

MANY WOMEN INTERESTED IN PHOTOGRAPHY, M'LISS FINDS

Correspondent Writes of Actual Opportunity Those Desirous of Studying Have in Course to Be Launched Here

WHEN I wrote last Saturday about a possible need in this city for a school of photography in which women would be eligible to study, I had no idea that there were so many women so deeply interested in that subject.

The following letter, from a woman photographer, seems to me to be a comprehensive answer to those queries. I publish it in full:

"Dear M'LISS—Having read your article on the subject of photography in Saturday's EVENING LEDGER, I feel sure that you would be interested to know that there is a unique club of women photographers in this city. It is called 'The Lantern and Lens Guild of Women Photographers,' and has been in existence since 1909.

"Miss Mattie Weil, who has made such a notable success of portraiture photography, is our honorary president, and we number some most interesting women among our members. We hold several exhibitions a year, awarding cups and honor ribbons. Our annual exhibition, to be held in March and to which I shall be delighted to send you a card, is judged by well-known artists and photographers.

"Last year Mr. Dwight Elmendorf gave us a most interesting criticism. Outings and excursions give opportunities for good fellowship as well as practice in landscape work, and the studio is equipped with dark room, enlarging and portrait cameras. Almost all the prominent professionals of Philadelphia have given us demonstrations and talks and we feel that they are really interested in helping us in our work.

"As you say in your article, women are particularly adapted for photography. They have a keen artistic sense. It just happens that at the present time your suggestion is being carried out and we are forming a class in photography, talks and practical demonstrations by a professional, to be held at our studio in the Fuller Building.

"We would welcome any women to the class who are really interested, whether for the pleasure of taking a good photograph with their little cameras, or with the idea of perfecting themselves for real work.

"The course will begin in February at a nominal cost, and I would be very glad to favor you with any information regarding it, if you know of any one you think would be interested.

"Yours most sincerely, EMILY C. FERGIUSON."

If any reader is anxious to get in touch with Miss Ferguson for further information, I shall be glad to forward any letters to her.

Going, Going, Gone!

Have you a pair of Turkish slippers? Those comfortable, pilable soft leather kind with colored beads on the toes somewhat resembling the Navaho slippers? If you have, treasure them as you would your life. For like your life, once gone, you cannot get another pair—at least until this seemingly interminable war is over.

Even more hermetically sealed than Germany is Turkey. Nothing is coming out at all and the stock of virtually every big shoe shop in town is depleted of this popular footwear.

Despite the fact that Turkish slippers cost only 50 cents per pair when conditions are normal, a shoe expert tells me that they cannot be duplicated for durability.

"Indeed," she said, "we always thought that Turkish slippers never wore out until our supply was exhausted and demands began to come in. We are not able to renew orders, however, because there's no telling when we're going to be able to get the goods."

Household linens, too, Mrs. Housewife, are becoming difficult to obtain. Do your linen shopping early!

Can This Really Happen?

"Five generations were present when Mrs. Charlotte Hunt White celebrated her 100th anniversary today." News item.

I wonder if one has to pass the century mark in order not to care about having one's age thus crudely blazoned in the public print.

The Woman With the Hoe

Great Britain wants women farmers. Lord Shelbourne, president of the Government Board of Agriculture, says the country has got to have them right away. He declares that the increased demands of the munitions plants and the conscription bill will drain the farming districts of the few remaining men and unless their places are taken by women the United Kingdom will suffer a serious food shortage.

Is Lord Shelbourne a suffragist, I wonder? And did he, perhaps, believe, before the war, that woman's place, ah, that old familiar song, is the home?

Incidentally why doesn't some original soul start the slogan "Man's place is the office?"

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—Your talk on Spanish last Thursday, January 20, encouraged me to believe that I could get a good position as a stenographer and Spanish clerk.

I am a graduate of one of the normal schools of this State, and have had two years of experience as teacher in the public schools of my country, Porto Rico. At the present time I am taking a business course in this city.

Will you kindly give me some advice as to whom to see to get something to do in this line of work.

Any advice that you may give me will be highly appreciated. I am sure. Yours truly, INTERESTED.

I will answer your query in a few days by letter.

Dear M'LISS—I broke an engagement with a young man one night last week and he found it out, and is mad at me. I really didn't know I cared for him so much until he got mad. What would you do to patch things up?

