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Household Expert Evolves Plan for Reconstruction Of the American Home

Mrs. Christine Frederick Would Have Government Institute Universal Training in Home Management, Would Simplify Meals, Clothes and Household Furnishings, Improve the Home Atmosphere and Give Wives and Mothers Opportunity for Outside Interests.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

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THESE are the seven points of reconstruction in the American home, as suggested by Mrs. Christine Frederick, author of "The New Housekeeping" and "Household Engineering," and acknowledged expert in home efficiency:

1. National law for the compulsory training of home-makers.
2. New handling of the servant problem.
3. Feeding instead of cooking for the family.
4. Simplification of superfluities.
5. Changing the home atmosphere.
6. Physical reconstruction of the home-maker.
7. Giving the home-maker a chance for a career.

Although during the war Mrs. Frederick spoke for the Food Administration on 110 consecutive days in ten different States, she spends the greater part of her time in Applecroft at Greenlawn, L. I., the efficient yet charming home she has made for Mr. Frederick and four youngsters. So when she discussed with me her carefully thought-out application of the popular catchword, "reconstruction," to the domestic hearth, I knew I was listening to no vague or academic theories, but to the conclusions of a housewife whose broadmindedness is tempered with a sense of the practical.

"During the war," Mrs. Frederick began, "the Government for the first time officially recognized the importance of home-making and of the home-maker. The 20,000,000 housewives of the country were asked to enlist as 'kitchen soldiers,' and to stand solidly behind the men behind the guns. That precedent having been created, it seems to me the Government might recognize the importance of universal training in home management for its girls, who will be the home-makers of the future.

"As a first step in the reconstruction of the home, then, I advocate a national law putting into the three grammar grades a compulsory course in home-making. I do not call it domestic science, because that usually means cooking alone, and the course should include more. School girls should be taught marketing, keeping house, keeping an account of expenses on the budget plan, dietetics and cooking. The ones who need this instruction most will never get it anywhere unless they get it at school.

Household Assistants Will Be No Longer "Household Slaves."

"There will be no more servants in the home. We may as well accept that fact. In the future we must look to household assistants, housework-ers, home experts, and we must not call them Susie or Mary, but Mrs. Jones or Miss Brown.

"The feudal relations between the mistress and her household slave—coming down from the days when the apprentice was literally bound out, chained to his work bench so he wouldn't run away from it, must be abolished. The home-maker must compromise on a plan whereby her assistant works only a specified number of hours and has the time outside of them free to use as she chooses without catechism from her employer.

"The war, I think, has taught the American housewife the importance of point 3 on my reconstruction programme, but she must not forget the lesson she has learned. It is a lesson of fewer and simpler dishes, with a better balance of food values, of the importance and desirability of many new foods, of thrifty avoidance of waste on the table and in the kitchen.

We Should Simplify Food, Clothes and Furnishings.

"We have the finest food of any country in the world, but in the past the American woman has been the worst cook in the world. She has known least about the possibilities of the material which she handled. Our true national emblem has been the frying pan. I have heard the American man blamed for demanding always chops and steak at the family dinner table. I think he has done it because of his knowledge that his wife could not season and cook properly the goulash or the chop suey or other appetizing 'made dishes' he likes to choose for lunch downtown.

"In the last year or two we have simplified not merely our food but our general household routine. I hope we shall keep on wearing simple clothes, and I think we might simplify with profit our household furnishings — the unnecessary, dust-gathering, work-making ornaments and draperies. Such simplification should play an important part in the physical reconstruction of the home.

"The atmosphere of many a home should be reconstructed. If we are to keep the husband and the younger members of the family in the home to-day, certain too common restraints must be eliminated.

No Crime for Father to Drop Cigar Ashes on the Floor.

Father must not feel that it is a crime for him to rumple the sofa cushions or accidentally drop a bit of cigar ash on the floor. The children must be given good times at home, allowed to invite their friends there; then the children will not seek friends and good times somewhere else.

