

Woman's Work :- Fashions :- Health Hints :- Household Topics

Wages of Uncleanliness

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M. D.

PART I.

It is abundantly within the rights of the community to demand that none of its members shall appear in public in a dirty, offensive or odorous condition. First, because they are a source of annoyance and discomfort to their fellow citizens; second, because they are at least three times as likely to be the carriers of some form of infectious disease.

But, it may be objected, would not such a step in the present state of affairs be adding insult to injury? Many hard working and honest toilers are engaged in work of such a character as to make it impossible to keep their hands and clothing and even faces in cleanly and presentable conditions.

Would it not work a grave hardship and injustice upon day laborers and factory operatives going to and from their work in public conveyances?

At first perhaps it might, but the ultimate result would be to benefit them already, and that surprisingly soon. If there be anything which is forging rapidly to the front as the dominant note in the new spirit in business and modern, up-to-date methods of factory and shop operation, it is cleanliness, almost spotlessness, of rooms, of benches, of floors, of processes of manufacture, of materials handled and of the hands, clothing and persons of operatives.

A dirty, untidy, sloppily dressed operative couldn't hold his job three days in any modern model plant, even if he had succeeded in "flicking up" well enough to get hired in the first place. It makes no difference whether the factory is handling foodstuffs, or wool, or cotton fabrics, or furniture, or hardware, dirty methods mean waste of valuable raw material; dirty machinery means grinding out of delicate bearings, quick wearing out and early breakdown. Dirty workmen mean spoiled goods, careless work, loss of time and efficiency from sickness and ill health.

In fact it is now clearly seen that dirt wherever found means either waste or inefficiency, and usually both. The "dirty work" of which we used to hear so much, because it was going to be so difficult to get anyone to do it in any of the social Utopias, is simply stupid work, work done with the hind feet instead of with the head, work which has not yet been made scientific, civilized and sanitary.

A couple of years ago the writer was visiting a great modern tool and machine factory employing some 4,000 men. The possibilities for dirt and grime and black grease in this industry can hardly be overestimated, and ten years ago the average machine shop was a cross between Dante's Inferno and the screening department of a coal mine for blackness.

In fact, any able-bodied machinist who showed anything but black about him except the whites of his eyes was rather ashamed of himself, than otherwise.

But the men's entrance to this great plant was like the hall of some public building.

The first rooms you came to on the right and left were great lockers and washroom, with white enameled bowls and hot and cold water like the locker rooms of a great gymnasium. There every workman was expected to leave his street clothing and put on a clean suit of overalls and a special pair of shop shoes before going into the workshop.

A lunch room was provided in the building where he could either order a hot lunch at little more than cost price or eat the lunch he brought with him, and when he washed up at night after quilting time, he threw his dirty overalls into great baskets to be carried to the laundry and would find a clean suit in his locker when he returned next morning.

When the men came pouring out through the great doors again into the street they were as cleanly and tidy and almost as well dressed as the average clerk or salesman or business man. The rest of the factory, of course, corresponded; the workshops were flooded with light, for all the walls and half the roof were glass; there wasn't a speck of dust or floating grime flying anywhere.

The floors were as clean as those of the average schoolroom or kitchen. The work benches were brown and well oiled, but clear of every speck or scrap, except the metal which was being fashioned and the tools absolutely necessary. All the seldom-used tools and gauges and cutters were arranged in racks under the care of a tool librarian, who issued them as they were wanted. Every speck of dust or flying scrap was sucked into baskets or hoppers and shot down to the floor below.

Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax

It Rests with You.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 28. My mother died when I was 8. I kept house for my father, so I am not prepared for the business world. The time has come when I must make my own living. The only thing I can do is to be a cloak and suit maker. My friends say it is a dangerous position, as there are too many temptations connected with it. I am at a loss what to do.

The dangers a girl meets in the business world are grossly exaggerated. If you work for a reputable firm and your manner is dignified and worthy of respect you will be able to get along on your merits. A cloak and suit maker can manage to be dignified and efficient if she chooses to. If you find yourself with men who will not respect you, you can simply resign and seek another position. It is seldom forced upon a girl in the business world, unless she is either willing to welcome it or blind enough to go into a very poor environment.

Stay with Your Sister.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 17 and live with my sister. My parents say I must go to school and get a good education and it is my duty to help her and I the meantime take care of the office. I go home to New York once in two or three weeks. My father says I cannot go home to stay. The reason I want to leave is because I don't go out much and don't know anything about life.

