

Work and Love Are the Two Great Factors in the Development of a Woman's Heart and in the Awakening of Her Brain



Cupid in the Office

Love Plays an Important Part in a Business Woman's Life Because Work Makes Her Put Higher Valuation on True Affection

The business girl's life reveal by this statement their lack of understanding of feminine psychology.

The love of one man may not come to the business woman, just as it fails to come to many a woman who stays at home waiting for Cupid to call. But love is a tremendously large territory and the question often resolves itself finally into this: "Does the lack of a personal love not often give a woman a bigger and finer nature?"

The situation of the business woman in New York rather inclines us to believe that in many cases this is true. The love that, undiverted into one channel, enriches the whole field with its richness and refreshment, is its own justification.

But granted, on the other side, that the business girl is to be loved and loves, does that make her any the less competent in the work-a-day world?

If it did, haven't we the world-old proverb about the man in love who has a mind only for the object of his affection; whose shortcomings are condoned because the whole world loves a lover and has a pity and sympathy for him until the love anchor is safely cast and he is supposed safe in the home of his own with a wife to work for?

Girls' Books "Balance." Why, if a business girl's mind does wander a bit, say when the new moon is slim and young and the air tender—should she be pointed out as a creature incompetent to trust with a column of figures to add or a cash register to juggle?

Maybe her heart wanders a bit, but her subconscious mind does not, and a final analysis of her week's work usually reveals the fact that her books balance.

And even if she "falls dead in love" and moans to the place she is absolutely inefficient, she's still an asset to the world as a whole, for she is adding to the happiness of all creation, and what her work lacks her lover probably gains, in that he is working all the harder to make it possible for him to support her and the home he is planning for her.

There are many who regard the business girl as an anomaly. They think that once she is in an office there is no place for her in the home. This is manifestly untrue. Most of the girls who go to work every morning are the very ones who spend their holidays busy and happy at home, preferring home to any outing in the world.

These same girls go home with happy faces at night because they have a fresh appreciation of the fireside's simple enjoyments. They can value domestic peace since they know what the world of business and turmoil is like.

Since they have learned to work they have a new value for play and can play in a whole-hearted way that the woman who is idle never learns to feel unless she gets busy and useful making living.

If love were an issue apart from the necessities of life, if it did not have to be classed with food and drink and fire to a woman's nature, then there might be an argument advanced for and against the matter in hand.

Accidents Make Women Work. The accident of prosperity, or lack of it, places a woman in life. It puts her with those who work or those who do not work, and this does not change her fundamental woman nature.

A business woman may develop all the qualities that make her a power in the man's world, but she signally is undeveloped and her life unfulfilled if the love side of her nature be unfilled.

Business is a matter that involves a woman's brain; love is distinctly an attribute of her heart, and no woman ever was born absolutely without affection and the craving for love. Most of the women today who are

working are doing so actuated by the need of those they love. Most often it is a realization that the man she loves is physically unable to carry the burden alone that inspires a woman to suggest sharing it with him.

Why should this unsex a woman or make her less feminine? It is the peculiarity of the woman's heart to develop fastest under the hardest strain. A woman's love does not grow less, but rather increases when it is more able to serve the beloved one.

Another thing; the matter of keeping a house is in itself rather a complex business undertaking, requiring quite as much clerical skill to run as any girl brings to bear upon the usual office work. And there is yet to be heard a charge that housekeeping makes a woman hard and unsympathetic.

There is no education for a woman so feminizing as work. Fine needlework, we used to hear, was a "lady-like" accomplishment. Maybe it did develop a fine sense of touch, an exquisite color appreciation in the eye, but business experience, to my mind, develops a woman's heart and her brain until she comes into the highest estate of being a woman.

Given Broader Outlook. It makes her not only more understanding of the burdens the average man carries, but it gives her a broader outlook on life and develops in her a new sense of sisterhood for all women who work, and with this she is able to gauge the value of a woman's friendship as she never is able to do when she is thrown with a "borrowing neighbor" or an acquaintance she meets at a bridge game or at a literary luncheon or a tea.

Women form their firmest friendships in the business world for other women. I think it is in the business world alone that a woman may develop a platonic friendship for a man.

There she is not self-conscious. In the home or in the social world she meets men and is taught to regard them as possible husbands. In the working world she comes to gauge a man for other qualities; for there, for the first time, she meets men on a new footing—the relationship of business.

