

## READ FOLKS, AND BE ENLIGHTENED ON THE "FRAMED DIETICIAN" SUBJECT

BY JANE WHITAKER.

The Mothers' Pension Board and the United Charities have one great little game in common.

You know the mothers' pension is a thing with a tag on it, an elastic tag that stretches so far until a mother almost thinks this is a good, kind, beneficent state in providing for her children, when, presto, somebody lets the rubber snap back and the mother finds that—well, one mother told me if she could be sure she would have health enough to work until her children were grown she would not take the pension, but would feel like a free woman again.

This little game is a "supervising housekeeper." The mothers' pension is a little fancier than the U. C. They have a "trained dietician."

Now a trained dietician is a person to be looked upon with awe. She can enter your flat when you have rice for Mabel, who will not eat anything else; potatoes for Jimmy, who takes after his father's people, and just bread for yourself, or maybe a little cake as a special treat for the children, and the T. D. will lift up her hands in horror and exclaim:

"Why, Mrs. Jones. This will never do! Potatoes, rice, bread and cake! All of them starchy foods! Do you want to ruin the children's stomachs?"

Of course, Mrs. Jones may be still sufficiently human to protest that she was raised on a similar fare and lived to usher her children into the world, and she may also be undiplomatic enough to add that she ate sour pickles in addition to the starchy food, but she will soon be subdued by the T. D.

"We must begin at once to teach you food values. You must learn the caloric values of food. Now potatoes—"

I have to hasten on right here, for never having taken a course in chem-

istry I am quite incapable of telling the caloric value of potatoes, yet Joel Hunter, czar of the mothers' pension fund, admits paying the T. D. a salary of \$90 a month to put Mrs. Jones through these callsthenics.

And the U. C. special housekeeper. Well, she shows the poor how to run their houses. That is, she is supposed to do so, and is down on the payroll for that purpose, but I never like to make a positive statement about the U. C.

A certain nurse doesn't think the supervising housekeeper always does as she should, but, in the instance cited, the housekeeper had an excuse, so perhaps—

"If ever there was a case when a trained housekeeper or any woman with a little diplomacy and common sense could have helped, it was this one," the nurse said to me.

"I was called in when the woman was having her baby. It wasn't a case of poverty. The husband made \$25 a week. But the woman simply did not know how to spend the money.

"She would give the oldest boy a quarter to get some bologna and a pie. She would give the daughter fifteen cents to get boiled ham and a loaf of bread. Then she would give the youngest boy money for ice cream, and the children would bring back their purchases and each eat on a separate chair.

"I remembered the housekeeper employed by the U. C. for just the purpose of teaching women how to judiciously spend money, so I called the U. C. on the telephone.

"I was very careful to make them understand that it wasn't a case of charity. The woman had enough money and if she could be shown, in a sweet way that she would not resent in her present condition, just how to get the most out of it, it would be a real service.