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A Trip Thru Books

Blair Converse

Iowa State College

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Hubby Lends A Hand
By MIRIAM BIGELOW

MY WIFE is usually a good, sensible woman—no high-falutin' notions of putting on style or dolling up in the latest fashions,—like some wives I know. But the other day I came home from work, tired-out, looking forward to a nice quiet evening with the paper and my pipe,—you know how a fellow will. I had no more got inside the house when the wife began.

"Henry, when will you learn to get the dirt off your hands with soap and water, and not with the only decent towels I've got?"

"Good heavens, Henry, you've gone and burned another hole in the library scarf with your old cigarette. What do you think Mother gave you that ash tray for?"

And so on and on. Well, I took it as good-naturedly as I could, not saying very much, until after dinner when she began that old line about having to get along with absolutely nothing, the house was a disgrace, it needed painting so badly, and she had not had any new clothes for ever so long, and it was all my fault. Having heard all that many times before, I said:

"Now look here, Alice, you've got something on your mind. I can always tell when you carry on like this, and you know as well as I do that the way to get it out of your system is to tell me all about it."

Alice weaked with that, and with much feeling told me the cause for all the grief.

It seems that one of her friends' husband is having their house remodeled in some kind of Greek or Hungarian architecture, and making a sunken garden at the side of the house, and Alice was feeling pretty keenly the looks of our house. It was the spring of the year and my wife naturally got the fever for a new house, and a flower or two to make it look prettier.

I knew we couldn't afford to make our little six room house over into a Greek temple, and our little two by four rudish lot lined with gravel, but neither did I intend to have any other woman's husband get ahead of my wife's husband. I tried to console her by assuring her something would be done. Just how much was still an unsolved problem in my mind.

I thought about it all that night, not sleeping over four or five hours at the most, but by the next morning had the problem partially solved. As soon as I could find time I called on my friend, Mr. Rose, who owns the lumber yard, and received the first big jolt. He told me that it would cost me at least $500.00 to build a screened-in porch on my house, which has only a small porch on it now. I had figured it would not cost over $300.00, but after I thought about it for a while, I decided that $500.00 wasn't so much after all, because the porch would last as long as the house, and if I ever wanted to sell the house, I could get more money for it. The porch opened up to a nice quiet evening with the paper and my pipe, which I can do now.

I then went to the town and a dull landscape. I would make those peo'ple know how tired I am, how unprofitable are the things that piled high with shelves.

And I'm broke.

I don't know that I can do anything about it, but I'll let the house go just as it is and make the best of it. I am tired of all the talk about the sunken gardens and how you must have them. I would rather have a sunken garden than a sunken wife.

(Author's note: This story is not a true one, but it is based on a real experience."

A Trip Thru Books
By BLAIR CONVERSE

Associate Professor of Technical Journalism.

I WANT to get out of this. I want to get away. I want to escape from foolish people and from my foolish self, from a drab town and a dull landscape. I would make those people know how tired I am, how unprofitable are the things that piled high with shelves.

And I'm broke.

I don't know that I can do anything about it, but I'll let the house go just as it is and make the best of it. I am tired of all the talk about the sunken gardens and how you must have them. I would rather have a sunken garden than a sunken wife.

(Author's note: This story is not a true one, but it is based on a real experience."

The crops in those little four and five acres farms, the events in the lives of simple, honest, passionate people. If I go nowhere else all summer I must get Hamsun to show me Norway, and "The Red Lily" and "The Crime of Sylvester Bonnard."

India came to my mind a while ago. And, come to think of it, I can really go to India. I shall get more, than if I had actually gone, from "A Passage to India" by E. M. Forster. That is what one calls a real book—and then wonders what he means by a real book. It isn't "beautifully written" and the theme is nothing so new, but it is real; it has been thought about, pondered over, wrestled with, that the problem of the conflict of two races, so that it looms out of the book with the force of actuality, sincere and convincing.

And publishers will be offering the third of the four books that comprise Reymont's "The Peasants." Oh, I'll want to read that, I know from the two books that have preceded it in translation that it will tell more vividly than I could see if I went to Poland, of the breaking up of the Polish winter, the planting of crops in those little four and five acre farms, the events in the lives of simple, honest, passionate people. If I go nowhere else all summer I must get Hamsun to show me Norway.
The Motherhood and Home Training School

By GEORGIA RAE EASTER

The Merrill Palmer School of Motherhood and Home Training is located on Perry avenue in Detroit, just off Woodward avenue, one of the main streets of the city. The school was founded in 1922 in the old Freer Home which was at one time famous for the Whistler paintings collected by Mr. Freer. The same building houses the nursery school which was established in 1922.

