Primitive Employments Developed the Wheel.

It was the hand-twisting of fibres to make threads that suggested the spindle with its whorl composed of a perforated disk secured to give momentum and steadiness to a rotating spindle. The whorl must have been the origin of the wheel because the first wheels were disks.

Spun threads are found wherever traces of prehistoric man make their appearance. Clothing necessarily preceded vehicles. Hands twisted fibres to make threads. Hands made the primitive spinning apparatus which was used in the earliest ages and continued to be used by civilized communities till comparatively recent times. Hands fashioned clothing and bedding and woman's aesthetic aims in dress and in home furnishings inspired her to work for beauty and lace, embroideries and wonderful fabrics. The products of her handwork were reproduced by machines. Thus progress went on and on always hands were working, creating while man's ingenuity planned the mechanics to speed production.
"Those gentlemen who complain of industrial advance. Do they complain because human ingenuity is bent on mechanics only? Do they complain because human lives, human values are sacrificed? Because the industrial arts, those primal and most universal employments of mankind are degenerating? Because the textile arts, the needle workers, the hatters and the fashion makers' arts are not modernized?"

Let the People Choose.

The black nightmares are distinctly unpopular with the citizens, and, in a land where the people rule a fashion hint from the people should be as good as a command. There are legends about employers, mainly publishers and city editors, who would fire a man because they didn't like the cut of his jib, so a popular fashion decree to the honorable Supreme Court from their masters, the voters, would not be without precedent.

Never were physical attributes so important to people. In the public eye, bizarre and outlandish accoutrements are disparaging to the elite whose apparel ought to proclaim the progress and enlightenment of their time. People are making merry over the old gentlemen in the black nighties. People are making jokes about Queen Mary's
hats. People laughing at Mrs Roosevelt's hats. The Prince of Wales has not set a single new style, everything he wears is a century old.

Long, long ago when hands worked to create new things, the elite could well set new fashions. Now there are no more new things, no more new fashions and the old ones are used over and over until at last there is so much of the grotesque about them that only youth and good looks dare appear in them with fear of appearing comical. Going in scanty attire and hatless is the style for the summer months. See people driving their cars and count how many hatless men, women and children. Our accompaniments make us nervous and tired. When our windows are open our hats blow off. Not being made of the right materials and fitting so badly to our craniums they blow off. Because the textile arts are not modernized for our needs for hygiene and comfort, garment makers and hatters cannot be progressive. Although we have threads aplenty—fine threads marvelously made—course threads—durable threads wonderfully made. We have machines adaptable to new methods, progress is stalled, progress is waiting for hands to catch up with the work they abandoned a century ago.
When Mr. Ford showed his cars at the Century of Progress Exposition, every thing of their makeup was progressive and new except the seats, the same old seats that were in the carriages and buggies a century ago, dusty and musty, made of stuffings that decompose and covers that can be cleaned—that soil our clothes and fill our lungs with dust. Textile Arts are unprogressive—all home furnishing are not improved and we prefer the old, old things for the old fashioned things are best now and fashion is not the force it was a century ago for business stimulation and progress.
Let us deplore that (even tho' the cast iron frying pans have lost to the aluminium ones) most of the good meats that are cooked in frying pans spoil. Most of us don't know how good were the steaks, chops and bacon that were cooked on the old grid irons over the fire. We have not caught up to gas or electricity in home cookery. The old iron frying pans are just as good or just as bad as the new aluminium ones. It's not the metal the pan is made of but how the pan is shaped that make the difference for service. Our fathers who invented the frying pans never saw a gas flame or a red hot electric wire.
Let us deplore that (in spite of all that is said to be accomplished with labor-saving devices) scrub women, women who go out to work and come home to work, some of them rheumatic, grandmothers are kneeling long hours on hard dirty floors, their hands in strong suds and let us deplore that this hard work which costs their employers so much in over-head expenses is actually destructive to real estate values for, tile, marble, linoleum, and wood work are dulled and stained by the slopping of strong dirty suds over them. Let us deplore that nobody is interested in scrubbing or cleaning and that no progress has been made in these employments in whole century. Let us deplore that all menial tasks are considered inconsequential because they really are all braches of the primal and most universal employments of mankind.

Let us deplore that amoebas killed visitors to the Century of Progress Exposition - that in spite of the gadgets, hotel guests all exposed
to dangerous contacts with the hotel personnel. In
hospitals as well as in hotels menial tasks are considered
inconsequential and infections are always being spread.

"We only know that the wheel is basic in the story of human progress."

Nimble fingers twisting fibres to make threads, then the whorl and the wheel, that's the beginning of the story.

Alice De Griswitz