

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 sheerest 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 strange—I know they stretch out to 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 world. It cannot come from outward circumstances. "A heart at leisure from itself" might bring it here—I do not know—I wish I thought of others' feelings more.

Once as a child I watched a rainbow gleam, a wide kaleidoscopic arch over watery fields. To me the universe could hold nothing more fair. I wanted to reach the rainbow where it ends. I cried, and tramped for miles over wild-scented heath, through dripping woods, to catch that rainbow's gleam. But all ways it eluded me. I cried my childish heart out for an hour.

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

I think the old folks know a quiet happiness. At least they know a quiet calm and peace, and sunny days and happy hearts. They see only what is there. They also serve who only stand and wait.

ARRIVAL IN PHILADELPHIA. My train brought me to Philadelphia on a summer's day at a o'clock. Big railway station, a familiar face. Surely my uncle must be there to welcome me. I knew he was the kindest man, and on that short visit that I waited by the bookcase for an age. Strange crowds went by me, as I stood alone. The girls and women seemed so smartly dressed, so fashionable. The men all looked rather alike, I thought, all wearing the same sort of hat—straw, with a high crown. No one seemed old and none seemed poor. America must be a great, glad 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 came and brought relief. He must have sent a substitute. Perhaps his wife had come and missed me in the station crowd?

I raised up hopeful eyes and 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 most 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: "My child, why are you all 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 we were expecting? 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 ordered 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."

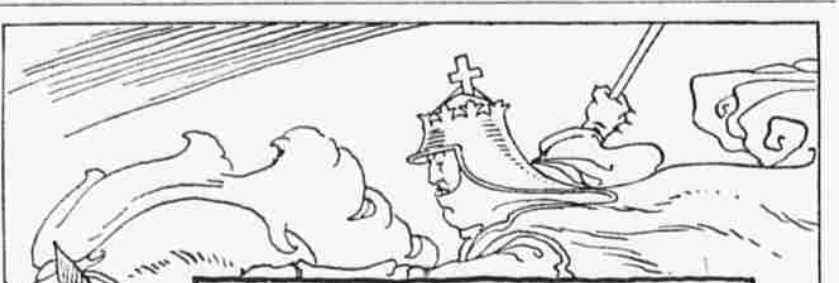
"I will not bother you and uncle long—I mean to work," I said. "I think you are the loveliest and the kindest things!" A sudden shadow crossed her face. "Please don't say that," she said, "as my words had hurt. Tell me about your life at home."

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



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 shabby in this simple gown. You must feel quite ashamed of me!" "Astounded?" she asked, "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



DRAGONS AND FLAGS BY MALCOLM S. JOHNSON. 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 fright. 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.)

BEFORE THE SANDMAN COMES

PERCHED up high in the back yard of a city home were three little wren houses. And very inviting they looked, you may be sure. Poor little Mrs. Robin wanted so much to live in one of the houses. She simply couldn't forget a very narrow escape her babies had last year when a cat—a big, sleek cat—nearly, nearly, nearly got her dear babies. But for the fact that a neighbor's dog trotted into the yard and diverted her mind, that cat would surely have killed and eaten every robin baby! So naturally Mrs. Robin sighed for the safety of a really, truly house with a front door too small for cats!



She tried desperately to get in that tiny door. robin is too large to get through the door of a wren house. She didn't give up without a trial, you may be sure. For several hours after she first saw the house she tried

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. "here 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 that house," 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 tittered 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 she began all over. After a whole day's work on the second house she thought the third

BIG HATS 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, continental 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 feather standing erect. The Scotch bonnet has the rosette or single feather, or even a tassel for ornament.

On the Russian turban there are gallsions of metallic appearance and motifs that are very warlike in design.

These, with the tailleur or trotteur frock, still have the pas, although the canotier, 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 orange and taupe, and ete de negro, have a vogue of their own.

And, just as the small hats take a dashing or jaunty air, picturesque is the trend to apply to the hat with the wide brim, of the kind that has long been known as the Gainsborough.

It is a hat that comes and goes as certainly as a fashion tide, and in spite of the ban of disapproval or even the high tariff, ostrich feathers or tips are almost certain to be used for trimming.

The hat shown in the illustration today belongs unmistakably to the picture and portrait class.

It has the wide brim, slightly curved to soften the effect and faced with chiffon. 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 chiffon underbrim.

The color scheme is tete de negro as to create an upper brim, while the chiffon facing is of a delicate rose, and the ostrich tips were chosen of the same delicate tint.

GIRL A GENUINE HOBO

Followed the Road Since She Was Orphaned at Twelve.