"The average American home-maker is greatly in need of physical reconstruction. How married and settled-down she often looks, even when she is no more than thirty-five! The reason is not, as she thinks, that she has to work too hard. The several reasons for her poor physical condition are that she eats too much, sits around too much and gets too little exercise. Housework is not exercise unless it is done in bloomers with the windows wide open. The home-maker should take a walk every day of her life, and she should adopt some sport. If she has children, let her play ball with them. Also she should resist the temptation which attacks those continually handling food and should not eat between meals or overeat at meals. With a little sensible attention to her health she will look and feel like another woman.

The Inspiration Which Comes From Outside Interest.

"I do not wish the last point on my reconstruction programme misunderstood. In advocating a career outside the home for the home-maker I do not urge that a woman with several small children should work in a factory for seven or ten dollars a week. That is preposterous. But all these women who have been doing war work—canteen work or Red Cross service or something of the sort—are they going back inside their own four walls, now that the war is over, and content themselves with an occasional bridge party or little dinner? I do not believe so. I do not think they should lose the broadening and the inspiration which come from an outside interest of their choice. When they went to the Red Cross workroom so many hours a week nobody charged them with neglecting their homes. Why should such a charge be brought against them if they continue to give a part of their time every week to some form of social or professional activity not directly concerned with their homes?

"They can do it, and the home itself will not suffer—if only it is reconstructed," Mrs. Frederick ended, with a reassuring smile.

AMERICAN MAN, TOO, HAS BEEN MADE OVER BY WAR

Paunches Are Passing

Before the War the American Man Let Himself Grow Fat at Fifty

Now Men of Sixty Have "36" Waists and Use Old Belts as Trunk Straps

By Zoe Beckley.

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BULKY men, please step to the rear and be seated—or wear screens. We hate to seem rude. But the army figure has supplanted the opulent waist line. None but the *slim* deserve the fair. And the sooner the civilian with the equatorial excess realizes it the better. Even his tailor no longer loves the fat man. It is unhooverish to require more than 38 inches of cloth across the chest. Military hips measure but 39 1-2, official count. Waists must stop at 33 1-2; 21 3-4 is the thigh limit, while calves must quit at 14 1-2 in the shade. The approved height is 5 feet 8, and the weight to match is 148 1-2. Not an ounce more unless you are Pershing-tall—or want to be the funny man in the movies.

ZOE BECKLEY

Women have known for a long time that "fat is fatal."

Before war work was in fashion the pudgy maiden thinned herself by other heroic measures. No girl in a 42 shirtwaist could hope to turn the head or rule the heart of even the Falstaffian male. Now, by a sort of poetic justice, man, too, must melt to the mold of the dough-boy and the "gob." The National Association of Merchant Tailors has decreed it, Bill, and it is yours to obey—or be cut out by every farmer lad who went from the wheat field into the navy, and every grocer's clerk who limped, a hero, off the battlefields of France.

"THE perfect man," asserts Frank E. Fehlman, whose job as President of Churchill-Hall, Inc., requires him to know and to teach the craftsmanship of clothes "is the army man. Of course!

"Do you suppose any chap who left 17 pounds of adipose at Plattsburg is going to let himself collect it again? You bet not. He sees what a handicap it was, and what an old man it made of him. Once he gets the grand and glorious 'feel' of thinness he's going to stick that way, even if he does have to go slow on custard pie.

"As for the fellows who've been oversea and lived and worked and fought like hell-nallthat—will those chaps sit around and let their waists and their wits thicken up again? I guess not! War is a young man's game. Even the old birds that got over, learned to hop and hike with the best of 'em. The world's young again. It's taking a fresh start. Stuffiness is gone. Snappiness is here. Youth—quickness—pep—ginger—how you going to put it over if you're soft in the muscles and fat in the belt? I notice the man who looks fat generally thinks fat."

Which may be more or less true. At all events, Mr. Fehlman deposes and says that with a few light exercises a day and the help of a "young" tailor, even blessed Papa Joffre could look like a—a sylph or whatever its masculine equivalent is.

In fact, the war has made so few fat men in the world that custom tailors and even the clothiers who "save you ten dollars if you walk up one flight" have decided to make only slender models. So unless you have a lot of old barrels you want to wear out, better thin down and take a new grip on youth.

