

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

ELLEN ADAIR SAILS IN THE MOONLIGHT ON THE DELAWARE

The "Western Planets" Spend a Genial Evening on the River, and Display Enthusiastic Tendencies for Exercise.

XXII.

One hot, still evening at the end of July witnessed a great event in my new life's history. I was invited on a pleasure trip to sail right down the Delaware to Wilmington. My hostesses had formed a large female order called "The Western Planets" and had chartered a large vessel for the evening. Yes, it was a great occasion!

The telephone girl at the city office where I acted as stenographer had obtained this invitation for me, and the entertainment gave me a new insight into the lighter side of American life.

There at the Arch street dock the vessel lay. The decks were crowded everywhere with women and with men, for on that night the "Western Planets" had declined to go on shining in a minuscule constellation! They had come out on strike and with one stern, united, female voice, collected husbands, brothers, friends into the vessel.

It was a cheerful sight. The river lay there wide and black and still, and on it shone a thousand lights from every sort of boat and barge and ship. The lights of Camden glittered from the other side. I felt my spirits rise at every turn. Beneath the moon, the "Western Planets" kept on twinkling round the decks. Not even now do I quite know just who or what they were. The object of the club, the moon, they called it. In its original intention seemed to be the keeping out of the inquisitive male. Beyond that fact, the movements of the ladies who comprised it were quite wrapped in mystery.

I know they held mysterious meetings and were dedicated to keep the details of the same quite dark. The very thought of these "seances" what took place, I do not know—made me most curious. Six hundred people were on board and scraps of conversation floated on the evening air. "There goes the Grand Mistress!" cried a little Western Planet in excited voice, the while a large, majestic lady came on board. "Oh, how I wish that I could meet her!" Arthur just think, this winter I am going to take the floor!

"Take the floor?" responded "Arthur," mystified. "My dear, it strikes me that in any case and every place you always take the floor! Still, in this instance I must say that I quite fail to grasp the exact shade of your meaning. Please enlighten me."

"Why, you stupid, I just mean that I am coming out on the floor at the meeting!"

I saw him shake a puzzled head. "Your answer floors me quite," he sadly said.

THE VESSEL SETS OFF. The vessel then set off amid most rousing cheers. The crowd on board was really dense, but all seemed in the happiest mood. The oddest-sounding instruments were twanging everywhere, and say young men were chanting cheerfully the very latest ditties.

My little friend, the telephone girl, now introduced me to six ladies of the Western Planet order. She said that they were office-bearers. We all sat around on little campstools while the ladies talked mysteriously about "the chapter." It soon transpired their sole ambition was to soar the dizzy heights of office-ships, until—oh, dizzy moment!—they should one day be "robbed" by the present holder of the envied title struck me as quiet and unassuming, though of imposing presence. She was the comrade of every female on board, yet under that stern facade she sat on calm and undisturbed, a box of candy on her lap, a meditative look within her eye.

"Nice visit!" little Miss murmured plaintively. "I guess I'll never get upon the floor with this old ship! You must be fixed real out and right in style, too, if you want to make a hit with the other women in the chapter! Say, Charlie, I must have a new fall suit for our next meeting!"

The mind of "Charlie" on this point seemed adamant. "Men's meetings are all right," said he. "They have some sense and meaning to them. But when a lot of women get together, be it in chapter, lodge, home, or society—good night! It's clothes, clothes, clothes and gossip all the time! I guess your meetings mostly scandal!"

These statements struck me as a shade unfortunate. The Western Planets scorned to answer him, and he proceeded jovially. "Have you yet learnt the password, Miss Adair?" My wife announced it in her sleep last night, by accident. Here is Aladdin's key that opens all the meeting doors to you; here are the mystic words, lodge, home, or society—good night! It's clothes, clothes, clothes and gossip all the time! I guess your meetings mostly scandal!"

At this unhappy juncture of affairs, when battle seemed most imminent, a new diversion now occurred. The orchestra had started ragtime, and the crowd on board responded to the call. They formed one long and curving line in lock-step, all in single file, and hands upon the shoulders of the one in front. "When the Midnight Choo-Choo Left for Alabama" they, too, set off, and at a furious pace. They swept the decks from end to end and up and down and round about.

