

SALESMANSHIP BECOMING A PROFESSION, SAYS M'LISS

Fifty-three Girls Under the Tutelage of Mrs. Mary Eastwood Soon Will Be Graduate Experts in the Art of Making You Buy

FIFTY-THREE eager young women, dressed in neat and inconspicuous black attire, relieved by immaculate white collars, are busily engaged up at the William Penn High School for Girls in learning how to raise the business of selling goods across the counter to the dignity of a real profession.

After about one minute's talk yesterday with their able teacher, Mrs. Mary Eastwood, I wished with all my heart that Ida Tarbell, who's been going around the country telling people that our public schools don't teach girls anything practical could have been somewhere in the offing to have heard about this remarkable class.

Indeed, as I listened to Mrs. Eastwood expatiate on the course a great fear assailed my heart, for if the 53 are a sample of the kind of saleswomen Philadelphia is going to have in the near future shopping will have been stripped of all its harassments, and there's no telling to what lengths women won't go in their sheer enjoyment of the pleasant game.

No longer will it be necessary, when the model saleswoman comes into her own, for the timid customer who has a train to make to stand miserably by while Mayme tells her companion at length that "he" said last night. No longer will a superior creature in a peek-a-boo waist, her head elaborately coiffed, turn up her nose if you ask to see the five-cent muslin.

Instead, a modestly dressed, gentle-mannered Mayme will stand attention when a customer approaches, and if five-cent muslin is desired the very best five-cent muslin will be shown with the very best smile, and, what is more, the model saleswoman will know exactly how that muslin is made—its entire pedigree, in fact.

"The history of merchandise," Mrs. Eastwood told me, "is one of the important features of the course. My girls are learning all about textiles and color and design. Furthermore, the psychology of selling—when to talk and when not to talk in making a sale—is a part of the work. Moreover, the value of personal appearance is pointed out to them. No gawgaws, no paint and powder. Simplicity of dress and a courteous manner, they are taught, are prime assets to the saleswoman."

A fact which ought to appeal to those people who, contrary to Miss Tarbell, cry out that we have gone vocation-mad is that no girl is permitted to enter this salesmanship class unless she has had at least two years of high school work. In other words, only the third and fourth year girls are entered, and the group which works in the shops in the afternoon gets its schooling in the morning, and vice versa, thus receiving an equal amount of theoretical and practical training.

Putting It Over

Of course it would be nice to have the ballot and all that, but when things happen like the appointment of Miss Louise Filbert as secretary to the new Mayor of Reading, over the head of a lot of scrambling male applicants, it makes us realize that women don't do so badly for themselves without it, after all.

Explanation, Please

How does the physician who claims that much of the grip epidemic is due to woman's insane dressing, her chin-chain collars and her silken-clad ankles explain the fact that as many of the strong sex have likewise been attacked by the bacillus?

The Wide, Wide World

Adventure is only to the adventurous. I suppose this is the one way to explain the action of the Rhode Island hellsess who ran away and came to Philadelphia to take a job in a department store. To most of us a bank account of several hundred thousand dollars constitutes at least the means for adventure, but alas! it would seem that even money can become a bore to some.

The average woman, though, usually dreams her adventure. Even in this advanced day it is not given to her to pick out when she will go forth in search of fortune as a man would do. She usually has some home tie, if it's no stronger than a kitten or a tea-kettle. "I'll bide awhile," she says to herself, and the while becomes a lifetime.

This is often true of women with careers ahead of them. If the opportunity for advancement means pulling up stakes and going to some far-away place, they are apt to forego the chance when a man in a similar position wouldn't hesitate for a minute.

A Matter of Preferment

"Why should not husband and wife talk over business and all conditions that affect them both?" asks Anne Morgan in a recent interview. "Why shouldn't the wife understand the character of her husband's work, his aims and the means by which he is trying to reach success? Why in the name of all that is sensible should these two who have been on such confidential terms during courtship go their separate ways as soon as they are married?"

This sounds very ideal and nice, but are not the existing conditions due to a mutual agreement on the part of the American husband and wife? When you've been cooking and sewing and sweeping all day, it's not at all improbable that you'd like to talk about something different, even if it's futuristic art or the next-door neighbor's new poodle.

Likewise if you've been selling insurance or trying cases a little relaxation from the daily grind is more to be desired than explaining the intricacies of your work to your wife.

Miss Morgan doubtless means well, but, like most knockers, she doesn't see both sides.

Letters to the Editor of the Woman's Page

Address all communications to M'LISS, care of the Evening Ledger. Write on one side of the paper only.