TROUBLE. I think this is a nice case, at least, where I'd tell the truth. If he knows that you deliberately broke an engagement with him in order that you might go some place else and with some one else, with whom you thought you'd have a better time, you can't very well fib, can you? 'Fess up, tell him you know now that you'd have had a more enjoyable time with him, and that, apart from that consideration, you realize now the social error you committed. If he isn't a brute, he'll forgive you.

Dear M'LISS—Will you kindly tell me where I can get information about the Eastman Travelling School of Photography? Thanking you in advance, I remain, respectfully yours, C. S. M.

This school started yesterday in Horticultural Hall. It will continue today and tomorrow. Morning sessions are held from 9:30 until noon, and afternoon sessions from 1 until 4:30. Admission is free; tickets are not necessary.

Mrs. W.—This answers your question.

Dear M'LISS—Are there any women insurance agents in this city, and, if so, do they make a good living by it? BUSINESS WOMAN.

Virtually every big insurance company has its women agents. I have heard of several who have made a marked success. We have a proverbial facility, you know, for the "gift of gab," and a glib tongue, coupled with a convincing manner, are the first requisites for good results in this line.

Dear M'LISS—I have heard that a very delicious pudding can be made of popcorn. Can you give me a recipe? MARY S.

Put enough popcorn to fill a pint measure when ground through a meat-grinder. To this add one quart of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half teaspoon of salt, one-half cup of sugar and two well-beaten eggs. Bake 20 minutes. This is very rich, and is enough to serve six persons.

SEEN IN THE SHOPS



GOOD-LOOKING FOOTGEAR

HERE is a smart pair of boots which immediately suggest the dancant. Slender, graceful lines and irresistible simplicity are equally attractive in these boots. A striking change, too, in styles is noticeable. Where last spring's styles featured colored pumps, black-and-white effects, tan and brown, brilliant colorings and multi-colored designs of doubtful elegance, this season's models are simple. These boots come in solid color, either black, Havana brown or bronze, in soft kid.

An openwork design at the front of the boots extends straight up to the top. The effect is very dressy. The boot is eight inches high and features the new Louis XIV heel. In the colors mentioned above they may be bought at \$9. The original price was \$12. But the shop from where they came will match any colored gown with the same shoes at \$12.

Full particulars as to where these boots may be bought will be supplied by the Editor of the Woman's Page, EVENING LEDGER, 608 Chestnut street. The request must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope and must mention the date on which the article appeared.

THE HIGH COST OF SPECIALISM AND VIRTUES OF FAMILY DOCTOR

By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

IF WE could publish some of the letters written by readers who have paid the price of consulting specialists of their own selection, we fear the specialists would never forgive us. We suspect the ever marketable joke about the doctor's bill is kept alive by this popular habit of consulting specialists.

There are all kinds of specialists, most of them competent practitioners in their own limited fields. There are also self-styled "specialists," who specialize in whatever the patron happens to complain of. And then there are family doctors. Oh, yes, there are still family doctors practicing, and some of them in considerable esteem.

Every day some one writes in to ask if we will kindly recommend a specialist on the ear, the stomach, the foot, the elbow, or whatever portion of the anatomy seems to be at fault. We reply, courteously, after a week or two, to the effect that it is contrary to the best interests of the community, et cetera, and we suggest that the logical person to recommend a specialist, if a specialist is needed, is the family doctor.

Now we have said some pretty mean things about the family doctor, and he has not hesitated to talk back. But we wish to go on record with the following:

Four out of five patients who carry their troubles direct to a specialist, do not waste time on the family doctor, would be better off physically and financially if they had chosen to see a family doctor first.

A specialist is a physician whose knowledge and experience is limited, not all-inclusive. Of course, he has had a general medical training, and should have a few more years of general practice before entering his special specialty, but as a general rule the competent expert.

The man who hath no mule in himself may be "fit for treason, stratagems and spoils," but he is a very desirable neighbor.

Man proposes, woman disposes. All are not told that listen. 'Tis said "the good die young." Be not deceived, they dye to appear young.

All inquiries about the four dress-making scholarships which the EVENING LEDGER is offering to the public should be addressed to the Editor of the Woman's Page, EVENING LEDGER, 608 Chestnut street.

We put the choicest cocoa beans into WILBUR'S COCOA. You get the richest flavor—the greatest satisfaction out of it.

