

THE PERFECT HOUSEKEEPER

By JANE OSBORN

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Three times within the two blocks that Doctor Andover had walked down College street from his house had he been greeted with the smiling congratulations of some neighbor or other. If he had not already been sure of his blessing in having secured the services of Mrs. Hildegarde Taylor as housekeeper he could not but have been after these felicitations.

"She is such a perfect housekeeper," Professor Ogden's wife had cooed. "Up to the day he died old Mr. Morgan had her tea biscuits every day of his life. He couldn't get along without them—and such pies!"

"Yes, indeed," agreed Doctor Andover, somewhat embarrassed but duly grateful to providence for having showered such abundant blessings on his shoulders.

"And she's so economical, too," Mrs. Partridge had said after offering the young bachelor president of the college her felicitations over the advent of Mrs. Taylor in his home. "No cause for your complaining now over the high cost of living."

"No, indeed," smiled Doctor Andover and, as he neared the corner where dwelt old Doctor Forbes, dean of his faculty, the fragrance of juicy beefsteak broiling in the Forbes kitchen came to him. He had had supper that night from tea biscuits, tea, sardines in jelly and prune whip. That as nearly as he could remember was all there had been to it.

Helen Forbes, not extraordinarily young or extraordinarily slender, but radiant and magnetic, only daughter and housewife for Doctor Forbes, opened the door for the young professor. The rest of the college town had got used to Helen. Of course, she was quite a beauty—but, then, she was only Helen Forbes.

Nice girl, too, and a few years before freshmen every year had gone quite silly over her; but she was a little too old for students now. But Doctor Andover had not quite got used to the radiance of her, and there were times when he would have more eagerly gone to spend an evening with old Doctor Forbes in discussing college plans and policies had it not been for Helen. She was a little disturbing. She didn't quite seem to belong to the little old college town.

On this occasion, however, it was necessary that he consult with Doctor Forbes. The tempting aroma of beefsteak grew even more tempting as Helen Forbes opened the door for him.

An apron protected her light summer frock, and she led Doctor Andover rather breezily into the dining room. "We are having dinner late," she said. "Dad's been working on examination books and didn't want to be disturbed until seven. Now, it's planked steak supper. Dad's so fond of it. You don't mind coming right out, do you? And perhaps we can tempt you to have some."

Doctor Forbes had appeared and Helen had disappeared, to return presently with the plank on which was laid the smoking steak with the tempting border of mashed potatoes and various vegetables.

"We must congratulate you," said Helen, as she laid the plank on the rather informally set table. "I don't suppose anyone can tempt you to meals, now that you have got the wonderful Mrs. Taylor. You certainly were lucky in these days, to get a perfect housekeeper like that. And you know she was with old Mr. Morgan twenty years—stayed till he died—and she was saying today that she expected to do the same for you."

"Why, that's very kind, I'm sure." It was then that there loomed before Doctor Andover an image of Mrs. Hildegarde Taylor, with her thin-lipped and rather acid smile, as she sat behind the coffee things at breakfast and the tea things at supper, for she was one of those housekeepers who never fail to take their places at meals with their employers.

She had sat like that before Mr. Morgan twenty years, and then he had died. How would it be to see that face for twenty years? Her coffee was clear and doubtless good, but she was sparing of the coffee, and she regarded cream as an extravagance.

Doctor Andover was wondering whether he would have to drink coffee every morning for twenty years, just like that, or whether he would have courage to ask to have it stronger—and with cream.

"She really is wonderful," Helen Forbes was going on. "I only wish I could manage the way she does. I don't suppose you could be tempted to take a little of this planked steak?" She had put quite a generous piece on the warmed plate and was passing it to him.

"But, daughter," suggested Doctor Forbes, kindly. "If Doctor Andover has had dinner, it will only be doing him an unkindness in forcing more upon him."

But Doctor Andover mumbled something about "rather light supper," and for the next few minutes joined the Forbes household in the delectable task of eating a perfectly broiled planked steak.

After that, though it was sometimes a little difficult for Doctor Andover to walk right up to the front door of the Forbes house when he knew he would be met there by the disconcerting Helen Forbes, it was even more difficult

to stay away. Sometimes he would definitely decide not to call. His own evening repast was early and this seemed to add to the desirability of a short after-dinner walk down College street.

But despite his decision not to stop at the Forbes house, he would stop. Sometimes he was tempted even further by the tantalizing aroma of dinner, buckleberry pie or roasted lamb or fresh aromatic coffee. Mrs. Taylor's coffee could never be smelled that way when it cooked. Doctor Andover remembered that she had once told him that the way she made it she kept all the flavor in the coffee pot and that was what made it taste so good.

