

# THERE IS TODAY

By JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE

## CHAPTER IV

Hearted Sarah Daffodil acts every capacity for the 4-family house in Garsert after her husband's death. The frugal, elderly Mr. and Mrs. Peppercorn and the newlywed Andrew and Candace Thane occupy the two top-floor apartments and below them middle-aged Bert Fitts and his wife—who is too engrossed in her activities to take care for her home—and King Waters, a veteran of World War I and his wife, Emma, a devotee to fine crocheting. Mrs. Fitts gets a beauty treatment from Miss Velda and tells her she is going to have four British seamen for dinner that Sunday.

"Well I am having roast duck, men like duck." Toni closed her eyes as the second souping got under way. "Roast duck, green peas, asparagus and a mixed salad. Ice cream for dessert. And I'll have candles and flowers and my good linens—that's the sort of thing men miss when they're on board ship. At least I don't believe they have tablecloths, do you?"

Easter, the second Sunday in April, poured out unstinted sunshine, but perversely supplied a chill wind that discouraged light weight finery. Women wore their monk coats and depended on gay flowered hats to accent the spring motif. Sarah Daffodil, who rejoiced annually when the forsythia bloomed at the foot of the garden, had planned to spend the day working in the yard. It was really a respectable sized plot, and Sarah raised her own plants in a cold frame she had constructed herself.

The telephone called her from her gardening a little after eleven o'clock and she was standing in the hall, writing a note for the bulletin board she kept tacked above the mailboxes, when the Thanes came downstairs, dressed for the street. "We're going to take a long walk before dinner," Candace looked as bright-eyed as a chipmunk in her brown skirt and jacket, a brown cloche topping her pretty hair.

Sarah said she envied them. I've just had a message from an old friend, an invitation I feel I should not decline. She's seventy-five and she has a nice old boy friend. His cold has improved, so he's taking us out to dinner. I'd rather stay at home and garden, but Abigail pities my solitary estate. It makes her so happy to save me from a lonely day with painful memories—she's sure my memories are painful. Sarah laughed infectiously. "Abigail loves to do unto others and it's my fate to be done unto."

She always left word on the bulletin board, when she expected to be absent any length of time she told them.

As the Thanes turned to the door, Sarah mentioned the sailors who were to be guests of the Fittses. "Are they likely to turn up, do you think, before Mrs. Fitts and her husband are home from church? Shall I leave a note for them to wait here in the hall?"

"Oh—why, they're not coming!" Candace said.

"Not coming?"

"Andy met Mr. Fitts when he went out to get the papers this morning. He said Mrs. Fitts had called the dinner off last night. Some English officers given by the Daughters of the British Empire this afternoon." As Mr. Fitts had outlined the program to Andy, Candace continued, he and his wife would dine in one of the downtown restaurants after church and then go on to the reception, held in a fashionable suburban woman's club. "I'm not sure, but I think the British Ambassador is to be there. Or else it's the daughter of an earl, or something."

Andrew Thane said levelly, "Is Mrs. Fitts an Englishwoman?" "She was born," Sarah answered, in Kansas City, of pioneer stock."

If it had not been for anxiety about the fate of the roast they had entrusted to their thermostat controlled oven, the Thanes might have walked till sundown. As it was, they returned home about two o'clock in a glow from the brisk exercise and with appetites that discounted their extra hearty breakfast. Candace had not removed her jacket when her door bell buzzed.

"I'll bet that drug store guy is bringing the ice cream after I told him I wanted to call for it." Andy in the kitchen was filling the teakettle.

Candace opened the door. Four serious tanned faces confronted her, four pairs of anxious eyes met hers. All were in sailor uniforms. "Er—Miss, would you know where a lady named Mrs. Fitts is?" The tallest of the group, a weather-beaten man perhaps in his early thirties, swung his cap nervously in one hand. "She asked us to dinner, but we've run her bell and she didn't answer. Nobody answered. The man behind him muttered, 'Maybe we didn't get the right bell.'"