In the business world she meets so many men who are more keen in her judgments of the one man. She comes to know men as they are, without trills and under no delusions about the glamour of their "society" side. When a woman sees a man day after day in the office she comes to know him as he is; his weaknesses as well as his fine qualities. And she soon is able to strike a mental balance sheet, totaling up all the men she meets.

No creature could use one organ and leave another organ wholly untouched without having a one-sided development. If a woman uses what sentimentalists have long told us was the "woman's heart" to the exclusion of the woman's brain isn't it logical to assume that the brain turns over naturally enough and goes to sleep—and goodness knows what the heart does.

Read the newspapers and draw your own conclusion from the stories printed there in which idle, useless women with nothing to do figure.

If an idle brain is the devil's workshop, then the same satanic highness must hold high carnival and carry on a continuous cabaret in the heart of the idle woman, judging by the mischief such a one is excited to do.

If for no other reason than that it makes for her own peace and happiness to be occupied, a woman should be allowed to work. She isn't crowding anybody out of the business world. Don't you believe that?

Work for Everybody. There is work for everybody who wants work to do, if they can do the work well. Maybe not employment in the same block where they now live—but work somewhere.

The woman who is encouraged to stay idle because she'll take the bread out of some poor girl's mouth by trying to do something is stupid if she listens to any such nonsense.

We work for more than money. The body is more than raiment. Just as the spirit is more than food. We work for work's sake, and for our own development.

And the woman who works develops her brains and relieves the pressure on that absurd—and I often wonder if it isn't an imaginary organ—the old-fashioned heart.

The real heart is the seal of the affections. But what affections worthy of being dignified by the term ever got started because a woman started to use her brains?

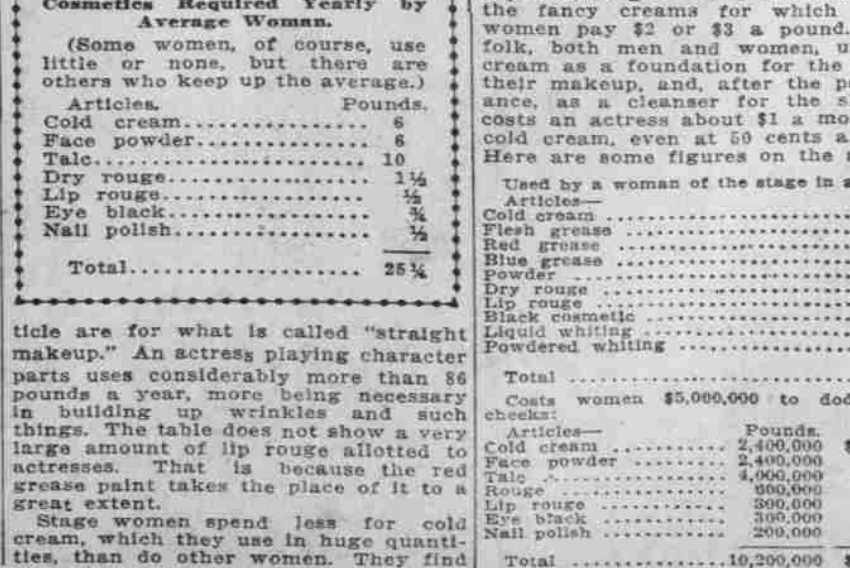
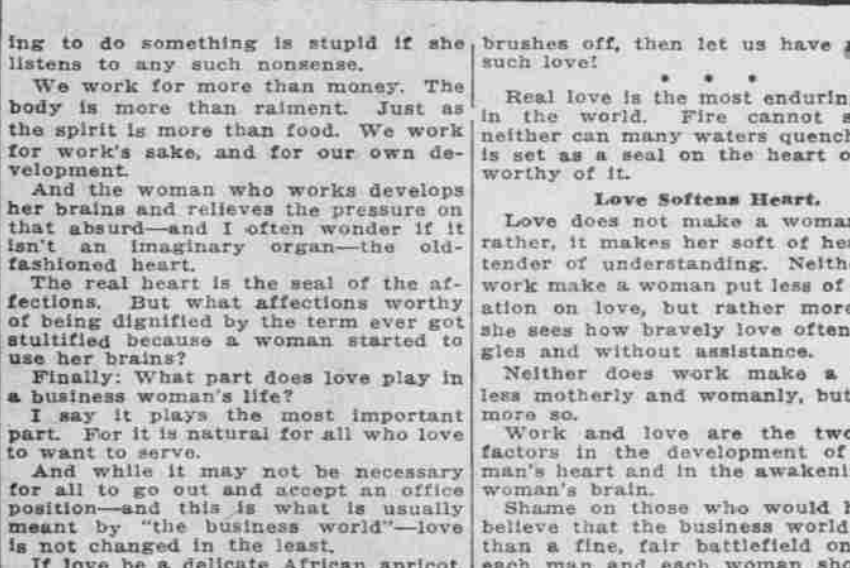
Finally: What part does love play in a business woman's life?

