

PETER AND SUE

by BEULAH FRANCE, R. N.

## THE CHILDREN RECEIVE A LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA

"HERE'S A LETTER!" cried Susan. "It's from California too! It's from Albert's Grandma. Oh hurry, Momie. Let's see what it says!"

Mrs. Stewart was washing the dishes. She dried her hands quickly and tore open the envelope. Susan stood on her tiptoes and clapped her hands with excitement.

"Grandma Allen says that Albert has been very sick."

Susan sank onto a kitchen chair.

"But he's much better now. He had an attack of scarlet fever."

"That's why he hasn't written," exclaimed Susan.

"Grandma Allen says: 'He didn't want his supper one night. He said he felt sick to his stomach and his throat was sore.'

"I knew there had been scarlet fever around. His face was flushed and his tongue had a heavy white coat on it."

"A coat on his tongue?" exclaimed Susan.

Mrs. Stewart continued. "I took his temperature. It was one hundred and three. I put him to bed and called in a doctor—and oh, how I did wish we were back near you again."

Susan's eyes filled with tears. "I wish so too," she said. "But is Albert all right now, Momie?"

"He was sick in bed for four weeks, dear. His ears and his kidneys were infected. Here comes Daddy. Harold! Albert's been sick! He's had scarlet fever!"

"You don't say," Dr. Stewart replied. "Wonder how he got that. Is he quite all right by now?"

"Grandma Allen says there was a lot of it out there but most of the cases were mild. Poor Albert was the only one she knew who had serious complications."

"Oh, Daddy," Susan suddenly

cried. "In school a nurse came to our room and asked the teacher if we could have something done to us to see if we could catch scarlet fever."

"Take the 'Dick Test,'" Dr. Stewart explained. "Did the children have it done?"

"No, the teacher wouldn't let the nurse do it. She said we would have to ask our fathers and our mothers first. What would it do to us—hurt us,—hurt us, Daddy?"

"No, a doctor would probably do it; not the nurse. He would take a sterile needle and prick the skin on your forearm and and put in a very few drops of a liquid called a toxin."

"But wouldn't it make us sick, Daddy?"

"Not at all. It merely would show whether or not you would catch scarlet fever if exposed. It is a very valuable test."

"Two doctors, a man and a woman, a husband and a wife, in fact, worked out the test, and it is named after them. It is known as the 'Dick Test.'"

"That's right!" cried Susan. "The nurse called it the 'Dick Test.' If Albert had had the 'Dick Test,' would he never have had scarlet fever?"

The doctor smiled. "Well, Susan, the test does not keep you from getting scarlet fever. It merely shows that you are, or are not, likely to get it. If Albert had had the Dick Test, then his doctor would have known that Albert was not safe against the disease. The doctor would then have told Grandma Allen and she might have kept Albert at home where he would not come in contact with other children, or else the doctor might have given Albert some Dick scarlet fever toxin."

"The same as you gave him, Daddy—the pin pricks in his arm?"

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## HOME SERVICE

### Dress Up Your Window In Lovely Drapes

DOES YOUR living-room have a tired, wilted look? Revive its spirits with new draperies.

As colorful as autumn leaves are the draperies—shown above—of henna cretonne (or heavy silk)—with perky bowknot design in ivory. They're trimmed with ivory fringe and hung on double rods.

The width of straight-hanging curtain is the same as inside width of window. To achieve that graceful swag, cut material 1½ times inside width of window. Hold in place with rosette tie-back tacked to window casing.

Rosette is made of coiled cotton rope, 5 inches across, sewn across back. At center of rosette, tack 2 lengths of rope ending in tassels. Make tassels as shown in the diagram: 1—Arrange 11-inch strands of heavy embroidery or crochet cotton around rope; tie 1 inch from end. 2—Turn strands over; tie 1½ inches from top.

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## PROFILES . . .

Richard Scott

RICHARD SCOTT is the fellow who proved that it pays to be crazy—in some businesses, at least . . . Born Harry Warnofsky, he changed his name to Warnow and then to Scott . . . His brother is Mark Warnow, the band leader . . . Scott, who is a young composer, has clogged the air lately with strangely titled pieces . . . He is the composer of "Piano and Pistol Duet," "Square Dance for Eight Egyptian Mummies," "The Dance for Wooden Indians" and "Dinner Music for a Pack of Hungry Cannibals" . . . To top it all off—he has a band of six members which he calls a "quintet" because, he says, it sounds much better than the word "sextet."

