim frocks and blouses.

Jet buttons in olive and diamond shape are used with loops of silk instead of buttonholes. The touch of black that contributes to the artistic success of some of the most delicate and ethereal costumes is supplied most delightfully by jet.

Perhaps the domestic product won't

COURTING A SPANISH GIRL PROCEEDS ON ODD LINES

Nowhere Else in the World is Custom So Novel.

In no other country in the world does the process in courting proceed on such unique lines as in Spain. In no other country does love at first sight so frequently lead to marriage. The young unmarried girl of good social position never walks in the street unless accompanied by a chaperon, and it is quite permissible for any man who is attracted by her to follow her. He must not walk abreast of her, nor ought he, on the first occasion, to speak to her. Having ascertained where she lives, if he is sincere in his pursuit, he makes frequent appearances under the window, and continues to follow her when she and her chaperon go out.

If the lady intends to respond, she will presently make an appearance on the balcony and enter into conversation with him. He may even talk to her when she goes out, and her chaperon will turn a deaf ear when the lady coyly throws replies over her shoulder. In this somewhat extraordinary way each discovers the social position of the other, and then, if independent inquiries made by parents and guardians are quite satisfactory, the little flirtation from the balcony pursues an uninterrupted course, and the man gradually attains a recognized position as his adored one's novice.

For months the bashful couple will linger at this pleasant stage. But at length the time comes when the novice is received into the girl's home and meets her parents. He is, however, never for one moment left alone with her, and any evening in the Castellano in Madrid you may see young couples in this stage waiting out, accompanied by a deaf mute lady! The tram cars in Madrid are constructed with seats for two on one side of the gangway, and a single seat on the other; the single one is known as the chaperon's.

While these pleasant stages are drifting on, either party is free to end the friendship, but at last comes the time when the novice, plucking up all courage, goes through the formal ceremony of asking for the lady's hand. If this is duly granted, there is then an official betrothal, which is usually followed by a wedding within a few weeks.

Perhaps the domestic product won't

YOUTH AND AGE

THERE'S not a joy the world can give like that it takes away. When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay: 'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone which fades so fast. But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess: The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain The shore to which their shivered sail shall never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes down: It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own: That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears. And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice appears.

O, could I feel as I have felt, or be what I have been, Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a vanished scene: As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they be, So midst the withered waste of life, those tears would flow to me!

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