

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

ELLEN ADAIR IS SERENADED BY HER ACQUAINTANCES

The Disastereous Pleasure Trip Comes to an End, and She Resolves to Join in Such No More.

XIX. I never shall forget that long and dreadful midnight walk back to the city and the lodging house! We left the remnants of the borrowed car half in the hedge, half in the ditch, and quite a wreck. I do not like these curious evenings spent at wayside inns!

Actions speak louder far than words, and since I have recorded all the actions of the night, I will refrain from undue moralizing. But one thing I must say, and that is this—out "on a party" such as the above, no soft persuasive words could ever make me go again!

From a spectacular point of view, that five-mile homeward tramp might have been amusing. Yet even as a looker-on, and not a sharer in the game—which heaven forbid!—my sense of humor almost failed me, and I felt both tired and cross.

The "inny" jests of "Kiddo," like the book, despite the fact that men might come, and men most certainly might go, went on! In her own eyes, age could not wither them, nor custom stale their infinite variety. Yes, human nature is a curious thing!

THE PARTING At length we reached my quiet lodging house. I do not like to dwell upon the parting there. The hour was 2 a. m., the neighborhood was still, and on the early morning air strange sounds of revelry now broke. The strange sextette—yes, there were six of them—lined up upon the pavement's edge. Mere words could never give the odiousness of their looks, as they stood there like sentinels.

"Good night, good night!" I murmured half-drowsily. "It was very kind of you to ask me out, and very many thanks. I hope the car is not too badly smashed! It was a blessing none of us was hurt. Good night."

The crowd there in a solemn row, the while I hastened upstairs to my room. To my amazement, when I gained my room and looked out through the little window, there stood a crowd of men, and there and not moved one inch! What was the latest scheme evolving in their brains, I wondered nervously? Why were they standing there all in a solemn row?

My mind was soon put right upon this point. A parting hymn of praise now rose upon the early morning air. The strange sextette were bent on serenading me. No! No! No! It couldn't be their song! Each planned to take a different part, and all were chanting in a different key!

"Good night, little girl, good night!" I murmured. "I will not quote in detail all their songs—the gentle ballad costs about ten cents. Let it suffice to say that after what appeared to me an act, the window of a neighboring house flew up with all celerity. A large wet sponge went hurtling through the air, aimed with a deadly aim at "Kiddo's" toupee. It proved to be a bull's-eye, too, and landed just upon the crown of his head. "Chaque chose a son lieu," he cried in a hoarse voice, and he hurried it to the very dust. Shades of French millinery, what a fall was there! For to the astonishment of all, there clung a little bunch of solitary golden curls, which, in true nuptial parance, had refused to leave the sinking ship! I saw her stoop and pick the ruin up—also the curls. Her combs, with heads, had fallen!

Then, with dejected air, the one-time happy band went off. One hears that soldiers will go through the fiercest battles and will feel no fatigue, yet little things may vanquish them at last. Such seemed the state of things in this campaign. For, with the fall of that chapeau, "great Caesar fell!"

THE MORNING AFTER The following morning I was very late in my arrival at the office, and I had a headache all day long, due to the arduous which we had embraced the previous night before. My forehead showed a large, conspicuous mark where it had struck the metal frame in front of the car.

But I felt that it was truly lucky to have escaped so lightly from such a violent collision. Moreover, I had gained a new insight into the curious methods of unearthing pleasure which are so prevalent among a certain class. Each to his own taste in the future, I should now abstain all joy rides and all parties of that type. I think the old adage, "Experientia docet," is very true. One only learns from sad experience.

"How did it come, some party, eh?" inquired the telephone girl with an amused glance at the tokens of the battle. "I could have told you that that fellow cannot drive a car! It was a shame you had a bump like that upon your forehead. I hope he feels ashamed of himself by now, upsetting every one into a ditch! If I had been right there I would have told him what a shame you had! He's just a boob, and you were far too soft! I hope he's going to pay the doctor's bills for every one all round!"

