

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

ELLEN ADAIR SEEKS UNCLE'S HOME, BUT FINDS HIM GONE

A Taxi Ride Through Philadelphia's Streets Brings New Surprises at Every Turn of Road.

Once on a time I had the smallest kitten, and its eyes were closed, for it was only four days old. A little village boy pulled its eyes roughly open—and the kitten died.

I know how that kitten felt before it died. It must have thought the world a cruel place, and glad it was to leave it. My rule awakening hurt me, too. For when the lovely lady awoke away it was the kindest thing that she could do, poor soul—she swept my childlessness along with her. My eyes were opened to a treacherous world, and deep down in my heart two feelings reigned supreme.

First was a trembling thankfulness that she had gone. Then came a great deep pity for her pain, that swallowed all resentment and all fear. I knew her sorrows were unathomable. Poor, lonely soul in that strange underworld, drifting among vague shadows, forms whose hearts have long since died—is there no resurrection to a happier life? Out in the sunlit spaces, children's voices call-out in God's world are happy blessed notes. "Too late, too late!" I still can hear her cry.

At length I rose from meditating there, and sought the railway station once again. I had escaped the greatest danger, and nothing could harm me now. I hailed a taxi to convey me to my uncle's house, my shabby trunk was piled on it, and off we started.

NEW SCENES ALONG THE WAY.

I noticed that the driver was a negro, and he wore no chauffeur's uniform. I missed the smart appearance of the London taxi, and the voice of drivers within. This strange dark chauffeur drove so fast, and on I noticed in alarm that we were careening on the wrong side of the street! For, as we drove toward the west, on that wide thoroughfare called Market Street, we kept on the right-hand side, and not the left!

"We certainly will have an accident quite soon," said I, and sought the speaking tube, and we still swung on at lightning speed, still on the right-hand side. This was too much, I could not stand it any longer, and hung far out of the window.

"Please stop!" I cried to the chauffeur. "You will have an accident if you don't keep to the proper side of the road. Please cross over to the left at once."

The dusky driver duly stopped, and shook his puzzled head. "I drive all right," said he in a soft, musical voice—a voice that seemed to me the most melancholy of slave days. "We must keep to the right side. It is the rule here."

I sank back in my seat amazed. Here then the traffic laws must be the opposite of ours in England! Yet I could not shake off the vague surmise that we would shortly collide with something.

The policeman looked quite different from ours; they wore no helmets, but a peaked cap of the type our postmen wear in England, and many of them rode on horseback.

I thought the postmen did look strange—mail carriers, I think, the name is here. They wore straw hats with wide upturning brims, dove-colored, and with suits of black gray.

We passed great shops in Market Street—I think they're called "department stores"—and great street cars clanked everywhere. They had no upper decks, these cars, but in most crowded places, one at home sits inside a car in summer-time, unless it rains. They always climb upon the roof, to get the breeze and a view. I thought it must be dreadful, that warm July evening, inside those big trolley cars! Although they were so huge and long, I noticed they could turn around a sharper corner than cars of half their size in England ever could.

We turned sharply north from Market Street and swung along in quiet streets. The taxi bumped and bumped upon its way, for the road seemed strange, rough and uneven. We rattled right across a railroad crossing, too, I saw the tail-end of a great goods train just passed. It seemed so odd to see those railway lines crossing a traffic-laden street. I hope I get to Uncle's safe! thought I.

It was now just after 7 o'clock, and darkness seemed to fall so suddenly. It seemed to me that in a few short minutes after daylight it was dark! At home we have a long, long twilight, and on July evenings daylight lingers on till 8 o'clock.

I saw the oddest things on that long taxi ride—they seemed so strange at first to me, an English girl, but now I've grown accustomed to them all. We passed street after street of rowed-up houses, with five or six stories, leading down to the pavement. Strangely enough, white clad girls sat out on these steps with well-dressed youths, while families sat there and faced publicity. They even went further, for I saw many little emplacements right out upon the pavement's edge. The father would sit upon a camp stool there, reading the paper and peacefully smoking, while the mother sat and chatted with her friends who might pass by upon the street.

