

A Snowflake--An Observation

By Suzanne Spiker

With my face pressed against the cool pane of the window, I watched the snow drifting slowly past. Then my eye was caught by a particularly beautiful flake, lodged on the sill. It was perfectly symmetrical in shape, looking like a delicate white butterfly poised for flight, or a lacy, imaginative valentine, left over from that saint's name-day.

As I watched, dreamily intent upon my fancies, a large, black bird materialized on the ledge, cocked his head to the left with an inquiring air, and ruffled his feathers, as an old man might settle his coat more closely about him. Very deliberately he raised a long, taloned foot and brought it down in the middle of my snowflake, crumpling it into fine powdered sugar. Then, satisfied with his effort, he stumbled off into the air in the general direction of the neighborhood bird-feeding station. An eddy of wind, following after his flight, carried away the last remnants in its hurry to catch up with the north wind.

The Impossible Housewife

By Demaris Klicka

Her house-dress is faultlessly tailored. She wears sheer hose and high heels. Her sleek, upswept hair-do is in shining order at 6:00 a.m. Her house, which was a tumbled-down shack bought for almost nothing, has been remodeled with only a few dollars and quantities of ingenuity into a decorator's dream; most of the furniture, deep, hand-rubbed mahogany, was found in a back street second-hand shop for a few pennies and refinished. Her house is in ship-shape order (Navy style) not later than 8:00 a.m. She does a weekly laundry for seven people before breakfast without marring her manicure. She prepares meals which are delectable, nutritious, economical, and original; her table appointments are correct and her centerpieces distinctive. Her children are intelligent, punctual, handsome, and always neat; her husband adores her. She is, of course, the model in the magazine ads, and frankly, I am very weary of her smug and everlasting perfection.

Today's housewife is a harried individual exhausted by the effort of trying to keep up with Mrs. Jones, the model. It seems peculiar that we flesh-and-blood housekeepers are beset with hundreds of little problems attendant on rearing youngsters into socially accept-