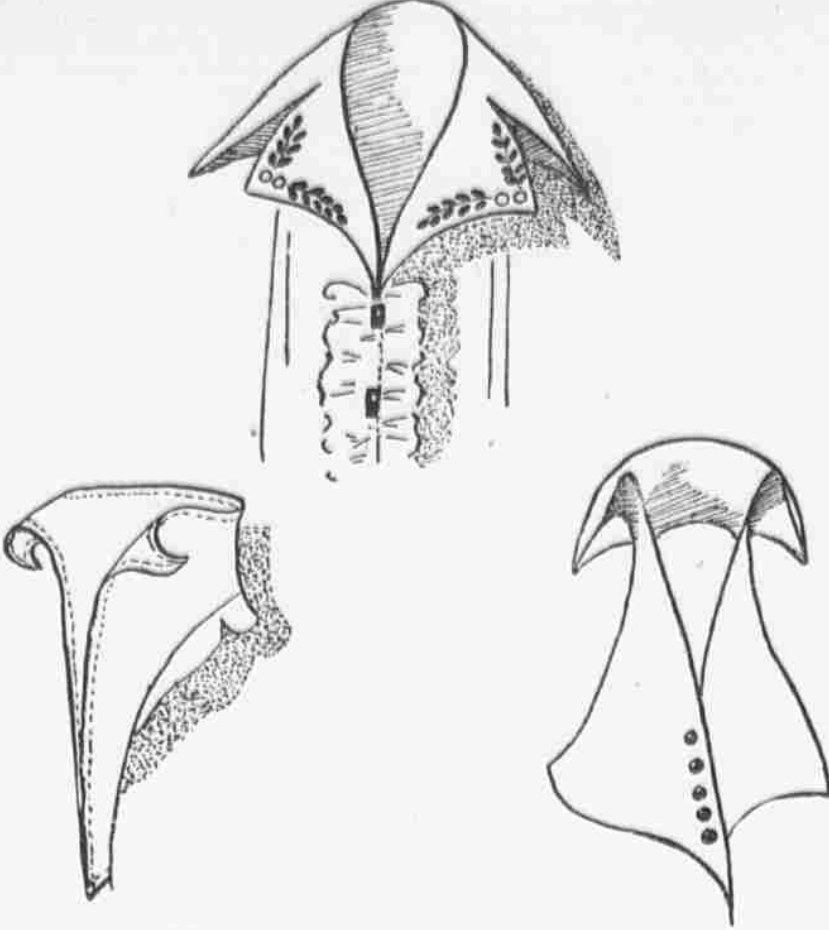
No one was really hurt," I said, "although we really had a pretty narrow shave! I do think that he meant to be most kind, though, all the same."

"Of course he did, you simple little soul," cried she, "why shouldn't he be kind to you? Of course, he was just trying to take you out, and it was quite all right for you to go—but I do think it was the wildest stunt of his to go to my best fellow's house when he was at choir-practice, and calmly talk his mother round to let him have the car just for the evening. If I'd been there myself, I'd soon have put the lid on any such idea! You must admit he showed the greatest nerve, when to my knowledge, he has never driven a car alone before in all his life!"

I stared aghast; then breathed a sigh of thankfulness for dangers passed. "I'm so afraid that he will have to pay a great deal of money to have the car repaired. We left it lying really battered up," I said. "I really did not like to think that I had involved him, however innocently and unwittingly, in any expense."

"You need not worry about that, my dear," said the telephone girl, cheerfully. "You see my fellow owed your friend \$25 anyhow. Besides that, the old car was almost useless, and I would never dream of going out in such a piece of ancient iron. The very children in the streets shouted when it bumped and banged along. Once in my life I went for a ride in it, and never again for me! My fellow is well rid of it, and he'll settle up with your friend by cancelling that old \$25 debt. Pretty tough luck on your friend, but still my fellow has a good business head for a bargain!"

There the matter ended. I was glad to let the story slip into its rightful place, and that was true oblivion!



MODISH NECKWEAR IN VARIED FORMS

IS YOUR HOME COMMISSARIAT FALLING DOWN?

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK. Author of "The New Housekeeping"

Dispatches from across the sea tell us that one reason for the poor fighting in some of the engagements was the fact that the commissariat "fell down" and prevented the soldiers from making sufficient headway. There was a case where every outside stimulus to valiant effort was given, the finest equipment, the right weapons, the best plan of action—but the soldiers failed because they were hungry!

Is our home commissariat falling down? We are in such an era of soaring prices that the tendency on every hand seems to be to decrease our expenses for food. It seems timely, therefore, to give a word of warning so that we may make sure that in our effort to economize we are not running the risk of lowering the family resistance to disease and lessening its powers for work.

In order to keep in perfect health, and also to have sufficient energy to put into our various positions or jobs, whether home or business or school, the body must have a certain amount of the right kinds of food. If it cannot get muscle-making qualities from meat some other food that yields the same qualities must be substituted. If sugar is too expensive, or if eggs are "high," we must still feed the body foods which will give the sugar or egg values and strength. If the housewife's pocketbook will not permit her to buy the usual food which gives certain nutritive values then it is "up to her," in colloquial language, to learn about other foods which can replace them.