The leader of the long, thin line that swayed so faintly to ragtime air was a little old gray-haired lady, who, I think, was almost 90 years of age. She was the speediest, nimblest little soul that I have ever seen, and two-stepped nimbly at the head of all. The happy band that came behind could scarcely keep up pace with her. She shot round unexpected corners, and she whisked up ladders to the higher decks. Behind her two-stepped that long centipede. The scarf that held her gray locks fluttered like a pennant urging soldiers on to charge!

She was a true recruiting sergeant, too, and suffered not one soul to leave her ranks. "Play faster, faster now!" she called out to the orchestra, the while she shot past at lightning speed, her two lower limbs clinging on behind. It was a giddy sight!

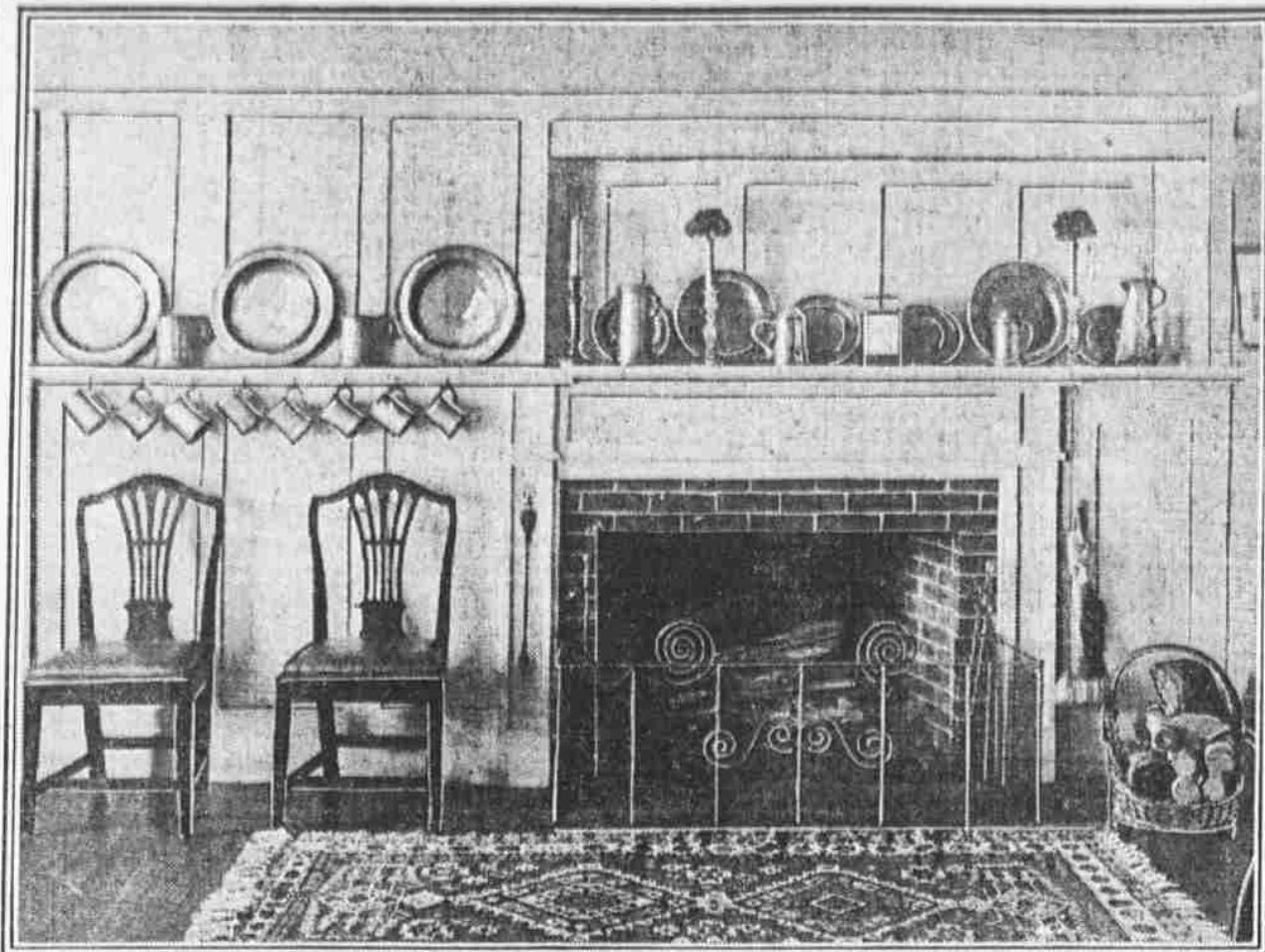
I cannot two-step and I cannot lock-step, but relentless fate now drove me from my chair and swept me off in the a long waylay line. Young men and old, the matrons and the maid, the half the armaments, the blind, all had to join in, too! I was a cheerful sight.

