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A TREY FULL
By E. G. Whitney
Right on the front page of this issue, in GRA's This and That column, you read where he suggests it might be a good idea for wedded couples to anonymously write to their mates once a year setting forth their stored up complaints and pet peeves. That's an excellent idea, only let's present both sides and leave off being anonymous. Here goes... a letter from Mr. John Busby to his wife:



E. G. Whitney
I've been taking inventory, so to speak, of our marital relations during the past year and one or two little things which have caused a bit of discord stick in my mind. Of course I realize wedlock is a "give and take" proposition and that, probably, I'm equally at blame for all the little blemishes that appear on the surface. Still, I want to get these few things off my mind.

Just because I'm not home all day, you have no right to assume I'm not working. Consequently, when I come home in the evening I feel that a certain period of time should be mine to scan the pages of the newspaper without being interrupted. You recall that I have to fix the furnace and clean up a bit before dinner so I really have to dash and a dot to keep abreast of the day's news, as I usually have work to do in the evening.

And, although this sounds rather silly, I wish you'd be a trifle more careful about screwing on the cap of the toothpaste container. For some reason or another, groping around for that elusive top nettles me... and it lets the paste dry out.

The other morning I was in a hurry. When I started to put on a clean shirt I found a sleeve button missing. Trying another shirt, I noticed one missing from the front. Couldn't you watch them a wee bit more?

Several times in the past few months my attention has been called to the fact that, while walking with you downtown you stopped to talk with women acquaintances, letting me sort of "loiter" around. It seems a trifle inconsiderate and I feel so darned unnecessary looking out into space and shifting from one leg to another the while.

We have thrashed out the problem of budgeting and "cutting corners" times uncounted but still our economic situation fails to show improvement. As I have frequently remarked, it's the little things that dig into that treasured "surplus." For instance, don't you think that someday or another we could do without the magazine Fortune, the new Spring ensemble for you, the extra pair of white shoes for the boys, the new rug in the dining room and those fancy lace curtains you suggest regularly at dinner time each evening?

Just one more complaint. We're paying a maid for regular afternoon work yet I see you doing many of the things that a fastidious housewife demands and never seems to get out of a servant. If we are to continue paying her a good wage (and I think we do) I suggest that you organize and definitely establish her daily chores just as we do at the office. Then she is accountable to you for work left undone. She probably will appreciate such a plan and accomplish more. If she doesn't, let her go.

Livingly,
John
Now... the answer from HER!!
But wait just a minute. Surely, there must be two sides to this domestic problem. Let's see what the missus has to say in reply.
John:
I think you're perfectly horrid. You know good and well not one word of what you've said is true. After dashing away day after day, cleaning and cooking and washing dishes and caring for YOUR two children, you turn on me like this and accuse me of failing in everything. I won't forget this in a hurry, John Busby.

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Who gets up early every morning, washes, dresses and feeds the children then rushes to have your breakfast on the table while you arise, leisurely shave, dress and saunter in with the newspaper? And its two to one you'll shut me off from view by holding up the old paper in front of you while you gulp down a few mouthfuls and send the headman off. If you do have anything to say it's usually something about the coffee being too strong or the toast being much too crisp.

Oh, I realize I have afternoons off at times but where can I go for long. If I dare join the girls in a rubber or two of contract and happen to be a minute or two late I never hear the end of "why do you spend your time shut up in a smoky room with a bunch of old hens?"

You criticize me for stopping to say hello to friends I haven't seen for weeks and leave you standing by a moment. What about the times when guests drop in for an evening round of bridge and you frown and mutter "Good heavens, I've never seen a beginner would know better than to set up that long suit in dummy for the opponents." Don't you think that humiliates me?

Another thing... you have your way in almost everything that comes to an issue. I wanted the dark blue color for the new car but no, it had to be that show-off light cream shade. We bought that hideous green ink for the bedroom suite when I begged for dull walnut that cost only a few dollars more.

And you have the nerve to say I'm not frugal. The very idea. John Busby, you're not fair at all. Week after week I scrimp and save on foods, searching the ads for bargains and going out of my way to buy moderately priced articles that will suit that finicky stomach of yours. Who suggested buying the washing machine to save on laundry bills?

You think I can do without that Spring ensemble despite the fact I haven't had a new dress or anything in ages. But wasn't it just last month you marched down to the best haberdashery in town and picked out an expensive suit and then carefully explained to me that a man in your position had to keep well dressed? What about me?