It was the test of good coffee, she said, not having the smell of it escape from the pot. But Helen Forbes' coffee always smelled all the way round to the front of the house, and to Doctor Andover it was perfection in the cup.

So it happened that quite often, without exactly intending to do so, the young college president shared some of the good things that Helen had prepared for her father's dinner and always when he did there was the evidence of the greatest pleasure on the part of the hospitable old professor, who, though he may have worn his coats until they were shabby, certainly did not curtail himself on the good things of the table.

"Of course, though," said Helen once when Doctor Andover had come out with an enthusiastic bit of praise of her cookery. "If I were a perfect housekeeper like your Mrs. Taylor I could set a better table on much less money. She must be quite remarkable. Why, just today she was telling us at the missionary society that she can make a pound of coffee go two weeks and the meat bills aren't \$3 a week." Of course, she said she couldn't manage that way unless she felt a real interest in you. You really were mighty lucky to get her. Really, it was quite amusing.

"Professor Partridge's wife told Mrs. Taylor that if you never married it would be her fault, and then Mrs. Taylor said that at any rate you'd never marry for a good home and a good housekeeper. I thought that was so sweet of her—"

"Yes, I am sure it was," weakly rejoined Doctor Andover. He recalled then that he had fried cornmeal for supper, although he had begged the perfect housekeeper to omit cornmeal if anyway, he said, but he didn't say what he felt, that he had been commended to death since her arrival.

Of course it was because of the economy in using cornmeal that she persisted, and Doctor Andover did eat it because he had a healthy young appetite and he had to eat something.

"But, then," continued Doctor Andover, "a man doesn't marry for a home or for a good cook. If the woman he loves happens to be a good housekeeper and all that sort of thing it is just an added blessing, I suppose."

Doctor Andover was preoccupied after that. He tried to discuss the new system of student grading with Dean Forbes, but his thoughts did not seem to collect. At a quarter to nine he rose to leave. Nine was the dean's habitual bedtime.

He bade the dean good night rather hurriedly, and then as he turned to Helen he looked very intently at her, so intently that the radiant Helen dropped her eyes. "I'm coming back at half past nine. See me alone on the veranda."

It was a rather chilly spring night to be phylandering on verandas, but there was a soft, radiant moon and Helen had swathed herself in a soft woolen scarf and was waiting when Doctor Andover returned.

"I want to talk to you—down here in the garden," he said, ascending only one step of the veranda, and Helen slowly went down to meet him.

"It's about marrying you that I want to talk, Helen," he said when they had reached the dark shelter of an old lilac hedge. "You have always been the kind of woman I'd want—a real woman, magnificent and radiant and beautiful. It's the kind of woman I've always dreamed about. But, hang it all, I don't want you to think I'm asking you because you are such a wonderful cook and housekeeper. I'd feel such a contemptible blackguard to marry a woman for a housekeeper. You know it is you, Helen, that I want? I've feared there wasn't a chance you'd have me."

It's funny how gossip goes in a little college town like that. A week later when Helen and Doctor Andover's engagement was announced there wasn't a professor's wife in town but had known it for weeks.

Helen, they said, had always been setting her cap for the new president. For a time they said it seemed as if he might have preferred Mrs. Hildegarde Taylor, in spite of the slight difference in age. And it was such a pity he didn't, for Mrs. Taylor was such a good cook—such a perfect housekeeper.

Not His.

One day as I was out in the back yard I noticed my neighbor's washing hanging so low on the line that it was dragging on the muddy ground beneath. Just as I was debating whether I should go and tell the landlady or telephone her the man of the house came out of the back door and hurried through the yard. As he reached the gate I called to him: "Hey, your clothes are dragging in the mud!" He started, blushed a rosy red, glanced down toward his feet, and then blurted out: "Wh—wh—what do you mean?" —Exchange.

TWO EXTREMES IN ATTRACTIVE SUITS



FROM the very plain tailored suits of wool to the handsomely embroidered sport suit of silk is quite a "far piece," but the interval is filled with suits that gradually progress from the plain model to its smart rival. Street clothes nowadays have a considerable flavor of sports styles, although there remains, and probably always will remain, the trim, strictly tailored, business-like utility suit that holds the allegiance of American women. This they must have, others they may have, and, if circumstances allow, several in varying styles they do have. One of them will be as simple and, we hope, as well tailored as the mannish sport picture, another as definitely a sports style as the suit at the right, and others formal or sportish.

Blue serge, it almost goes without saying, is used for the first suit. Its plain skirt has a little flare and is made with box plaits down the front and back. It doesn't take long to describe this very simple affair but it is worth while adding that it is perfectly fitted and tailored.

The clever and unusual coat has slashes at each side in its skirt round-

ed at the bottom and it is bound with braid. A group of three tucks or cords, stitched in the material and running parallel with the edge of the coat reveals a difficult piece of work done with precision. A panel at the back is simulated by a fold or cord stitched in the material that extends downward from the shoulders and terminates in a rounded end. There are plain coat sleeves and a small collar.