After an hour of this most stimulating exercise, the Western Planets and their friends descended to the depths to sumoak refreshment.

"I want to buy you orangeade," said one young man to me, "and please eat a hot doggie." Miss Adair, they are most awfully good. It is the only food they seem to sell on board tonight.

It seemed a curious dish, but I was hungry, so I thanked him and he brought the "doggie" right along. I ate it with the keenest appetite!

HINTS TOWARD THE HOME BEAUTIFUL



AN ATTRACTIVE ARRANGEMENT OF PEWTER

ATTRACTIVE ARRANGEMENT OF A DINING ROOM

Paneled Wall Treatment Hardly Susceptible of Improvement.

The arrangement of pewter in this attractive dining room is very good. One really would like to remove the candle-

sticks and clock to be thoroughly satisfied, however. The fireplace, with the clock at the side, forming part of the paneling is an excellent reproduction of a good old model.

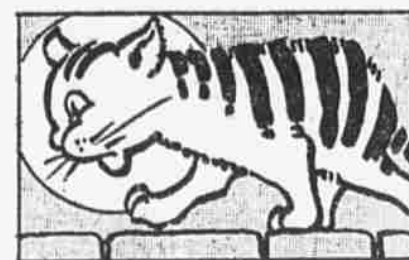
The paneled wall treatment for dining rooms can hardly be improved upon, and there are many ways in which this may be accomplished at a moderate cost. Ordinary stock doors may be placed to form panels, joined by strips of molding, and when painted the effect is most gratifying.

There is also a composition panel on the market, which is liked by many. One of the best effects is accomplished by using architect's canvas. Panels are formed on the canvas of molding; a plate rail, of course, finishes the top, while in the center of each panel is placed a colonial flame device. When painted with a flat white finish the effect is all that could be desired, and the best part of it in the case cited was that two clever householders did it themselves.

CHILDREN'S CORNER



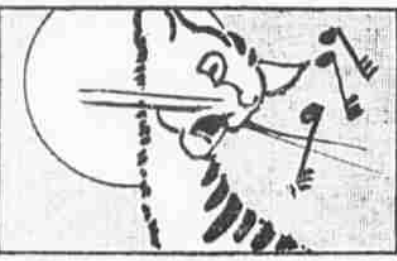
On a lonesome fence
A big black cat
By his lonesome self
In the moonlight sat.



Up came a second,
All sleek and fat.
"Let's sing," said he
To the first black cat.



"All right!" said the first,
And cleared his throat—
Then started off
With a ringing note.



Their song was of
A robber rat—
But one sang sharp
And other flat!



With noise bang
Up flew a cat!
Down came a tug
Of water—SPLASH!



A brush—a boot—
This tail ends
As most cat tales do!

THE KITS WHO SING WHEN CATS SHOULD BE ABED



SEEING MY BREATH

How frightened once I stood,
And saw my smoky breath!
I thought, like kindling wood,
I soon would burn to death;
How mother laughed because I
cried
That I was burning up inside.

Of course it's very plain
I now am used to it.
I never have a pain,
I have not burned one bit;
Though, every day it has been cold,
Out of my breath the smoke has
rolled.

—MALCOLM SANDERS JOHNSTON.

BEFORE THE SANDMAN COMES

A TINY little field mouse named Gray-coat waked up one morning with a stitch in his side. Not a really truly stitch made with a thread and needle, you understand, but one of those funny, achy little pains that you get sometimes in your side when you have slept crooked.

"Ouch! that hurts!" he squeaked as he moved a little too quickly. "What's the matter, Gray-coat?" asked Furry. Furry was his mate—the jolliest, most industrious little mate you could possibly imagine.

