

AMERICA'S OUTSTANDING ADVISOR ON LIFE'S PROBLEMS

IN THE SHADOW OF THE STARS

By PROF. ABBE WALLACE

R. C. B. — I love a girl and has told her numbers of times. She promised that we would get married. But now all she thinks about is having parties, good times, and frolicking. Tell me Sir if you think I should marry this girl as I have to work and can't stay out all night every night.

Ans: Maybe you had better put off marriage for a while. Let the girl get fed up with her gay night life before considering marriage. You are right—you can't work and stay out all night, and neither can you maintain a comfortable home when you spend it all in picture shows, night clubs, and dance floors. Let her play along and you start saving your money—but do not consider yourself engaged for it is most likely that you may change your mind before you are in a position to marry.

M. C. E. — My ambition is to get a job singing with a big dance band. Tell me what to do?

Ans: Get in touch with some of

the dance orchestra's right there in your city and ask for an interview—contact them constantly until you are given a break. Also sing with any of the orchestra's who will allow it without pay until you can be noticed. This of course would have to be done at night or during your spare time. Contact various choruses and theatre entertainers that come to your local theatres and ask for a chance to prove your talent. If you are sincere in wanting to sing—you probably can realize this ambition since you are so talented.

F. R. C. — I have a good job and have to work to support my mother. Recently she became ill and she wants me to stop work and stay at home and be with her. Would this be the thing for me to do?

Ans: Hardly not since you do her soul support and you do not have the money to finance her recovery unless you work. If necessary place her in the hospital until

NATIVE SON



An alarm clock clanged in the dark and silent room. A bed spring creaked. A woman's voice sang out impatiently:

"Bigger, shut that thing off!"

A surly grunt sounded above the tinny ring of metal. Naked feet swished dryly across the planks in the wooden floor and the clang ceased abruptly.

"Turn on the light, Bigger."

"Awright," came a sleepy mumble.

Light flooded the room and revealed a black boy standing in a narrow space between two iron beds, rubbing his eyes with the backs of his hands. From a bed to his right the woman spoke again:

"Buddy, get up from there! I got a big washing on my hands today and I want you—all out of here."

Another black boy rolled from bed and stood up. The woman also rose and stood in her nightgown.

"Turn your heads so I can dress," she said.

The two boys averted their eyes and gazed into a far corner of the room. The woman rushed out of her nightgown and put on a pair of slippers. She turned to the bed from which she had risen and called:

"Vera! Get up from there."

"What time is it Ma?" asked a muffled, adolescent voice from beneath a quilt.

"Get up from there, I say!"

"O.K., Ma."

A brown-skinned girl in a cotton gown got up and stretched her arms above her head and yawned. Sleepily, she sat on a chair and fumbled with her stockings. The two boys kept their faces averted while their mother and sister put on enough clothes to keep them from feeling ashamed; and the mother and sister did the same while the boys dressed. Abruptly, they all paused, holding their clothes in their hands, their attention caught by a light tapping in the thinly plastered walls of the room. They forgot their conspiracy

against shame and their eyes stayed apprehensively on the floor.

"There he is again, Bigger!"

The woman screamed, and the tiny, onerous apartment galvanized into violent action. A chair toppled as the woman, half-dressed and in her stocking feet, scrambled breathlessly upon the bed. Her two sons, barefoot, stood tense and motionless, their eyes searching anxiously under the bed and chairs. The girl ran into a corner, half-stooped and gathered the hem of her slip into both of her hands and held it tightly over her knees.

"Oh! Oh!" she wailed.

"There he goes!"

"Bigger, he's behind the trunk!" the girl whimpered.

"Vera!" the woman screamed. "Get up here on the bed! Don't let that thing bite you!"

Frantically, Vera climbed up on the bed and the woman caught hold of her. With their arms entwined about each other, the black mother and the brown daughter gazed open-mouthed at the trunk in the corner.

Bigger looked round the room wildly, then darted to a curtain and swept it aside and grabbed two heavy iron skillets from a wall above a gas stove. He whirled and called softly to his brother, his eyes glued to the trunk.

"Buddy?"

"Yeah?"

"Here; take this skillet."

"O.K."

"Now, get over by the door!"

"O.K."

Buddy crouched by the door and held the iron skillet by its handle, his arm flexed and poised. Save for the quick, deep breathing of the four people, the room was quiet. Bigger crept on tiptoe toward the trunk with the skillet clutched stiffly in his hand, his eyes dancing and watching every inen of the wooden floor in front of him. He paused and, without touching an eye or muscle called:

"Buddy!"

"Huhh?"

"Put that box in front of the hole so he can't get out!"

"O.K."

