DO YOUR HOUSEWORK AND BE BEAUTIFUL

Famous Beauty Specialist Says This Is Not only Possible but Easy ---Some Hints as to Clothing, Treatment of Hands, and So Forth.

WOMEN who do housework are good looking generally—often beautiful. This announcement is made by a famous woman beauty specialist, says a writer in the Chicago Tribune. There is something about the doing of housework that benefits the health and spirits. Women who work in the kitchen seldom have many wrinkles. The moisture of the kitchen and the steam from the stove seem to keep away creases. But the woman who does her own housework must look out for her hands. The flesh will get chapped, the nails will crack, the fingers will be spoiled.

The first injunction to be given to the girl or the matron who is going to be pretty in spite of housework, or because of it, is this: Wear gloves all the time. There should be a pair of big, loose kid gloves, at least two sizes too large, for dusting and such work. They can have the tiniest bit of glove paste inside, so that the hands really are bleaching while they work.

For work with discoloring substances there should be a pair of thin rubber gloves. These can be bought in most drugstores, and they come as fine as silk, and finer. Being so thin, the gloves are not too hot. These can be used when one dyes, polishes the silver or does wet and disagreeable work.

The third pair should be of soft wool, to be put on when the hands are exposed to the cold. Window washing and the hanging out of clothes come under this heading. These light woolen gloves should be light in color, for there is something in the color of gloves which affects the hands.

The real secret of doing housework so that it acts as a beneficial exercise is found in the axiom:

"Have plenty of fresh air." The more open the kitchen the better.

Early last summer a famous singer went to a throat specialist and asked what she could do for her throat and general health. "Live in the open air," said the specialist. "And," he added, "do kitchen work if possible."

The singer built herself a little cabin high in the Alps, and there she lived all summer. She did her own housework, living always in the open air. She has grown in beauty until she is like a rose. She does her cooking and her sleeping all in the open.

There is a pretty woman, quite a professional beauty, who spends her summers in the Adirondacks, where she cannot always get sufficient help. Her first and most particular rule is "Work out of doors. Breathe fresh air." "When I beat a cake," she says, "I take it to the open door. I have had my door cut down on purpose. And on the half door I rest my cake pan. And here I stand and beat. It makes good exercise for my hands and arms, and at the same time I breathe good air into my lungs.

"I try to bring all of my work out of doors. I enjoy nothing better than this kind of exercise. I make housework both a pleasure and a necessity. When I feel tired or cross I go out and sweep the dooryard. It is a great straightener out of one's troubles."

This woman goes camping regularly in the mountains. Of course, she takes her servants. But there are times when she must lend a hand.

One of the most important things for the woman who does housework is to dress for her work. She must wear clean clothing, clothing that can be washed easily. In doing housework the body perspires freely, and she must be able to take off her clothing and put on fresh.

A bad thing for the general houseworker is the uniform of dark cloth. It should be something light, preferably white. And she should dress as daintily and as carefully as a trained nurse.

A petticoat and a jacket make a good uniform, comfortable and convenient. But the tight-waisted dress, the tight corset, the snug-fitting gown, the high neck, and the long sleeves are all destructive of health when one is working. As well try to exercise in the gymnasium in tight-fitting garb.

The woman who works should have all things convenient to her hand. The mere difference of an inch in the length of the broom handle will make all the difference between comfort and discomfort. Again in the matter of working chairs, a high stool is best when one irons. And one should have a low and comfortable seat for working at the kitchen table.

There is a woman in New York who goes in the best society. Yet she manages part of the time without a servant. In her magnificent apartment there is a kitchen de luxe. And here, seated at a kitchen table, the top of which consists of a great piece of beveled glass, she makes many a pretty dish.

She has a white enameled chair, with cane seat, and most of her kitchen utensils are of glass. Her rolling pin is glass with an inner compartment, into which ice may be slipped. This woman keeps her beauty in spite of her work, or because of it.

She wears a loose, clean, white uniform. And when she finishes she takes a beauty bath. She takes it hot, and she massages afterwards with cold cream, using as much as the skin will absorb. She bleaches her hands and arms with dilute chloride of lime, followed by a good soap.

The houseworker need not grow old and ugly. There is no reason why, with proper care, she cannot go on being pretty and doing housework all her life. But she must be vigilant. She must wear gloves; she must restore the lost oils with powders and lotions. And she must always remember that fresh air is as necessary in the kitchen as elsewhere.

PICTURES FROM CHICAGO TRIBUNE

MADAME MERRI OFFERS HINTS TO HOSTESSES

Stein Suppers.

