

THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE

How About the Housekeeper's Vacation?

SISTER, daughter, son and dad have had vacations. Has mother? Why in the great economic scheme mother is not considered a contributor to the upkeep of the home is a question that is hard to be answered by any of the other members of the family. We are putting it before the council today. That includes the important discussion of the need of a vacation for the housekeeper.

Ira Cogswell Bailey-AlLEN is here with a word for the housekeeper and several arguments for her vacation. If you are a housekeeper, read it, and then read it to your family. If you are not, read it just the same. You may be one some day, and you certainly ought to have the other side of any story that intimately concerns the home.

We gladly give to you this discussion of a topic that has been too long shelved. Let us hear your opinions.

By Ida Cogswell Bailey-AlLEN
Domestic Science Expert, New York.

THE moment mother saw father standing in the doorway she knew what to expect. She had lived with him for thirty years and had seen that look with each succeeding spring—it came as regularly as the first warm days, and although she did not say a word, she knew that a fish-



"Daughter travels through Europe"

ing trip was imminent. Then, too, he had come home early—another inflexible sign. Soon she heard him tramping around in the attic and before long he called down the stairway: "Mother, say, do you know where I put my flies last year? I can't find them anywhere."

She dropped Mary's new dress which she was just finishing and climbed the steep stairs. "I think they're in this drawer," she said. "The rods are here, and your rubber boots are in that corner. Here's the fishing basket, and your clothes are in this trunk."

"Mother, you're a mind reader; how'd you know I was thinking of going fishing?"

"You mothered, but did not answer. "You need a vacation, John," she said; "can't you arrange to leave for a week and go up in the hills? I'll see to any important correspondence for you."

"Why, yes, I might—"

"You'll go tomorrow," she said, finally. "I'll help you to get ready."

Midnight found mother packing the grips, and 5 o'clock saw her smiling as usual, preparing father's early breakfast. As she kissed him good-bye the thought flashed through her mind, how different that first spring had been—when they had gone together. Then the babies began to come, and of course, she had to stay at home; and now they were grown up—she was too old to go. Of course, she was too old and too fat to get around very well—wasn't her waistband thirty inches? Nevertheless, the smell of the pine woods haunted her as she wistfully started to houseclean. Father hated it, so she would hurry to get it done before he returned.

After the house was cleaned it was time to finish the summer sewing. Mother was tired, to be sure, but Mary had planned a round of visits and would need her clothes as soon as school was finished. The last of the year brought so many "good times" and so much extra study that Mary didn't have a moment to help—not even to wipe the dishes or pull bastings—and she was "so tired" that mother let her sleep late every Saturday. "I don't feel very well," mother said to herself, "but I'll get through all right."

The two or three days before Mary finally got off were "nightmares," for at the last minute Mary decided she needed another dress; there were washing and ironing to do, and gloves and shoes to clean, to say nothing of packing—and so the housework had "to go."

Mother smiled with pride at her lovely young daughter. But after waving a last good-bye she turned to the house with a wan look. She was worn out, completely, but would not admit it.

Before the house had been put to rights and the mending caught up, Harry and Jim, the high school boys, began to think of camping, and by the first of July had found a "bully place" in the north woods, only a few miles away. They planned to stay a month, coming home once a week for provisions, and some of mother's cooking. The tent had to be pitched, bedding made ready, old clothes hunted up and mended, to say nothing of getting together the provisions and equipment. The boys helped to be sure, they made out lists and planned, but it was mother's keen mind that thought of forgotten articles, packed the first-aid-to-the-injured box and forestalled difficulties. While this was going on a girlhood friend happened to be visiting in the

town. Mother had time to call only once. As she started home she said to herself, "How well and young Molly looks. I wish I knew her secret and how she can get away; but then I don't mind as long as everybody has a good time."

It seemed so strange to have just two at the table. For several meals mother forgot, and cut a great plateful of bread, and ordered too much meat. "It's a good time to preserve; and make the jelly," she said; so the long sunny days were spent over the hot stove—the hours of possible rest and recreation were bottled up in cans of peaches and pears against the coming winter—and mother grew more and more weary. When she had time to rest habit drove her on.



"The children leave for sunny fields"

The end of the summer found the doctor, grave faced, beside her bed—all because her family took her for granted.

A wife and mother who does her own housework and who has at most only one helper is hedged by her family—bound on the north by her husband, on the east by her children and on the south by the household. All the little rifts of outside matters that come together trickle through these cardinal points in what the members of the family bring her; by the church (which she cannot find time to attend as much as she wishes) and by the few magazines and papers she occasionally finds a moment to read. As a general rule, mother is really a progressive woman, but it doesn't take long for actual routine work to sap her zest in outside matters; it's very easy to neglect the piano when there are the stockings to mend; very easy to lapse from reading when one is so sleepy after wakeful nights with the children that the greatest of boons is a nap; and when one's free time is spent in trips to market or to the stores in the search for some article or other that is cheap, in spite of love, life is liable to look a little sordid to any woman.

