

California Women Who Think

Where Shall We Skimp--In the Food or in the Clothing?

WHERE SHALL WE SKIMP--IN THE FOOD OR IN THE CLOTHING?

Which would you rather be: Well fed or well clothed? Are good clothes more necessary to your happiness than a full stomach? In this day of advanced civilization there is an imperative demand for good clothes. From the lowest salaried clerk to the radiant, wealthy society leader, Dame Fashion's edict colors the days as they pass. With the season's changes in styles the less prosperous worshiper at the shrine is often hard pressed to keep up the gait, and it becomes necessary to skimp. But where shall she skimp?

Again another product of our advanced civilization may be found in the person who spends the greater part of her time in arranging a suitable diet, who feels that to eat the ordinary amount of food is all wrong and a fault to be corrected. She will, of course, waste no time in coming to a decision on the symposium question this week.

But what do YOU think about it? You are the person we want to hear from. If you don't have to skimp in some way or another you are very lucky. Taking it for granted, however, that you are a skimping lady, where do you skimp? What do you consider of paramount importance?

For the two best letters received each week the Sunday Call is awarding two pieces of silverware. The letters must be bright and clever, entertaining and well written to draw down the coveted prize. You have an equally good chance with your next door neighbor; don't let the opportunity slip. See if you can't win a piece of silverware this week. Send your answer in at once; the sooner the better. Address all communications to the Symposium Editor, The Call, San Francisco.

AWARDED A SILVER FISH FORK

Good Clothes a Necessity

Maud Dolan, San Francisco

In this day and time when food and clothing are equally high, the question you have asked does loom up for consideration. For the average salaried person the proposition of keeping himself well clothed and equally well fed is a bitter one.

The majority of people have a certain amount of pride. They resent pity intensely and their every faculty is bent toward keeping the other fellow in the dark as to their shortcomings financially. Consequently, the skimping is never done in dress. It is possible to eat very sparingly unbeknownst to your best friend, but the minute your coat begins to look shabby and your shoes to take on a down-at-the-heel expression, it is quite evident to all who look that you are financially embarrassed.

I have been supporting myself more or less for the last eight years, and I found out

AWARDED A SILVER BUTTER KNIFE

This Woman Has Gone Hungry

Mrs. M. P. McMaster, Chico

Before the Civil war my father was one of the wealthiest planters in an aristocratic county in one of the southern states. The war left him penniless. When I was born it was not with a silver spoon in my mouth. But it was with the traditions of all the vanished plenty and glory in my ears. The family lived in mourning for what had been. Neither of my parents was ever "reconstructed" before they passed to a better world.

I grew up as poor as Job's turkey and a great deal prouder. I knew--just as the whole county knew--what my family had been. My brothers and sisters--much older than myself, had been a part of the grand days and I stood with them as proudly and defiantly as if I too had known and lost great riches. Now, there might have been nothing very wrong in our pride if we had not carried it too far. But it went so far that it quite dominated our lives and influenced all our actions. That was wrong.

When I was through with the grammar school my sisters said I must go to a fashionable finishing school. In the old days a girl was always sent away to one of these for her final polishing before her debut. In my case there could be no "sending away," for that would mean boarding at the school I attended and there was no money to board me at such a fashionable place. So I lived at home and attended one of these schools by the day.

All day long I lived among girls of my own age; studied with them, played with them, gossiped with them. To all outward appearances I was enjoying life as much as they while I was becoming a grand young lady. I did not dress as well as some of them, but

Aunt Maria's Reverie

By Jane

One night in late autumn, by a big roaring fire in a pleasant old kitchen, sat dear Aunt Maria. A spinster of fifty as was very well known. Though only to forty would she willingly own. Nodding and reading, her eyes chanced to fall on the Symposium Page of her good Sunday Call. And there the great question impelled her to sigh: "And if all are to answer, why, then, can not I?"

"Let me see, where I'd wish that my husband should shine. If there's ever a man whose last name changes--mine."

"I have lived for many a long year, And have thought on the subject too little, I fear."

