THE NEW CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

Continued from page 70

kept all of the multitudes of carvings and buildings of his classes that "did not come off," and must be thrown away, for these young destroyers to express themselves on. To break and cut and maul a thing which somebody had made filled their savage young hearts with joy. But not for long. All about them boys and girls were making things—beautiful and useful things. Inevitably shame or envy finally overtook them. They asked for work, and from their ranks came some of his best pupils.

Such is Sanford Hearn's practise. To put a boy or girl where he'll find himself—with a little help, advice which he must seek, no pressure, no hectoring, only friendliness, welcome, help when needed—let it soak in—let them do it.

AND the results? Well, I've seen with my own eyes boy after boy who once stormed that settlement gate, a ragamuffin, familiar with every vice and crime, come to manhood—clean, honest, active in business, a student in law or medicine.

Sanford Hearn puts his percentage of salvage high—ten out of twelve of some groups, he will tell you—but he'll stoutly add, "If not made over, they're all helped." It is like the Shriners' cripples—perhaps not entirely cured, still the better for the treatment.

All over the land men and women are in one or another way practising this same wisdom and patience with the youth from crime centers, and it is always intensive, personal, direct work that is demanded. A perverted mind is like a crippled limb—always a special case—which is a way of saying that there is a job somewhere for every one of us!

Nobody will deny that, back of all efforts to bring to decency and right living the products of vice, there must go continually a mighty effort to rid city and country of the sources that produce them. There is no apathy, no lack of impassioned, determined efforts to do just this. We strive by laws, education, agencies of all sorts, to make healthy-minded, as well as healthy-bodied communities in which to grow our children. We make tremendous mistakes. I believe myself we made a mistake when we undertook to destroy one of the greatest of all the enemies of the child—the abuse of hard liquor—by making it a crime to manufacture drink of any sort for sale. Children should grow up without ever seeing a saloon, a drunkard, a glass of whiskey, wine or beer. It hasn't turned out so. They see it at home now, learn to drink it there, often help make it—assist the bootlegger. Possibly we are learning that while natural appetites can be trained they can not be denied.

But hard and distressing as the case is, there is no disposition to shrug our shoulders at it—say, "So be it." Rather there is an increased determination to make a temperate country where a child shall understand the penalties of the abuse of any appetite—shall be helped to self-control by choice.

We are saving children for their own sakes, but we are saving them also for the protection of the future: that better future we struggle to believe in and which we know will only be better if we can pass on from year to year fewer diseased and crippled, fewer crime-soaked and degenerate, more alert minds, trained hands, honest hearts, more lovers of truth and beauty. That's what we are after and must have to make that better world we talk so much about.

Every nation on earth today realizes, as we did in 1789, that if the thing it is after is to survive and establish itself, it must look to the children. That is where Russia is looking. Her children are being taught the communist philosophy and practise with the ardor and thoroughness of a religion.

Italy is staking the future of fascism on her children—they think fascism and nothing else. I have never seen the Russian child's acceptance of communism tested, but I have the Italian's of fascism, and a more complete and practical conversion I have never encountered. Take the campaign against bad manners—inconsideration on the railroads, in public places—that Mussolini ordered in 1923. Apparently every young fascist considers himself authorized to see that its regulations are enforced. Umbrellas must not be laid on seats or tables in railroad stations, run the rules—or anywhere else, the zealous young fascist concludes. Going into a restaurant of Siena in Palio time, I laid my umbrella—dry!—on the table. Immediately a handsome lad of twelve or so addressed me. With some difficulty I gathered that my umbrella must stand on the floor "by order of the government!"

They accept it, practise it, these boys and girls of Italy, and like the young Russians are prepared to die for it. It is the method we followed in '89. It is what every nation setting out to preserve a revolution believes necessary. But with this devotion to one's own system goes insistence on the tyranny and stupidity of other systems. What can exceed the exaggeration and bitterness of Russia's teachings on capitalism—the contempt and intolerance of Italy's teachings on democracy? But in neither case is it more intolerant than what this nation taught from the start about all forms of monarchy, oligarchy.

And the result of such education? It certainly does not make for world peace to rear a child to despise all systems but his own, instead of giving him a fair and well informed idea of what each nation is trying to do and how it came about that it is what it is.