Buddy ran to a wooden box and shoved it quickly in front of a gaping hole in the molding and then backed again to the door, holding the skillet ready. Bigger eased to the trunk and peered behind it cautiously. He saw nothing. Carefully, he stuck out his bare foot and pushed the trunk a few inches.

"There he is!" the mother screamed again.

A huge black rat squealed and leaped at Bigger's trouser-leg and snugged it in his teeth, hanging on.

"G—d—!" Bigger whispered fiercely, whirling and kicking out his leg with all the strength of his body. The force of his movement shook the rat loose and it sailed through the air and struck a wall. Instantly, it rolled over and leaped again. Bigger dodged and the rat landed against a table leg. With clenched teeth, Bigger held the skillet; he was afraid to hurl it, fearing that he might miss. The rat squeaked and turned and ran in a narrow circle, looking for a place to hide; it leaped again past Bigger and scurried on dry rasping feet to one side of the box and then to the other, searching for the hole. Then it turned and reared upon its hind legs.

"Hit 'im, Bigger!" Buddy shouted.

"Kill 'im!" the woman screamed.

The rat's belly pulsed with fear. Bigger advanced a step and the rat emitted a long thin song of defiance, its black beady eyes glittering, its tiny forefeet pawing the air restlessly. Bigger swung the skillet; it skidded over the floor, missing the rat, and clattered to a stop against a wall.

"G—d—!"

The rat leaped. Bigger sprang to one side. The rat stopped under a chair and let out a furious screech. Bigger moved slowly backward toward the door.

"Gimme that Skillet, Buddy."

he asked quietly not taking his eyes from the rat.

Buddy extended his hand. Bigger caught the skillet and lifted it high in the air. The rat scuttled across the floor and searched quickly for the hole; then it reared once more and bared long yellow fangs, piping shilly, belly quivering.

Bigger aimed and let the skillet fly with a heavy grunt. There was a shattering of wood as the box caved in. The woman screamed and hid her face in her hands. Bigger tiptoed forward and peered.

"I got 'im," he muttered, his clenched teeth bared in a smile.

"By God, I got 'im."

He kicked the splintered box out of the way and the flat black body of the rat lay exposed, its two long yellow tusks showing distinctly. Bigger took a shoe and pounded the rat's head, crushing it, cursing hysterically:

"You s—b—!"

The woman on the bed sank to her knees and buried her face in the quilts and sobbed:

"Lord, Lord, have mercy . . ."

"Aw, Mama," Vera whimpered, bending to her. "Don't cry. It's dead now."

The two brothers stood over the dead rat and spoke in tones of awed admiration.

"Gee, but he's a big b—"

(Continued Next Week)

Dr. Aubrey L. Palmer

Eyes Examined
Glasses Fitted

We maintain a completely equipped office for the exclusive convenience of the Colored People.

Tele. 3 - 8500
(Opposite Public Library)
317-A N. Tryon Street

Marie Downing
BEAUTY AND ROMANCE

SPONSORED BY
L'ARIEUSE BEAUTY BUREAU

The L'arieuse Beauty Bureau was established by the Godefroy Manufacturing Company to study methods of preserving woman's natural beauty, and to make the results of this research available to the public.

Christmas is just around the corner and shopping for old Santa is probably taking many of your spare moments. But don't forget to save some of them for keeping yourself beautiful. You'll want to look your very best for those gay parties you're planning to attend.

For instance, take a look at your fingernails. Are they in tip-top shape? If not, better start to work right now.

But before you begin, let me give you the essentials for a good home manicure—a good, steel file, emery board, orangewood stick, cotton, cuticle remover, cuticle cream or oil, polish remover, polish, and a clear polish base if you wish.

The file should be used when there is much shaping to be done. Remember to use light, quick strokes upward to the center from each side. Use your emery board for minor shaping and smoothing your nails. Never shape down too closely at the sides. So many women do this, and the result is roughened skin or hangnails and an extremely ugly shape.

After you have shaped your nails, push your cuticle back gently with the orange stick wrapped in cotton and dipped into cuticle remover. The next step is your oil or cream. Rub it into the cuticles and let it stay for several minutes, or longer if you have the time. Then remove the last whit of oil with a good sudsing in mild soap and water and you are ready for your polish.

If you have never used a polish base, give it a try. You have no idea how much more beautiful your polish will look, how much longer

it will last if you apply one of the clear bases first. If you are a very busy person, and aren't we all, then choose a shade of polish that goes well with your skin, your lipstick and most of your costumes. You won't have time for frequent changes, though this is a good idea if it is possible. For the holiday season you will probably want to use one of the deeper shades so fashionable this season. The brilliant, true reds are generally good for everyone. Even darker tones, some with a touch of plum, others with a warm, henna note are smart. The plum goes beautifully with costumes of wine, black, white, green, blue, gray and plum. The henna shades are smart with beige, the whole family of browns, greens, some of the blues, as well as black and white. Always remember never to make the error of decidedly deep nails and pale lipstick, or vice versa. Try to keep the two in harmony. You'll find that two coats of polish will not only last longer, but look smoother and more beautiful.

