

FEMALE DEMOSTHENES, A NEW TYPE IN CITY, SAYS M'LISS

Women Not Trained Thinkers, Expert Declares, and Therefore, Contrary to Belief, They Must Actually Be Taught to Speak

SOMEHOW or other it seems almost as though it might be going out of the way to provide meat for the humorists to undertake the profession of teaching women how to speak, and yet Mrs. J. E. Owen Phillips, the English orator and educator, who has been living in Philadelphia for the past year and who is now teaching our energetic "suffs" the fine points of public speaking, tells me that here is an exceedingly interesting work. Furthermore, she says there are a very great many women, indeed, who, strange as it may seem, know nothing at all about speaking!

Contrary to tradition and inherent belief, speaking—at least from the public platform or soap-box—is not a natural-born feminine accomplishment, and effective vocal fluency—that which is qualitative as well as quantitative—is learned in most cases by a slow and deliberate process.

Although history does not record who the first female Demosthenes was, or when the desire for a larger audience than her spouse and immediate family circle first smote woman, Mrs. Phillips declares that the modern woman, no matter how retiring she may be, is almost certain to be called on at some time in her life to make a speech.

It may be at the mothers' meeting, at the social settlement, at the literary club, the suffrage gathering or at any one of a dozen places, but talking is being done nowadays everywhere, and about everything, and preparedness is the word!

Inexperienced women who have braved the public platform only to find the tongue, that usually glib organ, clavering to the roof of the mouth even as a mustard plaster, and the knees wobbling after the manner of St. Vitus, declare that they would rather die than go through an ordeal like that again. Mrs. Phillips asserts that it's all because of unpreparedness.

"I find," she told me the other day, "that speaking comes more easily to women than thinking, and that if when they face an audience they could only gather their wits together enough to form consecutive thoughts, the voicing them would be natural enough.

"But we women have not thought enough. We are not trained thinkers, and we must be if we are to make effective speakers. We must know our subject, cooking, voting or whatever it may be before we can expect to get our message across. Manner is important only when matter has been mastered. We must know what we are going to say before we can decide how we are going to say it."

Not only suffragists, but many other Philadelphia women, some prominent and some not so prominent, have joined the public-speaking classes.

What a merry time we shall have when these female Demosthenes are proficient enough to begin to "sput!"

Should Women Obey?

They were obviously a bride and bridegroom passing through the city on their honeymoon and Jupe Pluydas, who makes the rain descend in bucketfuls, had caught her unawares.

Of course, there were no prosaic rubbers in her trousseau, you could guess that from looking at her—so dainty and frilly and fluffy was she, from her curly blond head down to her soft little boots which were meant to be crossed in a limousine or a sedan chair and not for the muddy streets.

He approved of rubbers. His own big waterproofs told you that, and so he had brought her, protesting, into the shoe department of one of the big shops.

"I won't wear them, I don't care what you say!" she pouted pettishly. "You are going to wear them right now," he said determinedly as the saleswoman fitted a pair of the proper size.

"Have them wrapped," the girl said haughtily, embarrassed but obstinate. The saleswoman started to remove them from the girl's feet.

"Put them on her," said the man with a bulldog snap of the jaw. It was their first quarrel. The saleswoman hesitated.

The girl stooped down and took the rubbers off. "Wrap them, please," was all she said, and before the man could decide his next move, the saleswoman was down at the wrapping counter with the offensive footwear.

When she returned the man extended his hand for the parcel. The girl thought she had won, but he calmly untied the string. When she saw what he was about and took in the grimness of his countenance, she turned on her little French heel and fled.

The last I saw of him he was sitting in the shoe department, the rubbers on his knee, but when I got to the elevator, there was the bride peeping behind the corner, trembling between laughter and tears.

Only yesterday, I'll wager, she had solemnly promised to obey. But he, at any rate, was doing his best to protect her and her pitiful little feet. Or perhaps, he was only trying to protect his self-respect and his pride and his sense of masterfulness and proprietorship. Who can tell?

Female Sleuths

Scotland Yard, according to a recent news dispatch, has been forced to employ women as detectives and police, due to the scarcity of men in England.

Would Sherlock Holmes have been able to achieve the gloating triumphs that he did over this famous sleuth organization, had "detectives," intuitive and charming, been on the ground to foil him?