I thought the crowds of little children playing in the streets were just the curious sight in which I was interested. I was in a state of mind when I was so close up to their little cars.

A DREARY DILEMMA

At length the taxi drew up at my uncle's house, after we had driven past a trifle over four miles. "Two dollars, please," said the driver, as he carried my trunk up to the door. Two dollars! Why, that taxi ride at home would have cost but 20 cents! I paid him while he rang the doorbell.

It was a two-story red brick house in a long line of others, with five steps leading down to the pavement. The driver rang and rang, and rang again. No answer came. He could wait no longer, so he mounted his car and drove off. A little while had been intended watching me, now he was in the great crowd that now enveloped me. I yet could not see the old house in his speech. "If you are waiting the gentleman in that house, he went off to Europe just a week ago," said he. "I heard that house is to be shut up for the next three months!"

Three months! And here was I, Ellen Adair, with but \$5 in the world, and not one single friend in the length or breadth of America, left solitary upon the doorstep.

AN AGRICULTURAL MYSTERY

"My boy Josh has been talking to me about scientific farming," said Mr. Corn-tassel.

"Yes, what I'd like to find out now is how a man that knows as little about farming as I do ever managed to make the place pay."—Washington Star.



MISS EDITH GILLETTE
Daughter of Major Gillette, of the navy yard, is the charming subject of this beautiful photographic study made by the Evans Studio. She is quite a young girl, having made her debut only last year.

WOMEN USE FOOD MONEY FOR DRESSES, SAYS GROCERS' ORGAN

Wives Deceive Husbands by Deferring Bills With Tradesmen to Buy Pretty Clothes.

The high cost of living is making but a small difference in the amount of money that women spend on food, according to a report made by the National Grocers' Association.

A habit of spending high cost of living money for personal adornment is responsible for a great deal of domestic quarreling, in the opinion of E. J. Buckley, editor of the Grocers' World, of Tenb and Arch streets. Mr. Buckley objects to what he calls the habit of some women to spend their money on dresses and hats instead of on food for their families.

Philadelphia is singularly free from this type of woman, however, according to Mr. Buckley, and wives who are hitting bills from their husbands may breathe more easily. Compared to the figures for other large cities Philadelphia has a small percentage of women who spend money on food.

"This habit is an unusual phase of financial irresponsibility," Mr. Buckley said today. "I am in touch with about 20 grocers, stores growing out of this habit are frequently told me."

"The wife declines to confess to her husband and will try to get rid of it herself by whatever surreptitious means she can use. Some times she goes to work with it, but more often she takes only a few dimes and the wife of a professional man goes to me and makes a pathetic plea that she be given time to pay a grocery bill of \$20, for which she had received the money from her husband."

She admitted she had spent it for her personal adornment, and her husband had paid her bill for her. In this direction, she said she dreaded her husband learning of her deception, as it would mean the end of her credit.

Editor Buckley said that in his opinion it was not because of any inclination toward dishonesty that the offending wife practiced this deception.

"I am sure that most of these women believe the wife struggling hard to make both ends meet," was his assertion. "The trouble is that they have never been taught to systematize. Fairly large sums of money are handed them by their husbands and without consulting that the grocer's bill is a moral as well as a financial obligation, the temptation to dress beyond their means is bound to be."

"And the temptation invariably is met," he added.

Grocers having customers of this kind to deal with are advised by Editor Buckley to send their bills directly to the husband.

"The housewife may not like this," he said, "but her resentment is the lesser of the two evils."

SOLDIER GETS OLD RING BACK

Token He Lost Years Ago Found on Constellation.

Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, thanks for this story, which is given herewith, as it was prepared by one of Mr. Daniels' aides.

When it was announced recently that the Constellation sailing ship Constellation was to be decommissioned, the Navy Department was particularly anxious to get the ship's history straightened out. The ship's history was a long and interesting one, and it was found that the ship had been in the service of the Navy for many years.