## YOUR CHILD

by

JANE H. GOWARD

MODERN WOMEN

by MARIAN MAYS MARTIN

## WOMEN CONTINUE TO ENVY MEN DESPITE OWN ATTAINMENTS

JUST SO LONG as women continue to regret being born women, just so long will they feel complimented when told that they have a man's mind or a masculine viewpoint. And most women do envy men. Just why has never been quite plain to me, since there is a good deal to be said for being a woman.

If it's responsibility one hunders for, there are plenty of ways for a woman to assume it. If it's adventure, there's a way open for women. If it's the ambition to have a career, there are no barriers to keep women out. Just why, then, do women envy men?

Here's a correspondent who evidently resents the implication that women are complimented by being likened to men. It's a refreshing attitude.

"Dear Mrs. Martin:—If insult is highly effective, let a man assure his wife or sweetheart that she has a 'man's mind.' As an incentive to homicide, such an oblique compliment cannot be underestimated. Incidentally, it might act in the opposite direction and convince the lady that life's handicap was not so great, after all.

"Men think they are pinning a posy on a woman when they tell her that she has a brain like a man's, but they never explain why a man's brain has anything to recommend it. Women are often much brighter than men, and to generalize in this manner is an insult to top-notch minds of the feminine persuasion.

"I can imagine the reactions of a wife who has been supporting a husband upon being informed that her brain is almost as good as a man's. And the type of man who would make a remark like that, as likely as not, has practically no brain of his own. There are times when I think that women should rebel and call some of the threadbare

bluffs used by men.—A. S."

I am not so sure that they are "bluffs." Man has every reason to consider himself a superior being. He has, for generations, been privileged to regard himself as superior to woman, and several generations is plenty long enough to form not only a habit but a conviction.

Men and women do think differently and arrive at their respective conclusions by different processes. It's generally conceded that women jump to conclusions and that men figure results very carefully. Whether or not this is so, the fact remains that a woman's method is the quicker and, in most cases, the surer of the two.

Man, instead of admitting that woman is quicker mentally, accounts for the speed with which she arrives at a conclusion by attributing to her a mysterious force he calls intuition. Perhaps it is. Of one thing I feel sure, that not all women are endowed with it, nor all men lacking in it. There are many men who are intuitive and who reach conclusions through hunches rather than by a long-drawn-out process of reasoning.

There is a fusion of masculine and feminine in both men and women. There are women who not only have a man's mind but a man's tastes and preferences. Then, there are men, usually the intuitive type, who are most sympathetic and understanding of women and have many of their talents. Such men are often to be found, and usually as outstanding successes, in the arts.

There have been women scientists and women artists and writers who have ranked with men. All of which makes it absurd for any woman to consider herself either complimented or insulted by being credited with a man's eyes or mind.

## ANCIENTS BELIEVED THAT BIRTHDAYS WERE-RENEWALS OF LIFE

WHY DO we have birthdays?

As with most of our venerated customs such celebrations go back to the ancient world and primitive ideas of magic. Ancients thought each anniversary was a renewal of life, another birth. (It is significant that we still use the word, "birthday," when we really mean anniversary of the birthday.)

As the anniversary meant renewal, to aid such renewal the person rested and thus conserved his vitality or life, and thus the day became for him a holiday. Similarly, to aid in renewal and prolonging of life, the person feasted on his anniversary. The birthday of the ruler became an occasion for the populace to join in his holiday making and feasting.

In some places social birthdays were celebrated. The whole community "renewed" its life. Our New Year's customs arose thus. In Japan the individual and social birthdays are combined. Everyone adds a year to his

official age on New Year's Day rather than on his anniversary.

The Chinese consider sixty years as the normal life span. With the sixty-first year a person begins a new life. (This may be remotely related to our expression, "second childhood," applied to the aged.)

Among ancient Greeks birthdays were celebrated with prayers, sacrifices, banquets, and giving presents. Our modern birthday parties thus had an ancient origin.

Many nations have distinguished lucky and unlucky days. Sometimes infants born on unlucky days were put to death, since the gods were supposed to hate them. Among Mohammedans it is a good omen to be born on their sacred day, Friday.

The early Christians objected to birthday celebrations, partly because of pagan amusements connected with them, and partly because their life was so full of persecution and suffering as to make them prefer death. Thus they came to celebrate the anniversary of a death, especially the death of a saint. The birth into heaven meant more than birth on earth, and so many churches observe saints' days.

## OLD CUSTOMS

by

L. H. W.