CHICAGO, Sept. 23.—"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 mackintosh with frayed edges and a pair of soggy white canvas shoes. She was leaning against the door with one arm, 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, was I sleeping here?" she inquired as soon as she had recovered from the sight of the police insignia on Loding's cap. "I was just waiting for a car. I guess was a little drowsy. I think I'd better be go."

"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 know you'll call me a hobo, but I guess it's my 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 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 home 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 \$600,000, of which Germany furnished goods to the amount of about \$100,000 and France about \$50,000 worth. Twenty-five years ago Spain exported scarcely any toys. In 1913 it sold over \$100,000 worth of various countries. Cuba being the chief buyer, followed by Argentina, Belgium, Turkey and Spanish possessions.



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 laced in the regulation way and elastic webbing in the front.

This costs \$3. A new style in firmly woven treco costs \$3.50.

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.

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 boneless 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.

A conservative corseteer says that the high-busted corset is not making headway. Women will not go back to the moxie age for their corset, even if they do for their styles.

FISHERMAN CATCHES GIRL

Unusual Luck of Freddie Goshorn, Three Years Old.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 23.—Freddie Goshorn, 3 years old, found one of his father's fishing lines. 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.

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.

EQUALITY OF SEX THEORY BREAKS UP A FAMILY

Woman Carries It to Length of Taking Husband's Automobile.

CHICAGO, Sept. 23.—Unit recently the problem of the "single" standard and other questions pertaining to the "equality" of sex never troubled the mind of Otis Wilson. He always had been busy attending to the business of his garage in Winnetka.

Mr. Wilson believed, and still believes, a man has the right to do as he pleases as long as it does not infringe on the rights of others. He felt that when he provided for his family and attended to his business, and paid taxes to the State, and abided by the laws, his duty as a citizen had been fulfilled.

It had been the custom of Mr. Wilson to go any place he pleased whenever pleased. If he felt like taking a spin in one of his automobiles with a party of friends it was no one's business but his own.

Mr. Wilson has a wife. Strange as it may appear, Mrs. Wilson agreed perfectly with her husband on this subject, but Mr. Wilson did not know it. In fact, Mrs. Wilson did not make her belief known to any one, but she believed it just the same.

So, in the course of events the garage owned by Mr. Wilson in Winnetka caught fire and burned to the ground. Mr. Wilson lost considerable money, but he resolutely set to work and built another garage. When it was completed Mrs. Wilson followed his policy of doing as he pleased, celebrated the event by taking a joy ride with a party of friends.

Mrs. Wilson did not express her opinion when she learned of the garage. She simply went to the garage and, taking the 3-year-old son, Jack, with her, got into one of her husband's automobiles and started on a joy ride for herself.

Then she took the machine to a dealer on Michigan avenue and sold it for \$200. Did she take the money home and tell her husband about it? No. She bought herself and Jack some pretty clothes. Then she boarded a train at the downtown station and went away on an "indefinite vacation."

Did Mrs. Wilson tell her husband where she was going or when she was coming back? No, indeed. She knows Mr. Wilson believes in "personal liberty" and felt she could not object to his wife having the same privilege.

But Mr. Wilson did object, and he asked the police to make a search for his wife and son. Mr. Wilson told the police he believed Mrs. Wilson was "vacationing" in or near Glenview, Ill. The police failed to locate her there.

However, Mr. Wilson is doing some serious thinking.

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-proclaimed 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 some body the lady knew, and she was equally determined not to give him the desired information. The lawyer told her she could 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 80, but judging from the questions you ask, I should say 16," said she tranquilly.

Advertisement for The Ladies' Home Journal. Includes price list: Apples 15¢ a qt, 5¢ a qt; Turkeys 40¢ a lb, 26¢ a lb; Fresh Fish 1/2¢ a lb, 3¢ a lb. Text: 'These prices were actually reduced like this by women all over the country, showing that the high cost of living CAN be reduced. What they did YOU can do. In the October Issue of The Ladies' Home Journal A solution of the problem of the high cost of living that is so simple, so sensible, so easily done, that every woman who reads the article will say, "Why didn't I think of that?" Fifteen Cents the Copy, of All News Agents Or, \$1.50 a Year (12 issues) by Mail, Ordered Through Our Subscription Agents or Direct THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY Independence Square, Philadelphia Pennsylvania'

Correspondence of general interest to women readers will be printed on this page. Such correspondence should be addressed to the Women's Editor, Evening Ledger. AT THE SOCIAL FUNCTION Do you enjoy yourself, or do you 'sit out' the dances? We teach you the social dancing step by step, by appointment, or in private classes. Join now. The Cortisoz School (Pronounced Cor-tis-oh) Call Locust 2122 1520 Chestnut St.