less kind profiting knowledge, sportsman-
ship, and achievement.

Americans are great lovers of achieve-
ment and record setters. It is a concern
of almost every American whether or not
Whirlaway's winnings can be surpassed, or
if any one will be able to pass DiMaggio's
consecutive hitting record, or will Joe
Louis, as well as his record, ever be beaten.
Thousands of dollars are spent annually
for the editing of magazines giving the
records of baseball teams, football teams,
hockey teams, races automotive and horse,
truck men, and golfers. Americans admire
the best and continually strive to better the
records of those who have gone before.

The competitive spirit, kept within the
bounds of fairness, has been a large factor
in the progress of American science and
business. The present conflict is an example
of competition out of bounds. The war,
regardless of its disadvantages, will give
the survivors many new and beneficial
scientific discoveries. American manufact-
urers do everything within their power to
supply the public with articles a little
better, a little more efficient than their
competitors.

When the United States stops growing,
takes fighting, or loses its competitive spirit,
the Old World will have conquered the
New.

A Disruption in The Family

MARJORIE L. SWARTZ

Flavius Germaine cocked his short, lit-
tle leg over his knee, loosened his yellow
polka-dotted tie, leaned back in his chair,
and prepared to read the market reports.
He tried to concentrate on the rise and fall
of stocks, but the bang of a piano and wild
shriek of a clarinet distracted his poor,
befuddled brain. The noise ceased; within
two seconds he heard the pad, pad of two
pairs of rubber soles on the hardwood floor.

"Hi ya, Pop! Whatcha know? How
about the kid and me usin' the buggy to-
morrow? There is gonna be a battle royal
when Pembroke High meets Whistle-
ville. I'll bet we mow 'em down." He
illustrated by picking up his clarinet and
playing a bit of taps in boogie-woogie
rhythm.

"Philo Germaine, don't call me a kid.
You know very well that I am only one
year, four months, three days, and two and
one quarter hours younger than you,"
screamed Ophelia, as she tugged at her hip
length sweater and furiously kicked at the
dog's ball with the toe of her dirty saddle
shoe. It was a perfect connection. The ball
sailed across the room, hitting Flavius
squarely on the nose.

Poor Flavius, his already jangled
nerves began to jingle. He jumped to his
feet and, waving his paper in the air, cried,
"What kind of a place is this? I come
home to get some peace and quiet, but what
do I get? A couple of youngsters tearing
around as if they are maniacs. Stop argu-
ing and speak English." He rubbed his
little round nose that had now taken on
the hue of an over-ripe tomato and then
proceeded, "What do you want?"

"We don't want very much. We just
want to use the car tomorrow to go to the
football game."

"You want to use the car tomorrow?"
Flavius fairly yelled at them. "Do you
realize that I haven't used one ounce of
that four gallons this week? I think it's
my turn to do some driving."

"We didn't have the car any last week
and it is our turn. Besides, we have already
told the gang that they can go with us.
Philo has asked that Jimmy McGimmee,
who is sim . . . ply a doll," explained
Ophelia. She closed her eyes, clasped her
hands, and started waltzing around the
room with a dreamy expression on her face.

Philo stuck his foot in front of her and
she nearly fell flat on her face. "Come out
of that trance 'Sleeping Beauty.' We've
work to do." Turning to his father he be-

"Don't you want your daughter to be
a success socially? I've gone to all the
trouble to arrange for her to go to the
game with the smoothest boy in the school.
That is, he is the smoothest with the ex-
ception of me. Think how much it will
mean to her to be seen out with such a piparoo. On top of that, we want him to
join our club."

"Listen 'Superman', you talk as though
I am some sort of an ickie. If you don't
quiet that noise, I won't fix you up with

Flavius finally managed to get in a
couple of words, "Why . . . why can't this
Doll or Superman or whatever kind of an
animal it is, drive his own car and use his
own family's gasoline?" He sat down in his
chair again and started to unfold his neglec-
ted newspaper. "You know I don't like to
be bothered when I am reading."

Philo sprawled on the sofa. He threw
one leg over the arm and began drawing
hearts, with the words "Honey Bunny"
within them, on the knee of his cream
colored "cords."

"Mother told you that she used half a
can of lye the last time she washed those
things. From the look of them now she
will have to use a can and a half the next
time," Ophelia warned. "Please Pop," she
continued, "couldn't we have the car, just
tomorrow? I promise that we won't ask for
it again until at least next week."

Old Flavius looked fondly at his daugh-
ter, "I'm sorry, Ophelia, but I want to use
the car myself." Turning again to Philo
he bellowed "Why can't Joe Bloe use his
car? It seems as though someone else in
this town would have a gallon of gas to
waste on a bunch of kids. Why does it
always have to be me?"

"Joe's dad is out of town, and have you
forgotten that you forbade me to ride with
him after the time he was seeing how close
he could come to a parked car, and you
were the man who chased him all over
town trying to get your fenders back?"

Flavius nearly dropped his teeth at
this answer. "These kids," he thought, "a
man hasn't a chance. They have an answer
for everything and usually two or three
questions to go with it." He didn't know
what to say or do for there was nothing
left to say or do. He jumped to his feet
and tore across the room and shaking his
finger in his son's face he roared, "I am
using the car tomorrow and that is final."

Just then there came a sweet voice
from the telephone in the hall, "Yes Mrs.
Greene, I am sure I will have enough gas
to drive downtown tomorrow. Neither Mr.
Germaine nor the children have used the
car this week, and I have been especially
careful that we might have enough to drive.
Tell the girls that I shall come for them
around eleven o'clock."

Flavius walked dejectedly back to his
chair. Picking up his paper he murmured,
"I thought I was going to use the car."

Ophelia started up the stairs, but Philo
called to her, "If we split the cab fare six
ways, it won't cost very much will it?"