"So a common sense view at once I will take And consider for whom single life I'd forsake."

Of course, at my age, I can not require A man brimming over with romantic fire. "But good natured kindness must be in his eyes, And he should consider his dear wife a prize; He must keep me in comfort by his own honest labor, And ne'er be ashamed to face every neighbor."

"A faultless person is one hard to find, And would not be suited to my turn of mind. For I can not claim to be too good to live, And to no perfect creature could I pleasure give."

"But the one whose small failings I could condone, If in turn he would let me continue my own, Would be the one chosen if I have a say In naming the bridegroom for my wedding day."

"And, although now content with my single life I fain would become a dear, loving wife. But all I would say is, if providence can, In the very near future, just send me a man!"

FLOWERS AS FOOD

Not only does the violet please the sense of smell, but it pleases the palate as well. In days gone by a favorite sweetmeat was made of candied violets, while a sherbet made of extract of violets is said to have surpassed any other extracts.

All over Europe it is the custom to mingle violets, roses and lime blossoms with preserves, to add a flowery element to the fruity flavor. Crystallized carnations, lavender, syringa and lilac preserves are made in Turkey.

In America sandwiches of a floral variety

are usually made of nasturtiums, which is probably the most useful edible flower that grows here. In England sandwiches made of finely chopped spearmint, spread over slices of thin bread and butter, are often served.

The tuber of the dahlia is claimed to be excellent for food, although somewhat acrid. The dandelion makes an excellent wine. But it is the cooks of China and Japan who make the best use of flowers as food. They study the various mixtures, scents, etc., until they are able to arrange an entire banquet of nothing but flower dishes.

Be Considerate to the Man You Love

By Madge E. Weede, 143 Calaveras Avenue, Fresno

"Where do you want your husband to shine, and how?" Every girl has her ideal, of course; even I have. Many realize their ideals and many others do not. The seeming lack is not always with the husband--it sometimes rests with the wife. Even though he may not come up to your ideal in many respects, you may still be able to help him. I do not think every man has a selfish streak in him.

For instance, take the man who always has a smile, a kind smile; who is full of jokes, and who can pass over little petty difficulties that make other men cross. This sort of a man is generally good natured, unselfish, good to his wife, and apt to overlook the fact that dinner is not exactly on time.

Many a girl does get an ideal husband, who loves her sincerely and thinks of her in little ways. But you must not think he will always bring flowers, candy and other little gifts to you after you are married. It is very nice if he does do these things occasionally and it shows the extent of his love for you. And every wife loves her husband a little bit more for these thoughtful remembrances; it takes her back to her "sweetheart days."

Money is not required to make the man. Love is a great deal more necessary. I think the girl or woman has a great deal to do with the husband's shining. She is his helpmate, and certainly through her love and devotion helps him over many rough and hard places. By all means do not pick little quarrels over insignificant things that hardly matter at all. Don't bring Mrs. Jones' hat into the conversation and start to tell him how frightful she looked, but talk of something pleasant that will interest you both. You do not have to be a daily newspaper, but see that you know a little about what is going on in the world.

Have your hair done nicely when he comes in, be attired in a clean dress and a dainty apron; greet him with a smile and a kiss. All these little attentions help to keep him sunny tempered, and he will shine not only at home but outside, having no cause for complaint.

I think a man should be master in his own home, though he need not use an iron rod for ruling. He is the head of the house, and so should shine.



On the Pedestal "Character"

U. B. T., Berkeley

"Let me see, where I'd wish that my husband 'Character,' for there the accusing finger can never point. What matters social brilliancy if the 'shine' is only the reflection of 'company manners'? As to success in accumulating gold, all the wealth of Rockefeller would fail to make me happy if my husband lacked the qualities of true manhood. He might even shine in the church and yet be a miserable failure in broadminded fellowship with the world. Business success might be his great achievement, but if it absorbed him to the extent that every home life became a mere trifle to be banished at the possibility of making an extra dollar, how could I be a happy wife?"

