

PETER AND SUE by BEULAH FRANCE, R. N.

TWO OLD FRIENDS FROM FAR AWAY SURPRISE THE CHILDREN

"BRRR! IT'S chilly out tonight! There's snow in the air." Dr. Stewart pulled off his hat and coat and threw them onto a chair. "Hope I don't get called out again before morning."

"I wish it would snow," said Peter, who was working out several arithmetic examples. "Then we could go sliding down hill. Listen!" He turned his head toward the door. "Someone's coming up onto the porch."

"A patient, probably," said the doctor, as the door bell rang. "I'll go see."

Mrs. Stewart jumped up and hurried toward the door. "I'll go, I'll go," she said. "I think I know who it may be."

The bell rang sharply again. "Well, open the door if you're going to," said the doctor. "Don't keep anyone out there in the cold."

"Just a moment," Mrs. Stewart was arranging her hair in front of the hall mirror. "I'll flash on the porch light."

As she did so, there was a childish squeal of joy and the voice of an older person. The door was suddenly flung wide open, and who should bounce in but Albert.

"Albert! Grandma Allen! Oh . . . oh . . . oh . . ." Peter knocked over a chair as he jumped up to greet them. Susan flung her arms about Albert, while he gently tried to push her away.

"Is it really, truly you?" She was half sobbing and laughing with joy.

"Well, well, come on in. Take off your wraps," said Dr. Stewart. "Did you know this, Mother? And you kept a secret so well?"

"Al, you look swell," said Peter with deep admiration in his voice. "You surely do look swell. Boy, it's good to see you."

"It's great to be here," cried Albert. "And we came by airplane too."

"By airplane?" The children were breathless. "You mean you flew all the way up to here?"

Albert laughed. "Not exactly. We landed in Newark, New Jersey, then had to come up from New York City by train."

Susan's mouth fell open. For once she stood speechless. She

looked at Albert with great awe. "Oh, boy," cried Peter. "You have traveled a lot now. But—I went to New York City too! I drove down with Mr. Porter in his car."

"Yes, you wrote and told me, remember? You said you saw a big league ball game too. Say, I play baseball now. Our school has a swell team and I am on it. Let me show you my muscle right now."

He took off his suit coat, rolled up his shirt sleeve, and doubled up his arm and his fist. Sue stepped forward and gingerly laid his fingers on his muscle. Peter pushed her aside and gave Albert's arm a good squeeze.

"And they used to call you skinny. Gee whiz! I'd hardly know you, honest. Al; you've changed an awful lot. You seem so different, somehow."

Grandma Allen was saying, "It took only fifteen hours and a half to fly East, but going back it will take a little longer—nearly eighteen hours, I believe."

"Doesn't it cost a lot to fly?" Peter asked.

"Our trip was a Christmas present from the folks out there. Wasn't Santa Claus good?" asked Grandma Allen.

"Oh," Albert broke in again, "there's a swell stewardess on the plane. Her name is Miss Duffy, and she's a registered nurse—a nurse just like you are, Mrs. Stewart."

"Not just like me, I guess, for those nurses have to be featherweight, I understand. The plane would sink with me on it."

"Oh, but you don't weigh as much as Grandma," protested Albert. "Boy, it's lots of fun to fly. I wasn't one bit scared when we left the ground, but Grandma was—a little bit at first."

"Where's your luggage?" asked Dr. Stewart, suddenly looking about to see if he saw it anywhere.

"We left it down at Mrs. Libby's house. We're going to be boarding there. We couldn't bring very much with us."

"Hope you have some warm clothes," said the doctor. "Feels like snow tonight. I think we're in for a cold spell."



HOME SERVICE

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SUCH an attractive snapshot of yourself you're sending to Jack—but what about your letter? That, too, pictures you—as dull and crude or as gay and charming.

Make your beginning as gracious as your photograph. Don't say bluntly, "Dear Jack: Received your letter. Hope you are enjoying your trip." Write instead, "What fun to hear about your ramblings from Hither to Yon."

A smile in your letter counts too. Instead of, "Poor me, having to stay home while other folks go traveling," share Jack's good times with, "I can almost see the misty swamplands at moonlight. And it was easy to imagine myself in that funny little inn, bent over a bowl of steaming chicken gumbo."

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MODERN WOMEN by MARIAN MAYS MARTIN

HUSBAND NO LONGER STERN DESPOT AS IN 'GOOD OLD DAYS'

WHAT DID she ever see in him? What in the world ever made him marry her?

Sounds natural, doesn't it? We are forever making one or the other comment about those we meet for the first time. So many couples appear to be mismatched; so many attractive women are married to duds, and so many attractive men, to dowds, that it is admittedly difficult to figure it out to one's satisfaction. So why try?

Obviously, "he" saw something in "her," or "she" saw something in "him," but what it was is not always apparent to the naked eye.

There's a theory that opposites attract, and there's a reason for it. The theory has nothing to do with the fact that while opposites may, and do, attract they do not necessarily live happily ever after.

Opposites in the physical sense—blonde women and dark men, or the other way about—may feel a strong enough attraction so that they marry, but, if their temperaments are as opposed as their complexions, heaven help them.

