

"FEMININE SLACKER" MUST WAKE TO WAR NEED HERE AS ELSEWHERE, SAYS MRS. FORBES

Appropos of all this talk on thrift, Red Cross, gardening, etc., there is a state of affairs here which often gives me a "laugh in my sleeve". I have lived in Honolulu so long as to be considered a kamaaina, and while I may be a bit old fashioned in my views, it is due to my upbringing not my "generation" or "years", and I have my attention to wound the feelings of any of the ladies, but early found, on residence here, that a woman who does her own housework loses "caste". So for the sake of sparing my friends (not that I personally care), I do not relate on the lanai of the Country Club or while at tea at the Lanikai, that while I have been to high school and college, combining the classics and music with domestic science, as well as a complete commercial course, including business law, I can still recollect many a time, when with a tin can and a stick I have helped Dad "bug" the taters in our own garden back in the states, and that my own mother taught me how to cook.

There is many a woman in Honolulu whose sole personal knowledge of a maid and a cook, before her advent hither, was gleaned from a "yellow back" or observation of some more fortunate neighbors, but who has now become so fastidious (?) that the mere mention of a former servants state is the most unpardonable "faux pas."

To Many Feminine Slackers

This phase of affairs has little to do with the present price of foodstuffs, but it has a great deal to do with the practise of the thrift which is now being urged upon us, especially when, as in many times the case, it has gone hand in hand with the other sure destroyer of the home, i. e., living beyond our means. I am not anarchistic in my views, nor do I decry luxury and comfort and bodily ease, when it can be afforded, but one thing is obvious, the feminine slacker we have with us in numbers too great to be ignored. It is the belief of great many people also (who discuss privately but are afraid to express publicly their opinions) that the root of the evil of high living, waste, and extravagance which prevails in these islands, exists in the facts set forth in the foregoing paragraph.

Drop Pretense!

If we women expect to really help in this measure that is advocated, it is time to drop pretense and artificiality, spend less time at "Tea Danants" and the Outing Club, and let our men-folks a little of the service our mothers and grandmothers used to render; that is, as consistently as we can with the enormous strides towards ease that modern conveniences and utilities have rendered us. In-trospection, and a *piece* to face private examination of our faults of omission as well as of commission, would have an enlightening effect. Let us give all our "light" for food commissioners, but it is up to the women to acquaint them with the conditions they must make laws to amend. Let us not only roll bandages and plant a few garden seeds for our yard men to

tend, but let us get behind conservation and if we don't honestly know how to be housekeepers, let us not be ashamed to learn and practise it; and if we do, let us stop whining and deprecatingly announcing that "we are bringing out just now, as the cook's cousin is sick," etc., etc. Roll up your sleeves, and get a meal that would make "mother" turn green with envy.

The dollar we save has 100 cents in it, the same as the one Hubby or Father earns, but that same 100 cents buys less and less from month to month. There are few places in the world where women take better care of themselves and give less personal attention to their children and homes, yet "No genuine observer can decide otherwise than that the homes of a nation are the bulwarks of personal and national safety and thrift."

Time for Women to Help

Now is the time for women to help in the fight for a square deal, first by acquainting themselves with economic facts, and secondly by passing that knowledge on to less fortunate sisters who have neither leisure nor ability to conserve or utilize to the best ends.

Being an economist as well as a housewife, it has not taken this war declaration to incite me to "keep my lamps trimmed and burning," in order that I might better read the figures on our monthly bills. Going to market has always been one of my combined art and pleasures. Recently, being prevented, through indisposition, from exercising this daily privilege, I have been ordering by telephone, only concerning myself to note whether the items ordered were delivered. Having met with several surprises in the way of stuffed orders," substitution of inferior articles and spoiled vegetables at first class prices, plus additional war prices, etc., I feel like "having my say." Perhaps it may come to the eyes and attention of the food commissioners, and make them work still harder for federal control here in Hawaii. To be specific, let me say that day before yesterday, I ordered the following goods by phone which were duly delivered with the bill a short time later:

25c Navy Beans.....	25
2 small tins Carnation Milk.....	25
formerly 5c doz.....	15
2 Rolls of Toilet Paper.....	25
formerly 25c.....	30
2 packages Bird Seed.....	30
formerly 2 for 5c.....	30
Beans As They Were.....	50

Beans As They Were

Three months ago, yes, two months ago I bought beans for my Boston-reared hubby, and got them 3 1-2 and 4 pounds for a qua-ter, which was an extortionate price, even then. Day before yesterday, I got just one and one half tea cups full of beans for the same money. I hate to think of Friend Husband's keen disappointment next Saturday when he stirs around in the beans pot, looking to see if by any chance he can uncover the brown beauties hiding under a

moderate sized piece of salt pork. This for beans which every one knows will grow on the poorest soil, the hardest, stoniest ground that will produce almost no other crop but grass. This for beans! the one sure crop, outside lantana and guava, that grows in Hawaii.