Advertisement for Wilbur's Cocoa, featuring a logo and text: "We put the choicest cocoa beans into WILBUR'S COCOA. You get the richest flavor—the greatest satisfaction out of it. H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Philadelphia."

MILLIE AND HER MILLIONS (Copyright, 1915.)

SUFFRAGE PRESIDENT TO OUTLINE 1916 PLAN

Mrs. Wilfred Lewis Will Review Last Year at Annual Meeting Tomorrow

Mrs. Wilfred Lewis, president of the Equal Franchise Society, is expected to give an outline of the organization's 1916 policy tomorrow when she reads her report of the year's work at the annual meeting to be held at the Ritz-Carlton. The last year has been the most important in the suffrage history of Pennsylvania.

Arrangements for the meeting have been made by Mrs. Frank Miles Day, chairman of the committee, assisted by Mrs. Samuel D. Warriner, Mrs. Frederick M. Shepard, Mrs. Horatio Gates Lloyd and Miss Martha Davis.

The meeting is called for 11:30 a. m. and will be followed by a luncheon. Speakers at the luncheon will be Mrs. Raymond Brown of New York, and A. J. McKelway, of the National Child Labor Committee.

Among the patronesses are the following: Mrs. Chalmagne Tower, Mrs. Lene H. Clothier, Mrs. Edward W. Riddle, Mrs. James D. Winsor, Mrs. Oswald Chew, Mrs. William Rotch Wister, Mrs. Matthew Baird, Mrs. Pope Yeatman, Mrs. Edgar Scott, Mrs. Joseph N. Stearns, Mrs. Albert A. Jackson, Miss Florence Sibbey, Mrs. Morris Jastrow, Jr., Mrs. Christian A. Hagan, Mrs. Joseph M. Gazzam, Mrs. Edward Wetherill.

At the luncheon table will be copies of the new edition of Wendell Phillips' "Shall Women Have the Right to Vote?" that have recently been contributed by Mr. Leonard H. Closter, one of the members of the Advisory Board.

Beauty Is as Beauty Does. Beware of proprietary face stimulants. Most of the creams on the market have proved to be excellent, but lotions, powders, etc., are to be used with caution.

Very low-priced powders are composed for the most part of lead, which is poisonous. Many lotions are compounded with a proportion of alcohol and unless alcohol be absolutely pure, it is a detriment to the skin and a menace to the eyes.

The application of creams and lotions is another important consideration. Gentle rubbing is better than vigorous massage. Such treatment must be gradually introduced, with impunity, attack the delicate skin without the slightest degree of care as to whether or not the end justifies the means.

White Shoes Not Expensive. "I cannot afford to wear white shoes" was the excuse given by a woman who confesses she likes their smart appearance.

Nonsense! Do you know that white kid shoes can be cleaned by applying soap—not soapy water—but pure soap, dampened with warm water and rubbed very carefully on the soiled spots? It is true. Try it and don't be afraid of the extravagance of white shoes.

Land of Dreams. It seemed a thousand years ago, and it was twenty, maybe, thirty, or forty. And what now seems a fairy tale was but a simple fact.

But, oh, the rose-lit rapture, when I dream, I remember. The way the huddled maples held the old house, close and warm.

There were doves around the eaves, and cattle on the hillside. And little lambs that nuzzled in the fragrant clover fields.

I remember how we watched them in the courts at night, together. Strange what a piteous harvest each deep-sown memory yields!

And then the long, brown, winding road, and you were gone—so swiftly. It seemed the night had settled, though the sun was golden bright.

And I have cried your name aloud—how foolish Youth can suffer! When all was still and silent on the kindly arm of Night.

It seems a thousand years ago—and it was twenty, maybe, thirty, or forty. A deathly, deep tranquillity of slow years has been born, reasonable, so resistant with the incomparable Merlano Quality.

Advertisement for Merlano Market at 21st St., featuring a logo and text: "Fancy Fruits. Nature's very best. We buy no other—and the prices reasonable, so resistant with the incomparable Merlano Quality. Market at 21st St. formerly at 19th St. Bell Locust 3860, Ker. Locust 5999 A."

Marion Harland's Corner

IF THERE is any person wishing for the poem, entitled "The House by the Side of the Road," kindly give him my address. If he will enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope after getting my name from you, I will copy and send it by return mail.

"WILLIAM J. K." We have filled an many orders for the popular poem that those who responded to requests for the lines must be weary in well-doing by now. We therefore register your generous offer with sincere gratitude.

