

States is its power to show the way to a united world. The teacher should point out the bitter hostility previous to 1787 between New York and her neighbors because of New York's tariff. Had not the Constitution prohibited tariffs between states, and provided that interstate difficulties be settled by the Supreme Court, a half-dozen interstate wars or more might have ensued. No change in human nature was necessary to keep peace between each of our forty-eight states and its neighbor, despite great diversities of race and religion, and despite gross lawlessness and fearful crimes within the states. The Civil War was no exception; one-half the states rebelled against the whole government, but the Supreme Court accomplished what it was designed for. Civil war is in a different category from interstate or international war. A World Court, in like manner, could keep the peace between the nations when they federate and agree to submit to it all disputes with other nations. This would mean disarmament of rival armies and navies, substitution of an international police, and no world wars.

Pupils should be told the immense significance of the over thirty treaties that the United States has signed to provide investigation and a year's delay before hostilities. These treaties will be kept; they are for each nation's benefit to keep.

LUCIA AMES MEAD

## SUGAR AND SPICE

Sugar and spice and everything nice—  
That's what little girls are made of!

**M**ANY small girls are brought up as if this silly old nursery saying had a basis in fact.

Girls, it is supposed, are "little ladies"; but, hard as it is on the grown-ups (and that's old Mrs. Tippett on the phone now complaining that Junior is climbing her fence) boys are different.

Junior's sister spends her day having

doll tea-parties, getting her hair curled, walking downtown with mother or grandma to shops or to the beauty parlor, and playing "house."

All little girls play "house," but Sugar and Spice plays it hour after hour, squandering time that might be spent climbing, digging, swimming, hiking, cooking over a bonfire, making things, going on excursions. She does make-believe housekeeping instead of learning to set the table, wash dishes, or cook a real pie. Wearing a dressed-up dress, she mimics repetitiously her mother's bridge game, clubs, or callers, while the grown-ups look on exclaiming on the "cuteness" of the spectacle.

Brother gets in at night with a rip in his trousers and a smear across his nose, having spent the day scrambling over roofs, playing ball, turning cartwheels, watching subway construction, exploring wharves, getting chased away by the steam-shovel operator, and maybe bothering the park policeman to let him ride on a camel. But the world is geared to his venturesomeness. Even old Mrs. Tippett knows that "boys will be boys" and that they can't be kept in cotton-wool to grow into "sissies" and weaklings.

Economic conditions make no polite Victorian distinctions in the treatment of the sexes. Nowadays they may require even more from a girl than from a boy. A boy when he grows up probably will not be required to run a home and rear children and at the same time earn money. But life may easily thrust this grim responsibility on poor, ill-prepared Sugar and Spice. Yet adults still go on treating her as if she were born to be their personal pet. They force on her a routine which is trivial and empty, a sentimental atmosphere in which it is almost impossible for her real self to come alive.

Sometimes I notice among the new children who assemble on the first day of school, a little girl who appears to have stepped from the pages of Vogue. She

probably wears a picturesque frock, white socks, and a sunburst of curls, each one perfectly formed over mother's finger. She carries a delicate handkerchief in one hand and in the other a pink parasol and a gold-mesh bag containing a powder compact and the turquoise ring that Aunt Madge sent from Paris.

Not for one instant does she forget how "darling" and "adorable" she is. That is Miss Sugar and Spice. In the various homes and schools of the country there are many of her.

She stands a little aloof from the boys and girls who assemble in busy groups to play lively games, paint, act, sing, model, dance, build houses with blocks, learn the use of tools, study the habits of turtles, care for the school pets, tidy up, set tables, help with the school lunch, or set off on adventurous excursions to see how the wheels of life go 'round, either in the city or the country.

These activities which supplement the common-school subjects in a modern school build up the whole-hearted and impersonal attitude toward work which is often described as masculine, but which is really a plain necessity for boys and girls in school and for men and women in the world outside. Sugar and Spice cannot be a part of the school community until her body and her mind can function freely. Parading about in hampering clothes and states of mind, remembering that she is aunty's dear and mother's doll, and that her every little movement is "cunning" and "perfectly enchanting," she is pretty much of a fifth wheel.

The teachers first persuade her to fasten her handkerchief to her dress with a safety-pin and to leave parasol and mesh bag in the office. They get her into overalls. The cooperation of her mother is sought. Thereafter, if all goes well, the child is praised for work and achievement, not for doing "cute" things and looking "just darling"; and she is encouraged, both at home and

at school, to share the healthy play life of her brother.

For the brother of Sugar and Spice, the progressive school is, from the first, a life of delight. Down on his knees, pounding nail after nail into wooden blocks until he has learned to send them in straight and clean, he is wholly concentrated. Is dirt accumulating on his hands and overalls? Does he look like mama's little gentleman? He neither knows nor cares. Einstein himself could hardly be more absorbed. His day is packed with eager and radiant interests.

The school will not be satisfied until Sugar and Spice, wearing overalls and not minding smudged hands or ruffled hair, is just as completely and joyously immersed in whatever she has chosen to learn or plan or do. The time will come, perhaps very soon, perhaps not for months, when she will be enjoying give-and-take with other children, building up physique and courage, developing her resourcefulness, and storing her mind with robust experience.

I hasten to add that little Sugar and Spice is in no way to blame for her shortcomings, nor can her parents be held responsible for thoughtlessly absorbing a traditional, although silly and dangerous, idea of the nature of little girls. Fortunately many modern influences tend to change out-dated notions of the good life for girls. Among these are nursery schools and progressive public and private schools, and leisure-time agencies like the Girl Scouts, who are giving to about a half-million girls a program of health, home-making, camping, nature study, handicraft, and civic activities.

The vigorous Girl Scout program will perhaps not usually attract the girl who has been spoiled by years of inanity and coddling; but no ex-Girl Scout will bring up her own daughter exclusively on dolls, "playing house," pretty clothes, and compliments.

ELIZABETH IRWIN.