Now that you're finished, take another look—aren't your nails pretty? For the little time expended, you're going to be paid back over and over again in dividends of admiration by your friends.

What are your beauty problems? Write: Marie Downing, L'arieuse Beauty Bureau, 3509 Lindell Blvd., St. Louis, Mo., and she will be glad to answer them. Be sure to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

IF WE CAN'T GET HOME FOR CHRISTMAS—
SEND A CARTON OF CAMELS

Your dealer has a special wrapping and mailing service for sending Camel cartons to men in the service.

Actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Stores, Ship's Service Stores, and Canteens show that with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel.

THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS CONTAINS
28% Less Nicotine
than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself.

THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

David Pender Stores
and
Big Star Super Markets

HOUSES FOR RENT

No.	ROOMS	ADDRESS	WEEKLY RATE
2	8 Adams Court	-----	\$ 2.50
3	1302 Alston Avenue	-----	2.00
5	411 Branch Place	-----	5.00
6	407 Church Street (Chapel Hill, N. C.)	-----	5.00
3	529 Coleman Alley	-----	3.00
3	531 Coleman Alley	-----	3.00
2	810 Elizabeth Street	-----	2.25
2	610 Elm Street	-----	2.50
5	334 Enterprise Street	-----	5.50
	616 Fayetteville Street (Store)	-----	
	Monthly Rate	-----	25.00
2	604 Guy Alley	-----	2.25
2	314 Lee Street	-----	2.25
2	429 Piedmont Avenue	-----	2.50
2	1005 Willard Street	-----	2.50
3	431 Piedmont Avenue	-----	4.50

UNION INSURANCE & REALTY CO.
REAL ESTATE — RENTING — INSURANCE
PHONE J-6521
DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA
Repairs and Building Supplies

A BIG-TIME SMARTNESS! FOR HIM

YOURS FOR \$2.00
SENSATIONALLY NEW!

Your favorite band leaders and movie stars are wearing this dressy tie, handkerchief and brace combination—the perfect thing for the well-dressed man. Each item hand-tailored. Colors: Brown, Maroon, Blue and Green. Great demand. Limited supply. Give color. Send cash with order, or pay C. O. D. \$2.00 plus few cents for postage.

SEPIA TIE & SHIRT CO., 180 W. 135th ST., N. Y. C.

DO YOU TAKE CHANCES LIKE THIS? OR THIS?

See the Local Agent of
BANKERS' FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA
CONSERVATIVE - SOLID - DEPENDABLE

UNION INSURANCE & REALTY CO., - Durham, N. C.
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY - Durham, N. C.
ACME REALTY COMPANY, - Raleigh, N. C.
BISHOP DALE - Charlotte, N. C.
H. C. DUGGS - Charlotte, N. C.

SOME PEOPLE BELIEVE IN LUCK

OTHERS OWN . . . Hospital, Accident, Health And Funeral Insurance Policies

-in-
SOUTHERN FIDELITY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY
DURHAM, N. C.

One person in every 13 became a Hospital Patient in 1940
Families with less than \$1,200 a year income spend \$49 a year for medical care

Henry C. Davis,
Durham Representative
F. D. Alexander
Charlotte Representative

she has improved—else get a nurse to stay with her regularly. She is sick and doesn't realize that you must keep your job if she is to get the things she needs. In this case do not humor her, but see that she is properly looked after while you are away at work. Talk to her doctor on the subject also.

B. O. M. — My husband and I have been parted for about two months. Now he is away and wants to know do I want to come to him. Should I go or write back and tell him to send for me or neither? I wish you would help me get myself straight.

Ans: Answer your husband and tell him to send you the money to join him—you love him—he loves you, why should you let a little disagreement come between you and your married happiness. Swallow your pride, and get in touch with him immediately. Both of you need a few lessons on how to control your temper.

L. A. — Why is it girls don't like me but they like to pal with me? Is it because I am only 5 feet 1 inch tall and that's not big? Some tell me I am nice looking but that don't get the job done. Will I ever get a girl and do they like me at all?

Ans: Concentrate on meeting girls around your own height—girls that are much taller than yourself would feel a bit conspicuous walking with you. Don't get disgusted for there are numbers of girls who are your height or even shorter. Have fun with the girls but don't consider marriage as yet.

This simple dress will be one of your favorites its neckline is so good to your face its bodice so soft and its skirt so trim