And when sordidity comes in at the door, youth flies out of the window. It takes some time for this to be accomplished, but it usually reaches a climax when the children are about high-school age; they are beyond "little babyhood"; and, theoretically, mother ought to have more leisure than in years; but, in reality, she has less! First, there is more cooking to do—athletic sons eat an unbelievable amount, and any mother will cook to please her men folks! Then the girls need more clothes, more little things, such as belts, collars and the like, that cost so much when purchased ready-made that there is nothing to do but for mother to make them. There is more company, too, and that means dishes and housework; and as for the girls, they really helped more when they were 10, for high school keeps them away most of the time.

But the worst of it is that the family not only selfishly accepts this service, but takes it for granted as well that mother is old. To be sure, she usually wears a black suit and hat—because it is unobtrusive and stays in style longest! She frequently wears silk gloves—she says because they are cooler, but, in reality, because they are cheap. The girls wear white kid. She sticks to brown and blue house dresses to "save washing"; the girls wear the daintiest of colors. In short, her whole wardrobe is selected in the spirit of sacrifice; and although she really loves the more beautiful colors suited to her age, she as for the girls, they really helped more when they were 10, for high school keeps them away most of the time.

Who suggests that mother's spring hat be soft green, that her new foulard be in one of the dahlia shades; or, in



fact, that she have anything new at all? The boys talk of their socks, ties, shoes, etc., the girls of the latest skirts—even father appears with a new suit and hat; but mother continues to look "nice" in her three-year-old dress! And there's nothing so conducive to self-elimination as effacing clothes.

Mother has grown so used to staying at home when the children were little that

the habit has been formed so strongly she scarcely admits to herself that she would like to go anywhere; so she stays in and does up the dishes while the girls go to the festival concert and the boys rush off to the debate. The children say mother loves to be quiet and doesn't care to "go." Who tries to help her break the chain of habit that holds her down as strongly as iron links? Nobody thinks of it.

She is the most important member of the household. Her work is unending; her sympathy is limitless; she is a tremendous factor in the world; she deserves all that is good, youthful and uplifting, because her influence is the most potent in the home—yet she is seldom reckoned in.

By the time mother is 50 it is almost impossible to start her "off," she has become so steeped in home. And here it is not amiss to say a word to mother. You often say to yourself that nobody cares what you do or how you look. Can't you see the little tentative attempts to draw you out? Didn't you hear Jimmy say that he wished you were like Frank's mother, who was a corking chaperon and wore such pretty clothes? You answered that Mrs. Thomas neglected her home to go, and that you'd be ashamed to have such a looking parlor—she put all her money on her back. Jimmy didn't answer, and your heart ached to be "a corking chaperon and wear good clothes."

When the members of the Brown family saw mother lying in bed, sick for the first time since they could remember, they began to think. Father looked back conscience-stricken on his fishing trip—he hadn't thought of asking her to go. Mary cried for two days as she thought of the many nights mother had sat up and sewed before she started off with her pretty wardrobe on the round of visits. The boys said that "Mother had been tired out all summer, and they'd let her cook all that stuff for camp-brutes that they were." They all decided to "do" better, but it was Mary who finally thought of the plan. One evening she corralled the boys and father in the sitting room.

"The doctor says that mother must have a vacation," she said, "but she won't go, because she doesn't see how we will get along alone. It's no use to tell her that we can manage, she just won't go; so the only way to make her go is to get a housekeeper to do the work while she's away. Now I know we think we can't afford it; but here's my contribution to the fund; and she laid three \$5 gold pieces on the table. "My birthday present from Aunt Jane," she added. The boys disappeared, coming back in a moment. "Here are our new golf clubs," they said, depositing \$5 apiece on the table, explaining, "That's

not, isn't a little of the condition your own fault? There's nothing so hard to move as a mother who is so saturated in home that she has no energy left for anything else.

Any good business man knows that he cannot do everything himself and soon learns not only to trust his subordinates, but to rely upon them to do certain portions of the work. A wise mother will train her family in the same way beginning in early childhood to inculcate habitual daily tasks. Both boys and girls should be taught to cook, as well, making mother's occasional absence from the home possible.

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what we earned picking berries." Father drew out his pocketbook and added \$5 more. "That was going to be a new overcoat," he said, "but the old one is just as warm as ever."

"There's \$50 then," Mary said, "for mother's vacation. A housekeeper at \$7 a week—the rest for carfare and other little things; now she won't fret over us—the doctor said she mustn't worry; the worst problem is getting her 'off'—and her clothes; for I'm going to send her to her old friend Mollie, the one who visited here this summer."

