



### A Wail From a Workingman

I have vainly searched the papers and the household magazines for a recipe for dinner that will come within my means; for a dinner, good, substantial, that will put fat on my frame and not cause financial panic in the purchase of the same. But to date I'm unsuccessful, for the menus that I see are too delicate and dainty for a workingman like me. Magazines there are a plenty for the rich who dine in state, but I'm looking for a dinner that a dollar buys for eight.

If I had a million dollars it would be an easy thing to support six hungry children who are always on the wing, but I'm making modest wages and I'm paying lots of rent, and I've got to cut the corners and make good with every cent. So it makes me mad to read 'em—menus in the magazines, with their croquettes and their sauces—let 'em talk of pork and beans! "Dainty luncheons for three dollars!" I can't live at such a rate—I am looking for a dinner that a dollar buys for eight.

"Consomme and then some olives, then some mushrooms served on toast; Chicken fried, pimenta salad, Saratoga chips and roast; Then some crackers and some coffee and a dainty bit of cheese—This," my magazine informs me, "is a luncheon sure to please." Bless your soul, that wouldn't start us on the road from Hungryville, for it takes substantial victuals and a lot of them to fill me and those depending on me, and I'm looking early, late, for a good substantial dinner that a dollar buys for eight.

If Carnegie wants to help us let him start some magazines that will give some information to the men of meagre means on the subject of providing three square meals within the pay of a man who's mighty lucky if he makes three plunks a day, and has got a growing family that depends on him alone. To keep wolves from howling near them in a dismal sort of tone, let him start one that will tell us how to dine in family state on a good substantial dinner that a dollar buys for eight.

### Just Thoughts

Statistics show that the wage of the average head of a family in this country is between \$550 and \$600. The average family consists of five members, therefore the average income per member is \$120 a year, or a fraction less than 33 cents a day. Statistics also show that 20 per cent of the wages paid to heads of families is paid out for rent, a sum equal to \$120 a year, leaving \$480 to pay for food, clothing, medicines, etc. Certainly \$120 a year is a moderate estimate of the amount paid out for shoes and clothing. This leaves \$360 a year to spend in food and fuel, medicines, doctor's bills. Suppose these latter items average \$60 a year—and that is a long way inside the average—that leaves \$300 with which to

provide food for five people for a year. This is a fraction over 16 cents a day for each member of the family, or not quite 6 cents per meal. And this brings us down to our real complaint.

Now just turn to the culinary department of your favorite household magazine and start in to read the "Menus for April" printed therein. If the average workingman's wife undertook to follow out the menus thus provided she would have her husband's total wage for the month used up before the end of the first week. And the menus thus provided would fit the stomachs of the average workingman's family about as well as a baby's cap on a giant's head. Just imagine if you can a carpenter and his wife and three children sitting down to the following "magazine dinner" after a hard day's work on the part of the carpenter and his wife and a day of riotous play on the part of the three children:

Clam Bouillon	
Radishes	Lettuce
Chicken Croquettes	
Sauce Piquante	Celery
Tea	Crackers
Cheese	

By the time the family was filled to repletion the carpenter's daily wage would lack about 200 per cent of footing the bill—to say nothing of leaving him in debt for the breakfast and the luncheon.

A few days ago the author of this department cut out the "April menu" printed in a household magazine and proceeded to do a little figuring. Taking the prevailing market prices of the articles given, and allowing only \$3 for fuel for the month and nothing at all for the seasonings, and leaving out of all consideration the wages of a cook, it developed that it would cost not less than \$96.50 to follow the directions. And the amount thus procured would be wholly insufficient to satisfy the appetites of a hard working man and three growing children. Yet the average family into which these household magazines go have less than \$25 a month to spend on the table.