A heavy fiber silk makes the sport dress and a square-necked one-piece dress takes the place of a blouse and skirt to be worn under the coat. The bodice is extended to form a short yoke for the skirt, which is stitched on to it. In this suit it is the skirt that claims most attention for it is heavily embroidered in wool yarn. In the sweater coat a narrow shawl collar diminishes in width on its downward way to the hem, where it terminates. The very wide hem turns up on the right side providing place for deep pockets and the coat has no decoration other than four pearl buttons that finish off the long sleeves. The narrow belt is made of the goods.

Blouses Ready for Summer



THERE are so many delightfully pretty and chic blouses, made ready for summer time, that it is not easy to choose among them. About the most noticeable thing in many of the new ones, is their front fastening, or occasional back fastening, negotiated with very obvious buttons and buttonholes. After following devious ways, leading to concealed buttons or snaps and leaving us to guess how they were got into, they have come back to a matter of fact mood and simply button up as in days of old. But there are still plenty of slip-overs and other styles with concealed fastenings.

Beginning at the beginning of blouse styles we have the plain tailored models in linen, wash silk or satin, crepe-de-chine and other suitable fabrics, followed by many blouses of sheer cottons with voile and batiste at the head of this dainty company. Made up with handsome laces and fine needlework, these may reach any degree of elegance. Finally there comes the georgette blouse—the flower of the flock—and apparently the greatest favorite.

A blouse and a short smock, both of dark-colored georgette among those ready for summer, are pictured here. In the blouse a piping of narrow satin is used to finish the edges. This model is provided with link buttons, sat-in-covered and joined by a small silk cord. Two colors in silk are used for the embroidery that embellishes it and

it is made with the narrow shoulder yoke which is generally becoming.

Smocks have grown shorter and shorter until the model pictured may be classed among those that are moderately long. Except for being short this is a true smock, hanging straight from the shoulders and with long sleeves that flare. Its belt of georgette is tacked to the body of the smock at intervals to insure a neat adjustment at the back and sides. Embroidery done in French knots, outline and other stitches employs several colors. The selection of color for blouse or smock and in the embroidery silk, is a matter of individual taste and gives the capable needlewoman a chance to have something exclusively her own.

Julia Bottomly

Hat That Should Please.

In some form, everyone may wear the rounded or pouched crown and brim hat that turns upward at side, back or front, with flowers massed on the upturned under brim.

Long Black Silk Gloves.

Long black silk gloves are shown to be worn with thin-sleeved black gowns.

SQUARE SIX-ROOM HOUSE OF STUCCO

Handsome Home for a Family of Medium Size.

INTERIOR WELL ARRANGED

Exterior Presents Exceptionally Fine Appearance—Design Presents Dwelling That Will Not Cost Excessive Sum.

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD.

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1837 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

During the last few years one idea about home building has been radically changed. That idea is regarding the size of the house. There was a time not so many years ago when practically every one who built a house had in it a number of "spare" rooms. There was a parlor on the first floor that was seldom used unless there was company. A "spare" bedroom, or two, usually was incorporated into the plan for the second floor. Now there are practically no "spare" rooms, while in the cities many homes and nearly all apartments are constructed so that one or two rooms do double duty—are used daytimes as a living room or a dining room and by the use of concealed beds become bedrooms at night.

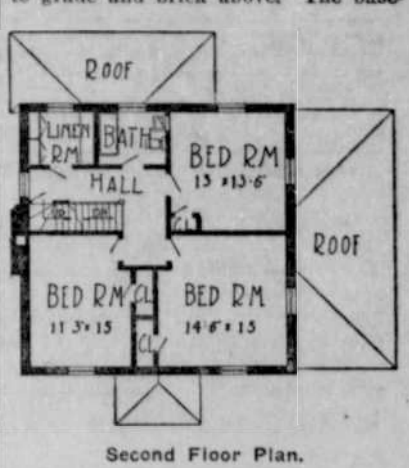
A home that contains sufficient room for a medium-sized family is the six-room square bungalow, shown in the accompanying illustration. This house contains three good-sized bedrooms on the second floor, so that a family of four adults easily can be accommodated, and by "doubling up" there is room for a guest or two to stay over night. At the same time this home is small, being only 31 feet square. At the present cost of building more room or a larger house than the needs of the family require is sheer waste of money, and considerable of it.