It is neither wise nor possible to cut down the amount or quality of nutriment that the body needs, because then our home commissariat will fall and the result will be a still more tired business man, children who can't do their lessons properly and mothers who have not

enough strength to follow their daily tasks. But it is neither expensive nor difficult to learn about and use other foods. The Government will help troubled housewives by sending free from Washington the following bulletins:

- No. 42—Facts About Milk. No. 298—Food Value of Corn and Corn Products. No. 128—Eggs and Their Uses as Food. No. 232—Nuts and Their Uses. No. 201—Economic Use of Meat in the Home. No. 487—Cheese and Its Uses in the Diet.

These booklets will prove to us, in black and white, that it is not necessary for us to eat portentious in order to be nourished adequately. Here is a group of several splendid articles which we have not yet found to have been boosted in price.

- Spaghetti, 10 cents per pound. Lentils, 6 cents per pound. Navy beans, 7 cents per pound. Red kidney beans, 10 cents per pound. Brown rice, 12 cents per pound. Mince, 10 cents per quart. Cornish, shirred, 25 cents per pound. Cornmeal, 3 cents per pound. Raisins, 10 cents per pound. If, for one, am not sorry for the increase in prices if it will teach women to be better cooks. For years, the middle-class European housewife has made appetizing stews and satisfying casserole dishes on an income a third of what a similar family earns here. Any mere man will not turn up his reversed nose at spaghetti if it is cooked as the Italians make it, or at rice as served in Calcutta, or at red kidney beans in a chile con carne. We will have to meet increased prices with increased brains, better cooking and more attention to the home commissariat.

Copyright, 1914, by Mrs. Christine Frederick. His figures show there are 729,778 males engaged in occupations in the city, compared with 553,515 in 1909, while 226,811 females hold positions now, against 149,867 in 1909. The men gained only 28 per cent, while the women gained 68 per cent.

"These statistics show the women of today are fast breaking away from economic dependence on men," said Mr. Bodine. "Girls are not marrying now just to get a home. Statistics show that marriages are not increasing with the same percentage of gains as the population."

Some of the occupations in which women and girls of Chicago are engaged and the number employed are as follows: Stenographers, 21,093; dressmakers, 15,959; domestics, 34,673; physicians, 529; janitresses, 724; bookkeepers, 907; merchants, 337; telephone operators, 477; milliners, 581; teachers, 873.

AN ODD VIEWPOINT "Uho, Mrs. Murphy!" cried Mrs. Pinker to her neighbor at Bolton's court. "Why, you look quite festive today. What's up?" "Well, 'Avent you heard?" exclaimed the excited Mrs. Murphy. "My son comes out today."

"Today?" I thought the Judge gave 'im seven years!" "Yes; but they're letting 'im out two years earlier 'cos he's behaved himself so well."

MODISH NECKWEAR IMPORTANT ITEM IN UP-TO-DATE ATTIRE

Bewildering Array of Collars, With Accent on Those That Resemble the Old-fashioned Stock in Design.

The accessories of dress are always important, but it is impossible to be smartly garbed at the present day without modish neckwear.

There is a bewildering array of collars from which to choose. The collar of stiff linen or pique, the hand-embroidered collar of fine linen or mull or batiste and the sheer organdy collar are all presented in new forms.

And they are all so attractive that the average woman would like to make a clean sweep and purchase them all. One of the forms that the new collars have taken is strongly reminiscent of the old-fashioned stock. It turns down over a high neckband and fits closely at the back.

In front, however, it departs from the original stock and opens above a V. Reverses that are attached to the collar and a row of ornamental buttons holds them together.

A collar that encloses the throat, but flares outward in sharp points in front, is hemstitched, but otherwise untrimmed.

There is a suggestion of the stock in the appearance of this collar, too, and rumor has it that throats are to be tightly swathed again.

It is one of the fashion notes that will apparently fall to strike home, for new forms of the collar with the open V appear on every side, and it is only at the back that the majority of them are high.

French embroidery and eyelet work are used on the mull and fine linen collars, and the bit of handwork gives the indefinable something, the "de ne sale qu'on," that spells the refinement of style.

Plating is used to develop several of the collars that have pleased the public. There is the one that stands quite erect and the one that turns down over a neckband.

In both instances the plating makes a ruffle that is graceful and that also gives a soft line, much more becoming to many faces than the straight and severe outline of a straight edge.

The distinctive note of the standing collar that flares widely is the very becoming background for the head that it makes.

The open V neck is much more becoming as a rule than either the high collar or the round neck.

If one really stops to think, it would seem that we are in bondage to the French only up to a certain point. The point of departure is inclination, one would judge, preference for something opposed to the French mandate.

