

PETER AND SUE by BEULAH FRANCE, R. N.

HATTIE-ANN'S SISTER, ELIZABETH BEGINS TO GROW UP

"SAY, DAD, Hattie-Ann's baby sister's getting to be awful cute. She knows me now and laughs and laughs whenever I come near her."

"She's a fine baby, Peter. Did you see her teeth?"

"Sure! She has two in front and they look so funny when she laughs. And does she love to chew things! Gee whiz! She has a wooden clothes-pin that she gnaws, and it's got tooth prints in it already."

"She's a very active baby—look! There she comes now." Mrs. Moore had just turned the corner wheeling the baby carriage. Susan and Hattie-Ann were with her.

As the baby saw Peter she squealed with delight and shook her rattle in the air.

"We were just talking about 'Lisbeth," said Dr. Stewart. "Hello, there, young lady. How are you?"

The baby gave him one swift glance, then turned quickly back toward Peter.

"She's starting in young," laughed her mother. "Doesn't she sit up straight and strong?"

Hattie-Ann smoothed out the carriage cover and plumped up the baby's pillow. Elizabeth made a grab for a wisp of Hattie-Ann's hair.

"Hey, there!" cried her sister. "Let go, you little rascal. That hair is fast to my head."

"It won't be for long," remarked Susan, "if she jerks it that way very often."

"Dr. Stewart, she has just cut two more teeth. They came through this morning. Aren't they ahead of time?"

"Well, let's see. How old is she now?"

"Just past seven and one-half months."

"At eight months babies very often cut the four central upper teeth. Some do, and some don't, of course. There's a difference in babies."

"I'll say there's a difference in babies," Peter said. "I never paid any attention to them until 'Lizabeth began to grow up."

Mrs. Moore and Dr. Stewart both laughed. The two girls were talking together. Hattie-Ann was saying: "And I fed her this morning myself. I gave her some cereal with milk, and some banana all mashed up. She had orange juice when she woke up at six."

"What's she have for dinner?" Susan asked.

"Oh, lots of things: peas, beans, spinach, carrots, and sometimes egg yolks and liver."

Dr. Stewart was addressing Mrs. Moore.

"She is cutting her teeth early because you have given her so much cod-liver oil and sunshine. These provide her with Vitamin D. Then, too, she gets plenty of milk, which is rich in calcium."

"What's calcium, Daddy?" asked Peter.

"A mineral, Peter. It, and another known as phosphorus, are needed for building teeth and bones. If Elizabeth had not had enough of them both, or if she hadn't had Vitamin D, her teeth would not have come through early and her bones would have been soft." He turned to the baby. "Your bones aren't soft, are they, Elizabeth? If they were, you could never sit up alone so straight."

The baby dropped her rattle and grabbed hold of the doctor's hand. "Da, da, da, da," she gleefully exclaimed, while everybody laughed.

"That's not your Daddy," said Susan. "He's mine! He's Peter's and my Daddy. Your Daddy has gone to his office."

Elizabeth dropped the doctor's hand and looked questionably up at Susan.

"Oh," cried Sue in contrition. "Did I hurt your feelings? I'm

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PROFILES . . .

Langley Collyer

MYSTERY MAN of New York City is Langley Collyer . . . Reputed to own half of New York's water front, he lives in squalor in the Harlem Negro district . . . With him lives his brother, Homer, who has been blind since 1933 . . . His home at 2078 Fifth Avenue has no doorbells, the windows are shattered, trash litters the area, and the house looks completely deserted . . . There was a rumor that 17 pianos were in the Collyer home, but when cornered several years ago, Langley confessed to having only ten . . . Langley is said to be very rich, but when last seen by a lucky photographer, who managed to snap his picture, he was wearing the shabbiest clothes; his coat was held together by safety pins, and he appeared dirty and unkempt . . . He recently attracted attention by refusing to see a man who wanted to offer him \$100,000 for a piece of land, miles from his home, which was lying idle.

YOUR CHILD

by

JANE H. GOWARD

LEARN STORY-TELLING ART TO AMUSE YOUNGER CHILDREN

WHEN IT comes to story-telling, some parents are like the amateur musician who must ask to be excused from performing because he did not bring his music. They are afraid to rely upon memory, afraid to draw upon imagination, although they may have read the story book from cover to cover dozens of times. And when they read, it is done mechanically, for the most part, to quiet the children primarily, rather than to create any great interest in the story itself.

Educators recommend a daily story-hour or half hour for young children because stories teach them things about life and the world, provide entertainment, inspiration, revelation and kindle the imagination. Opening a new world of fact and fancy, stories, whether you tell them or read them, are associated with books. And well-told tales will instill respect for the written word and a love of knowledge.

If you are bored in telling a story, the child's attention will wander. But this won't keep him from continuing to demand stories! In other words, parents may as well become resigned to learning the art of story-telling

for their own good as well as the children's.

Instead of reading word for word from the text, try referring to the book as a public speaker does to notes, to refresh the memory and to prevent rambling. If the printed tale is too long, make it brief, skipping long descriptive passages.

