

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

ELLEN ADAIR HAS A NEW AWAKENING TO LIFE'S REALITY

She Arrives at the End of Her Journey and Has Tea in a Small Restaurant in Philadelphia.

I think that poets sometimes make the gravest errors. They sing of youth and sunny days and happy hearts. Youth typifies to them the happiest happiness. They cannot see that youth may mean the shrewdest pain.

When one is young one wants so much—so desperately much. Then, oh! the heartache if one gets but little! The "long, long thoughts of youth" are passing into eternity, and always with a vague new restlessness. I think it's happiness we seek, but under unfamiliar names. Some call it duty, some a great career and some poor fools "a good time" in this world. It cannot come from outward circumstances. "A heart at leisure from itself" might bring it here—I do not know—wish I thought of others' feelings more.

Once as a child I watched a rainbow gleam, a wide kaleidoscopic arch over wet English fields. To me the universe could hold nothing more fair. I went to reach the rainbow where it ends! I started, breath, through dripping woods, to catch that rainbow's gleam. But always it eluded me. I cried my childish heart out for an hour.

Then mother gave me a new ray, to darting quicksilver in it. I broke that toy to catch the gleaming metal—but there again I failed!

I think the old folks know true happiness at least they know a quiet calm and peace. On many a furrowed, wrinkled face I see such happy looks. They also serve who only stand and wait.

ARRIVAL IN PHILADELPHIA. My train brought me to Philadelphia on a summer's day at 5 o'clock. In the big railway station I saw no familiar face. Surely my uncle must be there to welcome me. I knew his name, and that he had paid to England he had liked me well. I waited by the bookstall for an age.

Strange crowds went by me. At 5 o'clock alone. The girls and women seemed smartly dressed, so fashionable. The men all looked rather alike. I thought I was wearing the same sort of hat—straw with a high crown. No one seemed to notice me. America must be a great, kind place!

At length I sought the nearest restaurant, for I was tired and hungry. I sat down at a little table all alone. Why had my uncle failed to welcome me? A sudden thought then came and brought relief. He must have sent a substitute. Perhaps his wife had come and missed me in the station and she had then a strange thing happened. A beautifully gowned woman slowly crossed the restaurant and came to me. I thought she had the loveliest face, the sweetest bewitching beauty. A faint sweet perfume clung about her gown, unlike the scent of English flowers. She smiled the sweetest smile and said to me, "Oh, my dear, I thought you were alone? Is no one meeting you?"

"I thought my uncle would have come," I said, "or perhaps my aunt—but I could not recognize her, and she can't know me."

"My dear," she cried, and with the kindest gesture seized my hands, "are you the little girl who was adopted by me? I've searched for you an hour! How glad I am! I'm the new aunt!"

"This lovely new relation made me feel quite shy, she looked so grand. She made me talk and order a light meal. 'Your uncle sent me, as he was detained,' said she. 'Our motorcar is waiting to take you home to dinner, and a welcome.'

"I will not bother you and uncle long—I mean to work," I said. "I think you are the loveliest and the kindest things!" A sudden shadow crossed her face. "Please don't say that," she said, "as if my words had hurt. 'Tell me about your life at home.'

"I think the foggiest opened then; my strange wall of reserve went down. I told her of my English home, and of long walks upon the wind-swept moors. I told her how the wind sang in the trees and how the little woodcock creeps everywhere. 'It is so pure and fresh,' I said. 'It has the bluest, pinkest face! I know you'd love my English home. 'Go on, go on,' she said, in heartless eagerness. 'Wasn't an English girl once, too?'

"I told her of the freshness of the moors—so different from dusty cities and from townships," I said. "I told her of the lovely Sussex Downs, and how the dew lay long upon the grass. Then next I told her of the artist's words. 'And when I met

desperately to get in that tiny door. She pecked at it, she clawed and she scolded it vigorously, but it got no larger. So finally she gave up and built her nest in a near-by apple tree. 'But I mean to see who gets that house,' she declared to Mr. Robin. 'I mean to be very particular about our neighbors.'