I say it plays the most important part. For it is natural for all who love to want to serve.

And while it may not be necessary for all to go out and accept an office position—and this is what is usually meant by "the business world"—love is not changed in the least.

If love be a delicate African apricot, with a bloom that the business world

Those Who Claim That Love Is a Thing Apart From the Business Girl's Life Reveal Their Lack of Understanding of Feminine Psychology.



BY RITA REESE.

HERE are those who do not quibble over the old poetic aphorism that love is a woman's whole existence.

Those who think a business girl should carefully put her heart away in cold storage when she pins on her quill-trimmed hat and sallies forth into a man's world to make one more unit in the millions who are working for their daily bread—and the bread that is to feed the mouths of a whole family—are mistaken.

In short, someone has suggested that I write on the part love plays in a business girl's life—is it a thing apart, one of the eternal verities of life that must be put aside as not belonging to the new sphere in which a woman finds herself when she begins to be self-supporting?

I say no, and most emphatically. And even I go further. I question very much whether any woman, until she has started out to work, really knows how to appraise love, the love of a man who tolls on year after year to keep a home going and the woman he loves comfortable and happy.

Until the average sheltered woman at home knows what it means to make a living for a family, the hard, uncompromising toll of the man who wears the family harness and draws the family load—I hold that no such woman knows or can know how to put the real value on real love.

If this be treason to the sheltered woman who stays at home, let her make the best of it—let her ask her sister who goes out to work if these words are not true. A woman said a significant thing the other day along these lines. She is a woman who in the last two years has started to work to help her husband meet the expenses of the family. I used to think she was a hard, unreasonable woman, but I was not prepared to find the change in her that work has wrought.

Her eyes filled with tears as she told her story. Not the soft-sheltered

woman's ready tears, but the honest tears of self-reproach; sorrow for things that are past and irremediable. She said: "Until I started to work I had no idea of the load my husband carried. I used to go to him at the end of the month and tell him I wanted so much money, laying the bills of the month before him. If he hesitated I did not taunt him with not having the money to give me to keep the home and our children going."

"I did not know why he used to look at me so. I could not understand the depths into which he sank—but now I do. I know what it is to make money, for he was taken ill and the burden of the family was shifted to my shoulders and when he was ready to take it up again I had learned my lesson and I have pulled with him ever since to help lighten the load."

Money Was Forthcoming. "I wonder that he could have cared for me; that he was as patient as he was year after year when he was working, trying to do the impossible. While I sat supine and only urged him to get the money—not knowing and not caring where he got it—the money was forthcoming."

"All that has changed since I have gone to work. It has taught me lessons of patience and understanding and sympathy and pity for any man who is trying to do his best to carry a load that is too heavy for him."

"Why," she said, "I never really knew anything about real love until I understood what a man pays for love. It may be different in other parts of the country, but in a big city, when the small-salaried man marries, he deliberately slips his head into a noose that will keep him going in the treadmill for the rest of his life, unless he happens to marry a girl who has worked and who has a sense of justice and honesty developed to the place she can share the work with him, carry her part of the load and make it possible for a real companionship to be established between them."

"Love may be a woman's whole ex-



BY DOLORES STANTON.

IT COSTS the women of New York upward of \$5,000,000 a year for what men rudely refer to as war paint—the cosmetics that go to make women beautiful, or horrible, or half way between.

Mrs. and Miss New York use about 12,000,000 pounds a year, or 1,000,000

pounds a month, of powder, rouge, cold cream, nail polish and the like. The figures seem remarkably large, but the estimates for the average woman are based on the calculations of several experienced druggists.