"They told us at headquarters it was the apartment to the left and floor."

Without a moment's hesitation Candace set her door wide. Mrs. Fitts is sorry, but she was called out of town. (To the suburbs, to meet an earl's daughter, she



"How good!" Candace snuffed the blue candles.

reminded her conscience.) "We hoped that you would have dinner with us. Won't you come in and meet my husband?"

She left them in the living room with the radio turned on and sought Andy to acquaint him with the startling news that they had four guests for dinner.

"What in time are we going to feed them?" He opened the oven door and peered in at the roast pork. "It smells swell, but there isn't enough for four hungry men—those sailors probably eat like prizefighters."

All he need do, Candace said, tranquilly, was to go in and talk to the men. "We couldn't tell them point-blank that Mrs. Fitts had changed her mind, could we? Evidently her message didn't reach the right person—at least no one broke the news to those four trusting souls. You go in and be lost, Andy. Build up a fresh fire, and don't mix the drinks too strong. I'm going across the hall to ask old Mrs. Peppercorn's advice."

Although young Mrs. Thane and old Mrs. Peppercorn had hitherto met only on the stairs and in the halls they had already discovered that they liked each other, and Candace's instinct in turning to the old lady was based on mutual trust. Mrs. Peppercorn solved the problem neatly and with an enthusiasm that added radiance to her practical kindness for four extra. No couple plans a dinner for six, unless they've invited company. The old lady thought for a moment, then she heaved. "What we can do, is pool our dinners. What kind of meat are you having?"

"Roast pork," Candace disclosed.

"We're having roast lamb. Put your pork at one end of the table and have your husband to carve it. Father can carve our lamb at the other end. Two kind of meats always look lavish."

The combined dinner proved a gratifying abundance and secured, even third helpings testified to the appreciation of the guests. They ate and talked and laughed until one of them remembered the dishes to be washed. He was a curly haired lad under twenty and during most of the meal the Peppercorns' affectionate poodle had slumbered on his lap. The boy, his companions asserted, mothered all the ship's mascots.

"We'll clear away and wash up—you just sit and rest," chorused the four, waving huge paws vaguely toward their hostesses.

Candace saw old Mrs. Peppercorn's face and signaled Andy. "You're heading for the movies—all you men," the girl directed smiling upon them from her place behind the percolator that had been a wedding gift. Women liked to take their time, she told them, and she and Mrs. Peppercorn would enjoy doing the dishes while they talked.

In the great quiet that filled the living room after the four men had gone, the old lady and the young wife looked at each other across the disordered table. "You are so good!" Candace snuffed the blue candles and the thin acid smoke blended with the odor of smoked cigarettes.

Old Mrs. Peppercorn absently stroked the head of doggie who rested against her, his forepaws on her knee. "They were nice men. And they enjoyed the dinner. Only suppose, if they had come here and found no one and had gone away again. On Easter!"

When Toni Fitts heard what had happened, she said that some one at headquarters had been inexcusably stupid. Most of the volunteer help wasn't worth the telephone bills they ran up. Still, the situation could have been explained to the sailors and she would have tried to make it up to them some other time. Not, she admitted kindly, that she did not appreciate the generosity of her neighbors. She added that she only wished that she could count on them for steady, concerted effort.

Until Ned Peppercorn had retired from fifty-four years' service as doorman and confidential messenger for one of the city's oldest wholesale firms, he and his wife had lived in old houses, lacking almost every convenience, but with one attraction, that of cheap rent. When, at seventy, the old man had automatically retired, he found himself with a small pension, a modest savings account and a great longing for hot running water and no duties

## Widowed Mother To Continue War Work Until "Victory Day"



MRS. GERTRUDE MATWIZYCK, Ozon Park, L. I., war-working mother of a ten-months-old daughter whose father, an army staff sergeant, was killed in the North African fighting before he had ever seen the tiny tot, has vowed she will remain at her bench, forging the tools of battle in the war production plant of the Sperry Gyroscope Company "until the day of victory." Mrs. Matwizyck was awarded the Army's Purple Heart and Distinctive Service Cross posthumously.