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CHEKIANG SCHOOLS GROW

A report on education in Chekiang shows an extraordinary growth in the number of schools and students since the revolution of 1911. At the end of the year 1913 there were 150 schools in this province, with 25,114 students, which required an annual expenditure of \$1,000,000. In December last there was a total of 169 schools enrolling 27,794 students, nearly four times more than before the revolution. The increase of expenditure, however, has been only \$1,000,000. This rapid progress is credited largely to the encouragement and efforts of the former tutor of Chekiang, Chu-fu.

TAILORED BLOUSE AGAIN RETURNS AS PET OF FASHION

Latest Favorites Made of Sheerest Materials—Collars of Various Designs Suit Individual Tastes.

The tailored blouse is coming in fast and furiously, but with a difference, otherwise we might turn out storehouse and closet and wear the blouse of several years ago.

In the place of heavy linen and thick madras, or stiff taffeta, we have the sheerest of linens and batistes and silks, such as crepe meteor, Georgette crepe, soft taffetas and satins and the still popular crepe de chine.

It is hard to forecast just how far the popularity of the "up to the neck and down to the wrist" blouse will go. The open throat, even if it is only the smallest V, means comfort, and many women will refuse to part with it.

There was a time when a simple fashion could take the field and drive out all rivals. But now almost any woman can gratify her individual taste and follow where her inclination leads.

The set-in sleeve, for instance, is here and is used in the majority of long-sleeved blouses, but it has not altogether displaced the raglan sleeve, and the kimono sleeve still has its uses.

There is infinite variety among the collars of blouses, from the absolutely conventional turned-down collar, such as men wear with soft shirts, to the upstanding, flaring collar, which leaves the throat bare in front.

Yokes are used extensively, though they are not as fashionable as the yoke that is so shallow in front that it barely shows. It is largely used, while the yoke that reaches the natural yoke length in front has a smartness all its own.

The buttons are commonly used for a feature of the blouse and are covered quite often with the material of the blouse or they may be black velvet or of almost any ornamental material.

The blouse illustrated is of soft taffeta with hemstitched lapels, fronts, cuffs and arm-hole plaits.

The collar is perhaps the distinguishing feature, faced as it is with black satin and held in place by a narrow strip of black velvet ribbon.

The flaring cuff comes up very high and tucks out and over. This is either very becoming or it is a disaster to attempt to wear it, and it is well to know which it is before a blouse of which it is a feature is chosen.

Besides the black of the velvet buttons, which fasten the blouse as well as furnish decoration for the cuff, there is a narrow band of black satin placed on the center of the cuff.

The use of black on white and blouses of delicate color is a style note of the season that has distinct raison d'être. It is not only artistic, but it is almost invariably becoming to any type of face.

EASIEST THING IN WORLD TO ACHIEVE TANGO FOOT

New Cases of Ultra-modern Pedal Disorder Continually Reported.

Various persons have been reported of late that there are diversions as well as vocational maladies and that while with due discretion it is quite possible to avoid "housemaid's knee," "opera house foot" and "the dancer's curse," it may be the easiest thing in the world if one attempts to keep pace with modern social requirements, to achieve the "tango foot."

New cases of this ultra-modern pedal disorder are continually being reported and as these things become fashionable, just as a few years ago every common "head cold" was given the name of "grip," it is altogether probable that thousands of corns, bunions, stone bruises, fallen arches, ankle sprains and colored and rheumatic toe joints will be reported proudly as "tango foot." To such harmless and self-gratifying euphemisms is mankind led by human nature and the craving for the "up-to-date" processes. Nevertheless, in spite of all the inevitable exaggerations, there is a genuine and very definite pedal condition known as the "tango foot," and it is well that everybody should be apprised of its exact nature.

It is, of course, produced by the conditions of modern dancing, not only the tango, but the maxixe and the hesitation waltz and possibly in a moderate degree, the one-step. But such a thing, naturally, cannot be regarded with complete respect unless it is equipped with an imposing descriptive vocabulary. Fortunately the Scientific American enlightens the world as to the exact nature of "tango foot." The axed dancer is hereby informed that his or her terpsichorean activities are quite likely to result in a constant strain on the tibialis anticus, the extensor proprius hallucis and the extensor longus digitorum, which produces a tenosynovitis in this muscle, grows with particularity a thing, and produces the tibialis anticus.