In the matter of the V-neck blouse at least the majority of American women are living up to their convictions.

SCARCELY FLATTERING! The defendant in the breach of promise action was a singularly ugly little man.

"Gentlemen of the jury," declared his counsel, "you've heard the evidence of the plaintiff, and, gentlemen, you've doubtless admired the bewitching lady. Now, do you believe this enchanting, this fascinating, this captivating, this accomplished lady would favor the advances of a man like this?"

"Silence, sir!" replied his counsel in an undertone. "Gentlemen," he continued, bringing his fist down heavily, "do you think this lovely, fair and smiling lady would ever have permitted an offer of marriage to be made her by this miserable atom of humanity, who would have to stand on a penny to look over two-pence?"

"The jury thought not. Verdict for defendant."

CHILDREN'S CORNER



I've had a busy washing day You surely will allow— And if I saw a little mouse I'd crunch him up right now! —Malcom S. Johnston.

BEFORE THE SANDMAN COMES

TWO wide-awake little squirrels hunted so many nuts that they could hardly find places enough in which to put them all. "Oh, my dear tail!" exclaimed Bushy (that was a favorite expression of his), "wherever am I going to put this last batch of nuts?"

"Don't ask me," replied White Spot. "I have troubles of my own! Every nook and corner I can find is full!"

"No use going up your tree to look then, is there?" asked Bushy. "None at all," replied White Spot, and he took one last squint around to see if he couldn't possibly get a bright idea about some other storing place.

"What's that up there?" he asked. "What's up where?" said Bushy, craning his neck. "Silly!" exclaimed White Spot in disgust, "can't you see?"

Bushy craned his neck and looked around the yard. Yes, there was something new up there. Something that looked like a tiny little brown house perched up on a big tall pole.

Bushy and White Spot don't know, as you do, that the queer new something was a very handsome brand new wren house! And, not knowing, they were much puzzled.

"I think that is new since this morning," said White Spot (and it was). "I don't care a wag about when it came," said Bushy. "I mean to investigate and see what it is."

So he looked all around to be sure the coast was clear, then scampered over, as fast as he could go, to the foot of the big pole.

There he stopped and cautiously examined the pole. You see Bushy was very brave; but he didn't believe in running into trouble—not he. He always inquired into new things very carefully. This time he nibbled at the pole and then called to White Spot: "This is the finest place for storing nuts we have found. The only trouble is the door. It's too small, but I'll soon gnaw my way in, never fear!"

And he set to work. In a very short while he made an opening plenty big and then he went down to the ground for nuts.

Both he and White Spot worked diligently till the little wren house was all cluttered up with nuts, and then the man who made the bird house came home.

He saw the squirrels scampering down the pole. He saw the large gnawed door and he suspected the clutter of nuts inside.

"I built that house for birds, not for squirrels," he said crossly. And what do you suppose he did?

He got a piece of tin, cut a tiny hole the size of a quarter and nailed it across the front of the bird house. "There!" he exclaimed as he climbed down his ladder. "I guess those squirrels won't get in my bird house now!"

PEASONS OF JOY

The bachelor community of a certain suburb was greatly scared by the advent among them of a fearsome type of the desperate, husband-hunting spinster.

After throwing each of the local bachelors into ecstasies of terror lest he should be the recipient of her attention, the lady finally managed to capture the curate. Local bachelordom was so intensely relieved at its escape that it united in presenting the curate with a splendid wedding present, in the shape of a costly table service. The curate was overwhelmed.

"Such a magnificent service!" he gasped. "Well, you see, my boy," exclaimed the chief of the local bachelors, "it is really a thanksgiving service."

NIGHT INTO DAY

"How's the baby?" inquired the neighbor of the new father. "Fine," said the proud parent. "Don't you find that a baby brightens up a household wonderfully?" pursued the friend.

"Yes," said the parent, with a sigh; "we have the gas going most of the night now."

PRETTY PRINCESS PAT

Princess Patricia occupies quite a unique position in the hearts of the Canadian people, and it was a foregone conclusion that sooner or later one of the regiments of the Canadian army would seek permission to carry the name of Her Royal Highness. The European war and the formation of new regiments have afforded the necessary opportunity, and a few days ago the Princess had the pleasure of presenting to her regiment a set of colors worked by her own hands—a fact which will give the emblem a special significance in the eyes of the regiment.

Princess Patricia, in presenting the colors, said she hoped that they would be associated with what she believed would be a distinguished corps. She would follow the fortunes of all with deep interest, and she wished her regiment good luck.

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