The Merrill Palmer School of Motherhood and Home Training was opened in the year 1922 under the will of Mrs. Lizzie Merrill Palmer who left her entire fortune for the founding of a school where "girls and young women" could be trained "both as mothers and as teachers," according to the will of her benefactress. It is under the charge of Miss Alberta Brown, a graduate of the University of Michigan, who has had a large amount of experience in the field of home economics.

There are two schools now with 64 pupils enrolled and many more on the waiting list. In one school are the children aging from three to five years or "the baby school," so called by the older children, those aging from 18 months to four years. The other school between eight thirty and nine o'clock accompanied by their parents, or in the school bus driven by Dabby Ruhl. One of the pleasantest things about being on the bus to help with the children.

As he arrives, each child removes his wraps, assisted by a student helper if necessary, and hangs them in his own little locker, picture of an animal or flower painted on a small cardboard disc. Next comes inspection of clothing or shoes. Each child's shoes are carefully examined by the dressmaker, who looks for any broken nails or loose parts. Then comes inspection of the hands, looking for any scratches or cuts. The next step is inspection of the face, looking for any redness or soreness. The last inspection is the child's teeth, which are checked for any decay or cavities.

When Miss Edna N. White, head of the home economics department at Ohio State University, assumed the responsibility for the management of the school in 1890, she had at her disposal a large table and $3,000,000. She might have opened a school and set to work to secure immediate results but she decided to study the needs of the community first. She did not wish to duplicate the work which had been done by other schools. After two years in community work, Miss White went to England where she observed the nursery schools. As a result the Merrill Palmer school is doing something unique—something never before attempted in this country.

Co-operative arrangements were formed with a number of the best known colleges and universities in this country whereby senior girls were sent for a 12 week period, receiving full credit in their own colleges. The schools included in this list at present are: Michigan Agricultural College, Ohio State University, Pennsylvania State College, Cornell University, Kentucky State College, Illinois University, Kansas State College of Agriculture, Chicago, University of Nebraska, Teachers College, Columbia University, Harvard University, University of Wisconsin, University of Michigan, University of Nebraska, University of Illinois, University of Wisconsin, University of Minnesota, University of Iowa, University of Washington, University of California, University of Southern California, and University of Texas. The total enrollment is 250.

There is a Merrill Palmer orchestra which is delightful. They have the drums and triangles which the children use, very good music.

All go up stairs and lie down on their little cots to rest before dinner, some of them sitting on the floor and some in the window, or on the floor, or on the bed. After dinner the children go to bed and sleep until 2:30. How do they go to sleep? Again—just the thing that's done. Everyone becomes quiet when Miss Harley or her assistants comes in the room and tells them that it is time for their nap.

"After the lunch the children go upstairs to a large playroom where they may play, romp and play to their heart's content. They have everything to play with. The building blocks, colored chalks, moulding clay and Kiddie Cars are the most popular. They may play with whatever they wish but they must put their things away before starting anything else.

From the playroom, the children go out of doors where they have all a child could wish to play with. What do they play with? The children play outside, open doors and windows and play in the playroom. At 11:30 the children come in, wash their hands and faces, comb their hair, have story hour or music. There is a Merrill Palmer orchestra which is delightful. They have the drums and triangles which the children use, very good music.

All go up stairs and lie down on their little cots to rest before dinner, some of them sitting on the floor and some in the window, or on the floor, or on the bed. After dinner the children go to bed and sleep until 2:30. How do they go to sleep? Again—just the thing that's done. Everyone becomes quiet when Miss Harley or her assistants comes in the room and tells them that it is time for their nap.

Thus, you see the college girls make a real study of child life. Every six weeks, personality studies are due. Each student has two or three children for special study and observation. Things they say, things they do—everything is included in this report. We assisted with the physical examination, did a week's work in the diet kitchen keeping careful records, and observed the mental testing.

Dr. Charles Wilson, a prominent pediatrician, is employed to look after the physical condition of the children. A nutrition specialist, Miss Mary Sweeney cares for the physical growth and development. Dr. T. Woolley looks after the mental conditions.

The subjects offered to undergraduate students are Child Psychology, Nutrition for Children, Educational Methods, Home