The next item, canned milk, for whose advertising slogan the Carnation people have chosen "clean milk from contented cows," depicts them peacefully grazing in knee high, succulent grass. Well do I remember these same "contented cows." "Back home" was only a few miles from their peaceful pastures; many times have I seen the canneries. The Carnation people have not exaggerated their product, but, two months ago I was buying this same milk at 55c a dozen cans. Why the difference? Why the increase of 70 per cent in cost to the consumer? Has this war spirit bred discontent and unrest among these same cows, causing placid Bossy to hold up on her milk and not "give down" as formerly? Excuse me, but "Not on your tintype;" perhaps on your tin can, as that seems the only item in this particular case that can have been affected by the war thus early in the game. I had occasion last week to inquire freight rates from Seattle (near which is the cannery) to Honolulu, and was told it was "just the same, \$4.25 per ton, 40 cubic feet to the ton." So there is one factor, the freight carrier, in this particular case of H. C. O. L. who can rest with a clear conscience.

To go down the list—two packages of bird seed. Has the sun flower crop failed in the states? Has hemp, like sacks, been practically over night until it touches the sky? Has wild mustard and wild grass seed become less abundant? Yet my poor little canaries must live, unless I decide to put one over on the meat trust, and have a little pot pie Sunday. (That gives me an idea, why don't some one give us a recipe for mynah bird, a la something or other?)

As for the price of paper, since the leading manufacturers have been indicted in the courts of New York because of their having advanced the price far beyond a reasonable amount. The indictments were brought by the Federal Trade Commission and the Department of Justice and the manufacturers were forced to reestablish a normal price for their product, this being an advance of about a cent a pound. Freight rates the same on this article, too, so there is another balloon that somebody ought to stick a pin into.

Up Goes the Living Cost

Here is a bill amounting to 90 cents, and on this small bill I am forced to pay an increased price of almost 25 cents, or 27.7 per cent of the whole. My grocery bill last month, with no entertaining, no guests (except twice one guest who happened in and took "pot luck" dinner), and with practically the same general plan of weekly menus, showed an increase of \$17.00 over the previous month. This was just one bill, all other bills for foodstuffs showed an enormous increase. There is no legitimate or reasonable excuse for this. The only explanation that covers it is the old motto, "Opportunity knocks once at every man's door" and opportunity is knocking now at the doors of those who control food distribution. Two months ago, while

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WE HAVE OFTEN SPOKEN IN THIS COLUMN OF THE VALUE OF EXTREME DAINTESS. Where beauty is absent, daintiness can often create the illusion of loveliness. This means



The really beautiful woman is extremely dainty—those perfumed chains add much to her daintiness

through cleanliness of body and of wearing apparel, care in the little accessories of dress, neatness in the matter of clothing.

The dainty woman sheds a subtle perfume around her—the odor of absolute cleanness. No amount

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in San Francisco, a member of the family held a conversation with the head of the freight department of one of the biggest railroads in the United States. The price of wheat was mentioned. "Confidentially," replied the Freight Department Head, "it is the biggest steal I know of, the elevator all over the country are bursting with stored wheat. There was never so much on hand in the history of our railroad." Yet flour is \$3.75 a sack, and the baker charges 15 cents now for a loaf which he once sold for ten. I bake my own bread, and from a ten pound sack of flour which now costs me 75 cents, can usually get ten big loaves, besides a couple of pies, or a cake. Ten loaves at 15 cents and a little arithmetic, figures for me a gross profit of 75 cents and the other ingredients, including gas for baking, are of such negligible amount as to bring the whole down to a net profit of 60 cents, or a net profit of 80 per cent of the original cost. Does it pay?

"Like 'The Brook' I could babble on and on forever about the higher prices, but these few will illustrate my point. And to make any change, there are only two things we can do. Do without, or have Federal Control. What will you have? What will you do,