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—Some time ago you wrote about a class of high school girls who were studying to be salesladies. I have been out of school for some time, but I would like to join this class. Could I go back to a high school just to take up this work and nothing else?

Mrs. Mary Eastwood is in charge of these classes at the William Penn High School for Girls. I am sure that she will be willing to answer your questions for you and give you any information you may desire concerning this interesting course.

Dear M'LISS—Can you give me the words of a little verse called "My True Love Hath My Heart"? I want to put them on a valentine.

The following are the words of Sir Philip Sidney's lyric: My true love hath my heart, and I have his, By just exchange one for another given; I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss; There never was a better bargain driven; My true love hath my heart, and I have his. His heart in me keeps him and me in one, My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides; He loves my heart, for once it was his own, I cherish his because in me it bides; My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

Dear M'LISS—I have a circular from a magazine agency that will give me big reductions on combinations of magazines. The subscription price is printed on all good magazines. How can the agency afford to make such reductions? Am I likely to get cheated?

Every magazine dealer makes a certain profit on the papers he sells, otherwise, of course, he wouldn't sell them. The big agencies, because of the magnitude of their business, can, I suppose, afford to take smaller profits. This is what happens when combinations are offered. Sometimes, too, in the combination you select, you get a magazine that does not particularly appeal to you, and then your own gain isn't so great after all.

Dear M'LISS—Please tell me what will take ink-spots out of a linen blouse. It is white.

Apply lemon juice and salt. Let the mixture remain on the spots for about 15 minutes, and then pour on boiling water. Repeat this until the spots disappear.

SEEN IN THE SHOPS



A STUNNING DINNER FROCK

Nothing could be more alluring than this wonderful gown of peach-colored chiffon and tulle. The underlay is made of chiffon and tulle combined, with a bodice of silk net of the same shade. The same is used on the tunic overdress on the skirt and the full drapery underneath. Silver lace is used in the form of handings, having the exquisite traceries in the design to good effect.

A little bolero is made of silver all-over lace on the bodice, being confined at the shoulders and sleeves by narrow silver lace braid. The sleeves, if you could call them that, are small caps of silver cloth. The bolero is also fashioned of the cloth, with long streamers of the same falling down at either side of the front of the skirt, beneath the overdress. Wide handings of the silver lace outline the draperies at the skirt, in panel style. The same may be ordered in any color combination at \$25.

Full particulars as to whether this costume may be purchased will be supplied by the Editor of the Woman's Page, EVENING LEDGER, 28 Chestnut street. The request must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and must mention the date on which the article appeared.

Fashions and Fads

Figured silks are revived to be used in the fuller and quainter models of dress.

Colored silk binding is a new feature of some of the crepe de chine blouses.

Ribbons make a very smart trimming on some of the new evening dresses.

The new "brushed wool" sweaters have a delightful surface and color effect.

Marion Harland's Corner

Renews Ecru Shade

In reply to a Cornerite, I will say that 5 cents' worth of yellow ochre in powder form, purchased at any drug store, will renew the ecru shade in the fine scrim curtains. If she gets too deep a shade it comes out easily. I have used it for years and found it harmless.

Not in Need of Anything

"I have never asked permission to join your Helping Hand, but just slipped in. I sent quick pieces to Mrs. A. J. V., and now I have some more for the girl who is an invalid and whose nurse asks for pieces for her to work up. If J. T. will take the scraps to this girl I shall be glad. Mrs. G. D. can make a tea of saffron, then dip her curtains in it. She will find they will become like new. I tried it and friends asked me if I had new curtains. I hope this will be a help and make some one happy. At this time of the year we look for happiness. I am not in need of anything! Thank the good Lord for that! I do and wish to be of service to others, even in the little trifling things, when I can." "W. E. W."

Whistling as an Art

"Having noticed the recent discussion of whistling as an art, I offer the following, which may impart some idea of it to those who display surprising ignorance respecting it: Whistling has deservedly become a recognized art in musical accomplishments, producing, as it does, the thrilling notes of nature's own music masters—the wild birds, those first choristers of the templed hills and cloistered woods. Then, too, we find the same scientific arrangement for producing harmonious results that are necessary to all development of musical sounds. People have been imitating the birds for years, it is true, but until now have not attempted to combine the bird songs with the harmony of a beautiful solo. In whistling there is even wider range of execution than is possible to the voice or all instruments, with the exception, perhaps, of the violin." "M. E. R."

