

PETER AND SUE by BEULAH FRANCE, R. N.

ALBERT WINS A RUNNING RACE TO THE OLD MILL

"AW SHUCKS, Al, I wish you didn't have to go back to California. When do you s'pose you'll come back?"

"I don't know. But I've missed several days school now, and I have to be back for the opening next week. The teacher told me, though, that those days before Christmas wouldn't be hard to make up—the lessons, I mean."

"Say, Al, I've been setting some traps for furs up in the woods" (Tom was speaking); "can't we all go up and see if there's anything in them?"

Albert shrugged his shoulders. "I don't care. I sort of hate to see poor dumb beasts caught in traps. Let's not. Let's go see if there's skating on the old mill pond."

"Okay. Let's run a race and see who gets there first."

The three boys started off. It was quite a run to the mill pond. Peter shot out in front. Albert was second, Tom third. As they neared the pond Albert caught up with Peter and passed him.

"Hey, there, wait up," cried Peter.

"Nothing doing!" Albert shouted. "This is a race." And he sped on toward the goal, arriving there first of all.

"Phew!" As Peter ran up he dropped down onto the ground beside Albert. "Phew, I'm a wreck."

"Puh, puh, puh." Tom couldn't even get breath enough to speak when he arrived a few seconds later and flopped down to the ground too.

"Hey, let's get up off the cold ground," Albert said sharply. "You—a doctor's son, Peter. What's the matter, Tom? You look like a fresh boiled lobster."

Tom laughed as he and Peter struggled to their feet. "How'd you do it, Albert? I thought I knew how to run. And Peter was ahead of you at first."

"I know he was," Albert re-

plied. "But you see he got all tuckered out by going so fast in the beginning. We have a coach at our school. He doesn't coach us kids, but we hang around and listen. When you're twelve years old he lets you begin cross country running."

"Cross country? What's that?" asked Peter.

"I don't understand myself, exactly. But the big boys wear shirts and shorts and sneakers and go on long runs somewhere or other."

"We hear the coach telling the new ones to begin by walking fast then walking faster and faster, taking as long steps as you can. The first thing you know, you are running."

"He tells them to let themselves go kind of loose all over and let their hands hang loose."

"So—well, we just began trying—me and other fellows, and I guess it has helped a lot. I want to be a real athlete when I get bigger."

Peter and Tom looked admiringly at Albert.

"Sue said," began Peter, "that you were an awful lot different from when you used to live here."

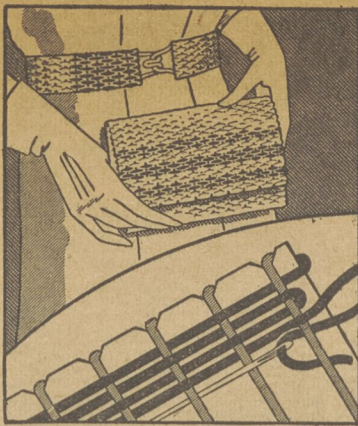
"Well, maybe I am. 'Course Sue's just a little kid—and I haven't any time for girls."

"But—but—" Peter hesitated. "Aw shucks. Sue is a kid and a girl, but she's sort of sweet too. You hurt her feelings dreadfully last night when you wouldn't play that game with her."

"I did? I'm sorry, Pete. But, it was such a silly, simple sort of game—you know—just right for Sue's age, but for me—"

"Sue cried last night, but I guess she'll forget all about it."

"There you are," Albert kicked a stone with his toe tip. "Crying! Girls are always crying over nothing. They're the same out on the coast too. I guess they're all alike."



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PROFILES . . .

Merry Hull

THE THINGS that make big money in the manufacturing line are the seemingly unimportant things. The sort of idea you might never think of, like the rubber on the end of a pencil or the safety pin . . . Along comes Merry Hull, in married life, Mrs. Bob Geissman, who invents a new way of sewing gloves together so that the seams don't run along the middle of your fingers, but at the edges, where they won't interfere with your feeling things . . . Needless to add, she made a pot of money . . . She sold the idea to a big glove manufacturer, who can't possibly keep up with the demand . . . Mrs. Geissman is a commercial artist, the sister of a commercial artist and the wife of a commercial artist . . . She did free-lance work before she was married and hated to give it up . . . The thing that kept her happy was fooling around with leather . . . She happened to sew a pair of gloves for her sister and thus developed the brand new idea which she promptly patented and sold.

YOUR CHILD

by

JANE H. GOWARD

CHILD'S SENSE OF GOOD BEHAVIOR MUST BE DEVELOPED

NO CHILD is perfect, and most parents expect to have to deal with occasional naughtiness. But from time to time one hears of a child who is supposed to be of an entirely different species from the average. He is variously described by parents, teachers and all who know him as wild, wayward and incorrigible.

One certainly would expect to find something out of the ordinary here—some rare combination of brute and villain. But it probably will develop that he doesn't even look bad, that he is just an average boy, set apart only by an air of defiance. He is usually an unhappy child.

