

Beauty Matter of Business to Homes Expert

Hunt Cook to Explain Principles of Science at the Omaha Bee Better Homes Exposition.

"In every human being there exists a love of the beautiful," asserts Hunt Cook, the widely known lecturer and demonstrator on art in the home, who is to be here for the Omaha Bee Better Homes Exposition. By art in the home, Mr. Cook does not refer solely to the pictures on the walls or the bric-a-brac on the mantel, but the entire scheme and arrangement of the rooms, furniture, lamps, rugs, etc., and the general tone and attractiveness of the dwellings.

Mr. Cook says, "Unless you show people how art makes itself useful in their lives, they will not accept it as anything more than luxury."

Showing people the use of art is Mr. Cook's profession. For several years he was one of the extension lecturers for the Chicago Art Institute. For the past two years he has been conducting Better Homes institutes on the Pacific coast.

Mr. Cook's theory of art and beauty in the home is not at all complicated. He believes in proving to business men that art is an asset and not a liability. He claims that he can in five minutes prove to any business man that he can go downtown and actually practice art, because he has been told how to do it from that side.

Here are some of the sayings which Mr. Cook emphasizes:

"Money is not related to beauty."

"Beauty depends upon certain principles as easily mastered as any other fact of business."

"Lavish display and great expenditures are in no way essential to beauty."

In order to show exactly what he means, Mr. Cook will bring with him 12 portable rooms and demonstrate with real furniture what is ugly and then with the same materials create a beautiful room.

The lecturer starts in the kitchen and goes through the house—upstairs and down—taking up each room in turn. He is not only an artist, but he is practical in everything he says and does and every art principle he advocates can be adopted by the family of humble circumstances.

"We have been so accustomed to think of art as luxury and something not obtainable except with plenty of money, that we have lost sight—if we ever had it—of the fact that homes of the rich are not the only ones which can be made beautiful," says Mr. Cook. "That is the wonderful thing about learning how to create beauty with very simple materials."

If you are short and stout with brown hair and a peaches and cream complexion, should you wear a red picture hat or a black turban?

Some ladies know the answer to this question, but, alas, there are many who do not, according to Evelyn Hansen, lecturer and demonstrator on art in dress and in the home, under the auspices of the American Homes Bureau.

Miss Hansen was formerly instructor in the Wisconsin State Normal; then she was engaged by the Chicago Art Institute as its principal lecturer and demonstrator on art in dress in the nation-wide campaign for the improvement of every day art begun by the Institute several years ago. When this work was taken over by the American Homes Bureau, Miss Hansen was re-engaged as the chief exponent of those phases of everyday art which fall distinctly within the sphere of the individual woman.

At the Better Homes exposition April 23—May 5, Miss Hansen will demonstrate with living models the principles of beauty in dress as applied to different types of women. She will explain how every woman should dress "to her type" and how to recognize her type, what colors she may wear, and why; what lines she should strive for, and why; how to get effective results from inexpensive materials.

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

Chaotic Confusion Attends the Annual Annual of "Having the Painters."

"D'you want all them things from the top shelf too?" demanded Anna from her perch on the stepladder.

"Yes, everything. He's going to paint all those shelves. Be careful, that handle's broken!" Helen reached up for the mixing-dish.

"Where're you goin' to put 'em all?" exuding disapproval of this extra work, she handed down some jelly glasses.

"In the dining room, on the floor. We'll take up the rugs. Hand me that old tray next, we can set some of these small things on that."

"Now, if you'll see if this color's right," from the painter who had been mixing paint in the kitchen.

"Don't you think it's a little light?" demurred Helen, when he brushed a sample of cream paint on the door moulding.

"Same as what's on there, that's just dirty. But I'll make it dark as you want it, it's up to you," his shrugging disclaiming responsibility of any other shade.

"Well, if you think it's the same. But put plenty of enamel in it—it's easier to keep clean. You'll put two coats in here, won't you?" anxiously.

"I'll fix it all right, you leave it to me," with good-natured evasion.

Turning back to the shelves Helen found Anna waiting stolidly, her hands on her bulbous hips.

"Why didn't you go right ahead? What are you waiting for?"

"This ain't no good, is it?" examining with exasperating leisure an old electric curling iron.

"You come down!" sharply. "I'll get up there—we've got to hurry!"