AT A STEIN supper the guests are usually men; such an affair is the delight of the college boy. In most cases the success of the evening depends upon the never-tiring mother, good sisters, or even interested girl friends, who disappear behind the scenes, after attending to the table decorations, arranging the table, etc. Beer may or may not be served; cider is a favorite beverage, also hot spiced lemonade and punch, which are served in covered steins. The new semi-porcelain dishes of Holland and English manufacture are especially adapted to these affairs. Egg-shell china, lace table cloths and such dainty accessories are out of place at "stag" parties. Toasts are always a pleasing feature at any gathering and especially so at these suppers. The following are all apropos for name cards or to be memorized for this and other occasions:

"Here's to one; may she be won."

"Large was his bounty and his soul sincere."

"At night we'll feast together."

"Lo, now has come our joyful'st feast; let every man be jolly."

"Here's to the girl I love,
I wish she was nigh;
If drinking beer would bring here here,
I'd drink the old place dry."

"Here's to those that love us, if we only cared;
Here's to those that we'd love, if we only dared."

"May our joys be as deep as the ocean,
And our misfortunes as light as its foam."

"Drink ye to her that each loves best."

"Here's to our sweethearts and our wives;
May our sweethearts soon become our wives,
And our wives ever remain our sweethearts."

"May the hinges of friendship never grow rusty."

"May we never want bread to make toast, or a cook to prepare it."

"Happy are we met, happy have we been,
Happy may we part, and happy meet again."

"A glass is good, a lass is good,
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather.
The world is good and the people are good,
And we're all good fellows together."

"May we always mingle in the friendly bowl,
The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

A good menu is: Oysters, vegetable soup, broiled steak smothered in onions, fried potatoes, rolls, spaghetti with cheese, lobster salad, individual apple pies, coffee, crackers and Roquefort cheese.

A Recipe for Happiness.

A college man who entertained recently at a "smoker" for six of his chums confided to his sister that he would like "something different" from the ordinary place cards. And this is what he found on red cardboard panels done in india ink at each place resting against small steins of Austrian ware. This clever "recipe" was illustrated with neat little sketches sprinkled over the panel in a most attractive manner. Each chap declared them worthy of a frame or at least "passe-par-touting." The recipe for happiness is as follows:

"To make it—Take a hall dimly lit,
A pair of stairs where two may sit.
Of music soft a bar or so,
Two pairs of—just two pairs—you know?
Of little pats, one or two,
Or one squeezed hand instead will do;
A waist the size to be embraced;
And two ripe lips—rosebud—to taste,
And if the lips are soft and sweet
You'll find your happiness complete."

An Animal Game.

I watched some children the other night who seemed to be having the best time imaginable over this game. They had slips of paper numbered from one to fifteen and a blackboard such as many children possess. The oldest child, a girl about 11, seemed to be the leader and she whispered to each boy or girl in turn the name of an animal to be drawn on the board; each of the audience writing down opposite the figure what animal he thought the artist was attempting to portray. When fifteen animals had been drawn the slips were collected and the child who had correctly guessed the most was to be awarded a prize which I learned was a treat to ice cream soda at the nearest drug store. The last I saw of the youthful artists they were taking account of stock to see if their finances would stand for a "soda" apiece or whether they would have to "share." The scheme would be attractive arranged for children of larger growth.

A Sock and Stocking Bazar.

The following jingle was enclosed with a tiny silk stocking to the friends of a circle of young people who were working for a children's charity:

"This little sock we give to you
Is not for you to wear,
Please multiply your size by two
And place therein with care
In pennies or in cents,
Just twice the number that you wear
(We hope it is immense).
So if you wear a number ten
You owe us 20, see?
Which dropped within our little sock
Will fill our hearts with glee.
So don't forget the day and date
We'll answer when you knock,
And welcome you with open arms—
But don't forget the sock."

Besides the opening and counting the money received in the socks, tea and chocolate with wafers were to be served for the sum of 10 cents; there was to be a booth decorated with Christmas ornaments and a tree on which hundreds of unfilled tarletan stockings were to be for sale at 10 cents a dozen. And there was to be a table with socks and bootees for babies for sale. These had been made by a dear old lady who had plenty of time and very little money to use for charity work and who showed her interest in this way.

A correspondent signing herself "Cinderella" asks if answers are expected to all letters and cards of condolence which she has received during the recent bereavement, saying that she has thanked all who remembered her with flowers. If she will take her visiting card with mourning border and write "Sincere thanks for your letter of sympathy" upon it and enclose in a small envelope, also black bordered, her friends will understand that she cannot reply at length to every one.