For several days nobody came, then one morning a very cunning Mr. and Mrs. Wren flew into the yard. 'Oh, look!' exclaimed Mrs. Wren. 'There is a dear little house. It's just exactly what we were looking for!'

"To be sure it is," chirped Mr. Wren in delight, and then unfortunately he looked around! When you have found exactly what you want it is a very bad plan to look any further; you will find trouble every time!

Trouble is exactly what Mr. Wren found—trouble in the form of two other little wren houses. 'Oh, look at those,' the foolish fellow exclaimed. 'And of course Mrs. Wren looked. 'Aren't they lovely!' she cried. 'We must look those over before we settle in any. Maybe those are better than the first one we saw.'

So they looked them over. They ran in and out; they examined and twittered and exclaimed till Mrs. Robin was thoroughly disgusted. 'Why in the world don't they decide and start to furnishing?' she chirped crossly. 'I don't believe those wrens know a good home when they see one!'

In the meantime Mrs. Wren decided on the first house. They carried in the straw and worked very hard for a whole day; then she decided she wanted the second house, and the work began all over. After a whole day's work on the second house she thought the third



The above is a happy portrait of Mrs. Tom Ridgway, who, before her marriage, was Miss Edith Wayne. She is a prominent leader in Philadelphia society and is noted for her beauty and her charm.

you here. I knew at once my loneliness had gone! God's in His Heaven; all is right with me!" The lovely lady tried to speak, but no words came. So I went on. "I feel so glibly in this simple gown. You must feel quite ashamed of me!" "Ashamed?—of you?—not of you!" she said, and then I saw slow tears were running down her powdered cheeks. "My child, go home, back to that young fresh life! I once was innocent and young like you. I'd give my soul to have these days again! Your eyes are like a little sister's I once had. Goodbye—forget me ever met."

"What could she mean?" But Uncle is expecting us," I cried, aghast. "Your uncle's never seen my face," she said. "But if he ever did, he'd tell you what I am! Oh, little English girl—keep young and good—there is no turning back for me! Remember this, for it is true—no one knows it better now than I! 'The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ, Moves on; nor all your piety nor wit Can lure it back to cancel half a line; Nor all your tears blot out a word of it!'"



DRAGONS AND FLAGS

By MALCOLM S. JOHNSTON. A DRAGON, a terrible beast, Delighted on children to feast, He continued to gorge Till the valiant Saint George Came along; then his appetite ceased.

Now after Saint George's brave fight, That dragon no child can affright, English children today The saint's banner display When they fight for their country and right.

And when from their cousins they split, Americans with their keen wit, Afraid of the loss Of Saint George's red cross, Made some stripes for their flag out of it.

But in China, when boys play for fun As soldiers, with sword, spear or gun, It's part of their brag To have on their flag A dragon to make their foes run. (Copyright, 1914.)

was the best. Then, after an hour, moved back to the first! That last move was too much for practical Mrs. Robin. "Such fickle creatures!" she scolded; "I won't have them around." And she screamed and scolded so vigorously that Mr. and Mrs. Wren gave up all larger of their lovely houses and settled in a distant barn.

Copyright, 1914, by Clara Ingram Judson. (Tomorrow—"Cannas.")

Women's Section of Conference of Catholic Charities Makes Charge. WASHINGTON, Sept. 22.—White slavers are using the garb of nuns to lure their victims, according to the Women's Section of the National Conference of Catholic Charities, in session here at the Catholic University. The declaration was made in a report submitted to the conference, urging that a committee be appointed by the conference to look after the safety of girls who may attend the coming exposition in San Francisco.

