

Shall the Housekeeper Have an Understudy?

WOMEN ARE ASKING:

"Can the Woman With a Career Do Justice to Her Home Duties Also?"

MRS. FREDERICK REPLIES:

"Of Course She Can, Provided She Is Able to Place in Her Home the Equivalent for Service—But in Order to Replace Herself She Should Be Able to Earn Enough Money to Pay a Competent Cook, Nurse, Business Manager and Fount of Inspiration!"

By Mrs. Christine Frederick.

Household Efficiency Expert, Author "Household Engineering," Copyright, 1922 (New York Evening World), by Press Publishing Co.

There are three classes of women—first, the average man's ideal, who openly and avowedly loves housekeeping; next, the woman who out and out dislikes housekeeping and lets everybody know it; and last, an increasingly large number of women to whom housekeeping is not absolutely distasteful, but who prefer some other work in business, in teaching, or whatever career may appeal to them.

The woman who loves homemaking—and may her tribe increase—is no problem to the sociologist. The problem lies in working out the happiness of the two other groups without throwing family life overboard. How is the woman who dislikes housework and yet wishes to retain the joys of home life to set about it? How is the woman who has a career going to do justice to both home and career without letting her health, family or career suffer? Ellen Key says that woman cannot do it.

I believe that she can. Moreover, I believe that she should have both home and career just like her husband, providing that she can replace in her home her equivalent in service. The average woman who earns a small wage—perhaps \$10 or \$15 per week at her chosen work—cannot generally replace what she would be worth if she devoted her efforts to homemaking rather than to this labor which brings in but a small amount. It is a mistake to suppose that even a competent servant at \$50 or \$60 a month can ever replace a real homemaker who combines the duties of a servant, a nursemaid, a business manager and an evangelist!

This matter of replacing herself in the home costs considerable money. All the mother-careerists who have been interviewed lately as to how they manage this difficult problem have in sum said that they had competent housekeepers, caretakers for their babies and other expert help as needed. In other words, these women were sufficiently expert in their profession—sufficiently paid—to afford an understudy in their own homes.

It is wearisome to hear numbers of really good housekeepers who are worth \$75 and board in their capacity of home managers complaining and imagining that they would be worth so much more in the economic field. I know one woman at least of what I should call a born mother and housekeeper moping around because she doesn't see her way clear to get into a business office, where it is doubtful if she could earn more than \$15 per week.

Too many women set an undue economic value on their work outside the home. If put to the test they would be in the \$12 to \$15 per week class, as I know many college graduates and experienced women who are glad to be earning as much as that sum in high grade business offices. These women cannot generally replace their own services in the home. In order to do that and swing the career and home at the same time the woman must be exceptionally efficient, so that she can command a salary which will not only equal her own services in the home but leave a margin.

I hear mutterings that "Men have a career and a home; why shouldn't women?" But before men can have

a home they must be responsible for the financial obligations of that home; otherwise, society says they neglect their duty. Similarly, woman's share in a home is being responsible for the operation and management of that home; otherwise, society says she neglects her duty. Man is not permitted to shirk his financial obligations. Why should women be permitted to shirk their managing responsibility? Eighty men out of a hundred dare not shirk their responsibility to pursue an unremunerative career. Their wives would be the first to raise their voices against it. Neither is it fair, then, for women to pursue an unremunerative career at the expense of the home. Home responsibility rests equally on husband and wife. Neither is "free" to follow a career until home obligations are fulfilled. If the wife does not choose to fulfill them herself she must be able to adequately provide for an understudy. She cannot jump them altogether.

Courtship — and — Marriage

By Betty Vincent

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DEAR MISS VINCENT: I am a girl twenty-two and have gone with a boy of twenty-four for three years. He is a splendid chap and doesn't smoke or have any faults, but he is very old-fashioned and doesn't dress as well as I would like to have him. During the last month I have been going with a boy of twenty-nine whom I like pretty well. He is also a very fine young man, but people tell me that he brags he will never marry for love but for money. Now, Miss Vincent, I am undecided which chap I like better. I must give one of them up very soon, but I do not know which one I really love. Please tell me what you think of these men.