Used Typewriter Ribbons

"I beg leave to advise that I have about 15 slightly used typewriter ribbons (Underwood) that I will give to individuals who possess a machine that they will fit.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

There's sadness in the world, but there's gladness in the world, There's pain but oh, there's beauty and there's hope. Were masters of our fate, I know we all can make our choice — I choose to spring this cheerful line of dope.



TWO "CABINET LADIES" CREATE SOCIAL STIR IN ATLANTIC CITY CIRCLES

Mrs. Franklin K. Lane and Mrs. Lindley M. Garrison Among Prominent Guests in Hotel Colony

PULLMAN CAR SHORTAGE

ATLANTIC CITY, Feb. 3.—It is so seldom that two "ladies of the Cabinet" chance to be here at the same time that the presence of Mrs. Franklin K. Lane, wife of Secretary of the Interior, and Mrs. Lindley M. Garrison, wife of the Secretary of War, is a matter of very decided interest in the hotel colony. Mrs. Garrison is at the Marlborough-Blenheim, where the Secretary is getting through a prodigious amount of work in connection with President Wilson's preparedness plans and his own vigorous advocacy of a continental army; a proposition that has not thus far met with very general favor.

Mrs. Lane, whose taste in dress is a subject of much comment, is spending a fortnight very quietly at the Hotel Chelsea. Mrs. A. C. Miller, of Washington, wife of one of the governors of the Federal Reserve Board, also is at the Chelsea.

Since the railroads are making particularly elaborate plans to handle the holiday crowds that will be coming this month for Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays, hotelmen have suggested that they see to it that there is no trouble this time in the matter of Pullman accommodations. Hundreds of those here for New Year's have not yet forgotten Atlantic City for the fact that the available Pullmans were not more than half sufficient to take care of the rush. Therefore, it happened that literally hundreds who cannot hear to think of riding in a Pullman coach had to go home in day coaches or wait, an irritating alternative. A parlor-car famine this month, with due notice given weeks in advance, will be regarded by bonifaces as quite inexcusable. Arrangements are being made for running a number of specials to Broad Street Station to take care of the Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washingtonians, Baltimoreans and Washingtonians.

Admiral J. A. Howell, U. S. N., retired, who makes his home in Atlantic City, believes his sea-land boat Amphibian, a very peculiar looking cross between a craft and a vehicle that runs upon terra firma and water with equal facility, is going to play a part in the preparedness plans. Armed with rapid-fire guns of from 3 to 5-inch calibre, the Admiral insists, 1000 of his "boats" would make it next to impossible for an enemy to land on the Jersey beaching ground.

Ultimately, Admiral Howell hopes, his invention will be adopted for the United States Coast Guard. It is operated with an ordinary gasoline motor by two men, and cannot, it is claimed, sink, broach or capsize.

The jockey-shaped toque of straw with a stiff, sloping visor and no trimming at all except a richly set feather, is new in the Broadway. Nearly all of the new hats are high-crowned, some hinting at a continuance of the military vogue.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. C. Henderson are among the Philadelphia guests at the Hotel Chelsea.

J. C. Bland, of Pittsburgh, an engineering expert for the Pennsylvania Railroad, is at the same hotel with Mrs. Bland.

Dr. Dorothy Smiley, of London, who has been at the "French" in France with the British army, and who is on this side of the water for but a fortnight, is spending a part of her vacation at the Traymore.

Mrs. R. L. Dickson, Edith Elizabeth Fales, Miss Anne M. Gill and J. H. Hemple are among the Philadelphia guests. Mrs. Gladys Tauscher, the grand opera soloist, and her daughter also are at the Traymore.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Klemm, Jr., have come from Haverford to spend a few days at the Chalfonts.

Mrs. W. J. Browning, wife of Representative Browning, of Camden, is visiting friends at the same hotel. Miss Amy Phillips has returned to the shore after a visit with friends in Langhorne.

Miss Betty Cuthbert entertained this week in honor of Miss Claire Francois.