"Oh, I've got such a dreadful pain in my side," grumbled Gray-coat. "I don't believe anybody ever had such a bad pain before."

"Tut, tut! That's a silly way to talk," said Furry pleasantly. "How about that time you nearly caught your foot in a trap? Didn't that hurt worse than now?"

Gray-coat knew perfectly well that it did, but he didn't like to admit it; so he pretended to be rubbing his sore side very hard.

Furry was a very wise little field mouse and he knew better than to try to make Gray-coat talk just then.

"I think the trouble is that you slept crooked on your side," he said.

"If that's true," answered Gray-coat curiously, "then I'm going to get a different way to sleep."

Furry laughed. "That's a joke!"

There's no such thing as a different way to sleep.

"I'm not so sure about that," said Gray-coat, "and, anyway, I mean to find out about that."

Now just at that very minute who should come by but their friend Mr. Bat.

"Oh, Mr. Bat come here," called Furry. "I want to talk to you a minute."

"All right, here I am," answered Mr. Bat kindly. (You see he was always very friendly and nice because he was a relative, sort of a second cousin of the field mice). "Only please don't keep me very long, because I'm very sleepy and it's already past my bed time."

"I won't," declared Gray-coat, "for that's the very thing I want to know about. How do you sleep?"

"How do I sleep?" repeated Mr. Bat in surprise. "Why I sleep all day. I sleep with my eyes tight shut."

"That's not what he means," explained Furry. "You see, he has a pain in his side from lying crooked, and he wants to know if you can tell him a better way to sleep."

"So, so!" said Mr. Bat understandingly. "So that's what you want! Well, you have surely come to the right person. I can show you a much better way to sleep than curling yourself up into a ball as you do."

"Now, look at me—this is the really comfortable way to sleep!" Gray-coat and Furry followed Mr. Bat into the dusky hollow to an old stump.

He hung himself up on the side of the wall! Hung himself up by his toes—head down!

"That is the only comfortable way to sleep," he declared, and he promptly began dozing.

Furry and Gray-coat looked on with amazement.

"That may be the best way for him," said Gray-coat, "but for me, I'll lay down on the soft bark or grass, even if I do sleep crooked sometimes!"

Wouldn't you?

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LATEST FROCKS BORROW FREELY FROM THE PAST

Old-fashioned Gowns Give Wearers an Unreal Look, More Appropriate to Footlights Than Street.

That all the world's a stage has been said too many times, perhaps, but certainly the clothes that are in fashion at present have a theatrical air. They are so obviously a renaissance of old styles that the people wearing them have an unreal look, as if footlights and a drop curtain would give them their proper setting.

There is an unsophisticated look to many of the modern frocks, a quaint air that gives them an artificial appearance in 20th century surroundings.

But, according to the decrees of fashion, these styles are right, fitting and proper, and their vogue is carrying them into costumes for all the changes of the day. Morning, afternoon and often evening frocks, as well, so back decades or even centuries for the model after which they were designed.

The frock of the illustration has an old-fashioned quality, a simplicity that tends rather towards making it conspicuous than the reverse, as one would suppose.

It is made of crepe de chine, a silk that only increases in popularity as time goes on. It is a material that will lend itself well, not only to the fulness of the skirt, but also to the deep tucks, which are a feature of both skirt and bodice.

The tucks at the bottom of the skirt are graduated in depth, the widest at the foot, with each one growing narrower as it follows fashion blindly is no doubt a mistake. But to be too far in the rear is probably a greater.

A modish appearance is certainly an asset in any of the stations of life and possible to attain with care and thought, even if the pennies must be considered.

One of the amazing or amusing things connected with fashion is the undecipherable fact that the fad of the moment is the thing that seems most becoming, and one wonders how it was ever possible to wear the clothes of yesterday.

POPE REBUKES COUNTESS

"I Pray for Peace," Reply to Requested Supplication for Austria.

ROME, Oct. 8.—Pope Benedict administered a rebuff to Baroness von Wedel-Jarlsberg, wife of a noted German diplomat who was once Ambassador here. The Baroness asked the pontiff to pray for victory for Austria-Hungary.