Brilliance in society, finance, church and business; all have their virtues, but will any one of these guarantee the impersonator a seat of honor in his home? No. And, after all, the home is the foundation of our existence, the place where the wife is most affected by her husband's poor or excellent qualities. The man with a noble character is the reliable man at every post; the loving, considerate husband, and the wise and respected father.

There is a wide spread belief (erroneous in my opinion) that at some time in every man's career he must step down from the unsullied seat he was born to, and devote a portion of his life to debasing his character. Whether his downward step be a permanent

resignation, or simply a leave of absence from honor, he will surely regret it, and who can say a man will make a better husband for having sewn his wild oats? To be sure, he had better sew them before marriage than after, but why should any reputable girl marry a reformed rake? It is not her duty as a woman to choke down any sentiment she may have about marrying on an equality and accept what is left of a man whose morals are broken down by dissipation. I think there is little danger of the oats cropping out in late life if the wife is all that she should be in her home. I once heard the wife of a prominent colonel make the statement that if her sons did not sew their wild oats of their own accord their father would urge them on. Such a father! What if they were all like that? Yet these are highly respected people, and have high ambitions for their three sons. I have wondered what their views would be if they had daughters to be married.

Give me the man with character, past and present, and the future will take care of itself.

In closing I would say that the sentiments have not been acquired after being safely married. I always had them and was determined to have a husband of unquestioned character, or none at all. I am happily married to this ideal, but I should prefer single blessedness any time to marrying the smutty story type or the man of lax principles.

Where My Husband Shines

C. G. Weede, Oakland

It is not the question of where and how I want my husband to shine that concerns me, because he is shining just where my fond heart planned that he should when we plighted our troth and fidelity to each other; he shines within our home as my helpmate and as the devoted father of our child.

Neither claims to be an ideal of perfection and we recognize and palliate each other's distinctive traits of character. True love itself runs smoothly, and we seem to understand each other as thoroughly as it is possible for two persons so to do.

In reference to outside environments, they are to us mere accessories to our existence. When others single us out individually as friends, we, in our own peculiar way, experience a pride in considering such attention as complimentary rather than a medium for jealousy. The timeworn adage that "there is no love without jealousy" has not a niche in which to crouch within our home. We hold each other's love with a link of respect and not with the poisoned arrow of jealousy which is only a smirch cast upon virtue and good morals. Jealousy is relegated to the pit of infatuation's fire and it is not harbored within the realm of domestic happiness.

Our troth that was plighted with the sweet breath of trust has proven all enduring. To make the assertion that there is never a ripple in the stream of our domesticity would not be true, but we do not quarrel. Whenever either of us manifests any impatience, or utters hasty words, the other assumes an attitude of noncombativeness, with the result that the aggressor has the privilege of adjusting his or her ire without crossing. How quickly is anger's fire quenched when silence holds the listener's tongue. Harmony is the keynote whereby love reigns supreme as the shining light of domestic happiness.

My husband is emphatic in his declaration that a wife's duty is to co-operate with her husband in maintaining a happy home.

How fortunate is a woman in securing a husband who marries her for companionship and is content to shine side by side with her for their mutual interest and happiness. My husband shines within our home and so shines upon the highest plane in life to which I would have him aspire. He shines as a manly man within his commercial and social spheres, as well as within our home, because he is honest and outspoken in his convictions in his association with people. His masterful manner gives the impression that he is a leader rather than a follower.

The crowning reason why my husband shines within our home I have solved to my satisfaction, and that is because he has made me realize that he married me for what I am and not for what he expected to train me to be, nor does he expect me to be like somebody else.

true, but we do not quarrel. Whenever either of us manifests any impatience, or utters hasty words, the other assumes an attitude of noncombativeness, with the result that the aggressor has the privilege of adjusting his or her ire without crossing. How quickly is anger's fire quenched when silence holds the listener's tongue. Harmony is the keynote whereby love reigns supreme as the shining light of domestic happiness.

My husband is emphatic in his declaration that a wife's duty is to co-operate with her husband in maintaining a happy home.