## Successful Parenthood

BY MRS. CATHERINE CONRAD EDWARDS

Associate Editor, Parents' Magazine

### MEETING THE GREATEST FAMILY DISLOCATION IN OUR HISTORY

We all know adults who are superb in meeting emergencies but who have a difficult time living between these high spots which call forth their best efforts. Similarly it is often easier for families to pull together during hard times than when things are going well financially. What brings the matter up is that right now many parents are faced with the danger of substituting the excitement of making temporary adjustments in their manner of living for the less dramatic business of building character in their children.

It isn't strange that this should be so, for the dislocation of family life is the greatest in our history. Many parents find themselves with only a semblance of the home in which they planned to bring up their children. Fathers are so far away and in such strange and bewildering surroundings, that their families can no longer imagine what their existence is like. Perhaps the whole family has gone along with Father to a war plant job and living has become a battle for food and space to turn around in. Then there are thousands of young mothers whose babies have never seen their fathers and whose little children have almost forgotten their ever had male parents. And the hosts of mothers who have gone to work and turned part of the care of their children over to others. And, too there are the homes where tragic news of a casualty has gradually, and with heroic effort, become an accepted reality—something that will forever change their lives.

Yet, somehow, through the force of their own character, your own cheerful competence, you must make your children feel at home no matter how little is left of what you have regarded as home. For today's children are no different from children through the ages. They must have an illusion of permanence about the world they are born into. True, that is the first illusion we have to get rid of, and often very painfully, but just the same it is part of our nurture during

childhood. The continued popularity of Louisa May Alcott's "Little Women" is partly due to its universal theme—Jo's revolt against change, the breaking up of their close family circle through death and the marriage of her sisters—and her slow, brave, humorous adjustments to these changes.

No while you yourself may be buoyed up by the excitement of change and moving about and using ingenuity you didn't know you had, children need a less heady atmosphere to grow in. Yet, and this is what makes it all so difficult, children need to share the adventure too. They can't be locked away in safe little corners of living while their parents go through character-molding experience. What you really have to do, then, is keep your eye on the balance wheel of their lives. Make fun and adventure out of necessary changes, but present an unruffled self to your children. Provide through your steady and calm affection the "sameness" the security they need. Make Father's absence a source of pride in sharing him with your country, but keep alive for your children a sense of his presence. Make good substitutes a game, but keep all the elements of nutrition in their diet. Above all, keep a heart full of gratitude that you can, even though it may cost extra effort, keep your children's lives comparatively serene in the midst of a war that has literally wiped out childhood for millions of sad-eyed boys and girls.

REDUCTION

Be certain that each acre, each head of livestock, and each flock produces to maximum capacity consistent with available labor and materials, suggests Director I. O. Schaub of the State College.

Relieve COLDS WITH O.F. money back GUARANTEE 25¢ or Big Economy Size 50¢

## ABOUT SOCIAL SECURITY

VI

Bobby lives with Mrs. Meanie, though he doesn't like it very much; and she grumbles every day because she has another mouth to feed. Bobby used to stay with his aunt, but she died. Then he had no folks at all and nowhere to stay; so he just went over next door to Mrs. Meanie's house and started living there.

Before very long Mrs. Meanie, who sells things from door to door, moved into a nearby state and Bobby went along. Mrs. Meanie is really fond of the little boy and even though she is very poor and sort of fussy—she is glad to have him with her.