"ANXIOUS." Do not let clothes and so-called fashion stand in the way of love. Remember it would be very easy to get the first young man to wear the type of collar you admire and the style of clothes you like if that is your only objection to him. As to the other young man and his marrying for money—do not believe all that people tell you. Test the young man out on this subject yourself some time.

DEAR MISS VINCENT: Although only twenty, I care a great deal for a man ten years my senior. It is not the difference in our ages which I question, but he is a widower whose wife died two years ago. Would he expect me to take her place? Would I perhaps remind him of her and therefore make him unhappy?

"BARBARA." It is very foolish for a young girl to have any doubts about marrying a widower. The widower pays the highest compliment to his dead wife when he asks another woman to take her place. He is proving that marriage is a success and that he has the utmost confidence in the marital state. Comparisons are always odious and I do not believe the average widower ever classes his second wife with his first.

Can You Beat It!

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By Maurice Ketten



"MARGIE"

By Caroline Crawford

Copyright, 1922 (New York Evening World), by Press Publishing Co. Margery Mindon, nineteen, helps to support her widowed mother by working at the gentlemen's glove counter in a large New York department store. Her most intimate "chum" is Maisie Lee, a fellow salesgirl. Maisie's "steady" is Clarence Wimple, flourwalker. Margie feels her real "Prince Charming" will come along and live up to her ideals. Begin this story to-day and see how Margie's dreams work out.

CONCERNING IMPLIED LOVE.

WHEN Margie returned from her ride in Frank Spafford's new flivver her head was brimful of ideas. Did he love her? If so, why didn't he propose? He talked of love, of his ideal type of girl, and painted vivid pictures of her as this very type, but his love for her was implied, understood. Not once did he actually say, "I love you."

Margie wondered if the deepest, truest lovers openly declared their love or preferred to have this mutual understanding. Two men had entered her life, two professed to care for her, but only one proposed and expressed his love for her in a direct way.

Which man did she love? Which man meant the most to her?

Frank Spafford was keen, kind and quick to understand one's moods. He read her thoughts, he remembered previous conversations and expressions, verging upon the sentimental. Because he understood people so well did he imagine they could see into his heart and soul? Was it possible that he loved her so deeply and thought she understood this so well that to mention the word "love" or to converse upon this subject nearest his heart would cheapen their love and deep regard for each other?

The healthy child who is properly cared for and carefully guided in the way he should go will rarely require punishment. A baby must never be urged to walk. As soon as he feels sufficient by strong he will attempt it without assistance. In the normal infant this usually takes place in the twelfth or thirteenth month, and by the sixteenth month the average child will walk alone.

admitted her, she knew, but he did not tell her so with his lips. And yet, Margie believed she loved Spafford better. Was this because he was her first beau, the first young man who lived up to her ideals of a girlhood Prince Charming, or did she really appreciate the man who understood her so well and said so little? "Mother, which man do you like better, Frank Spafford or Willis Channing?" she asked one night as the two sat in the living room. "My lands!" exclaimed Mrs. Mindon, "you don't expect me to help you pick out a Prince Charming, do you? For years you've been talking about an ideal man, and now that you know two nice young men I hope you're not going to leave it to me to select one for you."

"Mother, dear, I just wanted your opinion of these men. I am a little confused, I admit. I only expected to meet an ideal type of man, and just when I thought I had found him Willis Channing came into my life and proposed."

"Proposed! My dear, you didn't tell me he had asked you to be his wife."

"He has done just that and I am to give him an answer within a few days."

"He is a mighty nice young man," declared Mrs. Mindon. "I like him very much, Margie, but I must admit I like young Spafford too. There is something almost spiritual about him."

It was that last sentence which caught Margie's attention. He was almost spiritual and because he understood her so well and believed she understood him was probably why he did not declare his love the way Willis Channing, ruddy and of the West, had.

But Channing was impatient and wanted an answer. He was not a man to be kept waiting for a girl to make up her mind. If she knew Spafford loved her and intended to make her his wife would she wait? Would she be willing to work another year or so at the glove counter? How could she find out whether he really loved her or not?

Spafford never paid her a direct compliment. He would study her, often steal long glances at her when he thought she did not know it. He

LAUGHTER

By Sophie Irene Loch

I AM the greatest gift of the Gods. He who bids me come adds to his life. For I am Laughter.