"Things have come to such a pass that a young woman can trust no one whom she does not know," declared the report. "These creatures engaged in the white slave traffic assume all sorts of guises. They even wear the robes of nuns and sisters of charity; they feign illness; they ask to be taken to houses in care and helped up the steps, and then, when the door closes the unfortunate, kind-hearted girl who has helped is in the worst of all traps and exposed to peril infinitely more dreadful than death. There is reason to think that the religious garb is frequently assumed by the white slave traders, and that some of the stories exploited by the anti-Catholic papers against our sisters—those are true—relate to the operations of these scoundrels."

A committee was named to prepare a plan of action.

BIG HAT AND LITTLE RIVALS FOR FAVOR; MILITARY IN TONE

Tricorne, With Cockade or Stiff Feathers, Particularly Well Liked by Those Who Can Wear It.

There are two kinds of hat today, the very small and the very large. The small hat is dashing and very often military, for there are Russian turbans, Scotch bonnets, continentals and the tricorne, that is welcomed so eagerly by the women who can wear it.

The tricorne assumes a very martial air this season; it appears with cockade or stiff feathers standing erect. The Scotch bonnet has the rosette or eagle feather, or even a tassel for ornament.

On the Russian turban there are galleons of metallic appearance and motifs that are very warlike in design. These, with the tailleur or trotteur frock, still have the pas, although the color, by which name was revived the wide-brimmed sailor, appears determined to win its place once more in feminine affection.

Black velvet has apparently the cachet of famous milliners, although colors, such as grape and taupe and tete de negre, have a vogue of their own. And the wide brim, slightly curved to soften the effect and faced with chiffon. This is corded on the edge and at a depth of a few inches and it is shirred against the soft crown two ostrich feather tips are placed. Where they come together, a little at one side, there is a soft choux of chiffon to match the facing.

It is designed to wear at an angle, which, of course, adds greatly to its style and at the same time displays the color scheme in tete de negre as to crown and upper brim, while the chiffon facing is of a delicate rose, and the ostrich feathers were chosen of the same delicate tint.

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It is made for the very slender and has the natural curve in at the waist. For fuller figures there is a corset of coutil that is higher both back and front and depends on its shape to confine the figure rather than upon many bones. It, too, costs \$3.

The so-called bonnet corset is still sold for \$1, in several lengths. It is only steeled back and front, with one steel at the side. It seems to find favor for wear when dancing. It can be replaced without great loss if it should give way by too strenuous exercise.

GIRL A GENUINE HOBO

Followed the Road Since She Was Orphaned at Twelve. CHICAGO, Sept. 22.—"Just a poor little wet girl," said Patrolman Charles Loding as he stood muffled in his dripping raincoat in front of a dark doorway last night on Quincy street.

Huddled in the doorway that sheltered her from the rain was a girl. She wore a soiled white hat, a gray macintosh with frayed edges and a pair of soggy white canvas shoes. She was leaning against the side of the door and her head was dropped forward on her breast.

"Can you heat it? She's sound asleep standing up," continued Loding to himself. The limp hat bobbed uncertainly several times and the girl awoke with a start.

"I must have—I guess—Saw I sleeping here?" she inquired as soon as she had recovered from the sight of the police bastion on Loding's face. "I was just waiting for a car. I guess I was a little drowsy. I think I'd better be so."

"Wait a minute," said Loding. He began to question the girl. Not satisfied with her replies, he took her to the South Clark street police station. There she told her story to the matron.

"I like the name of hobo, but I guess it's all right. I'm used to it. My name is Pauline Henderson and I am 17 years old. I've been on the road since I was 12 years old. My mother died then and we were living in Kansas City.

"I have been all over the country. I ride on the trains whenever I can get a ride. I can hang on to the rods, ride the decks, or the bumpers, or the blind—anyway, I get there."

"I got in two nights ago, or maybe it was three nights ago. I don't keep track. I beat it from Toledo. They kept me there in the detention house for a month because I fell asleep in the park. Then they told me I had to get out of town. So I got, and here I am."