Stanley was such a boy. He ignored requests and rules, and was a problem both at home and at school. Moreover, he seemed to pride himself on being naughty. No one realized that he may have been trying to live up to his reputation. He had a bad name, which made it very hard for him to be good. His mother took a fatalistic attitude toward his badness. She was in the habit of telling people how troublesome he was and that she couldn't do anything with him. It was a hopeless situation—and useless,

therefore, for the child even to try to be good.

The young child has no standards of his own to go by. He accepts his parents' attitudes and beliefs as a matter of course. He plays any role assigned to him, whether he likes it or not. Usually the brighter child keeps in character more competently.

Children are not born bad. They are dependent, rather, upon their parents for moral support. A child has to be told that he is good, and how he is expected to conduct himself. When he misbehaves, just correct the deed. Don't imply that there is anything wrong with the child himself.

Children are suggestible, and love approbation. Usually, they want to be good if parents have faith in their essential goodness. One should build up a good opinion of a child in the minds of others. Constant fault-finding is degrading and will send a child from bad to worse.

MODERN WOMEN by MARIAN MAYS MARTIN

WOMEN FIND STIFF COMPETITION IN BUSINESS WORLD

CAREERS OR KITCHENS, which shall it be? One grows a little weary of the endless and often meaningless discussion on where women belong or prefer to be.

As a matter of fact, career women are often excellent cooks and enjoy nothing better than fussing around in their own kitchens, while every so often the world discovers that some energetic housewife has written a best seller on the corner of her kitchen table. If a woman is fitted for a career, kitchen mechanics are not going to keep her from it. If she is made for the role of housewife, the cook stove will get her in the end.

Among the news of the day is an item reporting a conference called by Dr. J. Hillis Miller, Keuka College president, to discuss the present status of women. A committee was appointed to study twenty-five phases of the life of women in a democracy.

The study will include government, religion, art, childhood education guidance, volunteer service, medicine and higher education.

The decision to launch the study came after an informal talk by Dr. Harriett M. Allyn, dean of Mount Holyoke College, who told the group that men "were gently urging women back to the home," and that "women were preferring to go back because they found competition with men in this world was not as easy as they thought it was."

This conclusion does not strike me as particularly flattering to our sex. It rather implies that we can't take it, which isn't exactly a faithful presentation of facts. Thinking women often quit work because they resent the low wages paid to women.

One of the women at this particular conference implied that

men made it uncomfortable for women in certain fields. She contended that women could not get jobs in the chemistry industry "because men in a plant would not stand for women around."

She criticized women for not being "sufficiently interested in public affairs."

On the whole, feeling was that men are forcing women back to the kitchen where, no doubt, a great many of them belong, and most certainly are needed.

Doesn't it follow that women, being adaptable creatures, usually fill, or try to fill, the vacant niche? When they are needed in the home they assume the burden of home making. There are wives, and I venture that they are good wives, too, who simply detest housework and who would far rather make money in some way congenial to them so that they could pay a maid to take over the chores.

When the home-loving woman finds it necessary to work outside her home, she does it, if she is fortunate enough to find something she can do; and, what's more, she usually finds time to keep her house in order and her family supplied with wholesome home cooking aided and abetted by the excellent prepared productions that are now an accepted part of the well-stocked larder.

One might as well admit that the husband of the career woman has his bad moments in which he undoubtedly wishes that she could see her way clear to abandoning her career and devoting herself entirely to him. But to give husbands credit, they are unselfish enough to keep such thoughts to themselves, for men are practical enough to see that there are advantages, as well as disadvantages, to the arrangement.

GAMES OF CHANCE WERE FAVORITES OF ANCIENT ROMANS

AT THE FOOT of the Cross, Roman soldiers cast lots for the garments of Jesus. That may be one reason why the Christian Church has traditionally frowned upon gambling. Games of chance, however, originated in early religion. Lots were used to determine the will of the gods concerning a proposed journey, the outcome of an expected battle, the choice of a ruler, or any important matter involving the selection of persons, methods, times, or directions.

The ancient Hebrews used marked stones placed in the fold of a garment and then shaken until one stone fell out so as to determine the issue. That explains the Biblical words, "the lot came forth," or "fell." In Old Testament days the lot was used variously to determine the inheritances of the tribes, the courses of the priests and Levites, the scapegoat on the Day of Atonement, and the discovery of one who had sinned.

OLD CUSTOMS

by

L. H. W.

In the New Testament period the lot continued to be used for religious purposes, as in the choice of an apostle to take the place of Judas.

As has often happened with things originating in religion, the lot degenerated into secular use and finally into abuse in excessive gaming. Dice of stone and bone were used for games all over the ancient world. They have been found in the ancient tombs of Egypt and the ruins of Babylon. The familiar "put-and-take" of the United States had its origin in the old spinning dice of China.

Although the Spartans opposed their use, the dice were common throughout ancient Greece. Roman emperors were devoted to the sport, and men like Caligula and Claudius risked great sums of money in gaming. The Roman historian Tacitus found dice in common use among the barbarian German tribes. In the face of ecclesiastical opposition, reputable states have not cared to sanction gaming houses; so Monaco has been preserved artificially as an independent state where aristocrats and the rich may play.

The lowly "craps" has come a long way!