I bring the glow of gladness and dispel the God of gloom. Mirth, the merry sprite, is forever by my side. And brings happiness in her wake. He who forbids me, Ah, he is poor, indeed. His is the countenance that repels; the mien that maddens in dark corners is his abode and out of the way places. His ways are sinister, and to be repelled. Mark you well, you who would be happy. Who goes day after day without me. I am the one unfailing healer of all ills. I am the rival of Father Time. For I put wrinkles in the shade.

To Youth I am the very essence of life. And to Old Age I bring the memory of years gone by. When all forsakes you and you are down in the depths. If you will just let me come, no matter how sordid things may be. They will change as if by magic; and things will clear. Some there are who try to force me just to fit the occasion. But, alas, then I am poor, indeed. For I am hollow and do not ring true. But let me come out of the fullness of feeling. And I give back much.

Not only to you, but to all who come to me. For the ring of me is full of delightful contagion. And many a time I bring tears—tears of joy. I weigh nothing, but I am worth everything. For money cannot buy me. And yet the poorest may have me. Ah, the world would be a sorry place, indeed. And would perish altogether but for me. Leave me not as long as life lasts. I am man's best friend—I am Laughter!

Housewife's Scrapbook. Greens should be thoroughly dried after washing. If leaves are wet it will dilute the salad dressing and ruin the taste. Drain the greens and dry in a clean cloth. It is not generally known that lettuce makes a savory vegetable dish when cooked and chopped like spinach and mixed with a pungent sauce, done just before serving. Large lettuce leaves should be broken, never cut, and this should be done just before serving. Use celery tops for flavoring. The stalks of endive should be cooked like asparagus and served with a Hollandaise sauce.

Fables for the Fair

FLAPPERANTO

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

MORAL:—If You Want to Understand the Flapper, Talk Her Language.

"DID you have a nice time at the dance, Dorothy?" "That's what Mother asked her Little Daughter." "She's a jeweller, that girl! 'Oh, yes, Sarah was there, but she's only a ground gripper!'—'Her brother's just like her—she's a regular dud!'" "He took Millie to the Princeton game last fall." "And coming back she managed to duck the alarm clock!" "But did he pull any of the cash stuff?" "He did not—he kept right on punching the bag!" all the way home. "He and Sarah are strong with the pills!" but WE think they're crape hangers!" "It was button-shining!" all the evening. "And I only hit the corn-shredder!" once! "Gee, I'm glad I'm not a Swift's premium!" "What'd you think Glad told me in the dressing room?" "That girl's some little clothesline!" "She said Mrs. Travers is dropping the pilot!" and that Russ Lyons is buzzing around Nell Joyce "Because he's a forty-niner!" and she's a fire alarm!" with the alimony. "You could have knocked me for a row of Chinese bathhouses!" "Course, maybe he's all stallo", and I always thought Nell was too Ritts" for a poor man— "But Russ is such a good necker!" all the seraphs" are dippy over him. "And he knows how to hand out the apple sauce!" "Wonder if he'll have to borrow money to buy the hardware?" "Oh, and what'd you think—'Joan has given Jim the air'—'And Barbs went with Jim last night.' "That girl's a regular strike-breaker!" "I'm no holaholy", but I think it's a shame. "For Jim is a g.e." and Barbs will lift him from Joan for keeps— "Joan is nice, but she's such a baby grand!" "That's about all, mother, except that you know you told me not to pet. "And I knew Tom would want to coming home." "He's an awful cuddly coot!" "So I picked a fuss with him at supper, and after he got the can!" I just scandal-walked" out and into a taxi, all by my little lonesome: "I had some mad money" squirreled" in my party-bag. "But now I've used it, I want some more hush-money" from father!" Thus burbleth the Flapper—in Flapperanto. If you know what she means! If you don't, the key—in English—is printed below.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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THERE'S a new family moved in next door," said Mrs. Jarr, "and they had beautiful things, all mahogany furniture and a baby grand piano, for I saw their things taken out of the van, and the janitor told Mrs. Wilkinson, who told me, that their name is Watts. I wonder if they are any kin to our friends the Watkins, whom we met at Atlantic City last summer? I wouldn't be surprised if they are, for the woman whom I saw on the sidewalk telling the moving-van men not to break anything looked a good deal like Mr. Watkins, only she doesn't wear eyeglasses. Still, I don't think she could be his sister. Her name would be changed when she married, wouldn't it?"

