

What Kind of Housewife Are You?

ARE YOU A "PUTTERER"?

First of a Series of Articles Describing Five Different Types of Housewives

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

"Lo, the poor putterer, whose unscheduled mind makes her work endless And no rest can find."



ALTHOUGH popular opinion would have it that all housewives present identical characteristics, yet to the mind of the analyst they, like ancient Gaul, are divided into several parts or distinct types. There are five main species of housewife, with habits and traits so fixed and peculiar to each that it is as easy to distinguish one from the other as it is to tell a dandelion from a daisy.

Some women are "born" housewives (a very small minority indeed); others acquire housekeeping; but by far the great majority have housekeeping thrust upon them! And it is just because it is so often an "acquired characteristic" not transferable from mother to daughter in each generation that we find women fall into these special divisions. Probably of all types the "putterer" housewife is the most common and garden variety.

What is a "putterer?" It is the woman who prolongs, elaborates and repeats her household tasks; who finds endless details to occupy her day; who works without plan or schedule and who magnifies petty duties to the exclusion of every other interest. The "putterer" constantly complains: "I never get through with my work," or "I never have any time for myself." She regards housework as a kind of ogre from which she cannot escape; as a perpetual escalator of fate on which she is forced to keep moving without making any conscious headway.

To the "putterer" every day is an aimless, timeless, planless day. She has no goal, no schedule to serve as compass and chart on the rough housekeeping seas. Whether she is bound? The "putterer" does not know. Why try to reach a definite port or housekeeping objective when it is so much easier to drift, to idle, to work haphazard as the spirit moves?

How the "putterer" does love to begin a second job before finishing the first one! How she does permit her housework train to become derailed at the slightest interrupting obstacle! She might be in the midst of giving the rooms a much-needed cleaning when suddenly she is seized with an "urge" to bake cookies. Straightaway she drops broom and duster and rushes into a hectic upheaval of cooking, making the flour fly, the egg beater whirl and whirl and turning the whole kitchen upside down in her ardor. Later, when quite exhausted from the effects of this culinary spree, she is faced not only with the debris of this unusual housekeeping debauch but with the fact that she has failed to prepare something substantial for the evening dinner and that she has no time to make herself presentable before the return of her family.

Or searching for a small article in the bureau drawer will suddenly convince the "putterer" that she should at once clean all the closets in the house. The fact that she has left the breakfast dishes unwashed or the beds unmade escapes her mind, and nothing short of an earthquake will deter her from this untimely purpose. And again she finds, late in the afternoon, that she has neglected all the essential house duties for the sake of a special task full of details, which should only have been attempted with due preparation.

She neglects to prepare the laundry bundle for the driver who invariably calls Monday morning, and must stop in the midst of other work to collect and make the list. She fails to make a note of the fact that sugar or butter is getting low, and so at lunch is faced with an unexpected deficit in the family larder and must either run out herself for this trivial supply or else claim little Willie's noon hour to run to the store for her. The "putterer" refuses to do the same task at the same time on any two days. If she makes beds directly after breakfast on Tuesday she is almost sure to leave them undone till noon on Wednesday. She takes each day as it comes without any plan or purpose, and then is surprised that "she never gets through" and bitterly blames housekeeping for being so never-ending and laborious.

And how does being a "putterer" affect her husband? Does he not frequently come home only to find her exhausted and all too tired to have dressed up or to accompany him to some place of amusement? Because of her everlasting love for making mountains out of her housekeeping molehills she depletes her vitality and has nothing left to give to her children or her husband.

What shall we ascribe as the true cause of the housekeeper's being a putterer? Is it not to be found in the fact that women let their work master them instead of their mastering their work? Housekeeping, like any other human activity, requires sincere trained thinking and an efficient attitude of mind to make it a success. It is mind as well as muscle that wins in cooking and cleaning as much as, let us say, in playing a good set of tennis or in making a fine piece of furniture. The housewife must come to conclusions and definite plans of action, on even as simple a problem as preparing a dinner, otherwise the various dishes will not be simultaneously ready to serve and the meal finished at a specified hour.

The "putterer" dreams and dawdles and elaborates unnecessary details because her mind is not co-ordinating with her muscles. If she only had a plan, an object, a purpose, she could get the same task done in far less time and with a great deal less fatigue. The 100 per cent. efficient housewife is one who makes her mind direct her work, who makes definite plans for each day and task and who regards her occupation as seriously as any business man does his office. One of the first great steps toward good management of the home is to substitute an efficient attitude of mind toward housework for the dawdling, aimless regard in which the "putterer" holds it. She should apply her best intelligence and culture to her problems and be convinced that the details of home-making are fascinating and stimulating.

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"HEN are some flowers for you," said Mr. Jarr on his home coming, and he handed the one woman in the world for him a large bunch of vari-colored sweet peas.

