

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

Heritage of the Wife

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"Don't talk about being master in your own house. You may be white you are there, but you have to go out."

A man friend voiced this advice to husbands some time ago. In his view the correct one?

I do not think it is. I maintain that it is the wife, not the husband at all, who is master of the house all the time. There is no "may be" about it.

I am speaking domestically, of course, and I take it that my friend was speaking domestically also. I do not see how any sensible-thinking man "may be" master of the household, even while there.

The house, and all that in it, is emphatically the wife's province. The man's duty begins and ends in paying the rent and taxes and providing the housekeeping money. He has no more right to boss the house than his wife has to interfere in his business affairs.

Of course, the husband comes after the wife. It must be so. In a sense a husband is a privileged lodger; he has rights that no ordinary lodger has, but there is a limit to his rights.

So long as a man has a capable wife, the control of servants, the condition of the house itself, the provision of meals, and the ordering of domestic affairs generally is entirely and completely her affair.

The man who does not let his wife run her house in her own way is reducing her to the position of a paid housekeeper, and no woman of spirit should submit to that, her very pride ought to prevent her allowing her rightful position to be usurped.

There are, it may be argued, certain occasions when it is necessary for a man to interfere. That is true. But he should only do so at his wife's request. Servants often take more notice of what a man says; but that is because, if he is sensible, he rarely says anything to them. A husband who has to dismiss or reprimand a maid should always do so to save his wife the disagreeable task, and not for any other reason.

A household that is bossed by the husband is seldom a success. No matter how domesticated and fussy a man may be—and most domesticated men are fussy—he cannot run things as smoothly and satisfactorily as can a competent woman. He is attempting to perform work that nature never intended him to perform.

It is faulty argument to say that because the husband pays he should be the master. Before he married, whether he lived at home, in lodgings, or in a boarding house, he was more or less under feminine rule in household affairs. He probably never dreamed of interfering in domestic ways then, so why should he expect to do so on getting married? To do so is to affront his wife. It is as good as telling her that she is incompetent.

And for any man to think that he can be boss of the show while he is at home, and relegate his authority when he goes out, is nothing short of pure cheek. He cannot run his house like he can his business; nor, if she is worth her salt, will she allow him to try and do so. She can't possibly hope to please him if she does.

A man is only master of the house in a very few well-defined ways. Broadly speaking, running the house is a wife's prerogative. She is the true "mistress." Then Miss or Master Daisy usually takes control. He doesn't spend the money, true; but it is spent for him. Everyone bows to the rule of the tiny monarch, whose sceptre is a rattle, and whose smile is the sweetest sunshine in the home.

What Women Are Doing

One of the features of the New York annual of the General Federation of Women's Clubs will be the evening devoted to the reports of the Endowment committee. The founders of the endowment and those on the honor roll will be on the stage under their state banners. Twenty-one states are represented in the list of founders, and thirty-four states are on the honor roll.

A Minneapolis paper has been asking "How much salary must a man receive before asking a girl to be his wife?" The majority of the answers, it seems, place the amount between \$500 and \$1,000. Some of the girls declared that they could live on any sort of salary "with a husband and a cottage."

Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch of New York announces that among the New York state women who will accompany her to Kansas to establish a residence so they can vote at the next presidential election will be Mrs. Ada Muir of Casco, Mrs. Frank Payne of Corning, Miss Harriet Payne of Elmira and Miss B. Osterhout of Ithaca.

The teachers of the schools of New York are to be organized into a union to be affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, if certain efforts can be successful.

An official French order decrees that women must replace auxiliary soldiers in the army clothing stores, uniform repair shops, hospitals, and so far as possible in the shell making factories.

Before the outbreak of the war there were in Germany 800,000 more women than men, and in Austria-Hungary, women outnumbered men by 800,000, making a total of 1,600,000 superfluous women, and since the war the disproportion has increased largely.

Mrs. Russell Sage has given \$5,000 to the Sailors' Home and Institute in New York, according to the secretary of the American Seamen's Friends' association. At the institute more than a million and a half seamen have been served in one way or another during the last five years.

Miss Kathleen Burke, granddaughter of Sir Edward Burke, gave a talk in Palm Beach the other day, telling what she had seen in the nursing camps in Europe. She brought tears to the eyes of those who heard her, and it was not very wonderful that when the collection was taken up for the cause \$1,500 bills were numbered. Twelve thousand dollars was collected.

Devices Lighten Kitchen Work

"Which do you dislike more, dishwashing or wiping?" I asked my friend, Daisy Breen, as we started to clear away the table after my first meal in her hospitable home. I was brought up among women who "do their own work," and was trained to the Golden Rule of dishwashing, "Help your busy hostess with the dishes, even as you would that she should wipe them for you."