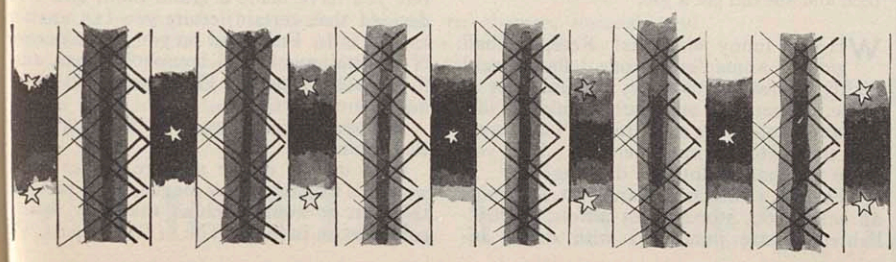
Mutual understanding, mutual tolerance and cooperation in their attitude towards other people, other nations—that is what a group of the world's greatest scholars, led by Albert Einstein himself, have set out to teach the children of the earth.

These men and women met last July in Geneva to consider what scholars might do to help insure peace in the future. Begin with the children—that's the most important thing in the world, Einstein told them. There's your true scientist, who sees the root of things. He does not dwell on his own discoveries: relativity—time—space—a straight line—a curve. Not at all. He sees the real source of human regeneration—the child. How you like this man, Einstein, the more you hear of him. He smokes a pipe, he sails a boat, he plays a violin, and he recognizes the child in the scheme of human betterment.

IT IS an amazing army that has volunteered for the childrens' crusade: the Shriner with his red fez—great specialists—the W. C. T. U. and the Anti-saloon League—county authorities—regiments of nurses and teachers—playground and camp workers—devoted missionaries like Hearn—the officers in the courts—the policeman on the beat—the top-notch scholar of the world, Albert Einstein.

Each does what he sees to do—meets the immediate demand on him, confident that somehow his work will find its place in the whole; each helps contribute to that most elementary and essential need—if the objective is reached—the increasing number of happy, free, intelligent homes.

I wonder sometimes, indeed, if the greatest result of all these manifold activities is not going to be better parents, a greater number of men and women more keen to give to their children what they by chance found in some settlement, camp, night school, for, looking at it in any way you will, nothing has yet been devised to approach in its effectiveness the home, for bringing the child into his own.



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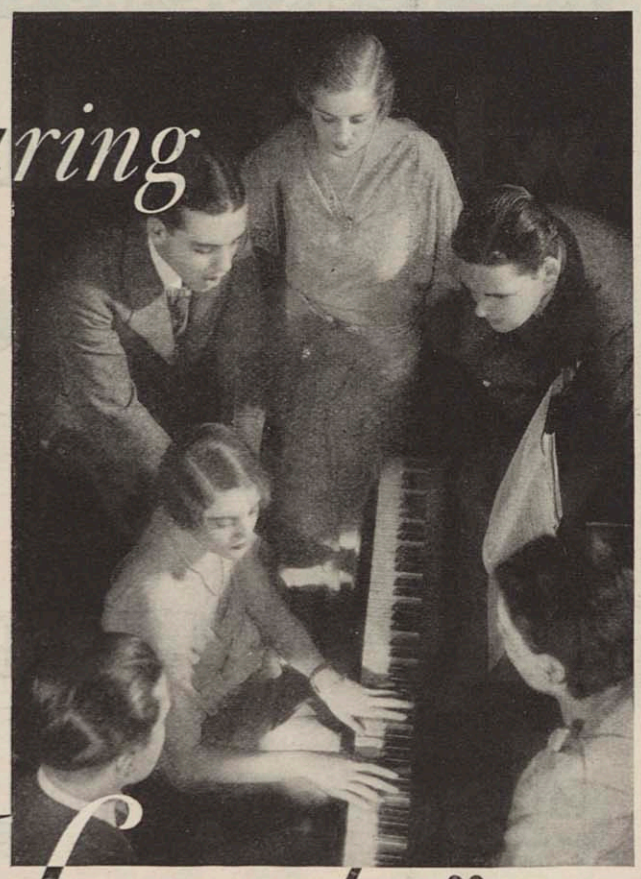
USE YOUR SEARS CATALOG

"I FELT AS IF THEY WERE *Staring* right at my *Hands*"....