"The American man," goes on Mr. Fehlman, "is just becoming clothes-conscious. Before the war he let himself grow fat at fifty and began to wear whatever was comfortable. He'd go into a tailor shop and say, 'Lemme see something conservative.' And the tailor would drag out what we call 'old man models.'

"They were generally of navy blue serge, which has been popular since the year one. And our fat friend would ease himself into a suit measuring 39 across the chest and 51 around the so-called waist. Then he'd spill cigar ashes and soup comfortably all down his facade—and be perfectly happy, except for the little rheumatism and dyspepsia and maybe a touch of gout. He was hung with cobwebs, but he didn't realize it.

"From now on you will hardly find an 'old man model' from 42d Street to Waco, Tex. Men of sixty are using their old belts for trunk straps and buying 36-inch circlets instead. They've got in the physical training game somehow and are asking their tailors for 'something smart and snappy.' Paunches are passing. Seventeen-inch collars are in the rag-bag, and the man who can't fasten the lowest button on his waistcoat without looking as though he'd swallowed a watermelon ought to be ashamed to look a Marine in the eye. Tailors are making clothes these days to fit the new figure and the new mind."

The "new mind," Mr. Fehlman maintains, is a sort of Siamese Twin to the "new figure." You can't separate them. Take a "gob," for instance, who was growing turnips two years ago and going occasionally to young folks' societies in the village church, where he blushed himself almost to death because he was so shy.

He and his cronies sat over in one corner, and the girls giggled and teeheed in another. The adorable old gob's hair was cut funny. His hands were like hams. And when he danced—which he didn't hardly "dast"—his feet behaved like jammed logs in a rapid river.

Look at him now! Finest, cleanest, straightest, niftiest kid topside the earth. He began to improve with his first navy haircut. Somebody loaned him a kit of manicuring tools. He polished his boots and pulled up his socks, got into his trick clothes, slapped a "beanie" on his head and—had a new outlook on life.

At whatever port he was stationed pretty girls smiled at him, nice ladies invited him to their houses, mothers made him mittens and chocolate cakes, and Dad talked travel and finance. In a year young Mr. Gob's diffidence had vanished like the dew before the sun. Instead of stammering and walking all over a girl's feet, he steps right up and says: "Come on, Miss Mabel, let's have this dawnce." Just like that.

Do you suppose he is ever going to clod-hop around Cow Hollow again in the old way? And go back to the Saturday night bath and the bowl-cut hair? And be old and whiskery and have cricks in the knees at forty? No, and again no.

"He will look," predicts Mr. Fehlman, "like that fellow in 'Listen Lester' who has the zippy clothes. Here's the diagram: Coat cut with a low collar which shows the linen one at least half way down. This allows the white collar to be low also—one of the things that make a fellow look young. Plain black silk knitted tie.

"Double breasted coat with two buttons. Cut in at the waist like the army and navy officer's coats. Ripple sleeve; looks as if it was put in wrong. See like this of mine. Seam far up on the shoulder and set in a trifle full giving the arm plenty of room but showing its outline without a trace of padding.

"Trousers loose at bottom. Sort of glorified gob trousers—straight down, loose at the ankles and kind of short. It gives a boy effect—you know—kid stuff. And if there happens to be imperfections, like knock knees or bow legs, it smooths them out beautifully.

"Plain black shoes with mouse colored spats. The spats bridge the space between the shoe and the sock and add 'kick.'

"Plain brown soft hat. And there you are! You couldn't get a snappier rig. And in that rig you couldn't help thinking snappy. Yet the suit is made of the same kind of plain blue serge they used to put into 'old man models'!

"Get the idea? That's how the war has changed the man's figure, clothes and viewpoint."

New York War Babies

WHO WILL HAVE TO BE INTRODUCED TO THEIR FATHERS

KATHRYN READON — ELEANOR CARROLL — SAM'L F. MURRAY — JOS MC DONOUGH

JUDGING by the War Baby Editor's mail which keeps the "War Baby" pigeonhole in his desk at The Evening World full, there are so many New York babies to be introduced to their daddies when they come home from overseas that this city will have a bumper crop of proud new papas on every transport that arrives.