So far as the number of women using cosmetics is concerned, it is conservatively placed at 400,000, or about one-sixth of the female population of the city. It is assumed that the other five-sixths are too young or too old, too

COSMETICS 86 POUNDS

careful or too careless, too beautiful or too plain. The limits were conservatively fixed also, it being assumed that no female begins using powder before she is 12 or continues after she is 72. Twelve million pounds of cosmetics in a year does seem a whole lot, but you remember that a woman who uses them rarely comes back from a shopping tour without having made some purchase, however small, in the way of cold cream or powder.

The weight per person per year amounts to about 25 pounds and the

cost per person \$12.63. If you are about to advance the objection that there are many of the 400,000 women who could not afford a dollar a month for beautifiers, just remember that there are thousands of other women who can afford a dollar a day and, what's more, who spend that sum for skin veneer. It would take at least 250 railroad cars to carry all this make-up, but most of it is produced in Manhattan it isn't necessary to pack it aboard trains. It goes from factory to face, as an advertiser would say, with very little travel in between.

As for the bulk of a year's supply it would just about make a full size model of the Statue of Liberty, and she's a lady whose face often looks as if she'd like to have a good massage of some hot cream that would take the salt out of her copper pores.

Eighty-six Pounds for an Actress. A separate tabulation has been made of the amount of make-up used by a woman of the stage. The glare of the lights demands heavy applications, and an actress uses more than three times as much on the stage as she does off, assuming that she tries to look like a human being on the street.

The stage figures given in this ar-

ticles are for what is called "straight makeup." An actress playing character parts uses considerably more than 86 pounds a year, more being necessary in building up wrinkles and such things. The table does not show a very large amount of lip rouge allotted to actresses. That is because the red grease paint takes the place of it to a great extent.

Stage women spend less for cold cream, which they use in huge quantities, than do other women. They find

Cosmetics Required Yearly by Average Woman.		
(Some women, of course, use little or none, but there are others who keep up the average.)		
Articles	Pounds.	
Cold cream	8	
Face powder	8	
Alto	10	
Dry rouge	1 1/2	
Lip rouge	1/2	
Eye black	1/4	
Nail polish	1/4	
Total	25 1/2	

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brushes off, then let us have gone of such love!

Real love is the most enduring thing in the world. Fire cannot eat it, neither can many waters quench it. It is set as a seal on the heart of those worthy of it.

Love Softens Heart. Love does not make a woman hard; rather, it makes her soft of heart and tender of understanding. Neither does work make a woman put less of a valuation on love, but rather more, since she sees how bravely love often struggles and without assistance.

Neither does work make a woman less motherly and womanly, but rather more so.

Work and love are the two great factors in the development of a woman's heart and in the awakening of a woman's brain.

Shame on those who would have us believe that the business world is less than a fine, fair battlefield on which each man and each woman shows the mettle of which they are made!

The cheaper creams, at about 50 cents a pound, as good as if not better than the fancy creams for which society women pay \$2 or \$3 a pound. Stage folk, both men and women, use cold cream as a foundation for the rest of their makeup, and, after the performance, as a cleanser for the skin. It costs an actress about \$1 a month for cold cream, even at 50 cents a pound. Here are some figures on the subject:		
Used by a woman of the stage in a year:		
Articles	Pounds.	Cost.
Cold cream	24	\$1,200.00
Flesh grease	2 1/2	125.00
Red grease	2 1/2	125.00
White grease	2 1/2	125.00
Powder	24	1,200.00
Dry rouge	1 1/2	75.00
Lip rouge	1/2	25.00
Black cosmetic	1/4	12.50
Liquid whitening	20	1,000.00
Powdered whitening	10	500.00
Total	58 1/2	\$2,850.00
Costs women \$5,000,000 to dodge pale cheeks:		
Articles	Pounds.	Cost.
Cold cream	2,400,000	\$1,200,000.00
Face powder	2,400,000	1,200,000.00
Talc	4,000,000	2,000,000.00
Rouge	900,000	450,000.00
Lip rouge	300,000	150,000.00
Eye black	300,000	150,000.00
Nail polish	200,000	100,000.00
Total	10,200,000	\$5,050,000.00

Vain Metropolitan Women Spend \$5,000,000 A Year for "Beauty."