Dear M'LISS—Kindly tell me how to make emery bags. Sew two circular pieces of heavy cotton cloth one and one-half inches together, leaving an opening of three-fourths of an inch. Fill tightly with the emery and then complete the sewing and cover with silk.

Dear M'LISS—Can you tell me what would be the proper costume for a girl of 15 at an afternoon wedding? An informal luncheon will follow.

Fancy velvet suit with a dressy blouse, or a silk afternoon frock, not too low in the neck, with topcoat and hat.

Dear M'LISS—Can you tell me who is the author of the following: "The true grandeur of nations is in those qualities which constitute the grandeur of the individual?"

Charles Sumner.

Dear M'LISS—What are bookplates and where did they come from originally?

Bookplates are a modern adaptation of the old 18th century custom of heraldry, or the method of embazoning one's coat of arms or monogram inside the cover of one's library books.

Dear M'LISS—What will take the shine off the back of my office skirt?

A liberal application of a solution of water and white wine vinegar, allowing a goodly portion of the latter. It doesn't matter how wet the skirt becomes, it will dry as good as new.

Dear M'LISS—How can a business girl "do up" her shirtwaists quickly in an emergency? I live in a boarding house.

A girl I know uses an alcohol iron, so the lady of the house cannot "kick" at using the gas or electricity. Wring a cloth out in cold water and leave the waist wrapped up in this for 20 minutes, rolled tight. Then you can iron it, as it will be just damp enough.

SEEN IN THE SHOPS



AN AFTERNOON COSTUME OF SATIN SUPPLE

THE youthful lines of this charming Jenny model command instant attention. Its extreme simplicity would make it quite appropriate for morning, but the black satin of which the costume is made proclaims it an afternoon frock. Jet buttons and skunk fur form a smart ornamentation.

The new Chin-Chin collar, yoke effect, fur landing on the sleeves, arranged in such a manner as to suggest the new bishop sleeve, are interesting details. These ecclesiastical effects are going to be quite the thing for early spring. The price of the gown is \$45.

An attractive capelet of hatter's plush has a jet ornament and a huge fan-shaped bow of maline, suggestive of a coxcomb. The price is \$10.

Full particulars as to the place where this gown can be purchased may be obtained by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Editor of the Woman's Page, EVENING LEDGER, 608 Chestnut street. Please mention the date on which the article appeared.

OPERATION NECESSARY IN SEVERE CASES OF STOMACH ULCER

By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

GASTRIC refers to the stomach, not to gas. Ulcer of the stomach occurs much more commonly than most people think, a great many cases being undiagnosed, or they are called "chronic dyspepsia," "indigestion," "acidity," or something else equally indefinite. Ulcer in the stomach and ulcer in the duodenum—that part of the bowel just beyond the lower end of the stomach—are often indistinguishable. Their symptoms, effects and treatment are very much the same.

One important factor of ulcer is some long-standing trouble in the appendix or in the gall-sac. Doctor Deaver, the surgeon and author, states that he has observed an almost constant association between chronic appendicitis and gall-sac disease with gastric ulcer. And the Mayo clinic reports about 20 per cent. of gastric and duodenal ulcer cases associated with disease of appendix or gall-sac.

The diagnosis of gastric or duodenal ulcer must be made by (a) symptoms, (b) test meal and analysis of expressed stomach contents, and (c) X-ray photography of the bismuth-meal undergoing digestion. The treatment depends. Moderate cases are cured by thorough medical and dietetic treatment, which means always at least four weeks in bed. Possibly a few cases respond to ambulatory treatment, but very few. In severe cases operation is indispensable. One reason why operation is advised is that something like one in every ten cases of gastric ulcer eventually becomes cancer if not operated on.

Back to Stocking "There is not a broker in Wall street who does not dread women customers."—Wall Street Journal, editorial, November 4, 1915.

O, Brokers brave, of Wall Street, Strong hearts deserving credit, You plead with women's glee and o'er, And send out circulars galore, That ask them for their little store, And setting that, you ask for more, Yet all the time you dread it: The Wall Street Journal said it! O, Ladies, don't be cruel, You've heard the truth, or read it, Withdraw, for charity's sweet sake; Don't make the brokers blanch and shake, A stocking all your gold will take, And will not tremble, pale or quake. Your brokers' eagerness was fake! Your money—how they dread it! The Wall Street Journal said it! —Alice Duer Miller.

THRONGS FLING COIN TO THE WINDS IN NEW YEAR FETES AT SHORE

Atlantic City Visitors Numerous and Liberal and Marked by Sartorial Glory of the Female Contingent

PHILADELPHIANS THERE

ATLANTIC CITY, Jan. 1.—Both in size and ability to distribute dollars the crowd this week has broken all mid-winter holiday figures for Atlantic City.

