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My First Flight in the Pursuit of Beauty

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Who Waits on Your Table?
By BETH BAILEY, Associate Professor of Home Economics

I\'S THE MOTHER of your family the hostess or is she a waitress for the rest of the family?
How often one finds the mother jumping up from the table countless times during the meal to get this or that, while a daughter or son sits, willing to be waited on.
This is altogether the wrong state of affairs. Most mothers in their desire to help the home, serve rather than of serving. A boy or girl of 12 should be taught to feel that the mother is the most honored person in the home. It should be a joy to help her and to save her steps.

True it is, that many a mother will perform a task herself rather than wait for the slower and more clumsy movements of a child. but see what the result is. As the boy or girl grows older, the willingness to be waited on grows. The child is out of what everything is ready for the meal. She has never been taught to be thankful for the needs of her mother. The natural desire of the girl or boy has been killed by a busy mothers\' household.

In one family in which there is a girl 18, and two boys, 16 and 12, the mother never sits thru a meal. She casually jumps up to replenish the bread and see that flowers or a plant to brighten the room are in place. First of all, a serving table is a necessity. It is almost impossible to set a table properly when the table is cluttered on every side with things to be replenished. One little girl of 12 can help set the table and with the mother at her place pouring the coffee or serving the cereal. Plan to have the food served at the table so that there is little or no service necessary.

Then for dinner at noon—when that young lady of 12 or so comes home, it is not too much to expect her to take charge of the final preparation of the table. There is the water to pour, the plates to place, etc. How often a mother says she won\'t ask her daughter to help because "she can\'t do it so well as I can."

True it is, and only during this period of development and habit formation comes this opportunity for character building.

Dinner is ready and the family is seated. A big spoon is missing and father speaks to the daughter, not to the mother.

When it is time to remove the plates, the mother may help to clean up. She can do it. She removes the dishes as nicely as an adult. At times her mother helps with some final preparation of dessert, but for the most part, her mother is in the kitchen. Her mother is tired, she has prepared the food. During the meal, Dorothy is never willing to allow her mother to get up to wait on her. It is no wonder that in this household the younger children also feel the spirit of helpfulness. To help mother—not to be waited on by mother—is the spirit of self-sacrifice.

Now let\'s see. How shall we start?
At breakfast we will have the whole family up and dressed—ready to start the day right by a happy meal together. Of course at times some of the family must have an unusually early breakfast, but as a rule, breakfast should be a family meal, not a snatching, gulping sort of process, where, in the rush to be off, no one speaks or smiles. Breakfast must be a simple service—meal but even here the girl or boy can see that the table is complete and, if, in the course of the meal, a cup or spoon is lacking, let the child leave the table to get it. It is wrong for the mother to stay in the kitchen to bake griddle cakes while the family eats. At no other meal is she so needed to keep the right spirit at the table. Start the day right with a happy breakfast. One is apt to arise with a frown and to hurry off school to work with the same frown. So let\'s say—begin the day with a breakfast with the entire family present and with the mother at her place pouring the coffee or serving the cereal. Plan to have the food served at the table so that there is little or no service necessary.

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That is the little lady shows a desire to help prepare the meal, the mother should be careful of criticism and should realize that a little patience now will result later in a helpful, capable daughter.

The evening meal is often of the type that is so simply prepared that the daughter can be of great help. Many a girl of 12 or 13 takes delight in getting supper ready as a surprise. If the muffins are too light or the tea is too strong, it is no great consequence. It only means that the mother must be more explicit the next time she makes muffins and must help correct these errors. Too often a mother tries to teach a daughter to make muffins by saying "get me the milk, now get me the baking powder, now grease the pans"—then wonders why the little girl doesn\'t succeed with muffins when she tries to make them alone.

A boy can be of great help in table service, too. It is not a "sissy" job to help in this way. Boy scouts are made to feel the joy of relieving mother of some of her many tasks. Any child of 12 or over has a right to the pleasure derived from this kind of service. It is at this age that children are trained to be thankful or are allowed to grow up to be thoughtless.

Let each family aim to have the mother the honored guest at the table. The man is at the table. She can not direct the conversation or maintain the right atmosphere if she is not in her place. Let boys and girls grow up with this ideal. Let the hours spent at family meals be happy hours.

My First Flight in the Pursuit of Beauty
By EDA LORD MURPHY, Associate Professor of Home Economics

FOR YEARS I\'VE heard my friends talk about having "a face." I\'ve known vaguely that whatever it was it gave them no end of satisfaction; and I could see for myself that the immediate results were noticeable to the naked eye.
I confess it became rather a matter of pride with me not to have the beauty parlor habit. It was false pride and a mistaken sense of security. It was the bliss of ignorance. However, I resisted the lure of the beauty shop until yesterday.