"Well, if this family is named Watts and the people we met at Atlantic City were named Watkins, how could that make them akin?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Watts and Watkins are two wholly different names." "But you needn't speak to me abruptly, like that!" Mrs. Jarr retorted. "I say the two names ARE very much alike. The only difference being that one name is Watts and the other is Watkins, and the last name sounds as though it meant 'kin to the Watts.' So I say, it's a small world after all."

"How you rave!" said Mr. Jarr. "I'll bet you ten to one that the Wattses are no kin of the Wattines or the Wattines to the Watties. And why you pick on such ridiculous near-coincidences as that gets me."

"Everything 'gets' you that I say," replied Mrs. Jarr almost tearfully. "I'll take it all back," said Mr. Jarr heartily. "You may be right, who knows? The Wattses may be kin to the Wattines by both blood and marriage and look much alike. "Well, I'll be glad to have some nice neighbors," said Mrs. Jarr. "There is no reason why people should be so suspicious of getting acquainted and being friendly in a big city, when they live in the same neighborhood. Here in this great town one hardly makes a real friend, and everybody is so selfish that they won't go to each other's funerals. I remember when poor Mrs. Hickett's husband died and she hired a hundred folding chairs from the undertaker, and hardly a dozen people came, and it spoiled the day for her. But in a small and friendly town everybody comes to your funeral, even for nothing but to see the flowers and fill the hacks and ride out to the cemetery. I don't care what you say, but if there's one thing that can bring comfort to one in a great bereavement it is to have a well attended funeral."

"I suppose so, I suppose so," Mr. Jarr assented. "And that's why I keep friends with a lot of people I would cut if I followed my own inclinations," Mrs. Jarr went on lugubriously. "If I should die, although I hope I won't die till my children are big enough to look after themselves and not be little martyrs at the mercy of a cruel stepmother—for I know you would marry again—I want a nice funeral. And I want you to promise me that I will be buried in my best dress, and my hair perfectly plain and my mother's old gold brooch. You needn't let me wear my rings. I want you to give them to Clara Madridge-Smith, hold in trust for our little Emma till she is seventeen, and my gold chains and watch and earrings, too. Promise me that, for the first thing a second wife does is to get hold of the first wife's jewelry and have the chains cut and the brooches made into bracelets, and the rings remounted. Oh, dear!"

"Does this Mrs. Watts who just moved in next door look like a dying woman, that she should put these things in your mind?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Why, no," said Mrs. Jarr. "Do you ask that because you think her husband may die after I do or before, and you can marry her?"

Helps For the Mother

BABIES suffer with thirst just as grown-up folks do, and water

is quite as essential to the physical welfare of the infant as it is to the adult. Milk is not a drink, it is a food, and the baby's cry is often a plea for something to allay the thirst. Water is the only remedy, and this should be given as early as the day of birth. During these first two days, while there is an insufficient flow of milk, moderately warm water should be given freely. While digestion is in process water is especially craved by the disturbed system.

The water should be prepared each day. Boil it, and when cool put into a covered jar or bottle. Put from one to three ounces of water into the feeding bottle and give between meals. Water should never be given less than one hour before or after a feeding. The temperature of the water is a matter of individual inclination. Some children can take it cool, others must have it warm; but it should not be given very cool, and

Going Down!

DEAR FRIEND: Are you always advancing? Are you always looking ahead in the very thing you are doing now?

By that, I mean are you just a little more than filling your place?

The reason you do not advance more is because you do not keep the thought in mind that you are progressing and carrying everything along with you.

Times are good—growing better, and will be better. When we were at a dead standstill with no amusements to attend, wireless came along and with a few wires and a box we could make a receiving set with which we could hear the greatest singers in the world—for nothing.

WE ARE progressing. We ARE entering the greatest period in the world's history. Refuse to listen to the croakers who tell you things are bad. BE PROGRESSIVE! Truly yours, ALFALFA SMITH.