A NEWARK GIRL.

I advise you to take a more obedient and considerate attitude toward your parents and sister. You are very young and will learn about life quickly enough. Don't insist on taking any course of which your family would disapprove.

"Second-Hand Joy." : By Nell Brinkley

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When you tenderly peel the wrappings of tissue away from a new frock just home from the little shop, do you ever visualize the last girl face that bent over it when it was folded in away from the light when it started to you?

When you draw it out and spread its froth and shimmer out to the light between your fingers, are there ever, for you, lingering ghosts of the patient girl-fingers that deftly stitched upon it under night-lights so you might have it in time? Perhaps they were just as white a pair of hands as yours, and sweeter in shape. Who can tell? Just four fingers and a clever thumb like yours—and thrilling to the touch of satin and chiffon just as yours do. Spread out your hand—and think about it.

One girl—dark and soft-faced—hunched her shoulders in their cheap little blouse over the last shimmering details—and catching pink rose-buds, dewed with a bit of sparkle in each of their hearts, with tiny stitches—thousands of them—her fingers trembled with haste and her heart fluttered painfully. For Mademoiselle

wanted her frock for a dance tonight, the madame had said. And the gown, passing from girl to girl, arrived at last to little Tired Shoulders, with the deft fingers for finishing. And her eyes shone and half shut with the beauty of the stuff under her hands.

And girl-eyes and girl-fingers and girl-heart drew a bit of second-hand thrill out of a frugal draught of second-hand joy—seeing in fancy the lucky girl who was to wear the little dream dress on her way to her precious dance.

The brown box that comes to you holds not only a holiday frock and pink and white tissue paper! About it clings countless lovely ghosts—girl hands that have fashioned and caressed it; a shimmer that may be the light of girls' eyes that have labored and beamed upon it; its rustle, the faint repetition of some beating heart that bent above it. A box of dreams it is—from "Judy O'Grady" to "the Colonel's lady."

And, mind you, remember it. Mind you, remember that all the joy some girls ever have is "second-hand!" —NELL BRINKLEY.

Editorial for Women :: Dorothy Dix Gives the Cure for Jealousy. ::

By DOROTHY DIX.

A woman who is deeply in love with her husband, and who frankly acknowledges that she is intolerably jealous of him, without any tangible cause, wants to know if there is any cure for jealousy.

The only cure for jealousy is common sense. The only remedy for the green eye is to look a situation so straight in the face that the jaundiced halo with which you see it surrounded fades away, and you behold it clear and normal, instead of distorted by a bilious haze.

Of course it hurts a wife's pride and vanity to find out that she is not all in all to her husband as he is to her. But if every woman who has made that discovery went about beating upon her breast and tearing her hair, we would not be able to get through the streets for the curis and transformations that would enumber them, and this world would be nothing but a waiting-place. Men's hearts and women's hearts are run on different schedules. Women are monopolists in love, while men are free traders, and it's perfectly possible for a man to be devoted to his wife, to prefer and admire her above all other women, and still have eyes for every other pretty skirt that crosses his pathway.

Therefore, however aggravating it may be to a wife to find out that her husband enjoys a passing flirtation with another woman, and that he still likes to be teased about being a gay lothario, she needn't suspect his faithfulness on this account. Nor is there any indication that he is weary of her. She's still his wife, and just being a man's wife gives her a prestige in his eyes that no other woman possesses.

For this reason if a man is good and kind and tender to his wife she is wise if she shuts her eyes to the fact that he is prone to be a little too soft when a pretty face is concerned, and that any little too by your debutante with flirty hair and big eyes can make a fool of him. Every wife who makes a success of matrimony has to forgive her husband something, and put up with something, and flirtatiousness is not in the same class with temper, or grumpiness, or stinginess.

Certainly the jealous wife does not help her cause by nagging; for there is no

way so swift and sure by which to drive a man away from you to another as by nagging. Let a wife make herself a perpetual fault-finder at home and she sends her husband straight as a die to the other woman to be comforted. Thus has many a wife developed her husband's slight fancy into an affinity.

Nor is anything to be gained by watching a man. The most perfect system of spying breaks down at some point, and if a husband or a wife wishes to deceive the other, there always comes the opportunity to do it.

