

TAKE UP SPANISH IF YOU WOULD PROSPER, SAYS M'LISS

Several Hundred Firms in This City Must Go Outside of Their Offices for the Translation of Their South American Correspondence

"STUDY Spanish, young woman, study Spanish!" If Horace Greeley were alive and still giving advice to the youth of the country, I feel that this would be his slogan now.

But, although the young woman of half a century ago was either too taken up with getting herself successfully married or too unemancipated to join her brother in a "Westward Ho" expedition, the young woman of today stands an equal, if not a better, chance of reaping the rich rewards that trade conditions with our sister countries below the equator make a certainty.

Senator Harding tried to do this the other day when he introduced in Congress a resolution directing the Bureau of Education to urge the teaching of Spanish in the public schools.

But don't wait for the Bureau of Education! I am told by translators at the Commercial Museum that there are hundreds of business houses in Philadelphia and Pennsylvania which are put to a great deal of trouble because of their voluminous South American correspondence.

"A stenographer or clerk," he told me, "could double her value to the firm if she knew Spanish. Of course, she would have to be familiar with the idioms and the business terms. But there is no reason why a clever girl who learns the English commercial phrases could not master the Spanish, likewise.

"Business with South America is increasing daily. The need of some one familiar with the language of that continent is being felt more and more." A translator at the Commercial Museum told me that from 500 to 600 firms send their letters there to have them translated simply because they have no one, and are not able to get any one, who can handle this end of their business.

To the woman who is imbued with the "wanderlust," she who would like to pull up stakes and work in a far-away country, the subject of the study of Spanish is also interesting. The South American houses, I understand, which handle the wares manufactured here, are always on the lookout for bright young Americans with a knowledge of Spanish.

"I should love to get the name of it, or if some one will let me borrow his or her copy I would take good care of it and pay the mailing charges. I hope I'm not asking too much? With best wishes to the Corner." Hold the music. Every page of it will be eagerly sought when the offer has been read. We could dispose of 10 times as much music as we have offered to us, if we had it. The "mother" ballad is strange to my ears. Readers who have heard it and who recollect it will write for your address.

Not Wholly Moribund

State Senator "Ed" Vane and Emmeline Pankhurst seem to be agreed upon it. "Suffrage is a dead issue," they are both quoted as having said, only Emmeline qualified with "until the war is over."

But talk to that peppery little Southerner, the secretary of the Equal Franchise Society, Miss Caroline Katzenstein, and you hear a different tale.

Dead? Were you up at the Adelphi at the suffrage luncheon the other day? No? Well, listen! In less than 10 minutes we raised almost a thousand dollars to pay for a State organizer. It wasn't a bit of trouble, the women just pledged themselves to give. In fact, they seemed anxious. It's only when people are interested that they give money; and dead issues never gather funds.

Although there was the inevitable "slump" after the amendment was defeated, it's a myopic eye indeed that cannot see that suffrage is again picking up. The lease has been renewed on that little office in South 9th street, where daily Miss Katzenstein holds court, with a galaxy of reporters her willing slaves. And preparations are being made for a campaign more strenuous than ever.

Isaac Clothier, the tried and trusty friend of the "auffs," whose left hand can't wait until his right hand is finished giving so that it, too, can get into the game, has just donated an entire new edition of Wendell Phillips' essay, "Shall Women Have the Vote?" The Equal Franchise Society supplies the United States with this pamphlet, and since Mr. Clothier gives them outright, the proceeds go into the exchequer of the association—so much clear profit.

As an instance of renewed activity, new speakers are being recruited. In February a well-known feminine Demosthenes will be engaged to train youthful would-be orators in the silvery art of gaining votes by word of mouth. An interesting class that will be, of which there will be more anon.

Are You Surprised?

"Two-thirds of the work done in my office is efficiently done by women, and when I came here no women were employed." From an interview with Dr. Simon Patten, of the University of Pennsylvania.

Letters to the Editor of the Woman's Page

Dear M'Liss—Will you inform me if there is a "School of Photography" in Philadelphia. I wish to take a complete course and cannot get in touch with one here. The "Brunelle School," at 1239 Broadway, N. Y., is the only one that seems to give a complete course.

As far as I can ascertain there is no school in Philadelphia where photography is taught. One of the leading photographers of the city, however, tells me that many of the first-class studios are glad to receive capable and interested persons as apprentices. In his opinion, this is the very best way to learn photography from the ground up. Should this not appeal to you, there are doubtless many expert photographers who would be glad to teach you for a consideration.

Dear M'Liss—Will you please tell me where I can buy the little egg-casseroles you wrote about in your column several days ago? A stamped, self-addressed envelope for this, if you please.

Dear M'Liss—Kindly explain to me the proper way to eat lettuce? And when should it be served at a dinner?

Lettuce is eaten with salad forks. It is not bad form, however, to use regular forks, if you haven't the special kind. Never cut your salad with a knife. Use the side of your fork and you will find it easily managed. The salad course follows the meat course and precedes the dessert.

