

ELLEN ADAIR MEETS A TALKATIVE LADY ON THE DOORSTEP

She Wonders What the Future Now Will Bring. A Little Widow Is a Dangerous Thing.

CHAPTER XI

The world seemed such a wide and desolate place when I stood quite alone outside my uncle's house, that first sad night in Philadelphia.

"Gone off to Europe?" rang through my stunned brain. The house shut up for three long months! Where was I now to turn.

I remember nothing how the little children raced along the pavement, each on one roller skate. In the light of the street lamps—now very early it grows dark in Philadelphia—their little faces shone with happiness. I think our little English boys and girls have rosy cheeks, but these Americans had pretty little sun-burnt faces.

Where was I now to turn? I did not know. One cannot live for long on \$1. How foolish I had been to come this long, long way on mere surmise! I saw that clearly now it was too late. "Gone off to Europe!" and the house was closed!

A woman from the next-door house now came upon the scene. She may have wanted to be kind, I do not know. I thought she had the silliest, harshest voice.

"Yes, he has gone," said she, "are you his niece? From England, do you say? Dear, dear, I thought you had a foreign look! In mourning, too! What friend of yours has died? I guess it's real nasty or your uncle going off like this, just when he was expecting you! Ain't them the meanest things?"

"He did not know that I was coming here," I said softly. "You see, I only wrote three days before I sailed—I sailed a week ago. It's no one's fault except my own."

A FLATTERING CRITICISM

"Yes, you've acted real foolish," said this strange individual, staring intently at me, arms akimbo. "There ain't much style to you either. The way you fix your hair went out three years ago! It sort of suits your face, though, all the same, that queer old-fashioned way. I guess you need a bit of rouge on those pale cheeks—I'll give you some, it's real cute stuff. You'll never get a beau here unless you smarten up a bit!"

"Can you give me my uncle's present address?" I stammered, for her strange speeches made me feel confused.

"And that I can't!" said she. "Your uncle came it rather haughty over me! After that ailing wife of his died, three years ago, I tried to be real sociable, over the back yard fence of nights. I pulled three lathes of wood out, so's I could keep a cheery eye on him—for I'm a widow, and can sympathize with men. You ought to see another wife, says I. 'It ain't natural-like, for a man like you to live alone.' He'd be sitting there one evening, smoking his pipe in his little back yard, a real good-looking man, he is! But whenever I'd come out, and try a bit of conversation with him, why, 'I act real stiff and haughty, and then I'd act real soft and get up and go into the house. 'I see the house is broken,' I would say, always very polite, 'I'll send a man here tomorrow to see that it is repaired.' Three times he mended the fence, never guessing I had made the hole on purpose!' She sighed, with a reminiscent look in her hard eye. 'I guess your uncle's fixed real elegant!' said she real earnestly.

"What could she mean?" Fixed up real elegant! I did not know, and did not care. Where was I now to turn?

A PLEASANT PROPOSITION

"I guess you have a goodish bit of money with you, and would make it worth my while if I took you here to-night!" continued the hard-eyed widow, craftily. "I'm expecting two gentlemen friends, and they're bringing some bottles of beer along, so we might have a party and be real sociable. I guess I could fix up that hair of yours for once and make you look real cute. You ain't at all a bad-looking girl, if you only pecked up a bit and stepped around more lively! The chaps here like a bit of fun!"

The prospect did not sound alluring. I shuddered at the very idea of what her particular conception of "a bit of fun" might be.

"I think I'd better go to an hotel," I faintly said. I felt so tired, and yet I could not, would not enter that unknown widow's house.

The brewing storm then broke upon my head. Months of polite rebuff upon my uncle's part had worn the widow and now I, his unfortunate niece, reaped the whirlwind. The widow had a large vocabulary and one great gift of metaphor. That lurid talent was invariable until it grew tenfold.

A LADY IN DISTRESS

At length a gallant knight came to my rescue. I saw his broad form push that crowd aside. No Juliet in a thrilling balcony scene welcomed her Romeo with a gladder heart than I upon those steps. He was the best man, it is true, but still a Romeo to me!

"Gee—what!" said he, in an uncertain tone, fixing the widow with a searching eye. "Maybe you ain't the nicest, peckiest woman on this street! I'd hate to tell you what I think of you!" He turned around to me and his voice changed. "Come right along with me. I'll see you right to where you want to go," said he.

In the twinkling of an eye he had heaved my heavy trunk from off that doorstep, right to the roof of his empty tax wagon, had helped me up beside the driver's seat, cracked a long whip and off we drove.

DANCING

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Basque With Separate Skirt.

