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

ELLEN ADAIR HAS TRYING ORDEAL IN BIG OFFICE BUILDING

Recovering From Disappointment in Employment Office, She Makes Futile Effort to Answer Telephone.

XIII.

I think that disappointment makes one feel so old! So many sorrows have come suddenly to me—I wonder why? I gaze down vistas of long years to come and see just loneliness. Those years may bring dull resignation in their train,

The feet less prompt to meet the morning dew,
The heart less bounding at emotion new,
And hope, once crushed, less quick to spring again.

I want to live, live hard, and think, and learn, and do! I hate the thought of pain and poverty! Since mother died, all the old longings that I thought long since were crushed, all the old, vague desires have come to me again a thousandfold. Those restless stirrings for a full deep life are here again. O, Moon of my Desire! Is happiness for me just like that pale, cold orb shining beyond this earthly kingdom here?

Why are we humans such strange, restless things, with vague resolves that melt like snow before the heat of selfishness? Why are we given souls to ache over our own sad failings and our pain? We struggle on like children in the dark—

Light half-believers of our casual creeds,
Who never deeply felt, nor clearly willed,
Whose insight never has borne fruit in deeds,
Whose vague resolves never have been fulfilled.

This sadness must be shaken off tonight. Yet in the telling of a simple tale like mine I still must write in all sincerity.

ALMOST ENVIOUS.

After my interview at that employment place I walked in Philadelphia's streets for quite an age. I thought the shops in Market street held lovely things. The girls who passed me on the street struck me as having such a fashionable air; their clothes seemed cut just in the height of "style." The way their hair was dressed was most severe, dragged tightly back over each ear with one great jeweled pin projecting at the side. I thought they looked so pretty, yet some had an artificial air—the color in their cheeks seemed sometimes hard and fixed, so different from the glow that cold winds and sea breezes bring. How wealthy they must be to dress like that, I thought, and almost envied them.

I walked through Chestnut street and saw the hurrying crowds go by. How narrow that street seemed to be! Long lines of motorcars crowded the traffic everywhere.

In Wanamaker's cool department store I lingered, hoping to hear the organ play. At length "one chord of music like the sound of a great amen" rang out, and it seemed to give me courage to face these noisy, sun-scorched streets again. I loved to hear that organ play.

AN UNEXPECTED OPPORTUNITY.

After an hour of wandering I saw a notice in a window, "Employment Bureau." It was a large typewriting office, and rows of girls and men clicked busily at different machines. All seemed so competent, so capable, so self-assured. I felt too shy to risk another rebuff such as the last, so stood just inside, close to the door, and as far from the 'Employment' desk as possible. Two girls were talking close to me and I could not help hearing what they said.

"We need a girl in our office uptown at once," said one, "just to do all the odd jobs, answer the telephone and do all the things no one else wants to do. Aren't you just dying to apply?"

"Gee—not for me!" was the response. "I guess I have a dandy job already, thanks. Besides, the sound of it ain't good enough."

This was my chance. I screwed up courage, and I spoke.

"Would I be good enough for this particular post of which you speak?" I queried. "I have had no experience, of course, but still I want to start in right away."

The girls turned round, and stared, amazed.

"I guess no particular experience is needed, just some common sense," said the one who had spoken first, eyeing me curiously. "I know we want a girl immediately; go right up now and see the boss."

She handed me an office card, and off I set. I reached a great high building that seemed to me to tower right to the heavens, a real skyscraper. The elevator shot me like a streak of greased lightning to the 17th floor. I entered a large office, and perceived "the boss" to be a worried-looking, worried little man, and seemed to preside over a score of stenographers, all girls. He clucked around just like a nervous hen beside the whole pond of hens, who found her brood were duckling and could scarcely wear them here.

"Miss Smith, Miss Smith, stop talking over there and go ahead with your work!" he cried.

"Miss Brown, you've placed your chewing gum right on these bills of lading there and it has stuck! I hate to see young ladies chew the way you all do here!"

He turned to me. "Are you the new girl? Why, I guess you'll do. Start in $8 a week to start—begin right now. There goes the telephone; please answer it." He hurried off again.

THE DREADFUL PHONE.

I hastened to the dreadful instrument. The nearest girl's all stopped their work and watched. I did not know what I should do, for I had never touched a telephone before. But that wild bell kept ringing on, so I lifted the instrument bodily off the table and placed the mouthpiece to my ear! Of course I heard no sound, except the wild ringing of that dreadful bell, which kept up one continuous uproar.

"For heaven's sake answer the phone right, can't you, girl?" shouted "the boss" in nervous wrath. "That darned wild ringing makes my head go round."