"I pray for peace," replied the Pope, "and I trust in God's judgment that the deserving nation will be victorious."

Baroness von Wedel-Jarlsberg complains that Pope Benedict is pro-French.

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A CREPE DE CHINE HOUSE FROCK

PLANTS FOR AQUARIUMS

Flowers That Flourish in Water and Are Good for the Fish.

Water plants, growing in or on from water, are quite as attractive in their way as their earth-grown rivals or the exotics of the air.

One of the prettiest of the floating aquatics is the water hyacinth, so called because it flowers, and the blossoms, of a delicate lilac pink, grow in trusses like those of the real hyacinth.

There is the parrot's feather, a plant with long trailing stems and exquisite foliage that suggests the plumage of a bird. It is as delicate as the cypress vine in appearance, but it is quite hardy and will trail beautifully from a hanging basket or flourish perfectly in an aquarium.

There are water plants as green and beautiful as the most delicate ferns and others that are colored like the leaves of plants used for borders of flower beds. They all generate oxygen and a certain number of them must be placed in every aquarium, at least one to every two gallons of water, or the fish will not thrive.

It is fascinating to watch them grow, especially so through the glass of an aquarium. This is not an expensive possession; twenty-five cents will buy one of the smallest. Fifteen cents will buy a water plant and the fish cost according to their rarity.

It has a never-failing charm for the average child. The darling about of the aquarium, shining fish, to count them, to lose them again among the water plants will furnish amusement by the hour on rainy days or when other pleasures fail.

WOMEN AS CARPENTERS

Residents of Lenox, Mass., Build Their Own Booths for Red Cross Fair.

LENOX, Mass., Oct. 8.—Women of Lenox who are interested in the Red Cross Fair, to be held in Seligwick Hall, which opened today, acted as carpenters yesterday and built their own tents and booths for the exhibition.

Mrs. Edwards Spencer has a tent just outside the hall for her animal exhibit, and Miss Adele Kneeland has a log cabin for fruits and vegetables.

Others who worked were Meses, Harris, Farnestock, Churchill, Satterlee, Giraud Foster, Henry Hollister Pease, Daniel P. Griswold and John E. Alexander, the Meses M. Stillie and Anna R. Alexander, Misses Nancy Craig Wharton, Kate Carr, Emily Winthrop and Anita Delafield and the Meses M. Symphorosa and Grace Brinley.

All seats in the Lenox Town Hall last night were sold at 50 cents each for a moving-picture entertainment for the Red Cross. Mrs. George Griswold Haven presented to the committee a pair of vases valued at \$200 for sale at the fair.

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EARLY ENGAGEMENTS OF DOUBTFUL POLICY

Girl Just Out of School Not Capable of Forming Proper Estimate.

The following is written in answer to the query of "J. F. W., Diamond street": Much controversy and contention have ever surrounded that all-absorbing topic, the expediency or inexpediency of the early engagement. On such a point, no definite criterion of action can be given, no standard taken.

The workings of the human mind and heart are so diverse, particularly among the feminine portion of the world, that it is hard to lay down any general rule at all. Each to her own taste, and in the matters of the heart the course of true love never did run smooth helped by the timely warnings of the wise!

On the subject of the early engagement much has been written and much more been said. Some people advocate it as the finest policy, while a large group of thinkers condemn it. Its inexpediency is often shown in most unhappy homes and marriages.

A girl of 15, "J. F. W.," writes to know if at that age she is "too young to be engaged?" The answer cannot be a definite one.

The mind of the average girl at 15 is decidedly immature. She has probably just left school and seen but little of the world as yet. Her standards are not formed, her working scheme of life is not yet planned. She cannot understand her feelings properly. At such an early age it seems a risky thing to choose a future husband.

The years that lie between the ages of 15 and 25 are the most formative in a woman's character. Therefore, from a sensible point of view, it is foolish to rush into an early and binding engagement. The hero of a young girl's heart, as she sees him with the glamour-blinded eyes of 15, may, seven years later, strike her as a very foolish and irritating individual.

After the age of 25, the mind of the average girl is more fitted to make a wise choice in the matter of husbands. Early engagements and hasty marriages do often turn out well, but in the majority of cases nowadays this is not so. Discretion is the better part of speed!

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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