

A TIMELY LESSON IN THRIFT FOR AMERICANS

NOT for many decades have living costs been so low—from the standpoint of dollars and cents. And, contradictorily, not for many decades have living costs been so high—if you consider the large number of people who are unable to procure the essentials of life.

Six cents was a bit of odd change a few short years ago. "Here, Ruthie," you'd say as you placed it in a pink little palm, "run along and buy your friends some candy." But what an odd change, what a tragic change, is it now, when six cents will provide food for a man, woman or child for an entire day—and hundreds of thousands cannot obtain it!

It requires the scientific planning of diets, of course, and the purchase of large quantities of food at wholesale prices, but just the same the city of Tulsa, Oklahoma, is feeding 12,000 persons at a cost of six cents per day per person. Other cities are doing the same at costs ranging from six and one-half to fifty cents per person.

The purpose in mentioning it, however, is not so much to call attention to the conditions that obtain in large industrial centers where unemployment and want are greatest, as it is to point out the fact that we Americans, painful as it may be, are engaged in learning a much needed lesson in thrift—we who for a generation and more were famous among the peoples of the earth for having not only the fullest dinner pails, but alas! the fullest garbage pails as well.

We don't sympathize with the penurious farmer who, on the theory that food was largely a matter of habit, started in to reduce gradually the rations of his horse and who complained of the irony of fate when, having got the beast down to one straw a day, "it up and died." We do believe, though, that much of the food Americans have wasted and which many of them still waste, never reaches the refuse pail, but is consumed by them in the mistaken idea that a "square" meal is healthful.

For many years doctors have been telling us that because of the very abundance of food, we Americans are digging our graves with our teeth, but apparently we have regarded it as a pleasurable way to dig them and have blissfully continued to waste from a third to a half of the food we eat. If it were merely a waste of food, perhaps our pocketbooks (some of them) could stand it, but it isn't; it is a waste of physical energy as well, and our overburdened digestive organs won't stand it long.

Why not actually adopt this year some of the balanced, low-cost diets Woman's World presents from time to time and see for yourself how much better you feel and how much farther your household allowance goes?

WHEN asked some time ago how you could tell good music, Fritz Kreisler, the celebrated violinist, is credited with saying, "When it sends the shivers up and down your spine."

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A feat of pastric surgery

By William Donahey

Nothing technical or high-hat about that. We've all experienced it and we can all understand the definition. The statement raises the eminent Mr. Kreisler and his genius immeasurably in our estimation.

As far as most of us are concerned, the same test might apply to poetry or to any other kind of literature, yet along comes a posthumous book by Gamaliel Bradford, psychographer and super-intellectual, in which with a figurative lifting of the eyebrows he writes patronizingly of the sweetness and gentleness of one of America's favorite poets, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and concludes his appraisal with the remark that "quality is conspicuously lacking in Longfellow's work"—presumably because its simple beauty can be understood and appreciated by so many millions of common people.

A reassuring thought is that it is not the Gamaliel Bradfords and the others of his rarified intellectual stratum who determine the merit of a poet. It is, rather, the countless millions who have thrilled to the music of his verse that make Longfellow's poems live in the hearts and minds of his countrymen.

"God must love the common people," said Abraham Lincoln, "or he wouldn't have made so many of them." Longfellow must have loved them, and understood them, too, or he wouldn't have been able to write poems as melodiously and as exquisitely beautiful as "The Bridge" and "The Day is Done." Read them again, when you have a chance.

PERHAPS it is only the ending of a life that counts. Maybe Janet Newbold, switchboard operator at the luxurious Cardinal Hotel, was right when she said, "I hear the beginnings and the endings of a thousand conversations every day. I never know what the in-between talk is to be, whether honest or pleasant or despairing, but when I hear the finish, I know what has happened before."

And yet, after all, it isn't the final goal that matters. It is how it was achieved that makes the chronicle of a human life. It is the "in-between talk," the strivings, the plans, the hopes—the things that transpire in that comparatively short span of years in which the "connection" of life endures—that gives point and purpose to its ending.

It is the fact that the Cardinal's soft-spoken, comely-faced operator was for once drawn into the "in-between talk" that makes H. L. Gates' new novel, "The Girl at Granada 9000," one of the most breath-taking dramatic commentaries on modern metropolitan life you've read for many a day.