Taking Anna's place on the ladder, with reproving rapidity, Helen handed down the decrepit odds and ends that cluttered the top pantry shelf.

A felt brush for cleaning windows that only smeared the glass. Some wooden picnic dishes, never used. A patent cake pan that always burnt the cake. A roll of shelf paper. A crumb brush and tray that table etiquette now tabooed. An impractical coffee-pot bought at a food show. The glass globe from the hall light that Helen had replaced with a silkshade.

"What's this done up in newspaper? Not one of my good plates? Oh, Anna! And you never told me!" fitting together the broken pieces.

"I never put that up there! That wuz broke 'fore I came."

Unconvinced by the belligerent protest, Helen examined the newspaper.

"There's no use denying it, Anna. Look at the date on this paper!"

Anna's sallow skin turned a brick red. The paper, not a month old, proved her guilt.

"I didn't break it nohow," still defiant. "Twas already cracked—it just came apart when I put it in hot water."

"You got any old papers?" asked the painter. "I'll cover up the stove."

"Yes, plenty of them—right there under the sink."

"D'you want those kitchen cupboard doors painted on the inside?"

"Oh, yes, we'll take the things out soon as we get through here. I didn't expect you till Monday—that's why we're not ready."

"Well, we finished up on the ninth floor yesterday. The superintendent said start here today."

Meekly Helen accepted the flurry and inconvenience, for the wisdom of "taking the painters when you can get them" is deep-rooted in all housewives.

The pantry shelves cleared, they started on the kitchen cupboards.

In the seven months of Anna's surly reign, Helen had kept out of the kitchen as much as possible. And now the rusty shelves and discolored shelfpaper proclaimed the slackness of her supervision.

"What's in this wooden box? What're all these rags?" Helen was digging out the lower cupboard, while Pussy Purr-Mew sniffed at a defunct mouse-hole.

"Them's my cleanin' things. The stuff to clean the nickel and brass."

"This is what draws roaches," throwing away the stiffened, blackened rags. "And don't you use up one can before you open another!" the half-used cans of hardened metal paste attesting to Anna's extravagance.

"And what's all this back here?"

"D'you want me to paint behind the ice box?" interrupted the painter.

"Oh, yes, that'll have to be moved. Wait, we'll take those things off. If I'd known you were coming this morning, we'd have had everything ready."

As the walls and woodwork of the pantry, kitchen, and maid's room were to be painted, everything had to be put into the dining-room.

"I can't get no dinner here tonight," protested Anna.

"No, I don't expect you to. We'll go out for dinner. That roast will keep until tomorrow. What's these? A pair of Mr. Curtis' gloves? How did they get out here?"

"That's an old pair he threw away," she reddened. "I kept 'em to use when I clean the stove—that polish gets all in my hands."

They were only half worn—the very pair that Warren had thought he lost. Anna had deliberately taken them to save her hands!

Helen kept back her indignation. Only one more week of Anna's incompetent and not over-honest services. There was no use having any words.

Also the fear that she might leave at once, the dread of being left with all the work of "having the painters," gave an added motive for repression.

Clearing out the kitchen cupboards was a discouraging task. Helen's economical urge to "keep everything" on the theory that it would some day be needed, had filled the upper shelves that ran to the ceiling.

Having only a few shallow closets in the bedrooms, everything from a trunk strap to broken picture frames had been stored on these upper shelves.

In a bungalow apron, dust cap, and old gloves, Helen worked through the never-racking day, stopping only for a hasty lunch of milk and crackers.

Anna, however, insisting that she felt "all gone," had fixed herself two eggs and a generous portion of expensive glass-jarred bacon.

Working ahead with exemplary energy, Helen failed to hasten the deliberate consumption of this hearty meal.

The afternoon was even more trying. Helen's head and eyes ached from the stifling paint; and Anna, deprived of her usual from two-to-four leisure, grew more and more sulky.

When promptly at five the painter gathered up his cans, the whole place was in hectic confusion.

"I'll leave these here by the sink," as he put his brushes in turpentine and covered up his paints. "Start on the dining room tomorrow."

"Then we'd better get the curtains down now, we'll be so rushed in the morning," worried Helen, peeling off her glove to rub her smarting eyes.

a hurry for your dinner, you can go out alone! I'll have milk and crackers here. I'm too tired to eat any way. But it just shows how inconsiderate you are!"