SPAIN SOLD \$100,000 WORTH OF TOYS DURING 1913

400 Manufacturers Supplying Foreign and Domestic Demand. Spain has depended in the past to a large degree for its supply of toys on purchases from abroad. During 1913 this country imported toys to the amount of about \$100,000, of which Germany furnished goods to the amount of about \$130,000 and France about \$50,000 worth. Twenty-five years ago Spain exported scarcely any toys. It had sold over \$100,000 worth to various countries, Cuba being the chief buyer, followed by Argentina, Belgium, Turkey and Spanish possessions.

It has become more apparent in Spain in recent years that the manufacture of toys can be made a lucrative industry on account of the steady demand, with the result that at present there are at least 400 Spanish manufacturers of importance supplying toys for domestic use and for export. In Barcelona there are 15 workshops devoted exclusively to the production of toys which engage from 40 to 70 hands, 20 which employ from 10 to 40, and 25 with less than 10. Other cities and towns in Spain have important toy factories that cater largely to local use.

The toy industry has made such pronounced progress that a national exposition of toys has been just inaugurated in Barcelona, the chief commercial city of Spain, and it has been largely patronized by the toy factories in this neighborhood, as well as throughout the Peninsula. Among the lines chiefly exhibited are turned wooden goods, including teapots, tops, small furniture, besides croquet sets, carts and wagons; metal goods, such as soldiers, small table service, trains of cars, mechanical toys, guns and pistols; paper goods, paper cinematographs, theaters with figures, marionet shows; and leather goods, comprising footballs, and stuffed imitation animals, such as horses, donkeys and dogs.

A committee was named to prepare a plan of action.



HAT OF BLACK VELVET FACED WITH CHIFFON AND TRIMMED WITH OSTRICH FEATHER TIPS

ACROSS THE COUNTER

There is no single article of dress upon which a woman's comfort depends to the extent that it depends upon the corset. With the waist line a matter of conjecture, as it is in so many of the present-day gowns, the slender people at least can consider comfort first.

The tango girdle of elastic webbing has no rival in this field, at least in the opinion of the people who wear it. It is made in several lengths. The medium length costs \$2; the very short girdle, only six inches wide, costs \$1.25.

There is a modified form this season, with the back of coutil lined in the regular latten way and elastic webbing in the front. This costs \$3.

A new style in firmly woven treco costs \$1.50. It has the flexible steels that are used in the place of whalebone nowadays. Of medium length, it is cut slightly higher in back than in front.

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FISHERMAN CATCHES GIRL

Unusual Luck of Freddie Goshorn, Three Years Old. CINCINNATI, Sept. 22.—Freddie Goshorn, 3 years old, found one of his father's fishing line. Taking a piece of meat out of the icebox, Freddie went fishing.

He cast the line out the front window of his parents' third floor flat. For some time he failed to have any luck, and Freddie began to doubt the fish stories told by his father.

Suddenly he got a bite that an old-time fisherman would call a whale. Freddie pulled and the "fish" let out a scream. He pulled again, and a second scream aroused the neighborhood. The learned lawyer Freddie never had heard of a fish screaming, so he leaned out of the window to have a look. On the end of his line he saw Mary Hall, 4 years old, residing on the first floor of the building.

Freddie dropped his line. Neighbors cut the line and Mary Hall was taken to the City Hospital in auto patrol No. 3, where the fishhook was cut out of her head.

THE RETORT VICTORIOUS

A certain brilliantly clever lawyer had one little peculiarity: He fondly imagined that he looked at least twenty years younger than he really was.

One day in court he was cross-examining a self-possessed young woman who was acting as one of the witnesses in a famous trial. Needless to say, the courtroom was crowded. The learned lawyer was anxious to find out the age of somebody the lady knew, and she was equally determined not to give him the desired information. The lawyer told her that she should at least make a guess.

The determined young woman eyed him with a withering glance. "From your looks I should say you were at least 60; but judging from the questions you ask, I should say 16," said she tranquilly.

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She tried desperately to get in that tiny door.

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