"How horridly red a few weeks of dishwashing had left them"...

"I just *love* being a bride and having a little house of my own to care for! But dear knows I don't want to look like a *drudge*.

"So I was perfectly *horror-struck*—we were giving our first party and they all begged me to play—when I had a really good look at my HANDS! Against the white keyboard they looked rough and red—utterly hideous! I felt as if *everybody* were staring right at them.

"All sorts of resolves flashed through my mind—I'd buy out the beauty shops right away!

Jack's Mother Told Me

"But the very next morning Jack's mother told me how she kept her hands so beautifully cared for through *years* of housekeeping.

"'I always use LUX for dishes and other soap-and-water tasks,' she said. 'So many soaps, you know, dry up the natural oils of the skin. That's why your hands get so rough and chapped looking. But Lux is *wonderful* for the hands—and it's inexpensive.'

"I could bless Mother G— for that beauty hint! Just a few Lux dishwashings made my hands as snow-white and satiny as before I was married!"

Beauty Treatment

Nearly all brides—and 8 out of 10 experienced housewives—interviewed, are using Lux. "It leaves our hands looking as if we had maids," they say happily.

And 305 famous beauty shops advise Lux as the very best beauty treatment for hands busy with housewifely doings. Do try it yourself. Those beautiful Lux bubbles—so enticing to look at—are sheer joy to sensitive skin! They fairly caress one's hands into loveliness!

The big package of Lux does six weeks' dishes, thereby bringing the cost down to less than 1 cent a day!

LUX FOR DISHES ··· *Lovely Hands for less than 1¢ a day*

HALF A LOAF

Continued from page 11

for dinner after a sweaty set of tennis. The more clean neck you show the less heart you have." That wasn't strictly true, but she did play up to the looped and garnished satin trains of the period.

At night, when she washed the dinner dishes with her mother (there was no cook in those lean years), she put color into the gray chore of wiping by selecting a cup here and a spoon there, a large dish, a small dish, then the cup's saucer, putting each article away separately with many unnecessary steps, and then exclaiming, "See, mamma, all the pieces are in place—like a jig-saw puzzle!"

She always set the breakfast table before going to bed as being a welcoming morning sight, brought home fresh flowers oftener than she could afford, and on Sunday evenings made a ritual of supper with silver tea-service and candles, not skimping on one prescribed bread-and-butter plate to lighten the inevitable washing.

NONE of these things did she really do to please others. They were to please herself. She was glad when others noticed, indeed she was saddened, often irritated, when they objected to being pushed about to fit into her little games, or to living up to her ideals of them which she gratuitously fastened upon them. She never quite learned to accept people for what they chose to be, never ceased to dramatize herself in relation to them, and to despair if they failed to act the part she had secretly assigned them.

But she was an honest girl and a brave one—her little games were part of her bravery.

When she was fifteen her father had died, and with light brown curls caught with a black taffeta bow into a bunch between her shoulders, she found herself the head of a family of handsome, incompetent mother and weakling younger brother, with a small income that might have sufficed if a money panic had not thinned the dollar to fifty cents, and white-haired lawyers had not behaved in the traditional way toward the widow and orphans. This permanently shook her young faith in the sanctity and wisdom of old age, in the goodness of God, and in the solidity of public institutions.

But she was not afraid. Each day was each day, and there always seemed enough strength to last till nightfall. She did see far enough ahead to know that very, very soon there would be no more capital upon which to draw, and that she was the only one of the three who could take a job.

But could she? What were her assets? A good digestion and a collection of well-balanced bones still with the meager covering of youth, sweet blue eyes, a large but well-shaped mouth and strong white teeth in a round childish face. A convent education, in New York and Paris, had taught her chiefly to leap to her feet and curtsy when an older woman entered the room, and to enjoy the drama of the Roman Catholic church. And a dozen Atlantic crossings had given her kudos with the stay-at-homes, and an English accent which waxed and waned as the occasion demanded. She could make pleasant sounds in French and German, could answer a letter more than gracefully, and she knew how to wear hats. Her father, who had an art gallery on Fifth Avenue and wore a silk hat on week-days, had warped her judgment with such poisonous phrases as "impossible people," "decent" and "not decent," "it's not done," "not one of our sort," "only a petty shopkeeper," (what was father? she wondered), so that she was thrown upon the world with a set of ready-made labels which she found only too easy to stick on those who did not at once appreciate her. Perhaps her first bravery was compounded of arrogance and ignorance, but she did face New York all alone at nineteen and she did get a job.