Dear M'Liss—When a girl is at a dance, is it the right thing to do to cut her dances—that is, to divide a dance with two men? Please let me hear from you as soon as possible.

Unless there has been an agreement before the dance begins, I consider this not only bad form, but insulting to the man to whom you gave the dance originally. I can understand that with a non-symphonic partner one might be tempted to go almost any lengths to stop the agony, but even if he steps on your insteps and bruises your ankles etiquette demands that you "see the thing out."

SEEN IN THE SHOPS



A SMART TAILLEUR FOR KNOCKABOUT

TODAY'S illustration shows another variety of the sports costume, made in the popular Jersey cloth, the season's favorite for such creations. It is a sort of wool stockette, a soft, pliable material for practical everyday uses. The model is developed in white, with an effective trimming of Hudson seal, which forms the Chin-Chin collar, deep cuffs, and simulated buttons. A black enamel buckle ornaments the belt. The same suit may be ordered in color, and if desired, white Thibet or cone will be substituted for the seal.

The hat, which is designed to be worn with this particular suit, is of Hudson seal, with the same trim for trimming. The price is \$15. The seal muff is made in the popular barrel or mignon shape, at \$25. Full particulars as to the place where these articles may be purchased will be supplied by the Editor of the Women's Page, EVENING LEDGER, 608 Chestnut street. The request must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope and mention the date on which the article appeared.

Feminine Frills

Very striking are waists with a two-inch stripe alternating with a stripe of sheer crepe in a similar width.

Pine cloth lingerie from the Philippines is the latest fad of the woman who can indulge in any whim she chooses.

The most expensive gowns are likely to have the highest collars.

Marion Harland's Corner

An Offer of Ragtime Music

"I AM a daily reader of your Corner and I have found lots of dandy recipes in it. I have some ragtime music. Some of it isn't so old, but we are tired of it and I should like to pass it along to some one who may enjoy it. Now, I am going to ask a favor and hope it will be granted. There is an old song my mother used to sing when she was a girl and which she has forgotten. The chorus runs:

"There's no one like mother to me. No matter how poor she may be; It's going back home 'er the seal. There's no one like mother to me."

"I should love to get the name of it, or if some one will let me borrow his or her copy I would take good care of it and pay the mailing charges. I hope I'm not asking too much? With best wishes to the Corner." E. F. C.

Hold the music. Every page of it will be eagerly sought when the offer has been read. We could dispose of 10 times as much music as we have offered to us, if we had it. The "mother" ballad is strange to my ears. Readers who have heard it and who recollect it will write for your address.

In "Pleasures of Hope"

"Can you tell us who wrote about 'freedom shrieking'? And what was meant by it? A fellow quoted it the other day and wanted to know when and why freedom shrieked, and not a person could tell." GERALD O. O.

Here are the lines as Thomas Campbell wrote them in the "Pleasures of Hope" (1779):

"Sarmatia's name in the Book of Time! Sarmatia fell unwonted, without a crime; Dropped from her nerveless hand the shattered sword; Closed her bright eye and ended her career; Hope, by a season, bade the word Farewell."

Sarmatia was Poland. Kosciuszko was Commander-in-Chief in the Polish Insurrection of 1794. He was defeated and taken prisoner the same year, and thus ended the hopes of liberty for the hapless country.

Left on a Doorstep

"Some time ago my mother died and told me I had a sister living. She said she had left her on a doorstep in a certain street. Of course, I don't know whereabouts or at what corner. So, I don't know what to do. It was 14 years ago and I presume it will be hard to find her. I should be the happiest girl in the world if I could find my sister. She is my heart's desire. My father and mother had to be separated and she couldn't take care of the child. I was taken in by my grandparents. Do you think I could go to the real estate owners and try and find out who was living near there that might be the child? Do you think they would tell me? I think it would be too long ago and they have no record of that. Is there any way by advertising in the paper? Or do you think that would do any good?" JULIA B.

We have never printed a stranger and seldom a sadder tale than this. Will members of the great household who are afflicted with this view, write their views? How can she, after 14 years, trace the abandoned baby? Police records of that date may throw some light upon the mystery.

Toys for Some Child

"Will you kindly give me the address of a poor little girl or boy? I have a few toys that might please a child."

The address would have been in your hands in season for a Christmas box had you added to the name of street and the number of your house the name of the child in which is your wish. The child was illegible and we are in the dark as to your local habitation. Kindly correct the omission, and let a child who fared badly at Christmas rejoice in your benefaction.

All communications addressed to Miss 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.

WORRY IS FRIEND OF DISEASE; OPTIMISM ITS DEADLY FOE

By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

THE patient's mental attitude is an important factor in the outcome of an illness.

Everybody knows how emotions influence the appetite, digestion, bowel and kidney functions; how fear blanches the face and relaxes the sphincter muscles and inhibits the circulation; and how faith, confidence, cheerfulness and optimism enable an invalid to put up a better fight for health.

The pallor, faintness and other disturbances accompanying fear are probably caused by relaxation and dilatation of the splanchnic or abdominal blood vessels, which are capable of holding one-third of all the blood in the body.