Six of the precious dollars Mary spent for a seamstress. Mother had plenty of material in the house to be made up, so a dress and waist were easy. Four dollars more went for a ready-made house dress. Mary's own dark coat and a little hat she made herself helped out; and, together with dainty little things borrowed from the girl's wardrobe, they made mother look years younger. A new way of fixing her hair; a little encouragement about curling it—and mother was a different woman. Mary didn't realize it, but she was giving her mother the best of tonics—interest. It took the concerted efforts of the whole family to get her off, but at last it was done, and mother was well on the road to health.

The month was nearly up, and mother expected home on Tuesday, when Mary, now so sweet and womanly, again called the family in council. "A vacation is all right," she said, "but it doesn't count for much if you have to work twice as hard when you come back. Now if we're going to keep mother well, we've all got to work. You boys keep your room picked up for this month; why not continue to do so when she gets back? That will save twenty minutes a day, time enough to read the paper. I've resigned from the Literary Club—that's to be mother's own afternoon—we're going out together, and if you all don't get such a good dinner that night you mustn't complain. Every Sunday we children are going to get the dinner and clear it away, and mother is going to church and visit all the way home—keep on her pretty dress and be 'company.' I tell you it won't hurt us at all. As for you, dad, your share will be to buy tickets for the symphony concerts and the travel lectures for mother and yourself, and you're to have the best time together! I'm ashamed of myself and am going to do everything

in my power to make mother selfish." And the rest agreed.

Once trained in the vacation habit, a mother will soon begin to plan for herself, until it becomes part of the household regimen. Sometimes she may choose a rest in the woods, with nothing at all to do, but don't force it upon her. No matter if she is tired, if her nature craves jollity and fun, the woods will not help her at all. Let her go to some resort. Again, she may love visiting. Don't discourage it just because she may have to help "with the work," for she will have such a good time and yet be relieved of so much responsibility that the bit of dish-washing or bed-making she may do won't hurt her a bit! A woman cannot be transplanted from a very busy



"Father takes a fishing trip"

life to absolute leisure and really enjoy herself. Possibly mother lives in the country and longs for a glimpse of city life. Let her go to New York if she chooses—there are cool spots, and she will appreciate home more when she returns. Above all, don't take a cottage at the shore or mountains and



"Son dives into pleasure"

expect her to do "the work"! It's worse than nothing at all, and mother will long over and over again for the convenience of her own kitchen. A vacation, after all, should consist in doing what one likes, but for which one never has opportunity. So no matter how queer the desire may seem to you, help Mother to find herself in choosing her own vacation.

Only too often a mother's life becomes warped through lack of money. When the boys and girls begin to earn, it is true that they pay board, but it is never what they would be charged by an outsider, and usually includes mending, pressing and a hundred and one little motherly things that one never notices till mother is gone. Dig down into your pockets, men and women; sacrifice that play, or some other pleasure occasionally, to secure a seamstress for mother to come weekly and do the mending and all those other things. A dollar a day will secure a woman, who will not only do that, but will "sew mother up!" Watch her face brighten, the wrinkles smooth out of her forehead; and listen as she tells you where she goes, and who she sees, now she has time! That will be a perpetual vacation, and in her face you will find your reward.

COME IN

WE ARE advocates of the open-door policy. This page is for you. It has no locked sections. It is for you to use, to criticize, to take and make subservive your ends. Come in!

Gladly do we welcome suggestions that are broad, and are made for the general betterment of the section. Come in! And when you wish to say something commendatory about it, follow the same method, and come in!

Next week Florence Willard, of the Washington Irving High School, New York, will speak to you about "Conquering Summer Pests." Do not fail to read it.

We are proud of our contributors. Here is a list of them:

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- MISS FLORENCE WILLARD, Chairman of Domestic Science Department, Washington Irving High School, New York.

Menus and Recipes for a Week From an Expert in Cookery

This Department will be in charge of a different instructor every month. The plan will give the housewife the benefit of wide and varied experience, and will present topics of interest, to all.

By Bertha Shapleigh
Teachers' College, Columbia University.

Lima Beans Baked With Peppers
SOAK overnight 1 cup of dried lima beans. In the morning drain, cover with boiling water and cook fifteen minutes. Again drain, put beans in a baking dish or a casserole, add 3 chopped red peppers or canned pimientos, 2 tablespoons of chopped onion, 1 tablespoon of olive oil and 1 clove of garlic chopped. Cover with boiling water and bake slowly for two hours.

Strawberry Sponge
Hull and wash 1 box of strawberries.