WOMAN ESCAPES ASYLUM AND WINS LARGE ESTATE

Sea Captain's Widow Proves Right to Fortune of \$25,000.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Sept. 23.—Mrs. Josephine Robson satisfied the courts yesterday that she was the legal widow of Joseph Robson, a sea captain, and in consequence will come into the fortune of her late husband, who had her illegally committed to the State Hospital for the Insane at Morris Plains some years ago. Captain Robson settled down at Fairway, after retiring from the sea, but none suspected that he had a wife, and when he died the estate, valued at \$25,000, was bequeathed to a neighbor. Then a woman appeared who had just been released from the Morris Plains Asylum, where she had been an inmate under the name of Josephine Boulvard. She claimed she was the legal wife of Joseph Robson; that she had never been mentally deranged, and that her commitment was illegal. Evidence showed that for more than a year before his death Robson had paid for "Miss Boulvard's" maintenance at the asylum. Then she furnished papers to prove that she was married to Robson at Bridgeport, Conn., in 1909.

OLD STYLES IN NEW MATERIALS AGAIN BECOME FAVORITES

Black Velvet Basque Was Worn by Former Generations, With Hoop Skirts and Waterfalls.

Any one who makes a study of fashion soon reaches the conclusion that there are certain modes that recur from time to time, modified or varied, but not too changed for recognition.

The black velvet basque that has come into prominence again as one of the present-day fashions was worn by our mothers or grandmothers, according to the generation to which we belong.

It was worn with hoop skirts and the waterfall of the period, and it is being worn again today, very little changed and lending to the wearer more of the feminine appeal of a dead and gone day. The velvet basque inaugurates the separate skirt inevitably. And this, too, is a return of an old style. Frills and bows below the waist have a place somewhere in the make-up of the majority of costumes, and the plain basque seems to call for either plaited or ruffled skirts that furnish an effective contrast.

The illustration shows the black velvet basque almost severe in design, but modernized by the collar. This particular style of collar seems to be a compromise between the high and the low collar demanded by the woman who must wear it.

It is very high in the back, but open to a generous degree in front above the waistline.

The white facing to the collar and the white cuffs are made of silk and count a point as a fashion asset.

The skirt worn with the basque scores several points in up-to-date modernness. It is in tiers, or sections, and it is full—that is, full according to the present standard.

Each section of the skirt is finely plaited, though the fullness is treated in the topmost flounce.

While both basque and skirt are conventionalized, they have distinct prestige among the styles especially created for autumn wear.

The tulle or tulle which completes the costume is of black velvet, trimmed with tulle placed at an angle that we might be inclined to call rakish if we were not determined to reflect the spirit of war in our every-day vocabularies.

The military air has been given deliberately to many coats and capes and hats and bonnets, and where there is a certain kind of dash the term is sure to be used for the sake of its present-day popularity.

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HATS. SAFETY FIRST

PLANNING FOR NEW WEST PHILADELPHIA HOSPITAL

Site for Proposed \$100,000 Institution Sought by Committee.

Plans are well under way for a new \$100,000 hospital to be built near the boundary line of West Philadelphia and Delaware County. Several public meetings have been held within the last few weeks, and a subscription fund of \$250 has been raised. The movement is fostered by nearly all of the business men on Woodland avenue, from 55th street to Darby, seven large industrial plants and 21 physicians.

Clearview mansion, at 53d street and Elmwood avenue, would make excellent temporary quarters until the new building could be erected, it is thought.

The following were elected members of the temporary committee: Thomas Dempsey, Paschville, chairman; J. B. Simpson, Darby, secretary; George Shaw, 4217 Woodland avenue, treasurer, and Dr. Albert Smith, Colwyn; B. F. Madden, Darby; Samuel Hartenstein, 71st street and

WOODLAND AVENUE, AND THE REV. ALLAN BAILLIE, 110 NORTH CONESTOGA STREET.

The Rev. Allan Baillie said there is a great need for the hospital in West Philadelphia and the surrounding territory.

"Granted the new hospital is to be located near the boundary line between Delaware County and the 9th Ward," said Mr. Baillie, "the nearest hospital to the east is the overcrowded University Hospital, about four or five miles away; the nearest to the south is the Chester Hospital, about 12 miles away; the nearest to the west is Media, which is about 11 miles away, and the nearest to the north is the Homeopathic Hospital, about five miles away."

Large industrial plants west of Philadelphia, such as Brill's Car Works and Fel's Soap Works are back of the project. The district intended to be served by the new hospital are Southwest Philadelphia, Lansdowne, Darby, Colwyn, Collingdale, Ridley Park and Sharon Hill.

A site has not yet been selected, but a committee, Messrs. J. W. Canine, 82d street and Woodland avenue; Joseph Swope, Darby, and Dr. John Armstrong, Colwyn, is seeking a location. Reports of the committee for sites and subscriptions will be submitted at a meeting on Tuesday, September 29.