Married people have to be geared or gaited so that they make the grade in something like ease and comfort. They cannot pull in opposite directions—at least, not simultaneously—and each most certainly cannot ignore the other's natural tendency to keep to a certain line. That's what makes marriage the gamble it is.

No matter how long or how well one has known the other, the acid test comes after the honeymoon when the serious business of getting down to building a joint life begins.

The modern male has lost his taste for whip-snapping, and life with father isn't the way it was in the days that Clarence Day portrayed. Men are not stern despots—not even fathers, and most certainly not young husbands. They are inclined to let the woman have her way, not always as a matter of principle, but for lack of it, because it's the easiest way and the peace-way.

That is the reason why I am

building this article around the conversation of a man who knows a good deal about women, both as wives and sweethearts.

Speaking about the young married set—"the station wagon set," as Faith Baldwin aptly styles them—he said:

"These fool women are running hog wild, and you can't let women do that. They need control, to be told where they get off, unless, of course, they are going it alone and are not dependent on any man for their bread and butter—or perhaps I should say hors d'oeuvres and cocktails.

"A woman has as much right to make a fool of herself as a man, but I insist that she has no right to make a fool of the man. If she does, he isn't worthy of the name."

I listened meekly enough although I wondered whether it really was such women who make fools of their men or the weak-kneed, peace-loving male who makes a fool of himself and the woman he vowed to cherish and protect.

In fact, I wonder if it is possible for one person, irrespective of sex, creed or color, to make a fool of another. Isn't that a one-man, or one-woman job—something no one does or can do for you?

We hear a great deal about women taking the bit in their teeth or having the whip-hand. Frankly, however, I am not inclined to blame the women, but rather their husbands.

Men cannot possibly resent the dominant woman more than women despise weaklings. For generations women have been reared to respect and look for strength in their mates. Isn't it possible to understand their reactions on finding that there they have been cheated, that where there should be strength there is something that is unpleasantly like a jellyfish which one instinctively pushes out of the way?

I'm a bit fed up with the theory that women are not what they used to be. Neither are men. Both need a little doing over. The old patterns had characters.

TOWN QUIZ: STIMULATING MENTAL CONTEST FOR ALL THE FAMILY

CREDIT yourself with 1 point for each question answered correctly. 10 is average, 12 good, 15 or more excellent. The correct answers appear on page 12.

1—Joseph and Mary left their home to journey to Bethlehem, where Christ was born. From what city did they come?

2—The journey of Joseph and Mary to Bethlehem was occasioned by a decree issued by the Emperor of Rome. Why did this decree force Joseph and Mary to make the long journey?

3—The new-born Christ Child was wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. Do you know why he was laid in such a humble place?

4—Shortly after the birth of Christ the shepherds who had been watching their flocks in the fields by night came to the stable to worship and adore the Child. How did they know of His birth?

5—Who was the king of Judaea who told the Wise Men from the East that, ". . . when ye have found Him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship Him also."

6—What were the three gifts of the Wise Men from the East?

7—After the Wise Men had brought their gifts and departed, Joseph and Mary took the Christ Child and fled to Egypt in the night. Why?

8—Christmastide extends from Christmas Eve (December 24) to Epiphany, in January, a feast observed to commemorate the manifestation of Christ to the Magi. What is the date of Epiphany?

9—The glorious holy hymn "Silent Night," words for which were originally written in German, was put to music by . . .
Johann Strauss
Johannes Brahms
Franz Gruber

10—"The Gift of the Magi," the famous short story of a great devotion, was written by . . .
Washington Irving
Edgar Allan Poe
Mark Twain
O. Henry

11—Answer the following, true or false:
The Chrismon is the monogram of Christ.
Christmas Island is located in the Pacific Ocean.
Christiania is a seaport city of Norway.

12—In which of the following lands did the use of the ornamented evergreen tree as a symbol of Christmas originate?
Sweden Switzerland
England Germany

13—Pfeffernuesse, a Christmas food originated by the Germans, are . . .
gingerbread men
small ginger cookies
Christmas candies
nut meats

14—You know the poem, "The Visit of St. Nicholas," which starts—"Twas the night before Christmas . . ." It was written by . . .
Alfred Tennyson
Clement Clarke Moore
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
James Whitcomb Riley

15—And speaking about Christmas "goodies," here are some specialties of foreign lands. Can you match the food with the country in which it is popular?
England klaasjes
Holland lebkuchen
Germany pain d'epice
France plum pudding

16—Associated with Christmas are the following: Can you fill the blanks to make them complete?
(a) It is more _____ to give than to _____
(b) Peace on _____, good _____ to men.
(c) _____, the _____ Angels sing.

17—Christmas seals for tuberculosis prevention are sold in many lands. In what country did the Christmas seal campaign originate?
Denmark Norway
Sweden United States

18—Who wrote the words of the beautiful Christmas hymn "O Little Town of Bethlehem"?
An unknown monk
Martin Luther
Phillips Brooks
Lewis H. Redner

19—Other lands have other names for Christmas. Can you match these countries with their own particular names for Christmas:
France Yule
Germany Noel
Spain Noche-buena
Scotland Weinachten

20—At this time of year we often see the word "Christmas" shortened to Xmas. Can you explain the use of this word?