

PRETTY GIRLS SERVE SAMMEES IN LONDON

Yankees Dance and Sing at Y. M. C. A. Hut While Britons Gape in Wonder

STARS AND STRIPES FLY

Prominent Women of Both America and England Aid in the Work

By ELLEN ADAIR

LONDON, Nov. 24. THIS is sure the best place in the world...

A sailor with the white eagle of America on his arm and a ribbon on his cap bearing the inscription "U. S. S. Huntington," had just entered the American Y. M. C. A. in London, and was looking around delightedly.

"This is the first bit of real life I've seen since arriving," he exclaimed. "Now as nearly as I can judge of the air here in the Eagle Hut from across the Atlantic, every one was pleased at the tribute, and no one minded the genteel and dignified English outside the hut—was a bit slow and starchy."

Certainly inside the hut everything was bright and light and fun. Pretty waitresses in their black and white striped uniforms and black silk "Dutch bonnets" rushed hither and thither with steaming trays and smiles. Delightful odors of real American dishes drifted from the kitchens where some of the most prominent American ladies in London were working as cooks.

The twanging of a guitar came from one recreation room, and the strains of a tune from another, thumped hilariously out on a piano.

Endless couples of American sailors fox-trotted and one-stepped joyously together to the amazed interest of a crowd of Australian troops, who never in all their lives had seen such wonderful dancing.

"We've nothing in Australia like this," said one of the men—quite humbly, too. I was surprised—not at his statement, but at the fact that he would make such a one—for Australia, despite her many virtues, does not like to admit a superiority in any other country, not even in dancing!

And mingled with the rhythmic music was the perpetual clink, clack of billiard balls and pool balls.

The girl at the American soda fountain was doing a roaring trade. I watched one big New Zealander with a dark-skinned complexion that showed his race, and his blood enjoying his Sundae in succession.

"First time I've ever tasted anything equal to this," he remarked with a pleased grin. "Nothing like this at home in N. Z."

So the American hut in London is teaching Colonial and Englishmen a few things—more even than the latest steps in ragtime and the best brands of ice cream!

It is teaching them the immense "bonhomie" of the United States, the real good fellowship. For every stranger gets the same hearty welcome as the same good treatment there.

"Any fellows who want a motor drive around London this afternoon, to see all the sights of the city, be ready to start in fifteen minutes at the Eagle Hut, where I can see London. Guess I've been to every show in town! London theaters are better than ours—out West, anyhow."

"We get pretty fair pay in our department. As a second-class yeoman in the United States navy I get \$16.50 a month and \$2.50 a day subsistence. I try to get all meals at the Eagle Hut, and you know how cheap and how good the food is there! I have a room close to the United States navy office, where I can sleep during the day. I share it with another fellow, who sleeps there at night. It works out at \$2.50 a week each, including bath."

I had a chat with an American marine from St. Louis. He, too, was in the United States navy office in London. Private Robert Munson, of the marine band.

"London is some town," he observed. "The largest in the world. But just imagine, everything stops dead at 12.30 every night! And it doesn't wake up till 7 in the morning!"

I was out the other night a little late, and had to walk about four miles home, for all the trams, buses, tubes and taxis had stopped running!

"I think the only place where there is any life is the American Y. M. C. A.—the Eagle Hut. There's something doing there every minute of the time."

"And what do you think of the people over here in London?" I asked. "The people? Oh, they're so uninterested, nothing seems to excite them! After a six weeks' sojourn here I've still got to see an Englishman in a hurry! "But I've forgotten something! If you want to excite people here just mention that Fritz is coming with a few bombs"

ELLEN ADAIR AS WAITRESS FOR SAMMEES



Former Woman's Editor of the Evening Public Ledger and now special correspondent in Europe, is shown at the Y. M. C. A. hut in London, where she served as waitress for American sailors and soldiers. To the right is Yoeman Emmett Bundy and to the left is Private Robert Munson, U. S. Marines.

men at it today. Three out of the six were reading an article in the Saturday Evening Post throughout their meal. Each had a copy of the magazine.

"What do you think of London?" I asked a sailor with "U. S. Constellation" round his cap.

"Fine," he answered immediately. "I can only see it in the evenings, though—I work all night at the navy office as a second-class yeoman, and sleep during the day. I was a stenographer in the United States before we joined the war—and though I wear naval uniform I'm still on that job! My ship is one of the oldest in the American navy. Her keel was laid in 1794. She's a sailing ship in those days. Now the Constellation's a training ship."

"As I have to sleep all morning and afternoon, it's only in the evening that I can see London. Guess I've been to every show in town! London theaters are better than ours—out West, anyhow."

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THAT OLD SWEET HEART OF MINE

By MA SUNDAY

Wife of the famous evangelist

"MIL AND MRS. PERKINS celebrated their golden wedding last week," wrote a friend of mine to me recently in telling me the news of a community where we had held a series of services and in which she knew I was deeply interested.

And then she continued: "It was a rather quiet affair, but there was atmosphere about it, which made me come away with the feeling that my invitation had been a personal privilege and honor. We often hear of couples being married for fifty years, but we all had the feeling that both Mr. and Mrs. Perkins are happier today after half a century of married life than when they first became man and wife. Think of it! It has meant to them, and I know they have gone through many troublous moments in those fifty years—Mr. Perkins lost every dollar he had when his little store burned eighteen years ago, and at an age when most men are leaving active business, had to start all over again. Their golden wedding anniversary to me was really inspiring."