An Evening in Holland.

A club composed of a dozen ladies who are studying "The Netherlands" invited their friends to a pretty little entertainment. They had twelve living pictures from "Dutch" masters, reproduced in costumes and posing as near like the original as it was possible to have them. Each member of the club was responsible for just one picture and did her best to show it as perfectly as she could. The platform was on the stair landing where all could see from the drawing room and hall and the effect was lovely. A Holland brand of cocoa was served by a number of young girls dressed in the quaint "Dutch" peasant costume of orange and blue. The guests were so pleased that the club was asked to repeat the entertainment in a hall with an admission fee which was devoted to defraying the fee for drawing lessons for a poor but very talented boy.

Just a word now to our large number of correspondents. It is Mme. Merri's dearest wish to be of assistance to all, but it is an utter impossibility to "answer in next Sunday's paper" because the department is made up and gone two weeks in advance and then the much-desired "immediate" reply is not forthcoming, much to the correspondent's disgust. If a reply is necessary at once do not fail to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope; such letters receive attention and are mailed at once.—Address Mme. Merri, The Minneapolis Journal.

Maidenhair fern, which usually withers soon after gathering, can be kept fresh for a week if when first picked the ends are held in a flame until quite black.

Thirty Chinese young ladies have recently graduated from a Japanese girls' school, which was specially organized for the education of Chinese women in Japan.—Shanghai Mercury.

A WIDOW WORDALOG

WOMEN'S MARKET VALUE

By HELEN ROWLAND

"ISN'T it funny," said the widow, as she thoughtfully twisted the bachelor's evening newspaper into a row of accordion plaits, "what a sensation a woman creates when she does anything original?"

The bachelor glanced up apprehensively.

"I hope," he began anxiously, "you haven't been doing anything——"

"Of course not, Mr. Travers," interposed the widow hurriedly. "I'm thinking about that Chicago girl who offered herself for sale at her market value. Why should men be so astonished——"

"We aren't astonished," protested the bachelor, mournfully watching the transformation of his "sporting edition" into a fluted ruffle, "at anything you do. We're only hurt."

"Why?" asked the widow, suddenly releasing the accordion plaits and beginning to fold them crosswise. "Because one of us has discovered that we have a market value? Because women are beginning to appreciate their intrinsic worth and to demand a return for value received? Heretofore," she went on, waving the edition dramatically, "what has woman stood for in the matrimonial equation?"

"X," replied the bachelor laconically.

The widow stopped suddenly with the wrinkled paper in midair.

"I don't know what you mean, Mr. Travers," she remarked coldly.

"X," explained the bachelor is the unknown quantity—the thing that keeps you guessing, and——"

"And yet," retorted the widow, "the minute one of us explains herself and becomes a known quantity man lifts up his hands in horror."

"In self-protection, you mean," corrected the bachelor taking out a cigar and lighting it reflectively. "He doesn't want matrimony abolished altogether, which it would be if we all knew in advance——"

"Not at all," returned the widow emphatically. "That's just what I mean. If a man knew in advance exactly what he was getting in the way of a wife there would be less disappointment and unhappiness afterward. If every woman were appraised and marked at her true valuation before marriage fewer men would be tied up to 98 per cent 'jolly' and 2 per cent cook."

"Or 85 per cent tailor and 15 per cent figure," added the bachelor thoughtfully.

"Wives," continued the widow, calmly ignoring the interruption, "would be properly distributed at the altar. The miserly old gentleman with his eye on his money box would hesitate several times before marrying the girl with a 50 per cent bonbon appetite or a 90 per cent jewel fad. He would prefer to tie up sensibly to the comfortable old maid with an income of her own and her heart in the bank; while the rapturous young man in search of sentiment would look with a cold eye upon the calculating woman of the world, 40 per cent self-interest, whom he now wooes so ardently. It wouldn't be the slightest temptation to Arabella to palm off store sponge cake on Harold as her own make, nor to lead him to believe that the imported frock she wears is her own manufacture. She would know that the moment he got her home and discovered the seamy side to her disposition and the thin places in her character he could——"

"Return her C. O. D. to papa and sue the old man for getting money under false pretenses," finished the bachelor enthusiastically.

"Marriage," went on the widow with an inspired look, "would be an honest—er—er—transaction."

"There wouldn't be any marriage," protested the bachelor ruefully. "It's only our illusions about women now that lure us into it. It would be terribly hard——"

"It's hard now," sighed the widow with her chin on her hand and her eyes on the fire.