This seems portentous enough to frighten even the most stubborn of the tango-maniacs, and yet its effect as a deterrent may be doubted. In spite of this gorgeous array of excellent words the popular cry for some time to come will probably be "On with the dance!"

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There once was a sprightly young gnome who strayed one fine day far from home, but he met a large gnat.

And a gnat, gnat and gnat, and no longer he cares now to gloat!

—New York Evening Post.

Opening

MISS B. CHERTAK

Millinery Importer 1229 Walnut Street

Announces a showing of French Patterned Hats, also a large selection of carefully designed models from her own workrooms. Your inspection is cordially invited.

September 24th, 25th and 26th



TAILORED BLOUSE WITH NOVELTY COLLARS

ENTERTAIN WOMEN'S CLUBS

Bucks County Federation Guests of Langhorne Sorosis.

LANGHORNE, Sept. 24.—The Bucks County Federation of Women's Clubs was entertained today by the Langhorne Sorosis at their clubhouse, Mrs. Warren E. Tryson, president of Sorosis introduced the president of the County Federation, Mrs. Harry James, of Doylestown, who presided during the session. The Quakertown Woman's Club, Travelers' Club, of Bristol; New Century Club, of Newtown; Buckingham Chautauque Village Improvement Association, of Doylestown, and Langhorne Sorosis comprise the Federated Club.

The discussions of the day were led by Mrs. Strawn, of Quakertown, who spoke on "Good Roads"; Mrs. Meade, of Buckingham, talked on "Consolidation of Rural School," and Miss Anna R. Paxson, "Introduction of Industrial Training into the High Schools." Music was furnished by the Newton New Century Club and Langhorne Sorosis.

ICHTHYOL PRICE BOUNDS

Asphaltic Material From Austria Scarce Because of War.

The importation of ichthyol, a peculiar asphaltic material found in Austria, which finds application after appropriate chemical treatment as a very important medicinal agent, has been, along with many other products, cut off by the war.

The raw material comes from a fossiliferous deposit near Seefeld, in the Austrian Tyrol. It is carefully selected and subjected to dry distillation. This distillate thus obtained is then sulphurated and subsequently neutralized with ammonia. The use of this material has greatly increased in the last few years, and it has proved very beneficial.

Almost immediately following the beginning of the war its price doubled, going to more than 60 cents an ounce. Already, however, a firm in St. Louis has a material on the market which has been favorably recommended as an efficient substitute closely resembling ichthyol itself.

LEPER'S WIFE PROVES HER DEVOTION BY LIVING WITH HIM

Mrs. Norman Obtains Permission of the Wilkes-Barre Authorities and Will Rejoin Stricken Husband.

WILKES BARRE, Pa., Sept. 24.—Mrs. Joseph Norman has persuaded the city health authorities to permit her to go home and live with her husband, who is stricken with leprosy. She said she would rather risk becoming a victim of the dread disease than leave him alone to his fate.

Norman came to this country from Syria several years ago and recently left Wilkes Barre for Philadelphia in search of work. There he became ill. Not knowing the nature of his disease, he appealed the physicians of a hospital when he walked into the out-patient's room and asked for a remedy for a skin rash. He was sent back here by the Philadelphia authorities and confined to his own home, his wife being forbidden to enter.

The wife obeyed the order at first, but her love for the stricken man was too strong and she pleaded to be permitted to return to his side. At first the health officials were obdurate, fearing she would leave the house and spread the infection, but Mrs. Norman finally carried her point.

She pointed out that there was no one to wait on her husband and no one to give him the little attentions he needed. She would do all in her power to alleviate his sufferings, she said, and keep his path to the grave from being wholly gloomy.