"You're like ninety-five and a half other women, Ellen," Daisy laughed. "She is a rare housekeeper, indeed, who does not dread dishwashing. Of course, it is drudgery if you think so! As to the two divisions of the cleansing, I hardly have a choice, for I have eliminated the tea towel from my kitchen except for polishing the silver and glasses. I can't even say I dread greasy dishwater any more, for I don't have it."

Such surprising doctrines nearly made me drop the cups I was stacking, but I remembered they were Daisy's best and I gripped them hard. "Well, just pretend I'm from Missoua," Daisy, dear, I'm willing to be shown!"

"To start at the beginning," Daisy began, "most women do not commence the work right and they are disgusted by haphazard heaps of tableware not properly prepared. When there were only two of us I set the soiled dishes directly upon a waitress' tray and carried them in one load to the kitchen, set my sash strainer in the sink beneath the faucet, rinsed the dishes in the running water, and stacked them in regular piles, all of one kind together, upon the sink drainboard at my right."

"That's a good method for a small family. Since mine has trebled I have bought this wheeled tea cart with its two trays and use it to carry out the dirty dishes and left-over food and to return the clean china to its cupboard. Daisy, so many dishes to handle I find it better to scrape and stack them at the dining table." She had nearly finished this process, clearing each plate with a wadded paper napkin and using an emptied vegetable dish to receive the scraps. "A 16-cent rubber plate scraper or a soft crust of bread might be used."

In the sunny kitchen we continued the discussion of the work in hand. As she lifted the dishes to the drainboard, Daisy explained "a right-handed woman should pile the soiled dishes at her right, upon a drainboard, table, shelf, tea cart or tall box, and by thus routing the work from right to left she will avoid useless, waste motions."

Two drainboards are most desirable, but the second may be such a substitute as my hostess mentioned. The empty cart was wheeled beside the left-hand board to receive the clean dishes. Daisy then spread out a folding dishpan rack of heavily tinned steel ribbon, three inches high, set her blue enamel pan upon it, filled it with warm water to which soap powder was added, set a crock of scalding rinse water immediately at her left, in the sink, and a wire draining rack upon the board just beyond it. From beneath the drainboard she drew out a stepladder stool, twenty-six inches high and sat down to her task.

As my hostess washed and rinsed the silver and glass, laying it in the rack to drip, I wiped it and placed it upon the cart. "Now sit in my chair and watch me finish," Daisy commanded, "for there is no more wiping, I find it so restful to sit at this work, for it saves me much energy that I need worse for other duties. I find one can work quite as well as rapidly, provided her equipment is adjusted in height. My stool is the same as the bed of the sink and I sit a little sideways to get knee room. The boards are six inches higher than the sink bottom and in order to set the pan nearly the same height I use this stand."

"Right there I can tell you a piece of news," I interrupted. "There is a new dishwasher that has legs to raise it to a more convenient height. The feet are rubber tipped to keep from marring the sink. It is oblong, this pan, instead of round, and very capacious. Sink-protecting is its principal idea and it has a drain plug in the middle of the base and beneath it is a sliding drawer of wire mesh to strain the water and prevent clogging the drain pipes."

"Good idea! You're waking up, Ellen. With such a start you may cease hating dishes, too. Be sure to get a drain rack when you go home. China sterilized by boiling water dries quickly and is clean. Really, it is a more sanitary method than wiping with a cloth. Of course, a little warm water will do, but you can save the rinse water to wash your dishrag and clean the sink."

Daisy's dishcloth was new to me, being of stout, coarse cord knotted into an open mesh. Daisy says when all women can have unlimited supply of hot water or mechanical means of forcing water under pressure over dishes the dishcloth will be dispensed with. "Until then, choose a cloth that is rough, to give much friction, and that is very open in weave, letting suds swirl through holes to make it easy to cleanse after using."

"Do you suppose we will ever have machinery for washing dishes?" I asked. "Why, yes, Ellen. A household dishwashing machine is already a reality. I actually saw one when I visited Sister Kate last month. It is about the shape of a baby's bathtub, enameled outside and within, and with a cover to prevent splashing when in operation. It is of a size to sit in the sink or upon a drainboard or table."

"Kate puts the dishes into a special wire basket, pours in scalding water and washing powder, and turns the hand wheel a few minutes. The suds have been forced over and between the dishes by a fast-moving propeller wheel at one end of the pan, outside of the basket. After the washing she pulls a drain plug and empties the water into the sink. The dishes are rinsed and sterilized by a second application of boiling water and they dry in a jiffy. The same machine can be had with a small electric motor attached, Kate said. As she finished talking, Daisy slid the stepladder stool back in place under the drainboard—Woman's World."

In-Shoots

When you know some men they prove as disappointing as a plate of delicatessen potato salad.

We have but little regard for the word of the woman who says she does not like ice cream.

Do not think the man who calls you "brother" wants to pick your pockets. He may be near-sighted.

It is safe to assume that the man who yells for an equal division of wealth is not going to lose anything by the allotment.