"Hard on the girls, I mean," explained the bachelor.

"Not half so hard as being wrongly appraised and then readjusted and made over after marriage," declared the widow promptly. "No man knows the shock a woman receives when she discovers that she has got to live up to a standard that is half angel and half cook. Most of the cases in the divorce courts could be traced to woman's deception before marriage and man's attempt at her reformation afterward. But," she pursued thoughtfully, "if they could all be reduced to a common denomination and labeled——"

"Labeled!" exclaimed the bachelor. "Who would dare to label them? And where would you find a common denominator, when no two of them are alike?"

"Masculine taste," said the widow, looking up reflectively under one curl, "could be the common denominator. We might begin by allowing 50 per cent for cooking and——"

"Men don't marry their cooks any more. They hire them," declared the bachelor.

"And 30 per cent for beauty," went on the widow.

"Beauty," remarked the bachelor laconically, "is all right—in other men's wives and in the girl you're going to flirt with. But a man can get used to looking at the homeliest woman in creation after a year opposite her at the dinner table and across from her at the fireplace. And he can get used to the prettiest one in the same way, until she doesn't even give him a thrill. Besides," he added reflectively, "most men take their last look at their wives at the altar, anyway."

The widow sat up straight and sighed.

"Well," she began, "there's cleverness and common sense and——"

"Don't count," interrupted the bachelor emphatically. "Of course a man likes a woman to have sense—but not too much sense. It would be pathetic," he went on, pulling at his cigar musingly, "never to be able to give your wife any advice; and a woman who knows everything would know too much about her husband to get along with him or to give him that tender devotion and glowing admiration which are necessary——"

"To masculine egotism," said the widow promptly. "But," she added helplessly, "I've mentioned all the good points."

"You haven't mentioned good nature," said the bachelor.

"Pooh!" mocked the widow, making a horn of the bachelor's newspaper and talking thru it. "Good nature doesn't count at all."

"It counts a hundred per cent," declared the bachelor, "when you have it around the house. It's the oil upon the troubled waters of matrimony. A woman can smile herself into a man's heart more easily than she can talk herself into it, or cook herself into it, or flirt herself into it. The woman who can smile when the rent is overdue, and laugh when you knock over her imported vase and be cheerful when you have to wake her up at 5 o'clock on a rainy morning to get your breakfast, and happy when she can't afford a spring bonnet, and perfectly contented when the cook leaves and the furnace won't work and the water pipes freeze, is a treasure straight from heaven. Cheerfulness in a wife is the best household medicine, the best antidote for divorce, the best anesthetic for business worries and the best stimulant for work. A cheerful woman is a ray of God's sunshine caught and crystalized into femininity. She doesn't need to count one per cent on any of the other virtues if she can count a hundred per cent on cheerfulness, because she's got them all. She may not be up on the isms, but she's got common sense enough to be good natured. She may have green eyes, but if they twinkle and dance men will think them beautiful; she may have a mouth like a cavern, but if it is always smiling and saying pleasant things, men will think it kissable. She may have a figure like a laundry bag, but if her presence radiates joyousness and sweetness she will possess an attraction for her husband that no goddess can rival. Cheerfulness is the honey that catches the masculine fly. The good-natured girl usually takes the prize in the husband market, while the beauty is going around wrapped up in the contemplation of her own charms and the clever woman is wasting her time trying to impress some body not worth impressing and the good cook is in the kitchen—cooking for the family.

There was a ripping sound as the widow spitefully tore half a sheet from the bachelor's newspaper and began rolling it into a ball.

"Oh, well," she said, throwing the ball into the fire with a toss of her curls. "If that's the masculine taste in feminine goods it isn't worth while to label them."

"And if it were," agreed the bachelor, "who'd dare——"

"We'd do it ourselves, Mr. Travers."

"You do it now," replied the bachelor.

"Do—what?"

"Set your own valuation on yourselves," replied the bachelor calmly. "The average man takes a woman at her own valuation, doesn't he? If she considers herself worth a brownstone front and an automobile the likelihoods are that she will get them. If she demands devotion and constant attention from a husband he will give them to her. If she puts a big price on herself somebody will pay it; while, on the other hand, if she is willing to take anything that comes along in the matrimonial market she is pretty sure to get the scraps or nothing at all. It isn't what a woman is, but what she thinks she is that counts in getting a husband. Now you, for instance——"

"I haven't any market value, Mr. Travers."

"If you'd only name one——" began the bachelor meekly.

"Why?" asked the widow, looking up sidewise under one curl.