The day was hot and so was I. I ran quickly to the telephone and made a date at the earliest possible moment with her who guarantees to make us young and beautiful. She is the personification of her art. She is plump and pink and pretty. There are no creases and crow\'s feet to mar her good looks. She wouldn\'t tolerate them. She\'d say she couldn\'t afford to. "Gawd knows I can\'t!"

And so it came about that I lay swathed in an enveloping white garment at a comfortable angle in the operating chair.

Her finger tips were dipping deeply into soft, white, faintly scented face cream and they were slipping smoothly over the curves of my face. Suddenly I was vainglorious (except the tip of my nose). I had completely disappeared behind a thick, hot towel. Presently I emerged for a moment, only to disappear behind a thick, cold towel. My poor face didn\'t know what to make of it. The busy little muscles that make
my expression were simply worn out jumping from hot to cold and gave up in despair. "In perfect relaxation" she murmured from behind.

I was about to drop off to sleep when I heard a whirr and a buzz and felt the velvet touch of a vibrator on my cheek. The tickling thing crept and crawled jiggled and joggled, while I tried not to squirm. It ventured farther and farther. It explored regions as yet inviolate. To my great joy, at last, she turned off the switch, but only for a moment. Horror of horrors! A light suddenly glared at me. All the lights—indigo, indigo, and X, were revealing what the years—the cruel years—had done to me. This was accompanied by low voiced instruction as to what I should have done; how, if I had been less dull, I might have preserved the freshness that, presumably, I had in my youth.

I was prostrate.

Then, just as it had all seemed hopeless, life began to take on the sweet odors of violets and gardenias. Tiny little brushes smoothed my brows; slender little pencils touched my willing lips; pleasant lambs wool left the bloom of youth in just the right spots.

I ventured to look. Could that person in the mirror be me? Twice the price would have been nothing as reward for this result. Apple blossoms, peaches and cream, a skin you love to touch—that's me at last!

A New Cure for the "Run-Down" Housewife

The Rearrangement of the Kitchen and Its Equipment

By CARRIE PLUNKETT

T ANLAC, vegetable bitters, herbs of iron and other concoctions offered as remedies for backaches, strained shoulders, tired feet or whatever ails the "run down" housewife, has a new competitor in the field—the rearrangement of the kitchen and its equipment. Many steps are taken needlessly every day and many backs are weary at night, because of poorly arranged and inefficient kitchens. If you find yourself tired before your Saturday baking is over, look around your kitchen and see whether you have been carrying your cakes and cookies from the cabinet shelf clear across the room to the oven or if you have had the oven brought across the room to the oven or if you have had your Saturday baking is over, look

A very satisfactory wood trim for the kitchen is one of oak or hard maple, with a waxed finish. For the walls a smooth paint, makes a finish which can be wiped clean with a darning-egg cloth.

Linoiuim of a good quality, properly fitted to the room, has probably more points in its favor than any other covering or treatment for a kitchen floor. It is durable; easily cleaned and is easy to walk or stand on.

Artificial lights, one each for the stove, sink and work table might just as well be placed low enough to throw good light on the working surfaces as to be fastened up against the ceiling.

If built-in cupboards are to be had, a dust trap can be avoided by extending them from the floor to the ceiling. Shelves should be placed only at right heights for the worker to reach with comfort.

A sink of ample size with two drain boards is best located near a window (for good light) and near the cupboard where the dishes are to be kept. If the stove is located near the sink, a more compact working surface will lessen the number of needless steps.

A built-in refrigerator arranged for when the kitchen is planned, with an opening in the back, and a corresponding hole in the house wall will abolish the nuisance of the ice man's tracks on the freshly scrubbed floor.

The housewife who has her kitchen already built must, of course, take it as it is and arrange her equipment to save labor and time. In the arrangement of the equipment it is wise to consider just what pieces are most used in connection with each other. In short consideration of one's own problems will show that ordinarily, work in the kitchen naturally divides itself into processes: first, preparing and serving the meals, and second, clearing away the left over food and dishes. Large equipment for each process grouped together into compact working surfaces makes fewer steps. In preparing, cooking and serving the meal, the pantry, ice box, table or kitchen cabinet, stove and serving table are used. The second process brings into use trays, serving table, sink, drain, dish closet, pantry and ice box. Diagrams 1 and 2 show good and poor arrangement of kitchen equipment. Diagram 1 shows the equipment arranged in such a way as to make a straight route from refrigerator to the dining room possible in the preparation of a meal. For the clearing away process the equipment is grouped to make necessary the fewest possible number of steps. When such an arrangement as it shown in diagram 2 is used, about one-third more walking is made necessary, due to the fact that no consideration is made for consecutive use of equipment.

Another important point, often overlooked, is that of grouping the small equipment or utensils near the places where they are to be used. It seems so easy at dish washing time to dump every thing into one drawer, but it is not so easy to find each piece out again when it is needed—sometimes needed quickly. It is convenient to have near the table or cabinet a can opener, cleaver, egg beater, scissors, rolling pin, bread knife, spatula, paring knife, measuring spoons.