

## 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 noticing how the little children raced along the pavement, each on one roller skate. In the light of the street lamps—how very early it grows dark in Philadelphia—their little faces shone with happiness. I think our little English boys and girls have rosier 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 \$5! How foolish I had been to come this long way on my mere surmises! 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 rose from the scene. She may have wanted to be kind, I do not know, but thought she had the shrillest, sharpest 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 is real news of your uncle going off like this, just when he was expecting you. Ain't you the meanest thing!"

"He did not know that I was coming here," I said dolefully. "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 stilly asked, for her strange speeches made me feel confused.

"And that I can!" 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 bushes of wood, out, so I could keep a cheery eye on him—for I'm a widow, and can sympathize with men!"

"You ought to get another wife," says I. "It ain't natural, like, to be a widow, but 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 wipers, he comes out, and they talk, of conversation, and you could he'd act real stiff and haughty, and then make some excuse and get up and so into the house. I see the fence is broken.

"I send a man here tomorrow to see that it is repaired. Three times he mended the fence, never mending it had made the hole on purpose! She stiched with a needle, cent look in her hair eye. I guess your uncle's fixed real elegant!" said she reflectively.

"What could she mean?" I 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 perked up a bit and stiched around some lividly! The chape 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 roof—and now I, his unfortunate niece, reaped the whirlwind. The widow had a large vocabulary and one great gift of metaphor. That buried talent was unbarred until it grew turbulent.

A crowd of little umbrellas edged round. "Just listen to her!" cried one little boy. "Better than the movies, ain't it, sister?"

What were "the movies?" I had never heard the name! I sat upon my trunk on that top step in slowest weariness, while the gentle lady on her step next door harangued me in a rising tone. The little crowd was growing larger—I thought of me of a Punch and Judy show at home!

### A LADY IN DISTRESS.

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

"See-eh!" said he, in an uncertain tone, fixing the widow with a wandering eye. "Maybe you ain't the noblest, pekiest woman on this street! I'd hate to tell you what I think of you!" He turned around to see what the young lady 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 ice wagon, had helped me up beside the driver's seat, cracked a long whip and off we drove.

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Basque With Separate Skirt.

### MOTHERS' PENSIONS PAID

**City Treasurer McCoach Gives \$285 Beneficiaries \$1583.50 for Sept.**

Widows and deserted wives, nearly all accompanied by small children, called at the office of City Treasurer McCoach today to receive the pensions for September granted them from the Mothers' Pension Fund.

From the appropriation for September made to the fund by City Council, City Treasurer McCoach paid out \$285.99. There are 128 mothers and deserted wives, beneficiaries of the fund, in the city in those families are 482 children less than 14 years of age.

### THE LETTER, NOT THE SPIRIT:

A certain landlord had a great objection to renting his houses out to tenants with children.

"Have you any children?" he demanded fiercely of a would-be tenant.

"Yes," replied the latter solemnly, "six—all in the cemetery."

"Better there than here," said the landlord consolingly, and proceeded to execute the desired agreement.

In due time the children returned from the cemetery, whether they had been sent to play.

## 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 fashions 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 hoopskirts 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 fur-bellows must 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 will furnish an effective contrast.

The illustration shows the black velvet costume as of black velvet, but modernized by the collar. This particular style of collar seems to be a compromise between fashion as originally planned by the modiste and the distinct demand by the woman who must wear it.

It is very high in the back, but open to a generous degree in front above the square-out neck.

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

The skirt wears with the basque across several points in up-to-date modishness. 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 greatest in the topmost flounce.

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

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

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.

## FILIPINOS SHOW EAGERNESS TO GET SCHOOL TEACHERS

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

The Hon. Winifred 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



SAFETY FIRST

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 29 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 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 500 pesos for the photographing of mollusks. "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 600 pesos for

photographing those mollusks, 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 mollusks 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 Leper 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 14,000 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 Cullion 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."

### INTERNATIONAL LOVE

The British love the Frenchman, the Frenchman loves the Russ; They complement each other with exaggerated fuss. The Russian loves the Belgian, who dearly loves the Jap. Their love just now is gushing like spring-time starts the sap. The German loves the Austrian. The latter's features work As he mentions his affection for the unutterable Turk. With all this billycooking, I hardly think it right. Such loving, kindly nations should ever chide and fight—Kansas City Star.

Even in the matter of fish and seafoods there is little encouragement for a savant, as prices are a lot above a year ago. Soft crabs bring \$1.25 a dozen; crab meat, regular, 40 cents; lump, 75 cents; lobsters, 35 cents; hard-shell crabs, 50 cents a dozen; while oysters and clams are about 25 per cent. higher than last September. Bluefish bring 18 cents; brook trout, 75 cents; butterfish, 12 cents; catfish, 18 cents; cod (steak), 15 cents; flounders, 15 cents; haddock, 18 cents; halibut, 25 cents; mackerel (fresh), 35 cents each; Spanish, 35 cents a pound; white perch, 15 cents; rockfish, 18 to 25 cents; fresh salmon, 40 cents; sea bass, 15 cents; snappers, 35 cents; weakfish, 15 cents; while scollops are priced at \$1 a quart.

Country sausage and scrapple begin to arrive from October 5 on, and cranberries, turkey, chestnuts, etc., will be on sale almost any day now. Already some chestnuts have arrived from points that have experienced frost, and bring 35 cents a quart.

### SEA FOOD HIGH, TOO.

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