WHAT a funny job it was! Reception hall girl on a woman's magazine. Parlor maid really. Instead of "No, sir, madam is not at home. Is there any message? Would you like to leave a note?" she substituted, "I am sorry, but the editor is in conference. Will you leave the manuscript, the drawing?"

The desk, at which she rarely sat, for it was an active job, stood in an airless, electric-lighted square punctured with doors, including two into the elevators. These doors were constantly opening and closing, revealing familiar people in strange combinations. People became at once as tiresome and yet as unfailingly provocative as a telephone which rings continually.

In the beginning she felt humble before the Olympian greatness of well known writers and judicial editors. But before many weeks she began to realize she was a minor power. Applicants would try to wheedle her into interceding for interviews. The editors turned to her to help them escape from the wheedlers. She became accessory to side-door exits for the editor who wanted to avoid a decision. She promised that she personally would see that the precious manuscript or drawing was placed in the hands of the literary or art editor himself, not the assistant.

She knew when the household editor briskly entered the reception room with her hat on and her bag and gloves in her hand that in two minutes the twittery woman with a bad idea for a series of crochet articles would find herself hurrying into the elevator, apologizing for taking up so much time. At the closing of the elevator door, the Household Editor, who was very pretty and wore red hats, would lazily lift her hands to withdraw two hat pins while smiling at her fellow conspirator at the hall desk. Susan adored her.

Office politics very soon began to reveal themselves to her. She watched the battle rage between the advertising and editorial departments, and naturally she ranged herself on the side of the editors: they—remembering her father's labels—were her sort, were not in trade, were the gentry. To some of them before long she ceased to be Miss Brooke and became Susie—the "ie" was for her curls and blue eyes and an appealing immaturity which was never to leave her.

WHEN in August Susan took her first two weeks' vacation, she took it with the title of Assistant Household Editor. Mrs. Jackson, her pretty chief of the red hats, had early recognized in the hall-girl assets which could be utilized in an editorial cubicle.

"Your entering wedge, Susie, must be stenography and typing. I could then take you on as a sort of secretary-assistant. How quickly could you learn?"

"Six months," the other stenographers told her, but she felt that was absurd. If you crammed for college entrance, why not for magazine entrance? The upshot of it was that she was granted two hours for lunch, one hour and a half of which she spent in a private lesson with an ex-court stenographer.

"Can I do it in six weeks?" she asked him.

"No, but I think you can fake it in six weeks."

Oh, the triumph of those first days on her new job! It was extremely difficult to pass the new hall-girl without the tiniest suggestion of patronage in her good-morning nod. And then to turn to the editorial right instead of the advertising left, and to hang up her hat and coat in the same slightly scented cupboard as her chief, instead of ferreting out a hook in the mass of dejected garments of the little people. She could feel the resentment of the editorial secretaries, but her success was her armor. The not inconsiderable fly in the ointment was her daily uncertitude as to whether or not she would be able to read her notes at the end of a dictation. Desperately she would have to turn to these princesses, the secretaries, and ask them to read her notes for her, but more often she depended upon the content of the letter to be answered, her good memory, and her common sense.

The day inevitably came when these tricks failed her, and she received her first real dressing-down. She was very near tears when her chief added:

"I'm on to you—I was from the beginning, but you have made a grand bluff, and I've decided that certain letters you can answer as well as I. From now on you can take care of entertainments and household hints, and if you are a good girl I'll let you read proof and manuscripts."

Her wedding day was less thrilling than that moment!

How unable is the average reader of a woman's magazine, any magazine, to picture the man or woman behind the reply which comes to an inquiry. The (*Turn to page 79*)

The Radiance of an English Complexion can be yours

THE ENGLISHWOMAN HAS ONE BEAUTY SECRET . . . ONLY ONE

INDOORS, in the flattering light that filters through curtained windows or falls from shaded lamps, an imperfect skin may sometimes escape detection. Out-of-doors, with the sun at his best (or worst) it is another story.