You will be swept along, fascinated, quickened and superbly entertained, with the rush of this swiftly moving tale and the vividness of the events that it portrays. The first installment begins on page 4 of this issue. Don't miss a single chapter!

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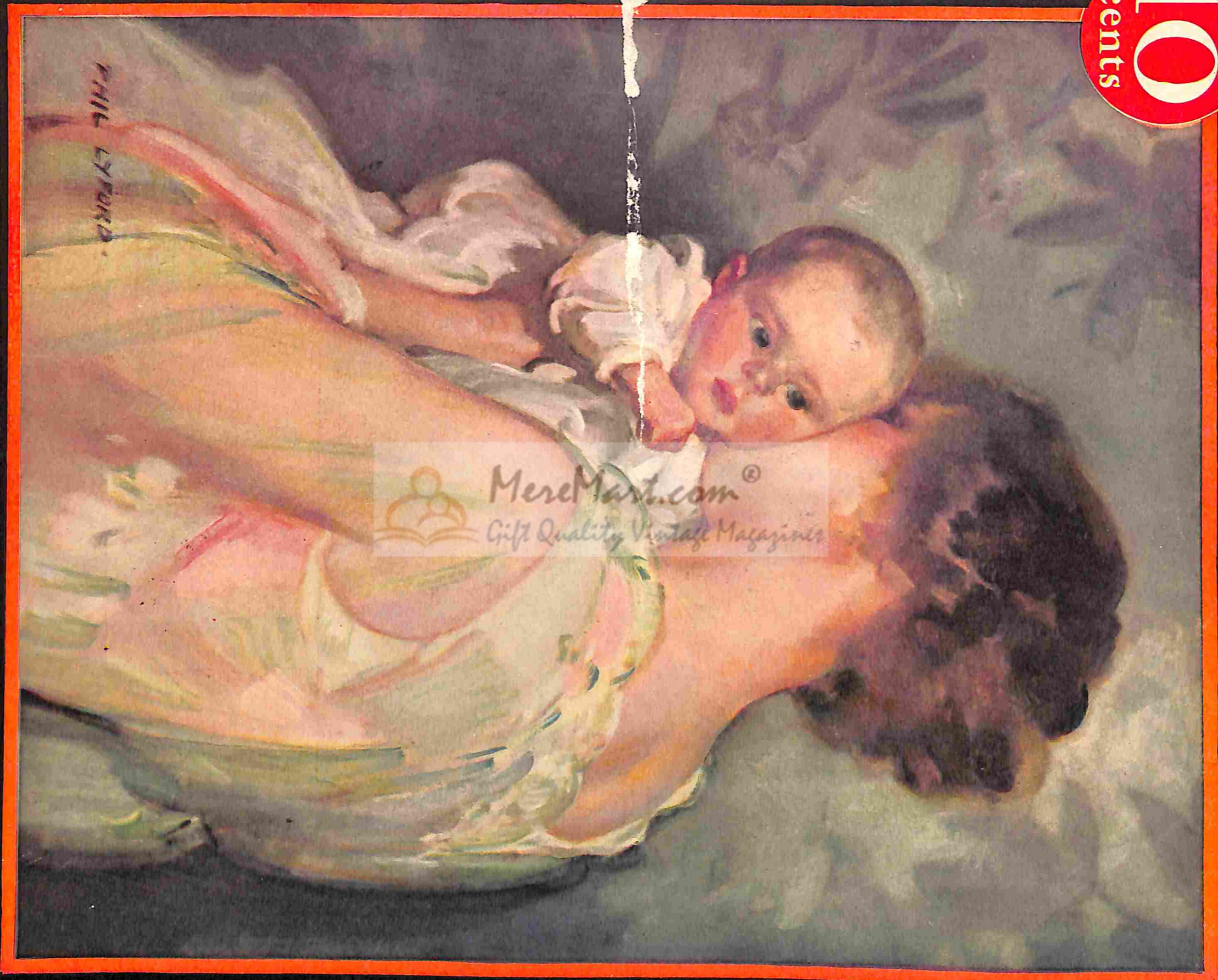
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THE GIRL AT GRANADA 9000 by H. L. GATES

A Presentation of DISTINCTIVE DESIGNS in New Needlework