To-day's candidates for introduction are four of the finest babies that any daddy, no matter how critical and exacting, could possibly wish for.

Take little Kathryn Reardon, for instance, daughter of John and Kathryn Reardon of No. 416 54th Street, Brooklyn. When Daddy heard that on May 8, 1918, just six days after he had arrived in France as a member of Battery B, 306th Field Artillery, a little daughter had arrived at his home, could he possibly have formed in his mind a brighter, prettier picture than the one we've printed above?

And the same applies to baby Eleanor Carroll, who came three months ago to await Daddy's return at his New York City home at No. 415 West 38th Street. Daddy, whose name is Luke F. Carroll, is with the 305th Infantry, 78th Division, and has been overseas ten months.

But the girls shall not have all the honors in to-day's introductions. Baby Samuel F. Murray jr., of No. 372 Baltic Street, Brooklyn, says boys are entitled to attention too and he wants to tell us that he's never had a chance to meet his daddy, because he was born June 5, 1918, after Daddy, Private Samuel F. Murray sr. of Co. C, 106th U. S. Infantry, 27th Division, had sailed for France.

And little Samuel's motion for attention is seconded by another Brooklynite, Baby Joseph, in the fourth picture, whose Daddy, First Sergt. McDonough, of the Second U. S. Cavalry, Troop C, is now with the Army of Occupation in Germany and sailed in March, 1918, for overseas duty in France. Inasmuch as little Joseph was not born until June 20, 1918, Daddy will have to wait until he gets home to No. 256 Jay Street, Brooklyn, before the two can shake hands and say, "Pleased to meet you."

Fourteen Points for the League of Matrimony

By Nixola Greeley-Smith

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No. I.—JUSTICE FOR MARY JONES

"MARRIAGE is like life in this, that it is a field of battle, and not a bed of roses," wrote one of the most coddled husbands that ever lived to charm the world with the beauty of a clear spirit, clearly interpreted.

Engaged couples, persons enjoying the first week of the honeymoon, and comfortable middle-aged men and women who signed a peace pact so long ago they have forgotten there even was a war will not agree with this trite quotation from Robert Louis Stevenson. But other individuals whom I summon to take part in this conference for the establishment of the League of Matrimony may be willing to admit that at least in the households of their married friends they have observed certain tendencies which almost justify his opinion.

Why must marriage be a field of battle? Has it always been one? Must it continue to be forever a struggle for supremacy between two personalities incompletely harmonized? Or is it possible for a permanent peace pact to be concluded between man and woman? It all depends on Mary Jones—who is she? Just wait a minute. Our grandmothers, we are told, were better wives than we are. There can be no doubt of that, because our grandmothers in the mass were undisturbed by a strange new need born into the brain of every woman of to-day who has one. They had no time to develop a sense of justice, a desire for justice, and they would have been considered unwomanly had they possessed it.

Now, justice is the rarest thing in the universe. It does not exist, indeed, outside the consciousness of man, and it dwells therein mostly as a good word for political addresses—a noble abstraction that need not be debased by application to the daily life of the individual.

There is an idea that everybody wants justice. This is far from the truth. Women particularly have shown a persistent indifference to it in their personal relations with men. Yet the first idea of justice was probably born in the heart of a cave mother face to face with the problem of dividing a hunk of deer meat to the satisfaction of her hungry brood.

Having gone so far, the male reader will doubtless say to himself that women receive more than justice. And many of them do. The sort of woman we see sitting about in cabarets would be appalled by the idea of having mere justice applied to her. But the 57 per cent. of women between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one who work for wages in New York State, or the 40 per cent., if we consider the whole country, know what justice is if only through needing it and not getting it at their work, and they insist on finding out what it is actually like when they exchange their jobs for wedding rings.

The male reader, with his mind on a wife's dower right, her unrestricted control of her own property, wonders what else married women can want. What they desire cannot be legislated, for it is a change in man's mental attitude toward the woman he marries, his recognition of her rights as a personality, apart from him, and here at last we come to Mary Jones.

When John Smith marries Mary Jones how long does the idea of Mary Jones as a separate, distinct, equal, different individual remain in his consciousness before it is smothered by the all-obliterating Mrs. John Smith? Not the two minutes it takes him to sign the marriage register! I'll admit he is busy and preoccupied.