But you can have only admiration for the clear beauty of the Englishwoman, whether you meet her in the sophisticated atmosphere of a London drawing-room or at some race meet in the country. Even in the glare of the sun's full light, her exquisite complexion is as perfect as the petals of a flower.

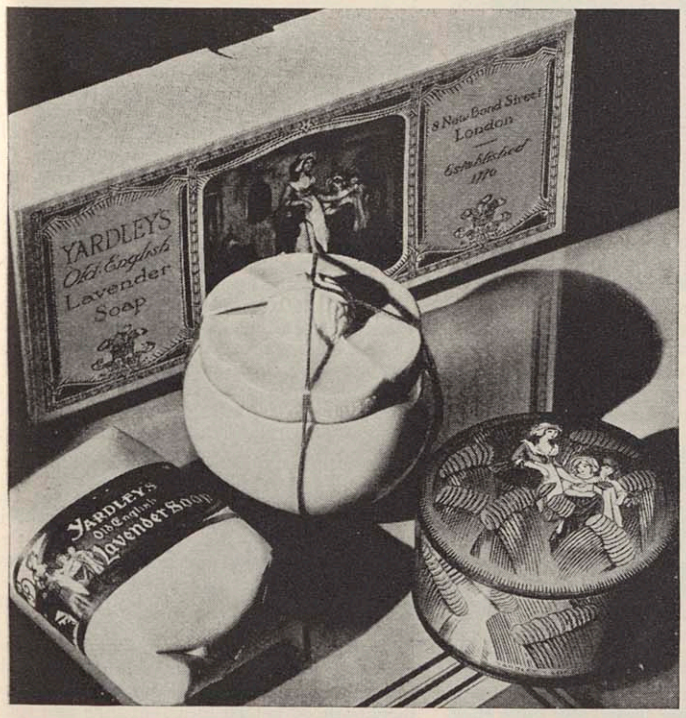
She has one beauty secret . . . only one. It is the excellent daily care she gives her lovely skin. All her favorite preparations are made by one famous perfumer: Yardley of London; all are scented with that winsome, wistful fragrance of English Lavender, choice of the English gentlewoman through generations. All have been, for a hundred and sixty years, the finest that could be bought.

Photograph by Eric Gray, London

Yardley's English Lavender Soap is gentle and refreshing, mild and pure. Its luxurious lather washes away every trace of today's dust and grime. English Complexion Cream follows, to finish the cleansing which the soap begins.

But English Complexion Cream is also a nourishing cream. And a powder foundation which can be washed away with water. One cream instead of the three you have been using! Then, to achieve the final accent of perfect grooming, use a dusting of Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder, and a dash of the sweet cool fragrance of Lavender itself.

And if you would like the complete story of English loveliness, write for our booklet, "Complexions with an English Accent." It is free. Yardley & Co., Ltd., 452 Fifth Avenue, New York City; in London, at 33 Old Bond Street; also Toronto and Paris.



YARDLEY'S English Complexion Cream, to cleanse, nourish and protect your skin. It is also used as a powder foundation, and can be washed away with water. $1.50. Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder in six skilful shades, $1. Yardley's English Lavender Soap for complexion and bath. Box of 3 cakes, $1 or 35c a cake. Bath size, 50c. Guest, box of 6, $1.00.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

YARDLEY'S ENGLISH LAVENDER . . . THE APPROPRIATE FRAGRANCE FOR ALL OUTDOOR OCCASIONS

FOR out-of-doors, a fresh, cool perfume . . . one in harmony with the time and the scene . . . one with that too-rare quality, simplicity . . . and one that will last through an entire afternoon. There is such a perfume . . . Yardley's English Lavender, well loved by the English gentlewoman . . . used by her and her kind through eight generations. It is as completely in harmony with the out-of-doors as sunlight on hillsides or fresh breezes over the downs. It will recapture, for you, all the beauty, all the fragrance of the English countryside. Yardley's English Lavender perfume in various-size bottles, $15 to $1.

YARDLEY'S ENGLISH LAVENDER