How fortunate is a woman in securing a husband who marries her for companionship and is content to shine side by side with her for their mutual interest and happiness. My husband shines within our home and so shines upon the highest plane in life to which I would have him aspire. He shines as a manly man within his commercial and social spheres, as well as within our home, because he is honest and outspoken in his convictions in his association with people. His masterful manner gives the impression that he is a leader rather than a follower.

The crowning reason why my husband shines within our home I have solved to my satisfaction, and that is because he has made me realize that he married me for what I am and not for what he expected to train me to be, nor does he expect me to be like somebody else.

Loyalty Greatest Thing of All

Miss Louise Anderson, 3175 Sixteenth Street, San Francisco

My acquaintances maintain that I require too much of the man I would marry. I do not think so. I may be old fashioned in my ideas; however, such as they are, they have been formed mainly from observance of the marital difficulties of my friends. I find so many failures in marriage with the usual complement of divorces, that I can not but think I am right in my views. First, I would require love and loyalty. Some one would argue that a man can not love without being loyal. However that may be, I have met many men who claimed they loved their wives and still were not loyal to them.

If my husband could not give me both I would prefer loyalty to love, as one could be loyal and still not love. I think if my husband were loyal he would treat me as a dear friend, with respect, kindness and consideration. What more does a woman require? I think it nonsense to look for so much love in man or woman nowadays, as the world is too busy to think about it. I think if woman would look more for loyalty in her ideal she would find a better husband. The man who

is known to be loyal to his friends can be relied upon to appreciate a good wife. A loyal man is my ideal. Never mind all this love, beauty, wealth and a thousand other things women require in their ideal man. I think loyalty is the greatest of them all. When love and everything else has vanished from home, the good, loyal man is still there to back you up, too honest and too much of a man to forget you are his wife and cast you aside.

The Brainsy Man

B. G. C., Box 459, San Jose

The man I marry must shine in the brain. He must be overflowing with good, common sense, which must shine above all other qualities which he may possess.

The qualities of men are few. They do think, though, that woman is some kind of an automatic machine that is a combination of a cooking apparatus, an electric sewing machine and a laundry all in one.

Of course, I, too, have a picture in my mind of the man I want to marry. I should like him to have broad shoulders and very wide trousers, but these do not make common sense.

My husband would have my permission to shine wherever he liked best to shine, so long as he kept his brain bright and shiny around home.

OUR SPANISH LESSON

DECIMA LECCION DE ESPAÑOL
(Tenth Lesson in Spanish.)

VERBO "VIVIR"--VERB "TO LIVE"

Spanish	Pronunciation	English
yo vivo	eeo vee-vo	I live
el (ella) vive	ah lee vee-vay	he (she) lives
nosotros vivimos	no-so-tros vee-vee-mos	we live
vosotros vivis	vo-so-tros vee-vees	you live (plural)
ellos (ellas) viven	ay-ee-yos vee-vayn	they live

TIEMPO PASADO--PAST TENSE

yo viví	eeo vee-vee	I lived
el (ella) vivió	ah lee vee-vee-o	he lived
nosotros vivimos	no-so-tros vee-vee-mos	we lived
vosotros vivisteis	vo-so-tros vee-vee-stay-ees	you lived (plural)
ellos (ellas) vivieron	ay-ee-yos vee-vee-ay-ron	they lived

TIEMPO FUTURO--FUTURE TENSE

yo viviré	eeo vee-vee-ray	I will live
el (ella) vivirá	ah lee vee-vee-rah	he will live
nosotros viviremos	no-so-tros vee-vee-ray-mos	we will live
vosotros vivireis	vo-so-tros vee-vee-ray-ees	you will live (plural)
ellos (ellas) vivirán	ay-ee-yos vee-vee-rah-n	they will live
¿Donde vive Vd?	Don-day vee-vay oo-stayd!	Where do you live!