DINNER TO THREE JUDGES

Pen and Pencil Club Will Honor Newly Elected Jurists

A dinner in honor of Judges J. Henry Williams, Joseph P. Rogers and Henry N. Wessel will be given this evening by the invited members of the State and county judiciary tonight by their fellow members of the Pen and Pencil Club at the club-house.

The number of diners has been necessarily limited to 100, and the number of acceptances have already assured the hall being filled. Judge Williams was elected last November to the Superior Court, and Judges Rogers and Wessel to the Common Pleas Court.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

Moulds

Nothing is more important for the setting of the dining table than moulds. With mould jelly, puddings, ice cream may be made to look lovely as attractive, clean-looking. Come in and let us make suggestions in the selection of the particular mould you desire. We have a complete assortment of all kinds, individual and large.

J. Franklin Miller, 1626 Chestnut St. The House Furnishing Store

LOOSE-FITTING CORSETS BLAMED FOR AILMENTS OF STOUT WOMEN

By WILLIAM A. BRADY, M. D.

WHENEVER I see a stout woman around middle age with dyspeptic symptoms, writes a well-known authority in the American Journal of the Medical Sciences, I think of gall-sac diseases and do not dismiss it from my mind until I am certain the symptoms are due to other causes.

The doctor then goes on to details. Mild dyspeptic symptoms which are neither constant nor periodic, but appear suddenly in like manner; the absence of a gross dietary indiscretion; the presence of considerable flatulence (gas); discomfort of the upper part of abdomen; attacks frequently coming in the night, sometimes a slight fever or yellow hue noticeable in the skin—these are common symptoms of gall-dyspepsia, but do not warrant a diagnosis of inflammation of the gall-sac or of gallstones unless localised tenderness over the region of the gall-sac is also noted. That region is just under the edges of the ninth and tenth ribs, about three inches due west from the pit of the stomach.

The reason why stout middle-aged women are more liable to have gall-stones or gall-sac inflammation than men is, we think, the corset. Not the old-time tight-laced corset particularly, but ordinary fashionable, loose-fitting corsets, which splint the abdominal muscles and hence destroy or impair their function and also impair the abdominal circulation.

Conditions which must be distinguished from gall-stone disease or gall-sac inflammation are gastric and duodenal ulcer, cancer, intestinal colic, nervous (nervous disturbances) of gastric secretion, and reflex troubles from chronic appendicitis.

Tomorrow we shall tell what the stout, middle-aged dyspeptic may do to postpone.

How the Seat Was Won

The seats were filled, some passengers were standing in the aisle, but still she sat, looked straight ahead, nor softened to a smile.

The seats were filled—the one she held was partly used by her. And bundles—while her look defied a one to interfere.

More came and stood, but still she held the seat with forward stare. Nor moved her packages nor gave for them another fare.

The men stood by, of course, but soon Adown that half-filled aisle A maiden came and took that seat, With just the sweetest smile.

The bundles—well, they lapward went. The chilly stare—it stayed. All of which shows the worthy nerve Of many a smiling maid.

Don't from this tale the idea get That women only are The ones who seats monopolize. The men—watch any car.

—OF Public Interest.

Beauty Is as Beauty Does

If any one tells you not to use alcohol on your hair, stop for a moment and think it out. Alcohol (pure alcohol, of course) is used

Be Sure You Get Deerfoot Farm Sausage

They cost more—try them and see why



Greatly Reduced Prices

Still Continue on All of Our

CHOICEST FURS

Spring Showing of Hats for Wear at the Fashionable Southern Resorts

BLOUSES

Fur & Millinery Shop 1423 Walnut Street

Last year our eighteen agents investigated 52,946 cases of cruelty

Think what these figures mean! Think of the amount of suffering prevented and relieved! Yet before this Society was granted its charter there were no laws in Pennsylvania which protected dumb beasts.

Our Year Book and Forty-Eighth Annual Report recounts in detail the history and present-day efficiency of this, the oldest humane organization in the State—the second oldest in America. It isn't filled with cut-and-dried statistics or shocking specimen cases. It tells you a lot you ought to know about modern anti-cruelty methods.

WRITE FOR IT TODAY

Address Dept. J.

The Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

Incorporated April 4, 1868

Headquarters, 1627 Chestnut Street

MILLIE AND HER MILLIONS



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MONTY IS A BORN DIPLOMAT