"La Chambre D'Ami" in An Iowa Home

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In many cases it is more economical to buy the larger sized cans. Figuring on the basis of the cost per can, the larger can may be cheaper although the initial cost is more. For example a small 6 ounce can of milk sells for 8 cents, while the tall, or 16 ounce can, sells for 15 cents. Figuring the cost per ounce, the milk in the tall can sells for one-fourth of a cent less per ounce than the milk in the small can. By purchasing one tall can of milk for 16 cents the purchaser will have a clear gain of 4 ounces of milk or two-thirds the contents of the small can. Numbering the servings which can be obtained for any given sized can if one has some idea of the number of slices or stalks contained in the can. The housewife can obtain this data if she will take a moment to note the number on the can and the number of pieces in every can which is opened. It is convenient to know that a number 2 can of pineapple usually contains 8 slices, and a number 2½ can of apricots contains about twenty-five halves. The number of pieces or stalks will naturally vary with the different sizes and grades. For example, in a number 2½ square can of asparagus there are usually 20 stalks, mammoth size, 30 stalks large size, 40 stalks medium size or 50 stalks small size. If the can contains tips instead of stalks the count will run about one-third more for each size.

A general knowledge of what is in a can will result in an actual saving in dollars and cents. Moreover, the satisfaction which will come with the ability to order canned goods so that you will get what you want, will be a liberal reward for the time spent.

**The Iowa Homemaker**

**La Chambre D'Ami** in an Iowa Home

By EDA LORD MURPHY, Associate Professor of Home Economics

This phrase, which the French use to indicate the guest room, implies a number of things not included in our matter-of-fact English. It seems to imply that a room has been especially prepared for one's friend the guest; prepared, with loving care and thought.

One thinks of the times in the average home, when this preparation has been made with characteristic American rush and hurry. While brother goes to the station to meet the visitor (and drives home by the longest route according to orders) mother and daughter run to the room that can most quickly be transformed into "the guest room." By removing father's dress suit, mother's best gown, sister's party dress and summer hats, and by dumping the contents of the top bureau drawer into a sheet, the room can be made at least presentable. Some one runs to the bathroom to gather an armful of crumpled towels and hang up a few fresh ones and the average hostess in the average home feels fairly virtuous and proud of her quick service.

This is to be the true story of a guest room—not in France, not even in Wisconsin—but right here, in our own Iowa. It is the story of the kind of guest room that might be found in any of our homes if only we had the same ideas of hospitality.

It is quite impossible to separate the story of the guest room from its owner—the hostess. For she considers the guest room one of the means to the great end of making her friend welcome and happy. To be sure it is only one of the means, for if possible she meets the train, even if it arrives late at night as trains with guests sometimes do, mother's best gown, sister's party dress and summer hats, and by dumping the contents of the top bureau drawer into a sheet, the room can be made at least presentable. Some one runs to the bathroom to gather an armful of crumpled towels and hang up a few fresh ones and the average hostess in the average home feels fairly virtuous and proud of her quick service.

This is the technique of the procedure which is so artfully done, the down quilt adjusted, and the covers turned down. (Oh luxury of luxuries. How often have I done it myself and pretended later that Nannette, a mythical maid, had given me this subtle attention?) After tiptoeing in to see the sleeping cherubs, there are "good nights," many platitudes about "so glad to have you" and "so glad to be here" and the guest is left alone. She goes to the closet to find her poor coat a hook and when she gets there the closet is bare, except for hangers and a comfy kimono and slippers!

The adjoining bathroom is found to be remarkable only for the fact that it contains a bathmat (costing a dollar perhaps, but a luxury never-the-less). There are assorted towels, smooth or rough, large or small. In the medicine case there are small, new bottles of lotions, new jars of creams, small packages of toothpastes and powders, tooth brushes, dental floss, a scrubbing brush and soaps of all kinds. It was like the entrance to a doll's beauty parlor and inspires one to use fingernail tips and the rotary motion.