In exterior appearance this home, with the outside walls treated as they are, and with the large porch, presents an exceptionally fine appearance. The building is either of frame, brick or hollow clay building tile construction, with the exterior walls cov-

erred with stucco. One of the side walls is paneled by the use of a square lattice work, but it is not good policy to plant vines to cover the trellis, because vines discolor the stucco. However, the lattice work takes away the plainness of the wall. The colonial porch, at the side, with settees on either side is a good exterior feature, while the brick floors to the porches add another attractive touch.

How the six rooms are arranged and the size of each one are shown by the floor plan that accompanies the exterior view of the house. A living room of exceptionally large size, 15

what a home of a certain size or style will cost in their immediate localities, and by consulting them the prospective builder will get reliable figures.

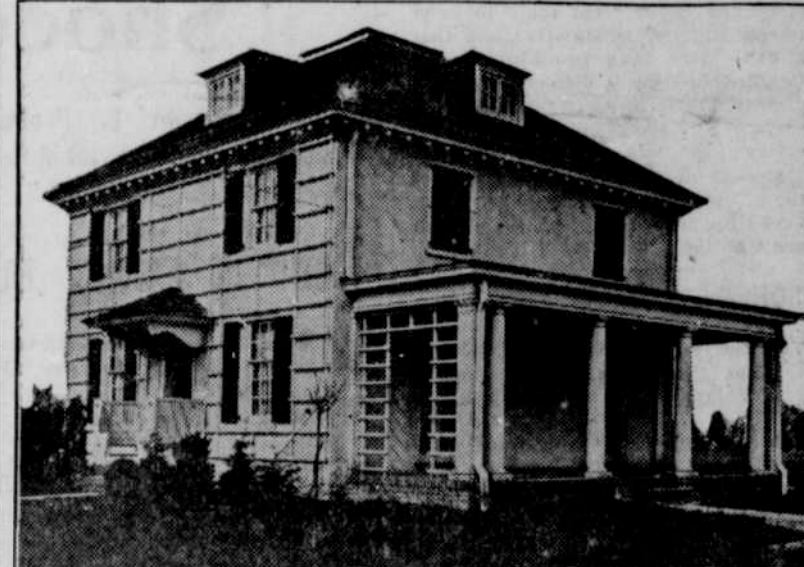


Second Floor Plan.

ment excavation is under the whole of the house proper and is finished with a cement floor. The basement should be divided into rooms; one for the heating plant, one for fuel storage and one for food storage, leaving room for the storage of lawn and garden tools and other things that usually are kept in the basement.

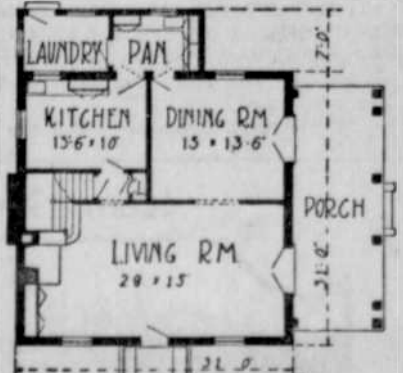
Taken both from the standpoint of exterior beauty and convenient and commodious interior, this home building design is excellent and will provide a dwelling for the average family that will not cost an excessive sum.

Whenever those who have in mind the erection of a home see a home building design that appeals to them, one of their first thoughts is "what will it cost?" Building costs are difficult to estimate with any degree of accuracy, because so many factors enter into them. There is the question of shortage or abundance of the skilled labor required to build a home; there is the great variance of freight rates on the materials, and the location of the building site in relation to the source of material supply and labor. For those reasons it never is safe to say what a home of a certain design will cost. But it is an easy matter to secure estimates of cost. The local architect, the contractors who will be asked to bid on the building and the material dealers all can give a pretty good estimate of



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First Floor Plan.

by 29 feet, extends across the house. An open fireplace at one end, with a built-in bookcase at the side and the open stair running to the second floor are good features of the living room. Connected by a double cased opening is the dining room off one end of the living room. The dining room is a cheery room, being on the corner and having a double French door leading to the open porch. The kitchen adjoins the dining room and can be reached either from the living or dining room. This room is of good size, 13 feet 6 inches by 10 feet. Adjoining it are pantry and laundry. This location for a laundry is good, as it is

Answer Business Letters Promptly.

Even though you are not a business person yourself business letters should be written with the utmost promptness—if not the day of their receipt, then the day after. For instance, if you receive a letter from a stranger regarding the reliability of a servant in your employ, you should answer at once. If you receive a letter from a business concern concerning some confusion in your account, that, too, should be written at once. The only person who can afford to neglect answering business letters is the person who has a business manager to attend to such matters for him.

Butter Once Used as Ointment.

Butter was used locally in the earliest periods for which records exist, as it was believed to be the best possible ointment for the skin, and in some parts of southern Europe it is not yet used as a food. Olive oil, used as a lubricant for bread in the old days, still is used by many there in the place of butter. In the early days butter also was used in lamps.