The new arrivals came from a score of cities and New York and Philadelphia trains carried added coaches for the traffic. The Boardwalk crowd has been large all week, and especially noticeable for the sartorial glory of the womenfolk, who flaunt sumptuous fur pieces and the latest quirks in costume for the delectation of observers.

Fur-trimmed pantalettes peeped forth under the skirts of several of the new costumes, and leather sport suits were much in evidence. The Boardwalk has become used to appearance of young girls in knickerbockers and boots, since the eras for horseback riding reached large proportions, and golfers who come from rounds of the links promenade in their outing rigs.

Last night's New Year celebration filled the big pier with dancers in costume and mask, and there were lively times in the Boardwalk restaurants and cafes. The secretary of War Lindley M. Garrison ran his office from the Marlborough-Blenheim this week while he was here with Mrs. Garrison.

Started tonight waggling when they came down for a round of golf at Seaview, and afterward appeared as dinner guests of Clarence H. Geist at the Shelburne.

Alma Glück, operatic star, was at the Chelsea.

Professor W. Hyde Appleton, formerly of the faculty at Swarthmore, was at the Marlborough-Blenheim, and former Director of Public Safety, Thomas M. Thompson, headed a family party, in which were Mr. and Mrs. T. Mason Thompson and Miss Helen and Miss May Thompson.

Mr. C. L. Messor, who recently came from Paris, is at the Traymore with Miss Neesser and Master Roland Neesser. Director Loeb spent the week-end at the Shelburne.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert C. Felton, prominent Camden folk, are at the Seaside. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Thompson, of Philadelphia, and Miss Maud Scott, of Germantown, visited the Dennis. Mr. and Mrs. Percy Chandler, who are at the Shelburne, have Miss Jessie Baker, of Washington, as their guest.

A. C. Shand, chief engineer of the Pennsylvania Railroad, came to the Strand with a family party, in which were Mrs. Shand, Miss B. C. Shand, Miss Helen Shand, A. C. Shand, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Trees. Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Phillips joined the Philadelphia colony at the St. Charles. Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Norton and Miss Jean Norton are among the Philadelphians at the Holmhurst.

Did You Know That—If you turn your hair brushes bristle part down when they are drying, the bristles will never get soft?

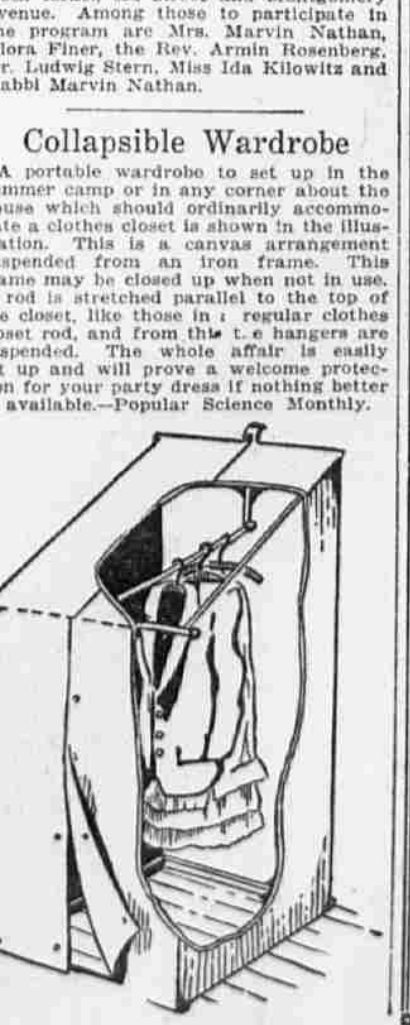
Also, if they are already too soft for practical uses, a bit of sugar dissolved in the washing water will improve them?

Sugar may be used in place of starch on fine neckwear, if you want to stiffen it slightly?

A solution of alcohol and warm water will remove stains of perspiration from "crooked" coat linings on one's shirtwaist?

Daughters of Beth Israel to Meet—The 22d annual meeting of the Daughters of Beth Israel will be held tomorrow afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in the Temple Beth Israel, 23d street and Montgomery avenue. Among those to participate in the program are Mrs. Marvin Nathan, Flora Finer, the Rev. Armin Rosenberg, Dr. Ludwig Stern, Miss Ida Kilowitz and Rabbi Marvin Nathan.

Collapsible Wardrobe—A portable wardrobe to set up in the summer camp or in any corner about the house which ordinarily accommodates a clothes closet is shown in the illustration. This is a canvas arrangement suspended from an iron frame. This frame may be closed up when not in use. A rod is stretched parallel to the top of the closet, like those in a regular clothes closet rod, and from this the hangers are suspended. The whole affair is easily set up and will prove a welcome protection for your party dress if nothing better is available.—Popular Science Monthly.