The earpiece now fell to the floor with a loud crash, but luckily by chance so it stopped the mad ringing of the bell. I lost my head, picked up that earpiece from the floor and shouted down it, "Who is there?" A shout of laughter from the girls stopped further foolish blundering.

"Come here, young lady," said "the boss." "I see you've never touched a telephone before. Are you accustomed to clerical work?"

What a strange question in that business place, I thought. "I've taught in Sunday school, if that is what you mean," said I. "The clergyman used to say I could teach the children well."

Another shout of laughter greeted this. I saw that I had blundered once again. It was too much. I hurried from the place and shook that office dust from off my feet. "A hateful office and a hateful crowd," I murmured angrily. The humor of the thing then struck me, and I laughed—and laughed. O blessed sense of humor in a trying world!

AFTERNOON GOWN OF FUR FABRICS AND SATIN

BROADTAIL MAKES BID FOR POPULARITY IN AFTERNOON GARB

Domestic Fabric Utilized by Modistes in Absence of Foreign Material—Redingote High in Favor.

Imported dress fabrics fall very far short of the usual annual quantity this season, and consequently our own domestic fabrics are exploited by the modistes and used to develop some of the handsomest models shown.

The popularity of broadtail would seem to be ensured by the fact that it is a favorite with shops of a very high grade, and it ranks with chiffon velvet and panne in its suitability for afternoon costumes.

It is far superior in quality to the imitation fur materials of the past in its softness and its richness of tone, while in the deep blues and the browns, such as tobacco and tete de negre, it is particularly alluring.

The afternoon gown of the illustration has unusual beauty and distinction of style. It is of the so-called "midnight blue" color, and it is combined with satin of the same tone.

The coat belongs to the redingote class. It is a name that covers a multitude of designs, and there are many variations to the one theme.

In this instance the circular skirt of the redingote is attached in a novel way to the fitted yoke of satin. From the deep points of the yoke depend heavy silk tassels of the same midnight tone.

The sleeves are of satin and project from the coat-like sleeves from out of a wrinkled.

The collar is one of the most attractive features of the coat, shirred as it is, and yet not altogether losing the straight line of an ordinary collar.

The fur that edges the collar and cuffs is Russian beaver. This bears very little resemblance to the silky, fawn-colored fur that we are accustomed to under that name. It is dyed to a much deeper shade of brown, and it is unsmoked and still has the occasional white hair that gives it a somewhat frosted appearance.

The coat is slightly opened in front, with lapels that are faced with satin and trimmed with the fur to match the collar and cuffs.

A very pretty touch is given to the gown by the stripes of satin. It is the sort of thing that the French have always done to perfection.

One of the minor details, perhaps, but something that absolutely transforms the appearance of a garment and raises it from the ordinary homespun kind of tailoring to the aristocracy of clothes.

We are beginning to value these things and to see how much is gained by attention to the fine particulars.

DOMESTIC HINTS

If you wish to make starch and let it get cold before starching the clothes, try this method: After the starch is made, and still hot, sprinkle cold water all over the top as though you were sprinkling sprinkles. You will find no scum on it and can use every particle of it.

Rice should be washed in several waters before cooking it. The best way to do this is to put the rice in a sieve, and dip it up and down in a pan of water. Warm water is better than cold.

Correspondence of general interest to women readers will be printed on this page. Such correspondence should be addressed to the Woman's Editor, Evening Ledger.

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WIFE'S DULL ROUND OF HOUSEHOLD DUTY AGE-OLD PROBLEM

Constantly She Craves Word of Appreciation Which Husband Denies Her. Recreation a Positive Need

Much controversy and contention circle around the old, eternal question, Are wives considered by their husbands? From the days when Adam delved and Eve first spun, this problem, like the poor, is always with us. The irritating attitude of the early Victorian matron of a past decade is not yet dead—unfortunately! In many a modern wife is seen the meek self-immolation at her husband's shrine so typical of a Jane Austin heroine.

In these enlightened days, a wife should surely have a little leisure for the higher things, a breathing space to pause amid soul-killing routine of the pots and pans.

The "three-meal problem" seems to be a moral one. "I hate the very sight of food," cried a distracted, nervous little wife, "the cooking and preparing of three meals a day just haunts my dreams! When John comes in at night, he sinks into the nearest chair and says, 'Gee, Mary, I've just had the hardest, busiest day! You lucky girl, in this quiet haven all day long, I envy you! I hope to goodness dinner's ready?'