In the end it is bound to be a question of honor between the two, and so the wife who goes through her husband's pockets looking for letters in feminine handwriting, and who pops into his office to see whether he has a good-looking stenographer or not, and who makes him establish an alibi for every minute, that he is out of her sight does nothing to safeguard her own interests.

She only puts a premium on his de-

ceiving her, for her suspicions make him feel that he'd better get the benefit of her doubts. One had as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, you know.

Of course the jealous woman will say she can't help her jealousy. That's nonsense. Love is more or less a matter of self-hypnotism anyway, and any woman can keep the good thought on her husband's affection for her just as effectively as she can dwell on his faithlessness and doubts of him that torture her.

So I say to this jealous wife, forget your husband's one little slip as it is good to him. Be cheerful, and affectionate, and charming to him if you want to keep him, and make him think you are the luckiest little woman, and the finest comrade a man ever got. There's a bit more, you know, in a green-eyed nagging wife to keep a man nailed to his own fireside. That's the reason that jealousy is a boomerang that always flies back and annihilates the jealous one.

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The Cash Value of a Wife

By LADY GRACE GREVILLE.

Whether or no, marriage is an extravagance is a question which in greater or less degree perplexes many men. Courtship may be devoted to acquitment and romance, but when it comes to matrimony the stern fact of shillings and pence, of income and output, necessarily must be taken into serious and careful consideration. Of course, everybody ought to marry for love—genuine and permanent love—but none the less it behooves both the lover and the beloved to make certain that between them they have money enough to make marriage a reasonable possibility.

It is only the stupidity which knows no anxiety and literally takes no thought beyond the present moment which complacently marries upon nothing in hand and the uncertain hope that something will turn up in the future.

Few people will pretend to deny that, as life goes nowadays, wives, excepting among the laboring classes, and of the sort who "worketh willingly with her hands," are expensive luxuries. Said Thiers: "Most men contemplate making some self-denial when they marry. They think they will give up such and such expensive pleasures. Later on, when they discover that they cannot do so, and at the same time they lack the means to indulge, they complain that it is the extravagance of their wives which causes the inconvenience." Which wise saying is applicable to men in other countries besides that of France. Officials of the bankruptcy court estimate that at

least half the men who confess to having come to grief through living beyond their means, ascribe the trouble to the extravagance of their wives. The "excuse of Adam" is that of these unfortunate men. Expensive establishments, kept up solely to please their wives, extravagance in dress upon the part of the women of the family, costly entertainments, ruinous florists' bills; it is all the fault of the woman whom "Thou gavest to be with me." Rash and extravagant speculation often is the immediate occasion of financial ruin, but it is the usual plea that such speculation was entered into in order to satisfy the demand of an importunate wife who wished to vie with her richer neighbors. It would seem as if men "hardly ever" wanted the earth, excepting in order to give it to some woman.

When a man is possessed of an assured income large enough to meet the expense of a reasonable marriage, he is entitled to a wife if he wants one. But when any man sits down to wonder whether the affections of the woman he professes to love is worth having at a cost of so many pounds, shillings and pence, he already has solved the problem. Unless he desires her so much that he is willing to sacrifice anything else save honor, in order to win her and can count the loss gain, he had best love and ride away. She certainly is not worth the money to him. Men who discuss the cash value of wives so severely appear to ignore the value of love and sympathy, of congenial companionship. Yet, almost anyone will ultimately find that such possessions are beyond price.

How To Get Rid of a Bad Cough

A Home-Made Remedy that Will Do It Quickly, Cheap and Easily Made

If you have a bad cough or chest cold which refuses to yield to ordinary remedies, get from any druggist 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth), pour into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Start taking a teaspoonful every hour or two. In 24 hours your cough will be conquered or very nearly so. Even whooping cough is greatly relieved in this way.

The above mixture makes a full pint—a family supply—of the finest cough syrup that money could buy—at a cost of only 54 cents. Easily prepared in 5 minutes. Full directions with Pinex. This Pinex and Sugar Syrup preparation takes right hold of a cough and gives almost immediate relief. It loosens the dry, hoarse or tight cough in a way that is really remarkable. Also quickly heals the inflamed membrane which accompany a painful cough, and stops the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes, thus ending the persistent louse cough. Excellent for bronchitis, spasmodic croup and winter coughs. Keeps perfectly and tastes good—children like it.

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