

THE OLD MARKET WOMAN

JEAN BOWDEN

A CONSERVATIVE Air envelopes the old market woman. Her small oval face, deeply lined with wrinkles, is strikingly set off by the brilliant sparkle of her dark eyes. Her slightly rounded nose protrudes just enough to lend a small particle of curiosity to her determined facial expression. Her sunken cheeks add some noticeable shadows to her rough skin. Three deep wrinkles encircle her neck as an adornment of age. A thin horizontal crevice forms her firm mouth, which only supports her reserved personality. She is sitting quietly; perhaps, she is waiting for a passer-by to purchase the last of her wares before she starts homeward. In her

right hand she clutches a closed umbrella, and she holds a heavy wicker basket in the crook of her left arm. Her right arm rests quietly in her lap amid the shallow folds of her soiled apron. Her calloused hands show the result of many years of hard toil. This old woman seems to belong to the past. She has the determination and fortitude of a pioneer. She is alert both mentally and physically. From her personal appearance one can easily discern that she is a person of strong character. She appears to be the product of the colorful past and yet she seems to have found her fitting place in the present.

BROADENING YOUR EDUCATION

DEAN E. WILDMAN

A MERICAN MINDS Have been coddled in school and college for at least a generation. There are two kinds of mental coddling. The first belongs to the public schools and is one of the defects of our educational system that we abuse privately and largely keep out of print. It is democratic coddling. I mean, of course, the failure to hold up standards, the willingness to let youth wobble upward, knowing little, and that inaccurately, passing nothing well, graduating with an education that hits and misses like an old typewriter with a torn ribbon. America is full of "sloppy" thinking, of inaccuracy, of "half-baked" misinformation, of sentimentalism, especially sentimentalism, as a result of coddling by schools that cater to an easy going democracy.

The boys and girls are coddled for entrance examinations in college, coddled through their freshman year, and coddled oftentimes for graduation. And they too

frequently go out into the world fireproof against anything but intellectual coddling. Such men and women can read only writing especially prepared for brains that will take only selected ideas, simply put. They can think only on simple lines, not too far extended. They can live happily only in a life where ideas never exceed the college sity per cent of complexity and where no intellectual or esthetic experience lies too far outside the range of their curriculum. A world where no one reads the news and skips the editorials; goes to musical comedies, but omits the plays; looks at illustrated magazines, but seldom at books; talks business, sports, and politics, but never economics, social welfare, and statesmanship — that is the world for which we coddle the best of our youth. Many indeed escape the evil effects by their own innate originality; more bear the marks to the grave.