"I know John thinks I've passed a glorious afternoon, lying on the sofa with the latest novel and a box of candy. It's no use telling him how hard I've worked; he only smiles. He cannot see the hundred little trifles, big and small, that make my working day as hard as his."

WORD OF APPRECIATION CRAVED.

Another wife now spoke. "In one sense I do think that the hardest profession on earth is that of wife," said she. "For that role includes just every other one. I must be an excellent cook to please my husband's epicurean taste; a good dressmaker to make my children's clothes and mine; a thoroughly qualified governess to help my children with their lessons; a clear-headed business woman, with the acumen of a trained accountant, to keep my household books and run things economically. And in the evenings after dinner's done, the last dish washed, the last child put to bed, I must be bright and witty, smartly dressed, must talk about men's things, men's interests. I'd do it all willingly if I only had a word of appreciation from my husband now and then. But he cannot understand why I should feel tired."

Each wife should have a certain time a day, apart from all her household duties, for relaxation and for culture's sake. Most religiously she should adhere to this scheme.

WIFE TO HAVE PLAY TIME.

A very pretty married woman has just decided on a mild revolt. For 20 years, she has been the best of mothers and of wives, and the very hardest worker in her home. A little while ago, the doctor told her that her nerves were overstrained through the "three-meal problem" and her too sedentary life. She must have more fresh air and more amusement. The cure has worked so well that now she has decided to make the new state of things a permanency.

"I intend to make some time for amusement and culture every day now," said she in a determined tone, "for three hours every afternoon I'm going to 'play.' In summer it will be tennis and outdoor sports for me, and in the winter time I shall attend matinees and concerts and lectures, and visit my friends. In all those years, I think the best part of me was getting stale along with the eternal round of pots and pans! My husband never saw it, but I did! I don't intend to neglect him now, of course, but I do intend to give myself a better opportunity for culture and for growth. I do believe that he will appreciate me more, too. I worked so hard, and yet he never seemed to see that I did a thing! So now I've thought things out, made out a little pleasant scheme to look forward to every day, and I intend to carry it out. I think there are such things as too unselfish wives, don't you?"

(The Editor of the Woman's Page will be glad to publish letters dealing with the above topic.)

FRENCH MENU GONE; POMMES DE TERRE BECOME POTATOES

War's Ravages Destroy Gallic Flavor of Restaurant Bill of Fare—All Foods Americanized.

EVOLUTION OF THE MENU

Before the war.	Now.
Huitres de Lynnhaven	Oysters
Barsch a la Russe	Soup
Hors-d'oeuvre	Olives
Terrapin	Fish
Croustades de pommes de terre	Potatoes
Asperges en branches	Asparagus
Canards Rotis	Duck
Riz Sauvage	Rice
Salade de celeri	Celery salad
Glace Alaska	Ice cream
Croquants	Cakes
Cafe Noir	Coffee

The European war has caused more trouble in Philadelphia hotels than the average person realizes. In addition to affecting American ships, it has worked a metamorphosis in American hotels and restaurants, for all United States food has to remain neutral.

Proprietors of hotels and cafes here found it absolutely necessary to neutralize their menus, and one attached herewith, with its neutral interpretations, shows that the bonifaces do not intend to take chances. The patron who desires to know what he's getting in advance will breathe a sigh of relief for the change.

He will know, for instance, when he orders "croustades de pommes de terre," that it's simply creamed potatoes, and that barsch a la Russe is plain, ordinary soup, with a dish around it. Then, too, he finds it such a relief to know that "canards rotis" is simply roast duck, while hors d'oeuvres are olives.

The translation, however, was not made simply for convenience; it was a matter of diplomacy. The hotel men discovered that a patriotic German guest did not care to be greeted with a Frenchy menu littered with "ques" and "ones," not to mention other complications.

GERMAN FOOD DISGUISED.

Nor did an ardent Frenchman care to see such announcements as frankfurters and sauerkraut or hamburger steak and liverwurst.

Therefore, the frankfurter dish has been disguised to sausage and shredded cabbage, while liverwurst is announced as American pudding.

Neuchatel cheese is concealed, while smearcase and cauerbeig is simply labeled as bread and cottage cheese. Pig knuckles and kraut have been succeeded by short pork and cabbage.

ENGLISH DISHES AMERICANIZED.

Even some of the pronounced English dishes in the popular restaurants have been changed. The Yarmouth bloater and Yorkshire pudding are now given as Nova Scotia herring and American plum duff. English potato chips and Birmingham beer, which are popular in many places, are now given as Saratoga chips and beer. Dalemartin soup is simply bean soup.