"I would know whether I could afford——"

"You couldn't," said the widow positively.

"I've got a brownstone front," protested the bachelor, "and an automobile and a yacht and a country place."

The widow lifted her chin.

"There are higher things than those, Mr. Travers," she remarked, coldly.

"And I'm very kind and docile and liberal and good looking——"

"And conceited," added the widow.

"And I've been very much in love with you for a long time."

The widow's eyes melted as she gazed into the fire.

"That," she said softly, "is the price I'd ask. It's the price most women ask. But," she added sadly, "I haven't a market value."

"Because," said the bachelor, hopelessly, "you are above price, I suppose."

The widow shook her head.

"No," she said, jumping up and flinging the remains of the bachelor's newspaper into the fire, "because I'm not in the marker, Mr. Travers."

The bachelor threw his cigar into the grate with a last fond look at the charred remains of his "sporting edition."

"That," he said, as he rose and reached for his hat, "is the most artistic and satisfactory refusal I ever had."

BETTY BLAIR DISPENSES ANSWERS TO THE ANXIOUS

Origin of Pin Money.

Why is a woman's allowance called "pin money?" What is meant by "The Eye of Greece?"
—Miss L. M.

✣

In the early days, when pins were first used, they were so expensive that only the wealthy could afford to use them, and a husband made an allowance to his wife for their purchase. The makers of pins were allowed to sell them only on Jan. 1 and 2, and on those days the women provided with "pin money" flocked to the shops to purchase them. The "Eye of Greece" was a name given by the ancients to Athens, the most celebrated of the cities of Greece, and Milton so speaks of it in his "Paradise Regained."

A Fleshy Girl.

Your advice has been of so great help to others that I thought I would ask a question. I am 18 years old and quite fleshy. How can I, beside dieting, reduce my weight in a short time? —Anxious.

✣

It is always dangerous to reduce the flesh too quickly. Exercise will help you as well as dieting, but it must be systematic and not spasmodic. You cannot expect to accomplish wonders in a few days, so you must not be discouraged.

Finds Arithmetic Hard.

I should like to ask you how I am to get my arithmetic lesson. I study hard, but do not get it. I hope this question will not find its way into the waste basket. —Brown-eyed Susan.

✣

You evidently do not understand your arithmetic or you would not have so much difficulty in preparing your lessons. Be sure that you understand thoroly what you have had before you take up any new work. Do not be afraid to ask questions of your teacher and have every step explained so that it is clear to you. You cannot study intelligently what you do not understand.

Ingrowing Nails.

I would be very grateful if you would tell me how I can cure ingrowing toenails. —A Reader.

✣

Thrust a bit of absorbent cotton wet in boracic acid under the ingrowing nail, and scrape or file it down the center longitudinally until very thin. Cut a three-cornered piece out of the end of the nail also, so that the tendency will be to increase the growth there and lessen it on the ingrowing corner. A drop of a mixture composed of one ounce of chloride of zinc and one drachm each of muriatic and nitric acid thoroly mixed, applied daily, will relieve the pain.

Superfluous Hair.

Can you please tell me what will take hair off of the face by the ears? I have been informed that electricity would, but do not know how to use it.
—G. E. S.

✣

Electricity is the only thing that will permanently remove superfluous hair and it can be applied only by an expert. You could not use it because you do not know how and you have not the instruments. It is an expensive and tedious process.

Troubles with Freckles.

Will you please tell me the best remedy for freckles? My freckles are not of the exerlasting kind, for in summer I have more than in winter, the sun has so great an effect on them. I do not tan, but freckle. My skin is very white where there are no freckles. I would like something that would not injure the skin. I have heard that cucumbers were good, but have never used them. Are they good? I am not wealthy and cannot afford to spend much. Would it be impolite for me to ask you how much it would cost? I have never tried anything, but I hope this first time will be a success. Do you think the freckles will come back or will I always have to use the cure? How long will it take to remove them? —Anxious Floss.

✣

You might try buttermilk first, or sour cream, and if that will not answer, buy 5 cents' worth of colorless iodine and with a toothpick touch each freckle every night with the iodine. Do this until the skin reddens and then wait a few nights. I cannot tell you how long it will take, as it depends upon how deep-seated the coloring matter is which makes the freckle. The freckles will come back whenever you are exposed to the sun and you will have to use the lotion when they appear. There is nothing that you can take which will make your skin fail to freckle. The iodine is better than the cucumbers for your purpose, and much cheaper.

Heavy cushion embroidery will be much used upon winter frocks.