"Oh, how sweet they are!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "But still, you shouldn't have bought flowers for me, we need money for so many other things." Yet she was quite pleased and gave him an extra kiss.

"They didn't cost very much," said Mr. Jarr, "and besides I am only too forgetful about such things. A fellow will buy flowers and candy for a girl he's simply friends with, but after he's married he neglects those little attentions for the wife he loves."

"That's very nice of you, my dear, to say it," replied Mrs. Jarr, busied with putting the flowers in a fat ornamental bowl on the piano. "Where did you get them?" And she inhaled their fragrance appreciatively.

"A girl came into the office selling them for the Sick Babies Fund or some other charity of that kind. She was a peach, too."

"It's a pity so many young women make charity a cloak for flirtatious visits to business places," said Mrs. Jarr coldly. "If they want to do some real work for the poor, why don't they go and minister to the poor?"

"I don't know," ventured Mr. Jarr feebly. "The girl said they were of a large lot of flowers that had been sent

GOING DOWN!

DEAR WONDERER: Have you taken stock of yourself?

Do you know that success is the realization of your ambition? Not all successful men are wealthy. The reason you are in a rut is because you DOUBT. That is a bad word and you should fight doubt as you would a foreign invasion. Often this DOUBT comes to us as a habit of childhood and then runs into fear. Childhood will not advance without questioning, but questioning is not doubting. Doubt, hesitation and fear MUST get out before HAPPINESS can come in. Get the happy habit and keep it. Sincerely, ALFALFA SMITH.

Can You Beat It!

By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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MEMORIAL DAY

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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It was early morning in the City of the Dead. Three black robed figures wended their way. Then reached a mound bedecked with flowers and added more. Figures not bent, or gray, but full of youth.

With saddened, bowed heads they paid their tribute.

On this one day of days And spread beautiful blossoms About the white stone inscribed "Mother." And one said, "Most wonderful woman." And another, "The dearest thing that ever lived."

And still a third kissed a flower As she laid it gently at the feet of her Who had been sorely tried but ne'er found wanting.

Did she know their pain at parting and her loss? And out of the depth of Mother Earth a sweet voice spoke: "Ah, me! dear hearts; yes, I do know. 'Yet, harken ye to me, my mother. 'That you may teach your children 'That which you did not know, or knowing, paid small heed. 'Through the valley of the shadow of death 'I went to bring you here. 'And then fearfully watched your every milestone. 'That it might find you in the way you should go. 'Oh, the weight of those moments when your lives hung by a thread; 'And I thought my heart would stop—before the tender years passed. 'Oh, the nights of weary waiting for your homecoming. 'And then your hurried 'Good night' without a thought of my anguish. 'But needless to go on; you know, you know. 'Yet, look ye, had you then come to me with but a single blossom, 'Or a word of tenderness, 'At such times when I needed it most, 'Or even heard from you these loving words that now you cry out for me. 'What a world of woe I would have been saved. 'And what joys would have been mine. 'The well that you have not forgotten. 'And have come to me this Memorial Day. 'But better still you can remember me 'By telling your children to give their buds of love by word and deed 'Every day, rather than wait for the one day of decoration. 'Too ready are we to spread flowers on graves. 'When the self-same blossoms might have kept the spirit and soul 'From starvation of love—the greatest misery of mankind.'"

For the Housewife's Scrap Book

If you want to remove paint with vinegar and let them dry before sandpaper the task will be accomplished more speedily if you dampen it with benzine.

If you are burning lamps in the summer bungalow dip the wicks in waxed paper and it will be ready for use when you return in the fall.

Your Wedding Anniversary

The Third—The "Feather Wedding"

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THE third anniversary is scheduled as the feather wedding by one authority, while another lists it as the leather, so take your choice.

Decorations for the feather wedding may be extremely artistic. Peacock feathers lend themselves especially well to this purpose, and a collection of barnyard plumage may be used to advantage.

For the table centerpiece construct a rectangular receptacle with the henery quills, and fill it with peacock feathers or make a low tripod of the feathers into which set a bowl shaped receptacle to hold the peacock plumes.

Tripods (to represent the three years of happiness) may be made of paper-covered wire overlaid with quills to serve as candle holders for the three candles on the table or the mantel. For the candles make triangular frames of mat stock in any desired color, and either paint a feather design on each panel or apply tiny peacock feathers with library paste. A three-armed candelabra would make an effective centerpiece, especially if it rested on a wide disc of radiating peacock feathers arranged on the white centerpieces.

Birds are suggestive of feathers and may be advantageously used in the decorative scheme. Among the crepe papers there is one with a large variety of birds that may be cut out and pasted together with a bit of cotton between. Wire attached to the feet makes it possible to perch these birds wherever desired. Another crepe paper is composed of parrots that look very real when perched on a paper covered wire prop suspended from the centre horns, wall light or doorways.