Austrian dishes have also been Americanized.

"We had to take such steps for peace," said a local hotel man, "because there were many complaints from our guests of all nationalities. And if there is any place that should be peaceful it's a dining-room.

"Many impatient customers are ready to fight anyhow if they are not served with lightning speed, and when their patriotism is jarred by seeing dishes announced in the language of the enemy, it is too much. Then, too, they can order more quickly, and it saves time all around. We intend to keep neutral food until the big fight has been settled."

WASHING FINE LACE

Fine lace or muslin is dreadfully apt to tear in the process of washing, particularly small articles, such as collars and cuffs. Before washing fine lace or muslin collars and cuffs baste them on to a piece of heavier muslin, and this will prevent tearing and stretching in the process of washing and laundering.

"FOX TROT," LATEST DANCE, SEEMS JUST LIKE A WILD ROMP

Newest Fling Comes Unheralded and Society Must Learn Its Steps All Over Again.

You who have feet that will twist surreptitiously,
You who weigh more than two hundred and eight;
Look on the call of the fox trot supiciously
If you'd escape from a terrible fate.
Trilbies that have not a cattle celerity
Should not essay this most modern of trots;
Training and nerve and the utmost temerity
Cannot avail to untangle its knots.

Life for the dancer is just one step after another and now it's the "Fox Trot."

You can't get away from it. No matter how much of a "lion" you may have been in your own home town with the tango, no matter how you may have bowled them over by the beautiful sea with your exposition of the maxixe, no matter how much you may have hesitated dancing around, all around, while playing the game of love, no matter how much you may have been there and she may have been there when one-stepping—no matter any of these things. For now it's the fox trot.

Unlooked for and unheralded, from sources unknown, the bomb, almost as deadly as that hurled down by the mightiest of Zeppeline, has crashed into the midst of a dancying world, carrying wholesale destruction in its wake to those who had fortified themselves behind the seeming impregnable defenses of what was the latest trip in terpsichorean trots. It strikes terror to the souls of those who, by going without lunch for days, yea weeks, had amassed enough to obtain of Minnie Waltz and Bennie One-step, "select teachers of the modern dance," the assurance that they were now "equipped to do the most difficult with the best."

In reality the new dance is the simplest of them all. It gets its inspiration from the old, old turkey trot which was difficult and ungraceful largely because it was the first in a new regime and people were not accustomed to the new idea.

Its distinguishing characteristic is its high rate of speed. Woe to him or her who still feels the necessity of counting his steps or to those whose avoirdupois restricts their dancing at all times to a stately promenade. For the formula in plain words is to get on one foot quick and having got there to get off as swiftly as possible.

In the light of which everybody is likely to kick back the rugs, turn on the talking machine and go to it. For this winter there will not be any cups coming your way unless you fox trot.

SCRATCHES ON FURNITURE

Furniture is so apt to become scratched and such a state of affairs looks somewhat unsightly. A remedy is suggested. Dissolve some beeswax in turpentine, making it as thick as treacle, and apply to the scratched surface. Afterwards rub very briskly with a dry flannel.

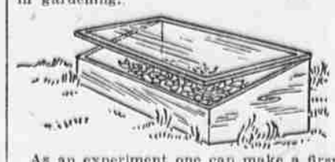
A WINTER VIOLET BED

NOW IS TIME FOR PLANTING.

When a woman once begins to garden she is lost! Perhaps it is the curiosity with which she is supposed to be endowed, and after she once starts the variety is too infinite for custom to stale or time to wither her enthusiasm.

To slip out into the garden on a winter morning, even if the garden is the smallest of city back yards, and to gather a handful of fragrant English violets for the breakfast table, has more thrills in it, if one has watched and tended the violets, than a bunch from the florist could possibly give.

They grow so amazingly well under glass and a few plants give so many flowers that they will bring much joy and very little heartache to the novice in gardening.



As an experiment one can make a first attempt on a very small scale. There are miniature hotbeds to be bought complete as to frame and glass, that measure 20 by 12 inches, and the price is $1.35.

A bed of this size is about large enough for half a dozen plants, but the number of flowers on a single plant is out of all proportion to its size.

The question of soil is not a difficult one. Just ordinary earth, spaded and enriched with a good fertilizer, such as plant food or bone meal, will answer very well.

The violet plants, at just the right stage for transplanting to the cold frame, are sold by florists at the price of $1.75 for a dozen plants.

In January, or early February, they will be in bloom if they are planted now, and just now is the time when they should be planted.

There is a charm to town-bred flowers, possibly it is the element of the unexpected, combined with the element of chance.

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