Worry is diluted fear, or a succession of fear states causing a loss of tone, which becomes chronic. If one large dose of fear can cause the marked symptoms mentioned, a continual feeding of fear in small doses will obviously bring on actual disease in time. Somebody, indeed, has referred to the blues as "splanchnic neurasthenia." Worry is a direct factor of intestinal atony, with resulting auto-intoxication and all that that implies.

Fear can paralyze the bowel or the bladder, as is well known. Worry can cause functional disturbances of both organs, as the student about to appear for his final examination has learned.

A buoyant, courageous, jovial visitor in the sickroom is good medicine for the patient. A pessimistic, gloomy tale-

BUDGET EDITOR GETS NEW "ECONOMY KINKS" EVERY DAY

Could You Manage to Give Your Three Kiddies a Five-dollar Bill for a Birthday Present? One Woman Does It

LIVING on a \$20-a-week income ceases to be a bugbear to judge by the generous allowances which is made by one woman for her family's meals. An occasional roast of beef for Sunday dinner is considered somewhat of a luxury in homes where the family budget is more than \$20. Yet this able housekeeper manages to have one, and a dollar one, too, once in a while. Pot roast, stewing lamb, chops are eaten the other days, and it is evident that care has been exercised in choosing and weighing the meats, for there is a margin of 40 cents for "short cuts."

A well-fed, comfortably dressed family and a gift of \$5 for a birthday present to each of their three children is what another clever housekeeper gets out of her weekly income. This is how she does it:

Dear Editor—We have a family of five and an income of nineteen dollars (\$19) per week. I will tell you how I manage to have a cozy home, a well-fed, comfortably dressed family and put a fair sum in the savings bank for the rainy day. I do all of my housework myself, also the family sewing, and my motto from morning till night is, "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing right."

I do all of my marketing and I find the cheapest isn't always the most economical. I pay cash always, therefore, I can buy where I please.

Before going out I think carefully what I shall buy and know just about how much I shall spend. I try, as far as possible, to have a variety (in the week's menu), and I try to cook it nicely. My husband and children are hearty eaters and I love to please them.

We have always given each of our children \$5.00 every birthday, beginning at one year of age. This is put in the savings bank in their own names.

I feel that most any woman could do as well as I for I'm only a "little" woman, but I fully believe the keynote of a successful housewife is method and very careful thinking.

MRS. LINWOOD FORD, 1545 S. Lindenwood St., W. Phila., Pa. Another woman submits her budget for one week on \$20 for five people. Here is a carefully planned budget that I have arranged to get the best results from the income:

Table with columns for item, price, and total. Items include Rent for home, Coal and gas, Bread, Groceries, etc. Total is \$19.00.

This leaves 40 cents a week which I cannot place on the meat, as a little deviation in the weight will often take that amount, as it is impossible to lay an exact weight for each piece of meat bought.

If it is in excess, a family can easily put it to practical use and if needed it is placed aside to be spent. I think this is really getting full benefit out of the money expended.

MRS. P. McGOVERN, 2000 Master street. Here is a yearly budget: Budget Editor, EVENING LEDGER, 608 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir—The following is my idea of an ideal budget for a family whose yearly income is \$1500, or \$20 a week. I base my figures upon yearly expenditures because

Great Reductions in Exclusive Furs

Owing to the eminently high character of EVERYTHING we sell and the fact that our in-season prices are based on actual value, our reductions are very exceptional saving opportunities.

LOUIS RAPPAPORT, Importer, Designer and Maker of Exclusive Furs for 22 years, 1227 Walnut Street

Sure-ograms

It is perfectly appropos that a young youth should marry a grand widow.

The fellow who invented the phrase "the king can do wrong" never drew a kick when he was after a queen to fill a straight or full house.

Many a woman is responsible for men's contention that it is good for man to be alone.

What some men (incidentally women) do to the Deedogone would make the proverbial "bull in a china shop" resemble a kitten before its eyes are open.

The love germ can only be cured by the like-cures-like process—that is, by other love affairs.

Men must be treated after the manner of motherless kittens, by feeding and cooing.

A WANDERER

By Clinton Scollard. Down the path of dusk he glides, Up the path of dawn; Like a dream within a dream Comes, and then is gone.

Just a quiver of the leaves, Silver of the grass. None with mortal vision eyes See him pass or pass.

Murmur in the heart of day, Whisper in the night! Naught is more elusive than His evasive flight.

Follow? Nay, you may not tread Seek? You may not find! Ghost of vanished yesterdays Is the autumn wind! —Clinton Scollard, in the New York Sun.

ASK FOR and GET HORLICK'S THE ORIGINAL MALTED MILK. Cheap substitutes cost YOU same price.

Advertisement for Theo. F. Siefert furs, featuring an illustration of a woman in a fur coat and a list of fur items and prices.

Advertisement for Louis Rappaport's fur store, announcing a final clearance sale on Monday, January 17th and thereafter.

MILLIE AND HER MILLIONS

A comic strip titled 'MILLIE AND HER MILLIONS' showing a woman in a long dress talking to a man in a suit. The dialogue is humorous and satirical.