

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, unfatigued. A concertina, easily out of tune, was their sole orchestra. I loved to watch the pretty colleens 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 Gallians took the palm. Strangely enough, the men would dance together, securing a woman partner. I have never seen more graceful dancers than these men, Gallian 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 piloting quiet gondolas along. I almost heard the splashing of the oars in their strange cries, and saw the begonia 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 deathful 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 roll of row beside the rail—and there I noisily ate my oat.

"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—got 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 the boat examining post the White Star liner carried.

So in her stead would come a different type. The boy would place two deck chairs in the sun, and glimped a dainty, pretty face amidst a cloud of yellow. "I hate the sea!" a potent voice would exclaim. "I never will get on till afternoon, though mamma says I'm lazy."

"You're all a woman ought to be, and that is simply perfect," said the boy, oh, how delectable! "I hate the strong, athletic type—a man like to protect a girl!"

ILLUSIONS OF THE SEA. The pure ozone of the Atlantic breeze most truly breeds fixation in its train. An ocean voyage brings such strange hallucinations, too! 'Tis in the first-class set the Married Man, so bold in the day-deck sports, so gallant in his manner toward the girls, has now become an object of commiseration and pity. He is unappreciated—so the rumor has it. "Four fellows," says the Prettiest Girl on board, "I feel so sorry for the Married Man. At last night's dance he really hinted that he cared for me—and there he 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 heartily 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 weeks' trip is just his honeymoon!"

Yes, it was strange! Perhaps the sea had given the Prettiest Girl hallucinations! The voyage drew to a close on its last day. That final morning I saw every and 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 riverboats looked strangely foreign to my English eyes. The landing at New York was a long and tedious business. Protracted immigration authorities, customs men, men to wonder and to doubt if America 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 deck. I scanned them for a long, long time. No smile was in sight. "The time of a business man is never really his own," said I to myself in a wretchedly optimistic spirit. "He will certainly be at the Philadelphia terminal."



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

found the train was waiting there. They looked so different from our English trains, and oh, the size of their tremendous engines!

In a few minutes I was off, and flying through the flat country that lies between New York and the city of Philadelphia. The painted wooden houses seemed so strange, the great big trees and North's Ark—I could not think that they were really farms. I saw such strange new trees, and new flowers, and great advertisements dazed in the fields. Strange weeds grew by the marshes, towering high, and through the carriage window I saw the hottest sun I've ever known. Such heat was new to me, an English girl. I did not like that blinding, burning sun. I wanted a cool shade, and one quiet sleep. But Philadelphia was drawing close, and that meant friends, and hope, and a new life. I closed my eyes and pictured happiness.

RECIPES FOR THE HOUSEWIFE. LIVER STEWED. Choose a calf's or sheep's liver. Lard it carefully with little pieces of fat bacon. Prepare a stuffing of bread-crumbs, thyme, parsley, a little piece of lemon rind, a ounce of nut, 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, 1/2 pound of Raisin, 2 ounces of butter, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 2 ounces of sugar, 1/4 lb butter into flour, add sugar and baking powder mix in soft paste with milk roll out into rounds, 1/2 inch thick. Bake in quick oven. Eat hot or cold, cut open and butter.

LENTIL SOUP. Wash 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 teaspoon. 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 croutons moistened with bread.

JET TRIMMINGS IN VOGUE. The milliner of let is seen on many of the creations of the season. It is riding the waves of popularity—and let motifs, bands, wide and narrow, and balloons of different cut and size trim frocks and blouses.

Jet buttons in oval 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 creations is supplied most delightfully by jet.

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.

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, 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?

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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.

George Allen, Inc. 1214—Chestnut Street—1214

Millinery Opening

Featuring many Paris Models and our own exclusive designs, developed from imported materials and trimmings in the most desirable autumn colorings.

Specials for Wednesday

Ribbons. 5-inch Dresden Ribbon, Pink and Blue Grounds, Regular 35c yard. Tomorrow, 28c.

5-inch Dresden Ribbon, White Grounds, Pink, Blue, Lilac, Satin Edge, Special, 30c yard.

6 1/2-inch Satin Taffeta. All the leading shades, Special, 40c yd.

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 latest 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 importations. 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.

It is 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 kind" 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.

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 me. And so I'm wondering. Does four come first—or three? (Copyright, 1914.)

Do You Know This Step? The girl who can dance THE CASTLE POLKA will not be a wall flower

The Castle Polka is Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle's latest creation; and it will sweep the country this fall and winter, just as the "Hesitation" did last season.

Let Mr. and Mrs. Castle teach you—in your own home—how to dance it. They give you personal lessons in two pages of pictures and text

In the October Issue of The Ladies' Home Journal

You can learn it in an hour or two in your own home, just as if you were in Castle House, where all fashionable New York society will dance it.

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY Independence Square, Philadelphia Pennsylvania

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 novio.

For months the beautiful couple will linger at this pleasant stage. But at length the time comes when the novio 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 walking 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 novio, plucking up all courage, goes through the formal ceremony of asking for the bride's hand. If this is duly granted, there is then an official betrothal, which is usually followed by a wedding within a few weeks.

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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 fading's still 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 grief or ocean's billows deep. The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain. The shores to which their shiver'd sails 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 wither'd waste of life, these tears would flow to me.

LORD BYRON.