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University Life in France

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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.

Rushing to the door I found a letter waiting for me. I hurriedly packed my things and left on my mind off this household drudgery. Naturally, I was very anxious to see her again. We talked of old times later, Robert, her husband, returned for two little children, Billy and Betty, with her. It was just at this time that I heard the postman's whistle.

After supper I helped her clear up the dishes, wash them, and straighten up the kitchen during the preparation of the meal.

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 me 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 to get done be-fore 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 other 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.

At last we came to her home. It was not so very large, but it had an air of neatness and coziness. I felt a twinge of conscience as I thought of my own household. The kiddies remained at home with their nurse so their sleep would not be interrupted.

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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 smiling 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.

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 Straubourg in Alsace-Lorraine. In describing university life she writes, "There are no organized sports or college spirit. Fraternities and sororities are not allowed, altho 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-descriptive. 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 somebody on the 'Grand Canyon of Colorado' or 'Franco-American Relations' or 'There a Danger of German Aid Raids.'"

In France all universities are co-educational. "We are decided toward marriage," 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 it is nearly always the case that a young woman is not so very large, but it has an air of neatness and coziness. I felt a twinge of conscience as I thought of my own house that I had just left in such disorder.

I entered the house and here found her two little children, Billy and Betty, playing happily in their nursery. A short time later, Robert, her husband, returned for supper. And such a glorious meal as it 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.

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