"BALLET GIRLS" GERMAN NAME FOR HIGHLANDERS

British Prisoners in Camp Yearn for Tobacco and Whisky.

BERLIN, Sept. 25.—Describing a visit to the English prisoners at a concentration camp near Potsdam, a reporter of the Berliner Tageblatt says they are living most comfortably in tents and that they never complain of the treatment accorded them. They look, he says, as if they belonged to Faust's army, and he proclaims his conviction that many of them have been ill nourished, as their uniforms are much too big.

The Highlanders, he declares, make a much better impression. There are many of them among the prisoners.

The German guards have christened them "the ballet girls," in allusion to their kill.

The reporter says that a military celebration took place outside the concentration camp on Wednesday, which the English "visitors" watched with indifference, smoking their pipes. "The principal care seems to be whether they can get British tobacco when the last remnants of their British shag have been smoked."

FILIPINOS SHOW EAGERNESS TO GET SCHOOL TEACHERS

Winfred T. Denison Shows That Natives Prefer the Schools to Feasts—Amusing Incidents Witnessed.

The Hon. Winfred T. Denison, secretary of the Interior of the Philippine Islands, has been called the "White Hope" of the islands. The exact applicability of this term is not perfectly clear at this distance. Mr. Denison himself is on record as declaring his belief that it is meant to imply a "white interest" in the Philippines as distinguished from a Filipino interest. He is also on record as saying: "I suppose I was called the 'White Hope' because I used to belong to the Republican party."

Denison, as is well-known, is the Bull Moose member of the present Philippine Administration, and as such his experiences of the last few months in the islands are of considerable interest, indicating to a degree the hopefulness or hopelessness of the Philippine situation.

Mr. Denison has sent to friends in this country copies of a speech delivered by him at the City Club, Manila, on June 20 last. The speech is entitled "Democracy's Mission in the Philippines." The speech does not give its author's opinion on the question of Philippine independence, but merely discusses some of the questions which daily come before the Secretary of the Interior through the administration of his own department.

One of the typical questions, Mr. Denison says, which come before him continually, cropped up in the proposition whether he should authorize the expenditure of \$20 per person for the photographing of moluks. "Now, it happens that I have just returned from the Mountain Province," declared the Secretary, "where I found the deep necessity and a great demand for school teachers, and no money to provide them. I had this choice: Should I spend \$20 per person for photographing those moluks, or should I spend it for school teachers? I could pay the whole share of the Insular Government in one teacher, and a half of the share of the Insular Government in another teacher for the cost of these photographs. I am not unaware that the world outside the Philippines may possibly prefer the photographs of the moluks to teachers in the Mountain Province, but can there be any doubt in the mind of any one that my duty is to spend the money for the interest of the Philippines, rather than to further what may be considered the interest of the scientific world at large?"

On another occasion Mr. Denison reports that he had been to Palawan and had found there 40,000 people without a doctor. He discovered the same thing on a still larger scale in the Mountain Province. He learned that the Moros in the southern end of Palawan were eager for a school teacher—"even grown men were petitioning for leave themselves to go to school."

At the Cullon Leprosy colony he was petitioned by six sisters of the church, who were doing all the nursing for 250 hospital patients to send them two more nurses and some money for their work. Upon returning to Manila from this trip the first thing that was put up to the secretary was an application for leave to spend \$1,000 pesos for printing the results of ethnological research into the habits of the Bukidnons and other non-Christian tribes!

"For 14,000 pesos," declared Denison, "I could either cover the Mountain Province with school teachers or cover Palawan with doctors, or fill Cullon with nurses; while the outside world, if it finds itself in peremptory need of this knowledge, may possibly be able to find the money some way except in the pockets of the Filipino people."

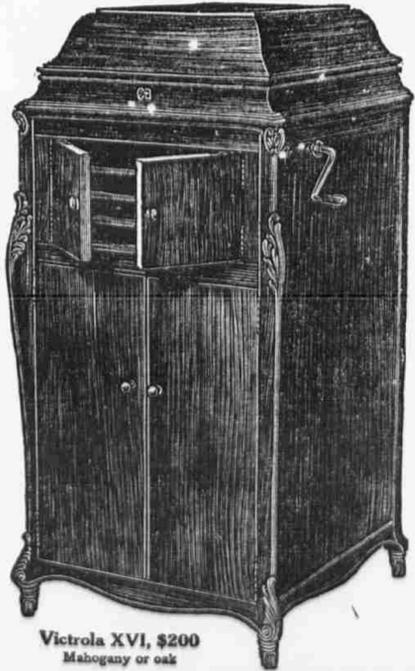
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