MONDAY BREAKFAST Baked Prunes Cooked Omelet and Cream Coffee	LUNCH Lima Beans Baked with Red Peppers Graham Bread and Butter Strawberries Tea	DINNER Cream of Spinach Soup Baked Ham Buttered Potatoes Corn and Green Peppers, Mexican Style Prune Whip
TUESDAY BREAKFAST Oranges Plain Omelet Graham Muffins Coffee	LUNCH Fruit Salad Peanut Butter Scones Cocoa	DINNER Casserole of Beef Spiced Rice Caramel Bread Pudding Coffee
WEDNESDAY BREAKFAST Steamed Eggs Cooked Omelet and Cream Buttered Bacon Coffee	LUNCH Cold Ham with Potato Salad Buttered Toast Cocoa	DINNER Cold Ham with Potato Salad Buttered Toast Cocoa

Sprinkle with 1 cup of sugar, and let stand half an hour. Squeeze through a cheesecloth; there should result 1 pint of juice. Add to this the juice of 1 lemon, more sugar to taste and a few grains of salt. Into this put 2 tablespoons of gelatin which has been soaked in 1/2 cup of cold water and dissolved in a little boiling water. Place in a cool place, and as soon as it begins to set beat in the stiffly beaten whites of 3 eggs and 1 cup of beaten cream. Mold and chill. Serve with stiffly beaten cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla. Garnish with whole strawberries.

Corn and Green Peppers, Mexican Style
Cook 2 tablespoons of chopped onion and 1 chopped green pepper in 1/4 cup of butter or bacon fat until yellow. Add 1 can or 1 pint green corn. Put into a buttered dish, cover with fat, breadcrumbs, and bake twenty minutes.

THURSDAY BREAKFAST Shirred Eggs Coffee Muffins	LUNCH Best, Lettuce and Mayonnaise Salad Iced Cocoa	DINNER Mashed Potatoes Strawberry Sponge Green Peas Omelet Coffee
FRIDAY BREAKFAST Muffins and Omelet Coddled Omelet Coffee	LUNCH Cold Ham with Potato Salad Buttered Toast Cocoa	DINNER Cold Ham with Potato Salad Buttered Toast Cocoa

Toasted Cheese Sandwiches
Cut bread as for any sandwich, and place between slices a thin slice of cheese. Season cheese with salt and cayenne. Toast until cheese is melted, holding bread together. These are very good with salads of any kind, where mayonnaise is not served.

Braised Liver With Bacon
For a 3-pound piece of liver have ready 1 onion cut in thin slices, 1/4 cup of carrot dice, 1/4 cup of bacon cubes, 1/2 cup of tomato, a bit of bay leaf, sprig of parsley, 1/4 teaspoon of whole peppers and a pinch of thyme. Place the liver on the bed of vegetables, lay thin slices of bacon over the top, cover and cook slowly one hour. Basting with bacon fat and water. Strain the liquor remaining in pan and serve with the liver. If the liquid is too thin, thicken with flour, using 1 tablespoon to each cupful.

DINNER Tomato Soup without Stock Toasted Onions Baked Stuffed Bluefish Fried Potatoes Lettuce Salad Toasted Potatoes Omelet Coffee	SATURDAY BREAKFAST Sliced Oranges Caramel Ham on Toast Coffee	LUNCH Scalloped Fish Reheated Rolls Tea
DINNER Gingerbread Omelet Cran Sauce Braised Calf's Liver and Bacon Sweet Potatoes Roasted Tomatoes Raspberry Shortcake Coffee	SUNDAY BREAKFAST Strawberries and Cream Uncooked Omelet Mince Liver on Toast Coffee	DINNER Chicken Soup with Rice New Potatoes with Parsley Sauce Green Peas Lettuce and Cucumber Salad Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Fruited Fruit Cream Coffee
SUPPER Chicken Salad Parker House Rolls Iced Tea		

FRUIT RECIPES

THE attractiveness of fruit dishes is equaled by the value of them in the everyday dietary. The wise housewife will never omit a fruit dish in her day's planning, for it contributes to the health of the eaters and to the important thing, variety in the day's menu.

Here are some unusual combinations that may be of use to you:

Orange Salad
Peel 5 oranges and divide them into slices without breaking the pulp. Then lay the prepared slices in a glass salad bowl. Stone 1/2 pound of muscatel raisins and mix with them 2 ounces of soft sugar and 4 tablespoonfuls of brandy, and when thus prepared mingle them with the oranges.

Squeeze the juice from another orange over the whole. If the flavor is liked, a little powdered spice may be added with advantage.

Stuffed Fruits
Make a marzipan mixture as follows: Mix together 2 ounces of icing sugar, 2 ounces of soft sugar and 4 tablespoonfuls of ground almonds; add the juice of 1/2 lemon and a few drops each of vanilla, ratanhia and orange-flower water. Knead the mixture and divide into as many parts as you wish for colors—e. g., red, pink, green, white.