I laid down the letter with a smile and a sigh, for I know the Perkins family well enough to understand all that my correspondent had to say, and some things she didn't say. It is one of the saddest commentaries on our divorce-ridden domestic life of today that there are not more such celebrants as those of the Perkins family. The average married couple at the end of ten years seem to have lost all interest in each other, and their common viewpoint is conspicuous by its absence. How many, more after twenty years of married life, for instance, can say with real sincerity of their life?

"That old sweetheart of mine, who still, thank God, is my sweetheart!" How many men, like that wonderful type of James Whitcomb Riley's poem, at the close of the day's work, when they are seated before the fire with their slippers, and newspaper, and pipe, can turn the eyes of love as their wife, who was once a fresh-faced girl, but whose hair is now sprinkled with gray, steals up behind them. Would they not be more apt to turn with a smothered growl

at the interruption of their reading, and ask her what in the world she wanted now? Is it true that our old sweethearts of our married life have passed out of fashion along with the hoopskirts and ringlets of our grandmother's days? Of course, the sensible bride knows, when she becomes a wife, her husband has to get acquainted with her all over again, and she with him. She realizes the rosy hue of their courtship days cannot endure after marriage. There will either be a more beautiful hue of deeper and more understanding and more sympathetic love—or the hue will go entirely. The sweetheart after marriage is a far different and more intimate person than the sweetheart before marriage. The transition, and its success, must depend on both parties.

And let me tell you that the husband's tribute—for it is a tribute—"That old sweetheart of mine" depends on something more than sentiment. It means service—service that is the only thing which will make love sweeter and more satisfying and more all-embracing as the years go by. Love cannot be kept alive of its own volition. It must be nourished and strengthened, and to be kept alive must have something from which to draw, and which in turn it can transmit. Love is never passive if it is to endure, and is more really manifest. The love of married life faces often most severe tests.

Whether it emerges brightened and transformed or whether it creeps forth a battered wreck depends not on the pretty speeches before marriage, but on the definite, helpful service after marriage. The successful marriage must be a comradeship in which both parties give and both receive equally and with equal selfishness. The man and woman who after ten or fifteen or twenty years of married life can look back on the vista of years that have preceded with sweetness and joy and others of sorrow and bitterness—and yet say, with real sincerity, "That old sweetheart of mine" are heroes of our day.

—service that will give all, and that can triumph over the petty things of life, which often are the most formidable stumbling blocks of all.

"That old sweetheart of mine" What a beautiful picture in the twilight years! Will it be yours as a beacon to urge you forth and comfort you over the rough spots and a solace and inspiration in retrospect?

Monday—"The Woman Who Listened to Rumors."

U. S. Civil Service Tests

Open competitive examinations for clerks, law clerks and negative cutters, men and women, are announced by the United States Civil Service Commission. The entrance salary for each respectively is as follows: Eleven hundred, with increase to \$1200 in three months; \$1200 or higher, and \$1300, with increase to \$1200. Best rates otherwise qualified will be accepted for the last named position.

Mexican Consuls in U. S. Shifted

EAGLE PASS TEX. 11th. 5—Rafel Marquez has arrived here from Mexico City on his way to El Paso, where he will be stationed as Mexican consul general, succeeding G. M. Seguin, who has been transferred to New Orleans as Mexican consul there.

Ville de Paris

1422 Walnut St., Philadelphia

Store Fixtures For Sale

At Big Sacrifice

Knights of Columbus War Fund Growing Fast

Philadelphia Members Expect to "Go Over the Top" in Drive for \$150,000

The campaign of 9000 Philadelphia Knights of Columbus to raise \$150,000 as their quota of the national war fund of \$5,000,000 will end on Sunday afternoon at a mass-meeting in the Grand Opera House. Officers of the order in Philadelphia expect the fund to "go over the top" at that meeting. Daily reports are not available, but the fund now stands between \$50,000 and \$60,000, with only a very small number of contributors heard from.

Supreme Knight James A. Flaherty, head of the order in the United States, is chairman of the local committee in charge of the drive. He received reports from Washington yesterday which show about 90 per cent of Knights of Columbus recreation houses are completed. The order maintains halls in every community where large numbers of soldiers or sailors congregate and is carrying on a work similar to the Y. M. C. A. effort. Men of all faiths are admitted to the halls.

In view of Secretary Baker's announcement that 35 per cent of the men in the army are Catholics, it is reasonable to expect Catholics to pay

Boys Caught on Way to Fight Kaiser

Three Girard College boys, James Richardson, ten years old; Samuel Bernhardman, eight years old, and William Bailey, nine years old, ran away from the college last night with the intention of enlisting in the fight against the Kaiser. They were picked up by the police of the Sixty-first and Thompson streets station.

Nine-year-old Charles... Mary J. Dresel, nine years old, was injured by a fall from a tree in an unusual accident. He jumped out all the air he inhales and remains under the skin, swelling. His head, face and badly swollen.

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