CONVERSACION--CONVERSATION

- Yo vivo en Philadelphia en INVIERNO y nosotros vivimos en la Habana en el VERANO.
- Yo vivo en Nueva York en OTOÑO y nosotros en Atlantic City en PRIMAVERA.
- Yo fui a tomar nuevas de mi abuela, la cual vive en la casa de mi hermana.
- Ellos fueron a casa de mi hermano a preguntar nuevas de los niños.
- Ella fue a la escuela con los muchachos.
- Ellos fueron a la iglesia con las muchachas.
- Nosotros tomamos el tren en Chicago a las siete de la noche.
- ¿Donde fue Vd, Enrique? Yo fui a casa de mi hermano.
- ¿Donde fue Vd, Maria? Yo fui al mercado, señora.
- ¿A que hora, mi hija? A las ocho de la mañana, señora! Hace frio en invierno. Hace calor en verano.

RECAPITULATION

Spanish	Pronunciation	English
decima	day-thee-mah	tenth
a la escuela	ah lah ays-coo-ay-lah	to the school
abuela	ah-boe-ay-lah	grandmother
abuelo	ah-boe-ay-lo	grandfather
las nuevas	lahs noo-ay-vals	some news
los niños	loh nee-nieos	the children
cuñado	coo-niah-do	brother-in-law
cuñada	coo-niah-dah	sister-in-law
en verano	ayn vay-rah-no	in summer
en invierno	ayn een-vee-ayr-no	in winter
en otoño	ayn o-to-nieco	in autumn
en primavera	ayn pree-mah-vay-rah	in spring
preguntar	pray-goon-tahr	to inquire
veinte	vay-ent-tay	twenty
veintuno	vay-ent-tee-oo-no	twenty-one
veintidos	vay-ent-tee-dos	twenty-two
veintitres	vay-ent-tee-trays	twenty-three
veinticuatro	vay-ent-tee-coo-ah-tro	twenty-four
veinticinco	vay-ent-tee-theen-co	twenty-five

SUZANE GODARD.

Good Health Above All Else

Mrs. Edward J. Wade, 3773 Twentieth Street, San Francisco

The question you submit involves that great triunity of a well rounded life, the spiritual, the mental, the physical--three dynamic forces that "shape our ends, rough hew them how we will."

Science has proven beyond a reasonable doubt that body and mind are so closely wedded that to abuse the one reacts disastrously upon the other, and, as a general rule, mental vigor and bodily vigor go hand in hand. As a necessary deduction, therefore, in order to attain the greatest possible mental development we must nourish our physical selves, not alone because good health waits upon it, but because in the tense struggle for existence only the physically fit and intellectually alert can hope to reach the coveted goal. An ill fed body spells mental decay; mental decay spells spiritual lethargy, and spiritual lethargy spells everlasting despair.

One's personal appearance is not absolutely essential to success. The "Bard of Avon" has us for the discharge of our duties and too often opens the door to disease and death. So, if you must "skimp," let it not be at the expense of your stomach, but rather forego the empty vanity of seeking to be a "mirror of fashion and mold of form."

As between the two--a scanty wardrobe or a well filled cupboard--my choice would be the latter.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness," and if we keep ourselves clean and sweet, our faces radiant, our spirits sunny, the texture of our clothing, the neatness of the fit or its "vintage" will not be noticed. Without good, wholesome, well prepared food we can not hope to keep in physical condition. No man or woman ever reached a high degree of efficiency without proper nourishment.

Some may urge that good clothes are essential to self respect. This is a fallacious argument, born of human vanity. Self respect is simply an outward expression of clean living and purity of thought. It does not dwell in the cut of a garment or blind obedience to the decrees of "fashion."

Clothes are artificial--food is essential. Cheap clothes, if tidy, in no way lessen our respect for the wearer, but cheap or scanty food is a crime against our physical, moral and mental health. It saps our vigor, unfits us for the discharge of our duties and too often opens the door to disease and death.

So, if you must "skimp," let it not be at the expense of your stomach, but rather forego the empty vanity of seeking to be a "mirror of fashion and mold of form."

As between the two--a scanty wardrobe or a well filled cupboard--my choice would be the latter.