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The Ideal Homemaker

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I HAD BEEN cross and disagreeable all day. And no wonder! A party the night before had thrown my house in such a disorder that in spite of all my efforts I seemed unable to ever get it straightened up again. The sink was stacked with dirty dishes which I had thought myself too tired to do the night before.

It was just at this time that I heard the postman’s whistle. Rushing to the door I found a letter waiting for me. It was from one of my old high school chums. She had married several years ago and moved to a neighboring city. She had invited me to spend the next week with her. Naturally, I was very anxious to see her again. We talked of old times in her car.

After supper I helped her clear up the dishes, wash them, and straighten up the kitchen. I thought to myself how much easier it was to do things up immediately than to let them wait until work accumulated so fast that it was nearly impossible to catch up.

After supper we attended a theater. The kiddies remained at home with their nurse so their sleep would not be interrupted.

The next day was wash day. Janice apologized for washing when I was there, but this work seemed to arouse no confusion. Everything had been collected the night before and the clothes put to soak. It therefore took only a short time to run them through the machine and hang them out. All of the muss and fuss was over by nine-thirty, and Janice was free for a short rest before noon. How different, I thought, from my own daily work, when it was all I could do to get done before noon.

By noon the clothes were dry, taken in, ready for ironing.

She had seemed to do everything so easily that it scarcely seemed work at all.

Besides all this there were many other duties that she must perform. Billy, the oldest child, must be taken to kindergarten in the morning, and the children were given a picnic supper that evening.

She also did all the sewing for herself and the children. She was an expert seamstress and all her clothes followed the latest styles.

Then there was church, and Sunday school, and clubs to attend. She did not neglect any of these things even while I was there, but took me to all of them, introducing me to everyone and in every way making me feel welcome and at home. She was always grinning and cheerful, no matter how tired she was, and could carry on a gay, pleasant conversation with anyone.

At last my week drew to a close. I was sorry to leave, yet anxious to go home and try my best to become as good a homemaker as my friend was. I knew now that if I made up my mind and used a good system, I, too, could have as happy a home as she.

THE IDEAL HOMEMAKER

By ROSALIE LARSON

This story was written by a senior girl in the high school of Gowrie, Iowa. We are interested in the opinion of a high school girl upon this important subject.

was. Not elaborate, of course, but so simple and so good. I did not feel that I had caused them any extra work at all. Janice scarcely spent half an hour in the kitchen during the preparation of the meal.

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University Life in France

By MERCIE CARLEY

IMAGINE preparing excitedly for your first formal dance in a foreign country—in France, no less, the land of romance and adventure; and when you got there to find the first four hours taken up by a lecture!

Such was the experience of Mrs. D’Elbert Keenan, who is attending the University of Strasbourg in Alsace-Lorraine. In describing university life she writes, "There are no organized sports or college spirit. Fraternities and sororities are not allowed, although there is an association to which all students may belong. Then there is a circle which is entirely male and rather exclusive. These give dances, but they are non-descript. Even the formal dances have five times as many girls as French people must be more intellectual than Americans for public lectures are the chief form of amusement. "We are always getting cards," Mrs. Keenan writes, "to come and hear something at the Grand Canyon of Colorado or Franco-American Relations or Is There a Danger of German Aid Raids?"

In France all universities are co-educational institutions, writes Mrs. Keenan. "They walk around in felt bedroom slippers and even the prettiest—there are mighty few—wear cotton stockings. In fact, for co-eds and for beautiful women of all kinds one must return to America."

With our ever-increasing number of bobbed heads it is hard to believe that in France the girl with the bob is considered "not nice" and is looked upon with suspicion. "The popular mode," Mrs. Keenan writes, "is a tight knot in back with a fuzzy halo around the front, and (Continued on page 13)