Disgustedly,
Laura

By Marjorie Elaine Porter
How well can your daughter make a bed?

Does she wash dishes to your satisfaction? Or, which is more to the point, does she wash them at all?

And, hey, lady, can your daughter cook?

Right here and now, I should like to advocate a Back-To-The-Kitchen Week for girls. This little domestic observance would consist of a parade of mother and all daughters of six years or more, to the kitchen to engage in household chores.

Suppose your only daughter is a six-year old. Too young? Nonsense. After breakfast or luncheon, on a Saturday, take her into the kitchen with you, treat her as an equal. Put on your smock or apron, then, if I know six-year-old girls, (and I think I do) she will do the same thing.

Talk to her in a confidential tone. She will think you are the only woman in the world who knows how to wash dishes, and that you are passing the secret along to her. Give her a tea towel and show her the proper way to handle the tea cups, she'll be proud as punch!

Let her try. What's a broken cup or two, when you stop to consider how much it will mean to her to be with you as a companion, taking part in what you are doing. She will learn more than the process of drying dishes. She will begin to understand that as an individual, she is of some consequence in the home, because she is able to share its responsibility.

The point is, get your daughter interested in her home as early as age as possible. Step by step, as she advances, teach her more about it. Go into the matter systematically. Show her the right way to make beds, to do the dishes. Let her cook something every day.

All the way through, adopt the attitude that the domestic training you are giving her ranks in importance with going to school and acquiring an education. Because it does.

Why rear a girl with the understanding that marriage is desirable, (as it is, of course) without fitting her for the responsibility of becoming a homemaker.

We lavish all we can afford on our daughters in the way of clothes and social accomplishments to help them acquire husbands. But what are we doing to help them hold their future spouses in a state of domestic tranquility?

When a man weds a homemaker he certainly is expecting his wife to know how to manage it, efficiently and economically. Yes, there are courses, in both high school and college to train girls for this work. But why wait that long?

Primarily, it is the mother's obligation. And the more time she gives to the training of her daughter in this important field, the more she will be doing to insure that daughter's future happiness.

By Jane McClellan
When we got over to the Community House last Monday afternoon they were just cleaning up the last bit of Ry-Krisp and tea. Seems that it was Mrs. Lally's birthday and Mrs. Chissus gave a smallish sort of a party for her. Mrs. Plumstead was the other guest and the three of them had a cozy little lynch in the far corner of Mrs. Lally's office. In the afternoon, Mrs. Fred Prentice and Mrs. James Ransier also of the staff at the House, gave Mrs. Lally a plant.

"Birthdays come but once a year." Says Mrs. Lally. "Thank Goodness." (And that is not meant in a spirit of ingratitude you cynics.)

Wonder if "Marj" Kidder knew that she was listed on the honor roll out at State College this last week? She, Lucille Hallett and Elizabeth Sears were named at the annual Spartan Achievement Day, when 450 students were honored for outstanding scholastic achievement for the year 1935-36.

A REAL TAXPAYER.
Troy, Va.—Melvin J. Dunn, an American farmer, claims the distinction of paying tax bills by more taxing bodies than any other citizen in the United States. Because his farm is situated two-thirds in Canada and one-third in the United States, he pays taxes to both countries, two towns, a State, a Province, and a County.

THROWS MAIL AWAY.
New York.—Because his feet hurt him, Henry M. Briggs, 48-year old mail carrier, fell into the habit of throwing letters away. When complaints became numerous from residents on his route, an inspector trailed him and caught him throwing a package containing forer than 100 letters into an incinerator in an apartment house.

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Dear Mabel:
Let's go to the
COOKING SCHOOL
April 6th and 7th.
Jane

Mark these dates, April 6th and 7th, down on your engagement schedule. You'll find the program interesting, entertaining and educational. These two days will be Red Letter Days for housewives of Birmingham and vicinity.

To be held at the
**COMMUNITY
HOUSE
BIRMINGHAM**

Bessie Wright, nationally known economist of the Homakers Institute of Domestic Science, will be here to demonstrate new dishes and new methods of cooking. Her lectures on homemaking and the proper preparation of food are valuable to all housewives. Mrs. Wright will be assisted by Mrs. M. McDonald.

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