They say that Bishops, dear itinerants, know better than anyone else the horror of "spare bedrooms" and that housekeepers ought to be required to sleep in the guest room bed once a year, at least. It can't be said of all of them that they are smooth and flat and soft and that the covers are both warm and light, and snowy white. Nor is there always a bedside table with low, shaded light and a new magazine.

The bureau proved to hold no less an interesting collection of comforts than the medicine cabinet. There were pins, white, black, colored, safety and invisible, powder, perfume (of an obviously exquisite sort) toilet paper, and all the things one plans to have in her week end bag. But more touching than any of the pins and perfumes was the fact that the bureau drawers were empty. This really seemed to prove that the host had been looking forward to a real visit and that the guest might unpack and settle down comfortably.

These articles, discovered one by one, inspired letters. Imagine the sensation of finding more forethought in the concrete. There were new pens, sharp pen-
It was natural, to speak of the perfection of the appointments of that guest room. There were beams of satisfaction principally on the countenance of the husband. (It is just like a man to think of all those tiny details!) And there were explanations by the hostess that she had determined, in her youth, to have all the comforts of home in every corner of her house.

It was so largely a question of brains mixed with friendship that it seemed eminently desirable and worthy of imitation.

"Looking In" on Home Economics at Iowa State

By AN ALUMNA

A TYPICAL campus breeze carried me up the path from the car line and around the corner of Agricultural Hall, swirled sidewise for a moment to dash some withered leaves from a clambering vine and left on the white stone wall a sheer network of slender brown branches splashed with tiny scarlet tipped leaves.

I clutched at my hat.

Two years of absence from the campus had not dimmed my very sincere respect for that breeze. It had carried me to more than one eight o'clock years ago, and more than once did my determination and its direction had not been parallel, it had left me breathless and tardy outside the door of the Home Economics building. In fact, we used to say that, if on a very windy day our class building lay in direction of the wind, all we needed to do to get there quickly was to let go our grip on the campus sod, and then, of course, we had to clout on something stationary to stop ourselves when we arrived.

The Campanile striking one o'clock roused me from my reverie. Just then a crowd of girls with a long low-heeled, wide-toed stride swung by me and went around the corner of Agricultural Engineering building. Another group wearing short skirts and white sweaters and carrying golf balls came toward me from Margaret Hall. I felt, for the moment, that with the old mother Home Economics there had been an occasional corner to spare.

"If the physical training department increases every year as it has the last two years," an instructor told me laughing when I stopped in the gymnasium for a look around, "we'll have to offer more out of door sports for there won't be room for them here. Instead of there being the usual number of about twenty, there are eighty girls in this dancing class." she continued nodding at the rows and rows of girls in clinging costumes of pastel shades of rose and brown and green who were "grand bating-"ing on the floor just then, under the direction of Mrs. Gaessler. Then she told me that two classes were being offered this year in heavy apparatus and that 40 girls were enrolled in the largest class. Two years ago there had been only one class and only about 30 in that one.

Miss Tilden told me later about the forming of the new department of hygiene in the physical training department this year and how the freshman girls were being given a medical examination by hospital physicians and nurses besides the usual physical examination. "Yes," said a little freshman girl who had been talking with us at the time, "When we freshmen girls get to taking sewing we aren't going to have the double fainting spells that the girls have in that class now."

"Double fainting spells?" I asked curiously.

"Yes," she laughed. "The seniors are making dress forms in that class and they say they almost faint twice while they are making them—once when they stand and have them fitted, (bad standing posture) and again when they see the finished duplicates of themselves (crooked spines and flat chests)" she finished and we all joined in the laugh which followed.

A glimpse into the locker room showed me a bedlam of flying towels, bathing caps, dripping hair and hustling girls. Two years ago I had dressed for class calmly and leisurely with a whole locker and a dressing room to myself. But now with three girls taking clothes from one locker, and not half enough dressing...