Wants Copy of Song. "I have tried nearly every music store for a copy of 'I Wonder How the Old Folks Are at Home.' I do not remember if this is the title or not, but it is the first line of the chorus. Can you or any reader tell me where I can get a copy of it? I love the song, as it was indirectly the means of my returning home to my own people.

"Unless you mean the well-known song, 'Way Down Upon the Swanne River,' the chorus of which is 'Far from the old folks at home,' I must refer the query. Watch the Corner for a reply that will surely come.

Request for Poem. "If you have the poem 'When Skies Are Gray,' will you kindly send it to me? I'd be thankful to you for the favor."

In almost amusing accordance with the mysterious law of coincidence we have frequently commented upon there is a run today upon selections, metrical and prose, that oblige me to refer an unusual number of requests. I do this with apologies to members who are not especially interested in such matters. We shall change the subject soon. Meanwhile, will somebody find the lines for which Amelia P. is seeking?

Monogram on Bride's Linen. "Please inform me whether it is proper for an engaged girl to have her own monogram or her friend's embroidered on her linen?"

If her friend you mean her fiancé, the man she expects to marry if all goes well, I answer decidedly that her own monogram or initials should go upon each article of her trousseau and "finishing" that is to be marked. Custom is rigid upon this head, and with reason. So many intended marriages have been broken off by a very simple mistake that it may be said to tempt providence (whatever that may mean) to mark the bridegroom's name upon something he may never own. Hundreds of men have died before the wedding day, and thousands of engagements have been dissolved by consent of one or both parties. It is unsafe and unconservative to mark any article of your toilet with the name of the husband expectant.

Meaning of a Painting. "Would you kindly tell me the meaning of the painting called 'Hope' by Watts. It is a picture of a young girl, in a blue dress, blindfolded, sitting on a bench and playing a lyre."

I do not know the picture, but your description would seem to indicate the triumph of hope over experience. The blindfold girl makes a world of her own and paints it as Hope dictates. This interpretation may be wide of the mark. Some one who has seen and studied the picture will supply a better.

One of Grandmother's Hymns. "My grandmother, an active Christian woman, died when I was a child. During her last illness and just before her passing she often spoke of a hymn, only one line of which I now remember—'Is this death?' I have never found it since, nor have I been able to find it in any collection of hymns. I am sure some correspondent can tell me where to find it or send me the lines."

You have in mind the old hymn beloved of a former generation, beginning: 'Till stark of heavenly flame, Look'd I, leave the mortal frame. It ends somewhat in this way: 'O, the pain—the bliss—of dying.' Our foremother.

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THE GOWN AND FUR SHOP. Early Showing of Latest Fashions in Ready-to-Wear Suits, Coats, Waists and Dresses for every occasion. In our custom-tailoring department we have received the latest French models, which we will copy at very attractive prices. J. ULRICH, 1206 Walnut Street. Ladies' Tailoring—Ready-to-Wear—Furs.

MAN DO. Removes Superfluous Hair and makes the sleeveless gown and sheer hosiery possible without embarrassment. SOLD BY DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES.

MILLIE AND HER MILLIONS. A comic strip featuring a man and a woman in a room. The man says: "AUNT, I HOPE YOU WON'T MIND MY GOING OUT TONIGHT. IT'S AN ENGAGEMENT I CAN'T BREAK." The woman replies: "NOT AT ALL, MILLIE, DON'T LET ME INTERFERE." The man says: "HOORAY! WE'RE GOING OUT. I WAS DREADING THE EVENING WITH THAT OLD FEMALE." The woman says: "THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THAT OLD PIRATE THAT ALWAYS GETS ON MY NERVES." The man says: "I WANT YOU TO FEEL WHILE I'M HERE, MILLIE, THAT YOU ARE NOT TO CHANGE ANY OF YOUR PLANS." The woman replies: "ALL RIGHT, AUNT, WE'LL CONSIDER YOU ONE OF THE FAMILY." The man says: "I HEARD YOU MENTION THAT WE WERE GOING OUT, ANGEL. I SUPPOSE I'D BETTER DRESS." The woman replies: "OH! THERE ARE WOMEN INVITED, MONTY." The man says: "I THOUGHT YOU COULD STAY HOME AND PLAY OLD MAID WITH AUNT BRIGANTINA."