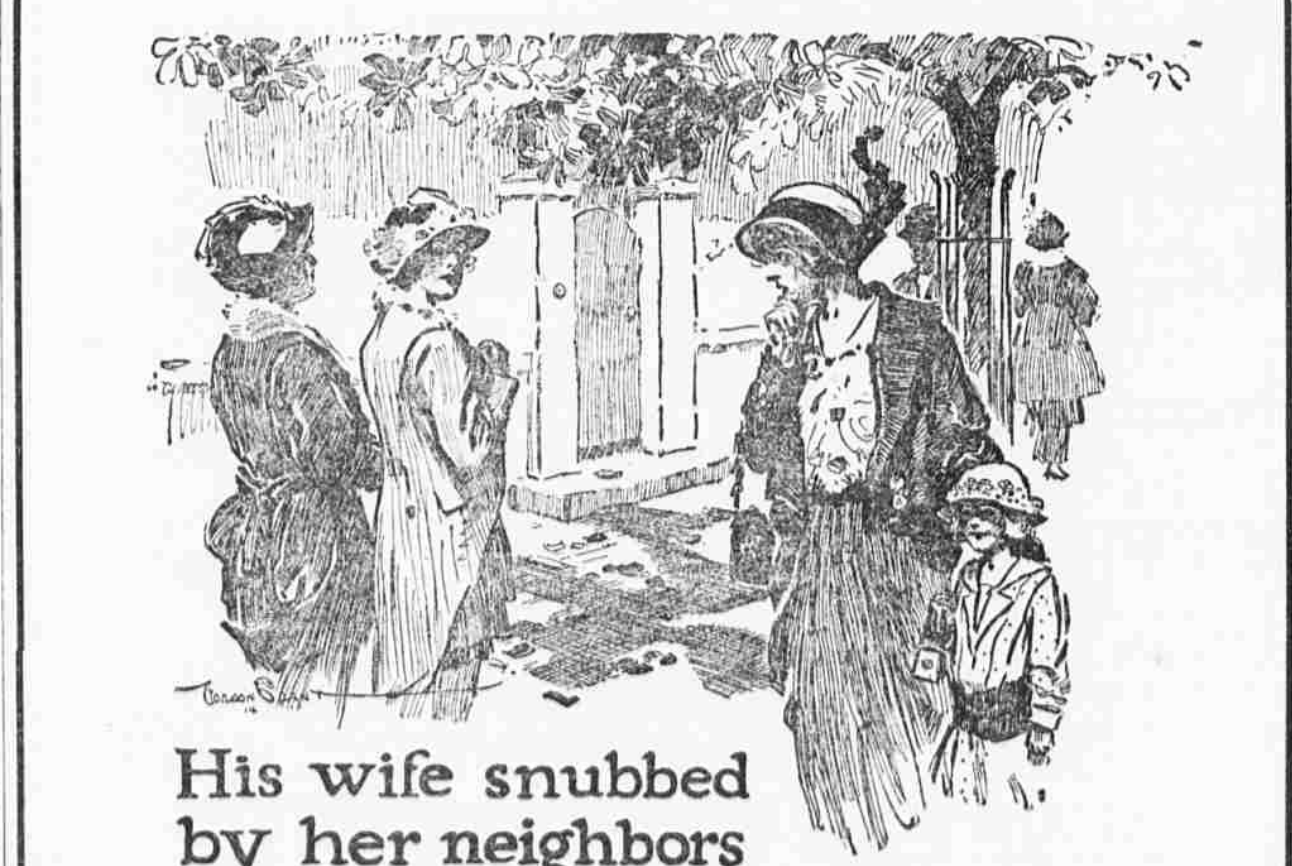
AN IMMOVABLE REASON

"Tep, I've made up my mind to get rid of that auto I bought from Pete Haskins. Guess I'll let it go for \$30 just as it stands."

"What you want to do that for?"

"'Cause it won't move."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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Everything For House Cleaning.
Buckets, Brushes, Floor Mops, Brooms, Chamois, Skins, Duster Cloths, Etc.
AT THE Housefurnishing Store



His wife snubbed by her neighbors His daughter turned aside from at church He himself blackballed at the club

A man in a small city tracked down the cause. He was square, clean and likable; well-known, with a charming wife and daughter, plenty of money, and yet—why wouldn't folks have anything to do with him and his?

The man tells the story himself—see page 13

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