"Inconsiderate? How d'you make that out? Because I want something to eat after a hard day at the office? Huh, I work all day with a broken arm and come home to find the place looking like hell and no prospect of any dinner!"

At the plea of the broken arm, Helen's maternal anxiety surmounted her resentment.

"All right, dear, I'll be quick as I can. We'll go anywhere you say."

But even as she rushed in to dress, beneath her swift sympathy was the rankling consciousness that it was she who must always yield. However tired, however ill she felt, Warren always managed to be the one who must be considered.

It was ever a continuous "giving-in" to his comfort, his convenience, and his self-centered inclinations!

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Next Week—Helen As An Interior Decorator.

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Cheam Parish Council Has Dream of Tourist Influx

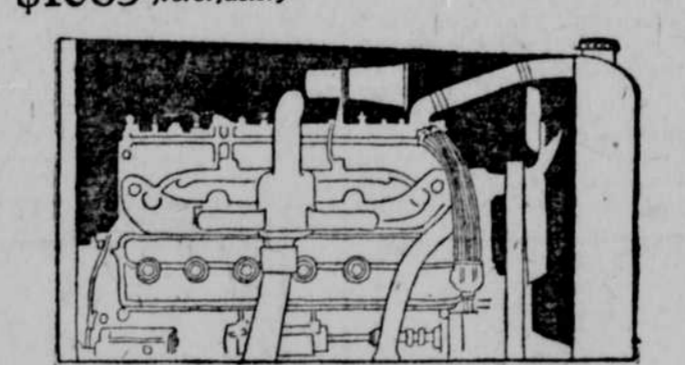
London, April 7.—At least one English village is planning to pay its share of the war debt to America, and incidentally to rent a new town hall, by means of the money spent by American tourists.

The Cheam parish council recently decided to rent as a council chamber a 400-year-old cottage. Opponents of the scheme were silenced by a member's proposal that the town clerk should charge American tourists a guinea to show them over the building.

The council has rented the house and will now lie in wait for such descendants of the pilgrim fathers as reach Cheam next summer.

A party of Americans visited the cottage last summer and made a generous offer for the place, intending to ship it bodily to the United States as a specimen of fine old English architecture.

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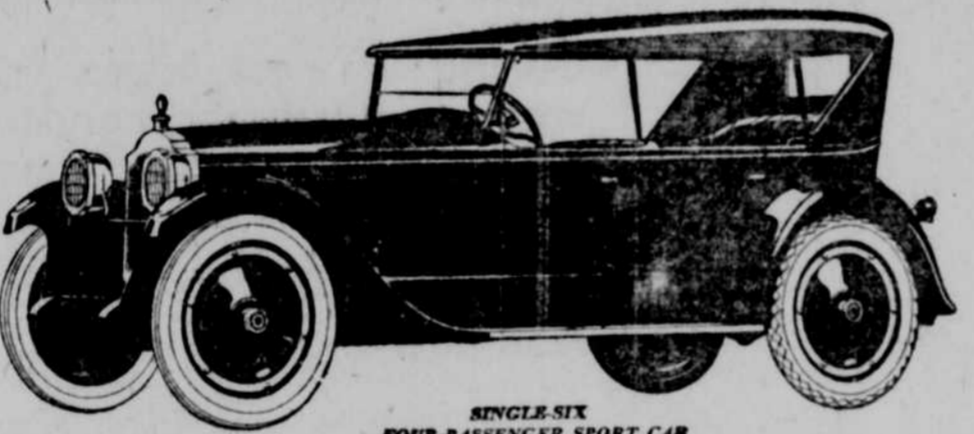


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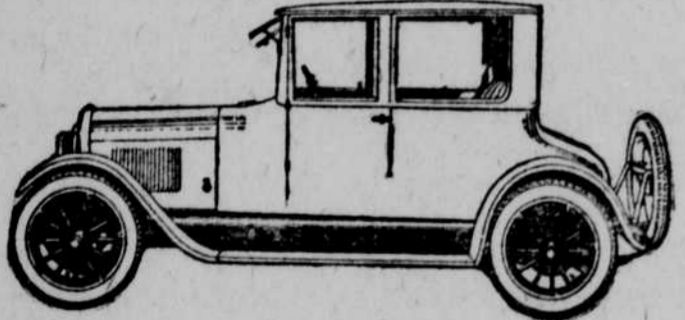
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