

TWO ONE

By Marjorie Elaine Porter
Jean decided to do her own sewing. Why waste one's days in play after all, when Jim spent the entire eight hours, day after day, working so hard, it seemed selfish not to help him, and bear more of the burden.

At least she could make her own clothes! She'd save money and have greater variety in her wardrobe. It was so simple. She had seen women sitting at the pattern counter, calmly looking over fashion books and making their selections. That was really the ideal way to shop!

But seated at a counter herself, she was a little staggered by the size of the pattern book. It seemed to contain patterns for everything but puppets. She turned through pages of pajamas, shirts and shorts for men, reflecting that the really useless thing would be to sew for Jim! She ploughed through fancy dress costumes for every holiday in the calendar, she came upon styles for babies and children through the seven ages of man. Then finally, she reached "Fashion's Forecast for the Young Matron."

For three-quarters of an hour she changed her mind from one to another. Then decided upon a smart frock that seemed particularly adaptable. She read the description for 32-inch material, for the first time she realized she was facing a grave question: Did one buy the pattern to suit the material, or the material to suit the pattern? She decided to buy the pattern and hunt for 32-inch material.

She selected a gray little print—tiny white sailboats on a blue ground. The next day with materials efficiently arranged on a sewing table, she started to work. She opened the pattern. Goodness! So many pieces! It looked like a tissue paper jig-saw. There were little holes here and little holes there, which apparently meant something. But what?

She studied the instructions, and laid the pieces carefully upon the folded material. There was one piece that was a "back" for the house. She had another "back" already on the material, she noted.

"My next step," she told herself, "if I cut the other one double." She dropped the "back" into the wastebasket. Finally, scissors in hand, she was ready to begin cutting, when the telephone rang. A long-winded friend launched into a description of Jim's birthday party.

A breeze frisked through the window. Before she could tear herself from the phone, she saw with a pang, her pattern lifted from the table and scattered upon the floor. Laboriously, she started all over again.

At last the dress was cut out. The worst was over! Basting and stitching would be fairly easy. The skirt was all right. The front of the house was all right. The back—wait a minute, something wrong here! On one side of the back the little boats sailed in right hand order, on the other side they sailed in left hand order. The laws of gravity and art, they sailed upside down, with rudder aloft where the mast should be. With a jolt she realized she had cut two backs for the same dress!

The tears came. Her first impulse was to fling the whole mess into the wastebasket. Then an inspiration! She reached for the telephone book.

"That's just what makes depressions," she reflected, "trying to cheat some good dressmaker out of a job!"

By Carol Dweley
The old ballad maintains that "The best of friends must part" and fortunately the visiting relatives too. You come into the kitchen and find Father and Oldest Girl walking gaily (and silently) around the table. They confide that Aunt Dilly is even now upstairs, packing her family's numerous suitcases.

"But how?" "When?" you gasp, sinking joyfully to a chair. It seems that Ezra Pink's eldest boy, coming right on from the city with a telegram for Uncle Sticky, demanding, so he says, that he return to the city at once and join the household of a jam. They're leaving on the 9:15 going west. You grab Father and Oldest Girl and the three of you continue the waiting.

Cousin Horrid is very late to lunch. She appears just as you are bringing on the dessert and you can almost see her wiping off the sandy feathers—the same little thing—"Sorry I'm late auntie," she says, breezily, flopping into her chair. "But I had a very important engagement." And she turns to Oldest Girl. "I hope you aren't sore at your friend Bill for paying so much attention to me. He's coming to visit us this winter and I'll get mother to invite you too. I'll be able to find you a lot of dates and we four will have a time."

Oldest Girl smiles placidly. Now that the visitors are actually going, nothing, not even Bill, is of much importance. You breathe a sigh of relief as she replies, "That's nice but I won't have much time. Bill's okay but all these COLLEGE boys that I just met while you were with Bill appeal to me a lot more."

"Auntie," you silently cheer, reflecting that she's just what you were at her age.)

The afternoon is spent on the beach. You are smearing yourself with oil, preparing to get into a net when The Kids and their cousins Fibber and Whiny start a sand fight. Of course most of it hits you and sticks so firmly to the oil that you have to use a scrubbing brush to get it off. Your rage is cooled at once however when The Kids, fleeing playfully from their cousins, take a running jump and land on Uncle Sticky, buried in the sand. And even more to make you cheerful.

Father's spirits too, continue to mount. As you leave the beach he announces that he is going to take all of you to the Inn for dinner. There's hardly time for the car that until you have finished dinner. Then the four small ones want to go to the movies. You glance at the time and, with a sinking heart, hear Uncle Sticky say that he'll take the whole gang. Of course that's a big event, since it's the first time he's done anything like that, but it may mean the visitors will miss their train. Well—

You emerge from the station with only minutes before train time. Uncle Sticky looks at his watch. "Holy Smoker!" he shouts. "We'll never make that train. Hurry up Dilly, while I run ahead and nark them to hold it!"

Then, incredibly, they're boosting her on the train, from which her family shrieks encouragement. They pull out of your lives in an appropriate black pall of smoke. Your entire family smiles, sighs, and moves out of the station as though in a trance. A trace of Napoleon still lingers in the air.

"Forward, comrades!" he commands. "It's ice cream for all of us."

WHO WROTE IT?

"At Dawning"
When the dawn flames in the sky



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The Bright Side
"Well, there's one nice thing about my wife" in the crossroads store announced Gap Johnson of Campus Ridge.

"Spring it," said the proprietor of the emporium. "What's the answer?"

"She's so long and thin that if she fell into the well I don't recall it would take more than about three of the kids to pull her out of me a'loosin' the job."

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Close Call
The midday whistle had blown when Murphy shouted: "Has any one seen my rest?"

"Sure, Murphy," said Pat, "and I've got it on."

"Right and I have," replied Murphy, gazing solemnly at his bosom, "and it's a good thing you seen it, or I'd have gone home without it."

STATE OF MICHIGAN—The Probate Court for the County of Oakland. In a matter of the Estate of Richard R. Moran, deceased. Plaintiff, vs. Defendant. The Court do hereby certify that the following is a true and correct copy of the will of the said deceased, as the same is on file in the office of the Probate Court for the County of Oakland, Michigan, at Detroit, Michigan, on the 11th day of August, A. D. 1938.

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