Quills for decorative purposes may be made by cutting elongated ovals out of crepe paper on the bias, and using paper covered wire for the centre.

If feathers are desired the fringed variety, if tightly twisted, will give a feathery appearance. Birds fastened at intervals will further carry out

MAXIMS Of a Modern Maid

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

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A girl who wants to impress a man tries to prove what a brilliant and beautiful being she is. A woman is wiser—she implies that most of the brilliancy and beauty is on the other side.

WHEN a man comes home and finds his wife grieving silently, that is the time for exceptionally judicious silence on his part. Because how does he know whether what she has heard about is the little fame—or the little girl?



Marriage is a craft which often weathers the storms of life only to founder and sink on the reefs underlying the dead sea of monotony.

Nobody has ever catalogued among labor saving inventions a pair of large, brown, sympathetic eyes. Yet, if you can turn them on a man's tale of woe you needn't grieve for him, you needn't listen to him, you needn't even THINK about him until the pause comes and you murmur, "I'm SO sorry!"

If any young woman who has read modern novels, attended modern plays, seen modern movies, succeeds in prevailing on her fiancé to tell her "the story of his past" she is in for a period of acute boredom.

One advantage of being transparent is that—while you can't tell a lie and get away with it—when you tell the incredible truth neither your boss nor your wife suspects you of lying.

Children are the consolation prizes of matrimony; they are most appreciated by the man and the woman who realize they have drawn no first prize in each other.

A woman frequently has been known to forgive a man for breaking her heart, but never for crushing her vanity.

"When faith is lost, when honor dies"—the MARRIAGE is dead.

"MARGIE"

By Caroline Crawford

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Margery Minton, stenographer, 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 Maudie Lee, a fellow stenographer. Maudie's "steady" is Clarence Wimple, a flowerwalker. 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.

BACK TO THE GLOVE COUNTER. crows and the chickens, that's all." "Oh, it isn't so bad," declared Margie as she hunched up a long angle worm and tossed it to a chicken. "There's a girl named Maudie Lee who is at the same counter with me and during dull moments we talk and have a good deal of fun. I like it out here but I must confess I'm getting sort of lonesome for the roar of the city. I'm used to it, you know."

"Maybe you'll meet some nice fellow and then you won't have to work any more," suggested Milly who had been hinting about Willis Channing ever since he hunted Margie out and called one evening as the two girls were sitting out on the veranda.

"Maybe," said Margie, working away with great interest. "Is that handsome young chap who came out to see you one evening seriously inclined?" finally asked Milly.

"Not now."

"You don't mean you turned him down?" exclaimed the farmer's daughter.

"Yes," laughed Margie, suddenly dropping her hoe and sitting down on the ground. "Yes, I turned him down. Well, Milly, he isn't half as nice as he looks."

"Well, you're so pretty I suppose you have some one else you like better," stolidly summed up Milly, and that last sentence warmed Margie's heart.

"I do," she confessed. "I am very much interested in a man whom I have always called my Prince Charming. He is of a different social standing from me, but I always imagined he loved me. In fact we talked so much about love and ideals that I know we understand each other perfectly. But, Milly, he never proposed to me."

"Give him time," said Milly. "I was giving him time," smiled Margie. "I intended to let things drift along for years if necessary, then Willis Channing came into my life and I wondered if a girl could have two Prince Charmings. I liked Willis, I really admired him, but I wanted to see if the man I loved would make good. Meanwhile this chum of mine, Maudie Lee, knew I loved the other man and wondered if he loved me. She thought he ought to propose, called on him and told him he had no right to keep me guessing."

"What did he say?" breathlessly demanded Milly.

"He was rather cynical, thanked Maudie, and I have never seen him since," said Margie, and the tears rolled down her cheeks. She had come out into the country to forget Willis Channing and Frank Spafford. She wanted to think things out and wait for Spafford to hunt her out, but her mother's letters contained no news of him. Her mother knew how anxious she was to hear some word, some message from this man, but every letter contained the sentence: "I have heard nothing of Spafford!"

"Maybe he has gone somewhere to think things out," said Milly, trying to comfort Margie. "I believe he will come back to you, Margie. You are not the type of girl men run away from."

"I believe he will come back too," declared Margie, smiling through her tears. "I am going back to town tomorrow, back to the little old glove counter, and I believe he will seek me out. I wouldn't believe anything else for worlds."

To-Morrow— Concerning Frank Spafford.

New Inventions

APPARATUS invented by a Californian is claimed to teach a person to dance by making it impossible for him to make the wrong motions.

Of Danish invention is apparatus that bottles milk under pressure so that it keeps fresh two years or more.

An opener for condensed milk cans has been invented that also closes them by reversing its motion.