Marion Harland's Corner

Sending a Helping Hand HERE is one to whom I feel I must send out the helping hand. So much of her experience—personal, present-day conditions, wants and aspirations—seems to be much what my own experience were at her time of life. It seems like going over it again. All of that is, for me, long past, and my little ones, for whom I was anxious to do my best, are now doing for their own. I think I can help her, and will be glad if she is found anywhere near my home now and where I expect to remain for the rest of my life. MRS. O. M. C.

Given a Lift "Just a hurried line of heartfelt thanks for attention to my letter of request written two or three days ago. As a result of your action I heard directly, this morning, from William C., who was good enough to put me into touch with officials of an industrial league. Through your Corner I hope to secure work of some description in a day or two."

"William C." stands for the name of our Englishman at an every regular reader of the H. H. C. knows by now. The action recorded by our grateful correspondent is characteristic, and those of us who "know his works" subjoin feelingly with a queer catch of the breath—"Just what might be expected!" Heaven bless and spare him to us for many a year!

Nothing Goes to Waste "If you have Mrs. W. B.'s name and address, please give it to me. I am an excellent cakemaker and shall be glad to exchange my talent for hers. I know she will like my way of teaching her. I have learned to cook ever since I was able to reach to the top of the table and read recipes. Nothing goes to waste in my home. When we boil vegetables, or even potatoes, we strain the juices or water and use it in soups. These may be set before the most aristocratic."

The address of Mrs. W. B. went duly to you by mail. We rejoice in the quick response to her offered exchange. Will you favor us with some of the economical recipes that bring forth dishes dainty and elegant? What you say of the water in which potatoes are boiled staggers me somewhat. From my youth up I have heard that it is unwholesome, if not actually poisonous. That in which old potatoes are cooked is slightly greenish in color and has a rank, "earthy" taste. Certain other vegetables we boil in two waters, throwing the first away. Write again and give details of the transformation.

Grease on Foulard "Will you please inform me as to what will remove grease from blue silk foulard? The garment was very bright, and this would oblige me very much. "CORNELITE."

More Than Asked For "Some time ago I wrote through your Corner for the words of two songs, 'ello, Central, Give Me Heaven' and 'Down Where the Cotton Blossoms Grow.' I received two copies of each, thanks to the kindheartedness of our Cornerites. I now ask you to withdraw my request. I thank the Corner most heartily for them and shall want the opportunity to be of service to others."

"It's a way they have—these women Cornerites—of giving Biblical instruction, 'shaken together, pressed down and running over.' Thank you for notifying us that we have supplied your need fully."

Reading Matter for Farmers "I write to say that I have a lot of agricultural and domestic magazines for the fruit growers and interested farmers, which I will gladly give to those interested in these matters. A package of each will go to anybody desiring such reading. They are too good to keep to myself."

Be prepared to send them on their way to rejoice "those interested in these matters." You speak the words of wisdom and right feeling in declaring your intention to keep them for your own eyes alone. "If you get a good thing, pass it on, to spread that good."

Echoes of Christmas Now for a few echoes that bring the music of the world's greatest birthday to our ears. I wish I had room for more.

"Sickness has kept me from writing to you of our great luck. Two weeks ago a friend of ours gave us her piano. It is an old square one which she had in 10 years, but it is in good condition. You don't know how happy my daughter is to have it! She is the girl who is nearly blind. We thank you for thinking of us. I return the offer of J. C. K. with a stamp, so that it may go on to some one else. It is a pleasure to think his offer will brighten some home and make some one happy. I think the Corner a perfect wonder." MRS. J. S. H.

"Please do not send my address to any one else who has slips of plants to send me. I have now all I can make room for. What I have sent to me were all nice plant slips. I will soon have a package of different things, which some one may find useful to offer to the Corner. My mother, who lives with me, makes tatting and crocheting and I should like to get patterns of these for her. I myself, need some velvet and silk pieces for my unfinished quilt. Maybe I'll be a time for the next offer."

We will not forget you and the dear mother when the next offer delights our eyes and souls. Your address is registered.

Will Keep Up the Supply "I have sent the first supply of Sunday school papers to Mrs. J. C. C. We will send regularly, as our whole class has undertaken to keep up the supply."

All communications addressed to the Harland should include a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and a clipping of the article in which you are interested. Send to Marion Harland, Evening Ledger, 608 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

A Fur Sale When Furs Are Most Needed. Begins Monday January Third. We Have Repriced. Fox Seal Sable Skunk Fisher Beaver. H. H. & A. B. AYERS 1330 WALNUT ST.

MILLIE AND HER MILLIONS