One day she heard about "Aid to Dependent Children." She learned that her cousin, who is a widow with two small children, receives a government check every month for the support of her children. Mrs. Meanie, thinking that she might as well get the same sort of help for Bobby, went to the welfare department to put in her application. But the welfare director explained that cash payments for the care of children are available only for those children who live with mother, father, or some other close relative; and since Bobby is no kin at all to the person with whom he makes his home he is not eligible for this type of aid. The welfare director said also that beside the question of relationship there is the fact that Mrs. Meanie and Bobby recently moved into the state; and the law requires residence of at least a year before assistance payments can be made.

Welfare workers who come in contact, month after month, with needy families find many cases where little children are in actual want because they are not eligible for aid under existing provisions of the law.

The Social Security Board has recommended changes in the Social Security Act which include provisions for regular cash payments for:

Children whose parents are unemployed as well as those whose parents have died or who have deserted them or are incapacitated.

Children who are in need whether or not they are living with their parents or with their own relatives or in foster homes.

Children who are between the ages of 16 and 18, if in need whether or not they are in school.

Monthly allowances for Aid to Dependent Children are paid to the mother or father or some other relative who is taking care of the child. Payments for this support of a dependent child until he reaches the age of 16, or

## You Women Who Suffer From HOT FLASHES then CHILLY FEELINGS

Heed This Advice!

If you—like so many women between the ages of 38 and 52—suffer from hot flashes, weak, dizzy, nervous feelings, distress of "irregularities", are blue at times—due to the functional middle age period in a woman's life—try taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once. It's the best known medicine you can buy that's made especially for women. Pinkham's Compound is famous to relieve such distress. Taken regularly—it helps build up resistance against such annoying symptoms. It also is a fine stomachic tonic. Thousands upon thousands of women—rich and poor alike—have reported benefits. Time and again Lydia Pinkham's Compound has proved some women's happiest days often can be during their "40's". Also beneficial for younger women to help relieve distress of female monthly functional disturbances. Follow label directions. Worth



## "THREE O'CLOCK . . . AND I HAVEN'T SLEPT A WINK"

WAKEFUL NIGHTS—how the time drags! Minutes seem like hours, we worry over things done and left undone. After such a night, we get up in the morning more tired than when we went to bed. Nervous Tension causes many a wakeful night and wakeful nights are likely to cause Nervous Tension. Next time you feel Nervous and Kept Up or begin to toss, tumble and worry after you get to bed—try

## DR. MILES NERVINE

(Liquid or Effervescent Tablets)

DR. MILES NERVINE helps to ease Nervous Tension—to permit refreshing sleep. When you are Kept Up, Cranky, Fidgety, Wakeful, take Dr. Miles Nervine. Try it for Nervous Headache and Nervous Indigestion.

Get Dr. Miles Nervine at your drug store. Effervescent Tablets, Large Package 75¢, Small Package 35¢; Liquid, Large Bottle \$1.00, Small Bottle 50¢, both equally effective as a sedative, both guaranteed to satisfy or your money back. Read directions and use only as directed.

## DR. MILES NERVINE

By MAC ARTHUR

## THE HOUSE OF HAZARDS



Keep 'em Smiling

with Greeting Cards

Mail Call is next to Mess Call as the big moment of a Service Man's day. You can help relatives and friends in the fighting forces avoid those "no mail blues" by sending cheerful, thoughtful Greeting Cards—as often as you can.

We have a large variety of all kinds. Come in soon and select a whole "series".

## The EAGLE

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

Dr. Evan S. Wehunt DENTIST Rooms 201 - 202 Farmers Bank Building CHERRYVILLE, N. C.

David P. Dellinger Lawyer—Notary Public Special Attention To Collections And Settling Up Estates CHERRYVILLE, N. C.

Matthew A. Stroup Lawyer—Notary Public Office In Cherryville National Bank Building CHERRYVILLE, N. C.

PATENTS TRADE MARKS Prompt, expert service. Send sketch or model for free opinion. expert Washington associates. DAVID P. DELLINGER, Special Agent, Cherryville, N. C.