For Mrs. John Smith, as a newborn human being, has to be initiated into the art of living, must be made to benefit by the accumulated wisdom and experience of the universal expert she has married.

She must be taught the care of a home, the proper attitude toward servants, the correct way for a married woman to dress and to comport herself toward other men, the precise degree of intelligence and information it is becoming for her to display in public, how to shop at the butcher's and grocer's, how much the laundry bill should be and just what to give the baby when his "tummy" aches. All these things take time, and quite often Mrs. John Smith seems singularly backward in learning them, and even questions the authority of her professor.

"All husbands are not like that! Indeed they are not. But on the whole, I prefer the universal instructor in arts and sciences to the equally ingenuous male who regards his wife as a mystic "medicine woman," accepting and quoting her most elementary platitude on the subject of health and housekeeping as if he were the custodian of a new Sphinx's riddle.

Marriages will never go out of fashion so long as boys continue to read "Robinson Crusoe." Crusoe was lonely and miserable, as we all know, until footprints in the sand of his desert island enabled him to track down man Friday and begin a glorious unending orgy of teaching him things.

Desert islands being scarce, and transportation to them difficult and expensive, the only way a boy really can be Robinson Crusoe is to wait till he grows up, find some girl willing to marry him, and then teach her everything he thinks she ought to know, from setting a dinner table to bathing the baby. But girl Fridays are getting rare. Even if men do prefer to marry stupid women, the supply grows lower and lower, and eventually there will be such a scarcity that polyandry will have to be revived or else they will have to resign themselves to giving up the Crusoe role.

For the fact is that Mary Jones does not die when she becomes Mrs. John Smith. She goes right on living, thinking and knowing just as well how to run a house and boss the butcher as if no Crusoe had come along to tell her about them.

A number of women believe that Mary Jones should not merge her visiting cards in "Mrs. John Smith's," but I have never been able to see what is accomplished by a married woman keeping her maiden name, except, of course, for her work. Why wound the moral sensibilities of your janitor by sticking two names over your doorbell when one will answer—particularly as the name you insist upon keeping is a man's name, anyhow—your father's—and was wished on you by him with all the other joys of existence, while your husband is usually some one you select for yourself?

But Mary Jones can—indeed, must—live on untrammelled in any successful marriage even if she does not flaunt her independence before janitors and delivery boys. Her right to exist comfortably and happily and not be smothered or crippled by troglodytic notions of what Mrs. John Smith should do and be, and wear and look, is the first essential to feminine peace in marriage.

Of course, where there is no Mary Jones, but just a blank mind waiting for a rubber stamp, the situation is easier. But, as I have intimated before, stupid women are becoming scarce.

Riches in Uruguay Wait for Development

INTEREST in Uruguayan manganese is being reawakened among capitalists of Great Britain and the United States, and there is a growing belief that reconstruction activities in the western hemisphere will require development of the vast deposits of this valuable metal existing in this country.

Manganese is largely used in manufacture of glass and chemicals. German and British capital has done about all that has been done in the manganese exploitation that has been carried on in this country, and practically nothing has been done since the war started.

Lack of transportation facilities has been the greatest difficulty to be surmounted in bringing the widely scattered manganese deposits into production. This handicap has kept unproductive two large hills, almost solid manganese ore throughout, situated in the department of Rivera. It is estimated that 80,000,000 tons of the valuable metal could be removed from these deposits by open cuts, with steam shovels. English capital is largely interested in the company holding concessions covering these manganese hills. The company has been inactive, though holding the rights for several years, because it has been unable to overcome the handicaps imposed by lack of railroads to the deposits, scarcity of fuel, and scarcity of timber.

EVENING WORLD PUZZLES.

A Butcher's Profits.

By Sam Loyd

OUR butcher bought for his Thanksgiving trade 100 fowls for $160. He paid 62c for chickens, $1.02 for ducks and $1.34 for turkeys. He made 12c on each chicken, 22c on each duck and 25c on each turkey. Now, he was clever enough to invest that $100 to the best possible advantage, so how much profit did he make?