Grace Darling's Talks to Girls

No. 5.—The Traits in a Girl that Men Like



A Characteristic Pose of the Gifted Grace Darling

By GRACE DARLING.

The Charming Young American Moving Picture Star.

Copyright, 1916, International News Service.

A girl asked me how she can make herself popular with men.

I wish I knew how to answer that question, but it's the riddle of the Sphinx that women have been trying to guess ever since our first mother discovered that she was the only woman to our original papa.

Nobody has ever been able to explain why men flock around some one girl like bees around a honey pot, while another girl just as good looking, as intelligent and as well dressed is left pining for the wall at every party to which she goes; nor why one woman can marry six husbands and another woman never even gets one poor little proposal of marriage.

From what I can learn, the secret of popularity is a confure that varies with different generations of men. According to old-fashioned novels—which may be supposed to reflect their day as our novels reflect ours—the things that made a girl a belle were fragility of body and weakness of mind.

All the most admired heroines failed at every slight shock; many of them were invalids that spent their time reclining on couches, and none of them ever expressed an opinion, but clung to the nearest man and let him do her thinking for her. And they were all raving, tearing beauties, and were very cold and disdainful to the suitors who came a-wooing.

That kind of a girl wouldn't be popular now. No man would go near a girl who was always swooning for fear he might get a sickly wife if he married her, and anyway, he likes a girl who is an outdoor girl, and can walk and play golf, and row a boat, and be a good chum.

Men also like girls who have got good sense, and their own point of view, and with whom they can carry on an intelligent conversation.

And I don't think men are so particularly keen about beauty. They like a girl to be nice looking, and well dressed, and to present a good appearance, but they don't insist on her being a living picture.

Look about you and you will see that there are very few married women who would ever have gotten the blue ribbon prize in a beauty show.

My advice to any girl who wants to make herself popular with men, would be to learn how to do the things that men like to do—how to dance, how to play a good game of bridge, how to play golf or tennis. Men are not built of the stuff of which martyrs are made, and no man is going to ask a girl to dance who treats all over his feet, or to play bridge with him if she trumps his ace. Nor is he going to refrain from amusing

himself in the way he likes best in order to sit around a house and entertain a girl who doesn't do things.

In these days a girl who wants beauty has got "to put herself in an attitude to receive the blessing," as old-fashioned Methodists used to say.

Then a girl should cultivate tact in dealing with men. When a man takes a girl to the movies she shouldn't discourse about her passion for grand opera. When he treats her to beer and sandwiches she shouldn't spend the time talking about truffles and champagne, nor when he takes her on the street car, need she tell how some other man always brings around a limousine.

Yet I have heard girls commit these very blunders, and then wonder why the man that they had made feel small and stinky didn't come back to see them

again. The only way that a girl can repay a man for his attentions is by showing him that she appreciates them, and you'll always find that the popular girls are the girls that make a man feel as if he were giving them the time of their lives, no matter how simple is the pleasure.

Above all, I think that the way for a girl to make herself popular with men is to be good natured and companionable, ready to enter whole heartedly into any kind of innocent fun. That kind of a girl makes a man feel that she's just a chum, and that she isn't trying to marry him; and he likes to be with her for that reason.

But nobody can give a girl any cut-and-tried recipe for popularity. The ingredients and the flavoring have to be changed to suit each individual man.

Advice to Lovelorn Girls Must Pay Debts

By Beatrice Fairfax

You Must Be Firm.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am employed by a man, though he is very considerate of me in every way, he is entirely too familiar as an employer and as a married man.

I have found it useless to ask him to leave me alone, I am entirely dependent upon myself or I would leave immediately. He pays me a good salary and the work is very pleasant.

My dear girl, there are plenty of good positions open to you if you are willing to look for them and to work hard, even if at an uncongenial task. You must do one of two things. Either leave this man's employ or be absolutely firm in talking a stand which will make him realize once and for all that your relations with him are purely impersonal and of a business nature only. Possibly you are unnecessarily suspicious. Have a plain talk with your employer—a man to man business talk in which there is no element of coquetry. Be honest with yourself and make sure you are doing nothing to encourage the very thing of which you complain.

Don't Be Absurd.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 18 years of age, have a good position in a bank and am in love with a girl who is 16 years old. She is a little coquettish and lets another fellow call on her when I am not with her. Now I would like to know how I can stop this without a quarrel.

You have no right to demand that this girl give up her other friends. A friendship between a boy of 18 and a girl of 16 is all very well—if the girl's parents approve. But a love affair in which the young people devote themselves to each other is entirely out of place.

Fashion's Spring Signs

Lavender, with a tinge of emerald green, composes a fascinating color scheme. The tunic skirt is still with us, but it has taken the hues of the draped overskirt of old.

Ostrich trimming is used again. Hats, evening gowns and parasols are decked with it.

If you are clever with the paint brush, you can paint the trimming on a little girl's hat.

Kid in soft colorings trims many of the smartest walking suits this spring.

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