A few weeks ago the author of this department attended a cooking demonstration given by a culinary artist of national reputation. She was advertised to give a demonstration of how to get up a "good substantial dinner for a family of average size," having plenty of everything and nothing wasted. She started off with a porterhouse steak that cost \$1.75, German fried potatoes, celery, macaroni and cheese, hot biscuits and honey, coffee and cake completed the bill. It was a luscious steak, the biscuits were as light as a feather, the potatoes fried to a delicate brown, the coffee as clear as crystal and the cake a creation. But the whole meal cost more than the average mechanic makes in a day, and the appliances this professional cook used in her demonstration cost more than all the furniture in the average mechanic's home.

What we would like to see is some professional cook giving a demonstration of the art of getting up a hearty meal for the average workingman and his family at a cost not exceeding 30 cents—about the limit of cost

the average workingman can afford for a single meal. If that wouldn't make the professional cook go some we miss our guess. It doesn't take much of a cook to get out the plans and specifications for a good meal and then prepare it when given the free run of a grocery store and a meat market. But the author of this department avows and declares that the wife of the average workingman is the best cook, the best manager and the greatest household economist in the world, all things considered.

What we are looking for, and what we will rejoice to find, is a household magazine that will provide good menus for the average American family at a price within the means of the average American workingman. We have grown awfully tired of the slush printed in the average household magazine and pretending to tell how to get up nourishing and palatable dinners and luncheons at a "moderate cost"—the aforesaid moderate cost for a week being more than the average mechanic's monthly wage.

All this may not be exactly in accord with the original intent of this department, but it will doubtless strike a sympathetic chord in the hearts of a few thousand men and women who can not afford pate de foie gras, nightingale's tongues, liver wings of capons and strawberries in April.

### Often

"And do you often suffer from the disease called 'writer's cramp?'" queried the enthusiastic young thing as she beamed upon the poet.

"Yes, quite often," replied the poet gazing thoughtfully on a pile of "not available" notices and working his fingers around in an empty pocket. "Yes, quite often—but seldom in the hand."

### Preparing for It

"Jimmie," said the manager to the office boy, "are all your grandparents living?"

"Yes, sir."

"All enjoying good health?"

"Yes, sir."

"Any uncles, aunts or cousins in poor health?"

"Not that I know of, sir."

"All right, Jimmie. I just wanted to know. The base ball season opens up on the 21st of the month, and I thought we'd fix it up so none of them would be sick or anything like that except on Friday afternoons."

"Yes, sir."

"And if any of them are taken sick on Friday you let me know and I'll give you a ticket to the ball game. That's all, Jimmie. You may now return to work."

### Limerick

There was a young maid in Peru  
Who longed for the good and the true,  
And when things went awry  
She would sit down and cry  
And make all around her feel blue.

### Brain Leaks

Giving money is the smallest part of charity.

The other man's job always looks easier than our own.

The man who never falls is the man who never strives to climb.

Some men look upon home as a place to go when everything else is closed up.

A lot of husbands are foolish enough to think that their wives believe all their excuses.

Everything comes to him who waits—and disappointment is generally first on the list of arrivals.

Here is a sign of a happy home. When the husband comes home at night and sniffs when he enters the

door and says, "My, but that smells good!"

The trouble with a whole lot of men is that they always know better how to do another man's work than they do their own.

## Every Boy Listen!

We want to say a few plain, honest things to you, if you are between, say, twelve and sixteen years old.

Only one boy out of a great many boys ever amounts to anything of consequence.

The other boys are proud of being rough. They think they will be "dudes" if they keep themselves cleanly washed and neatly dressed. They do not love clean, healthy outdoor games and sport, and plenty of it. They like better to loaf on street corners and brag about what they will do when they are men.

The "other boys" when they grow up to be men, will, nine times out of ten, be working for some other man. They will be cheap men, who can only "make a living" by hiring out to some other man.

Our advice is: Take part of the time—not all, by any means—for something that will fit you to be that other man when you grow up. Start now to train yourself to be the man who hires men. Don't grow up to be one of the hired men.

We want you to work for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

The commissions are large, and so are the prizes. Some boys on our staff have won as much as \$500. You can take your own time for it and still earn money easily. Other boys have done it; so can you.

Write to us and we will tell you how some of them did it. Then you can do as they did and earn and win as much.

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