Elaboration that heightens dramatic value is always desirable, however. For instance, if the book says, "The princess went to bed," one may say, "The princess rose," getting up off the floor to enact the part. Then, stifling a yawn, add, "She said, 'It's getting late and I'm very tired. I must go to bed now. Please excuse me. Good night.'"

If you've never done it before, the children may snicker self-consciously, but they all prefer stories acted. Undertaken as an art, story-telling ceases to be a chore.

MODERN WOMEN: by MARIAN MAYS MARTIN

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER WOULD ENVY MODERN GIRL'S FREEDOM

THE FUTURE of the world rests on the shoulders of the young Dianas whose backs, we hope, are fitted for the burden. They are sturdy young backs, full of brawn and muscle, for youth always is athletically inclined.

However disinterested one may be in feats of strength, as such, one must admit that the competitive spirit is the better for development and that an active participation in athletics shows one either as a good sport or a bad one.

In my conversation with a woman who has not been young for so long a time that she admits to being vague about what she did with herself in her leisure moments, she emphasized the fact that, in those distant days when she was a girl, girls were not athletically inclined. A few played tepid tennis—indeed, how else could they play all bound around with everything save the proverbial woolen string? Can you picture a fast game of tennis in skirts one tripped over and in corsets that made even normal breathing pretty much of a problem?

My friend reminded me that these were not the only handicaps. There was the awful fear of freckles to deter one from exposure to the sun. In Edwardian days only "mad dogs and Englishmen went out in the midday sun." Certainly ladies never did, unless they were heavily veiled and further protected by parasols.

Just take a glance at some of the fashion books — "Godey's Lady Book" especially—if you want to get a general idea of what a girl had to overcome before she could bat a tennis ball or wield a wicked croquet mallet.

SHAVING RITUAL OF MODERN MAN TRACED THROUGH CENTURIES

"DO I NEED to shave?" asks many a man as he strokes his chin. Does he wonder why men shave? In various parts of the ancient world, hair was offered as a sacrifice to the gods in place of offering the whole body. That may explain the origin of shaving.

Ancient Hittites and Elamites shaved the entire face. Egyptians shaved all but chin whiskers. When these went out of fashion for daily use, artificial ones were worn on ceremonial occasions. For uncounted centuries, Japanese and Chinese shaved, the latter retaining often only a central lock of scalp hair for the queue. Alexander the Great had his Macedonians shave so that they could not be seized by the beard. Shaving was known to the early Britons and the Anglo-Saxons.

The ancient Jews gloried in their flowing beards, symbols of maturity and virility. Jewish lepers, however, had to shave, probably as a means of distinguishing them to avoid contamination. Shaving accompanied mourning and taking of vows. While the nobility had

In those "dear dead days beyond recall," man was woman's chief pursuit. How to wangle a proposal from him was the most fascinating indoor as well as outdoor sport. On this great moment the ladies concentrated, because not to have won a man, or have been won by one, as they coyly put it, was to be regarded a dismal failure—which, as a matter of fact, it was.

There was no place in the two-by-two animals-in-the-Ark sort of existence that was being led at that time. While an odd woman was just that, an odd man was something sent from on high to be maneuvered into a position where he had to ask for the lady's hand or show his own.

Have you ever wondered what a modern male would do were some fond mama or papa to ask him his intentions? It might be fun to find out, but the girl who discovered her parents up to any such scurvy trick as that would, no doubt, have warm words with them.

There was no freedom for the languid young ladies of the late Victorian era until they had demonstrated their skill in landing a male. Compared to what we know as freedom today, there was little for her even then.

Was she happy, this woman who was our grandmother? Some argue that she was, far happier than her restless and high-g geared granddaughters or great-granddaughters. No one can deny that she had her moments. But so has her progeny.

Given her choice of living then, or now, would she, I wonder, have said, even as you and I, "I'd rather be alive, if you don't mind, in 1938 or even later."

their hair and long beards elaborately dressed, the poor people had both head and beard shaved, perhaps to prevent interference with manual labor. Captive female slaves had their heads shaved before marriage to signify their forlorn condition was at an end. Arabian women terminated mourning by shaving.

Shaving the head, tonsure, was practiced by the priests of Isis, and later by Latin and Greek Christian monks, also Buddhist monks, and is still common among monastics.

Mohammedans wore beards like their Prophet, and the little son of Saladin wept with terror when he first beheld the shaven chins of the Crusaders. Peter the Great of Russia disliked beards, shaved his own, and taxed all who refused to shave. A bishop in the days of Henry I of England likened the bearded courtiers to "filthy goats and bristly Saracens." Beards, variously trimmed, went in and out of fashion among the English. Puritans lamented in their day the time wasted in perfuming, starching, powdering, and curling beards!

The shaving ritual of modern man goes back to antiquity, to religious sacrifices and vows, mourning and purification, manifesting caste or the dread leprosy, but he will assert that he shaves solely for comfort!

OLD CUSTOMS

by

L. H. W.