

THERE IS TODAY

By JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE

CHAPTER X

Big hearted Sarah Daffodil in every capacity for the 4-ly house in Garset after her husband's death. The frugal, elderly Mr. and Mrs. Peppercorn and the newly-wed 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 war activities to care for her home—and King Waters, veteran of World War I, and his wife Emma, a devotee of fine crocheting. King Waters, who is expected to sign up for making speeches before young men's organizations to raise the morale, discusses Andrew Thane's daft status with Mrs. Waters.

Emma Waters said with unpremeditated brutality, "How could you raise morale?" Young men would listen to me because my record shows I did not shirk my duty in the last war. If I had a son I could look him in the face today and say, "My boy, I didn't hesitate, why should you?"

They say it's almost impossible to get any more bobby pins. Mrs. Waters let her section of the paper slide from her brown corduroy robe to the floor. That reminds me—I must get up to the cottage and look at our things. You never did get me those locks you promised, King."

He said that he would get them next day. "I've been stending to pick up two or three secondhand padlocks from old Peppercorn. He has a darver full of locks and keys. He may have sold them all to that junkman friend of his, though—the two of them are as thick as thieves."

Mrs. Waters pushed hopelessly at her hair which needed to be set. If they had followed her plan when they first moved into the building, they would have been better off today, she complained. It had always been her policy not to know any of the families in the apartment house where they took their place, and until they took this leave, they'd not had even a nodding acquaintance with their neighbors. Now everyone knows our business, or would if I didn't use my head. You can't buy an extra pound of sugar that someone in the house doesn't comment on it. And since Pearl went into factory work, I've thought of having Zither — she works for Mrs. Thane, you know. But I don't dare. It was bad enough with Pearl for she told Toni Fitts everything she could. With Zither if she saw an extra bar of soap or a box of candles, or a dozen pairs of stockings put away, the new would be all over the house in fifteen minutes. I've not to get a perfectly strange man and run the risk of her stealing everything she can lay her hands on."

King Waters sid expertly away. Evidently he was heading for the grocery store. He said to a man held up with him at the curb, "A few privations, more or less, mean little to me. I served in the last war and we did without pretty much everything at the front. A sugar shortage can't down a man who's seen without drinking water forty hours at a stretch."

The whole trouble now, King Waters thought, shitting his heavy package to ease the weight, was that everyone was too comfortable. Why, even the boys in camp had it far better than their daddies had—they had a neap-less marching for distance. A mechanized army never would realize what the infantry units in the last war had endured. King told himself as he let himself into his apartment.

"In the kitchen," his wife called. He set down his burden with a sigh of relief. Three dozen cans of pineapple juice were all he had been able to buy. "The grocery manager made a fuss about letting me have that much. Said he would have more in next week. I said, 'If that's the case, I'll take these now, wihout feeling that I'm stripping you.'"

Mrs. Waters frowned. She had not been able to get the brand of canned peas they liked. All the best canned stuff, she asserted, was going to England. "If we starve, that's all right. Or if we try to put aside a few cans for our own use, that hoarding I'm going to buy tomato juice tomorrow, because I read they are sending that to England to take the place of oranges they cannot get." "We can't take all this s'ftup up in one trip," her husband objected, eyeing the bags and boxes and cans on the kitchen table and in the opened cupboards.

She knew, Mrs. Waters sighed. "But I have to buy when I can. The clerks are getting nastier all the time. That's because a flock of jealous cats have been complaining. People like the Peppercorns and Thanes have no place to store supplies, so naturally they hate to see other people stocking up."



Something dark and swift ran across the floor and leaped to the rafters overhead.

the situation quite as charitably as that, indeed she confided that it raised her blood pressure to observe the loading of the Waters' car every Saturday morning. "They have a shack about ten miles out and the walls must be bulging now — I swear they've carted up enough stuff to feed a garrison for a year! — siege. And her apartment here is crammed to the girls with girdles, nail polish, cold cream, soap, metal curlers and God knows what all."

The shack in the country Emma Waters had bought with the few hundred dollars left her by a sentimental aunt, was a two-room cabin without conveniences and originally designed for a hunter's hideout. It had been the aunt's expressed wish that her niece buy something "in the nature of a memorial, a perpetual reminder of my love for her."

Mrs. Waters had convinced herself that a little place in the country was an ideal memorial. The furnishings were scanty and primitive, oil lamps the only illumination, and a two-burner oil stove the only cooking convenience. But since the declaration of war and the subsequent rumor of shortages and restrictions, the value of the place as a storehouse had risen in Mrs. Waters' acquisitive mind.

She had abandoned her needlework, although she still bought thread and yarn against the day when she should resume her complicated patterns. The girdles she so eagerly purchased would probably never be worn since she went without corsets in the house and for the street preferred old comfortable and shapeless foundations with trained curves. Her shelves of cosmetics might have kept a beauty shop going for six months, but she found it too much trouble to use even cold cream. Nevertheless she bought lipsticks, powders and rouge as in a frenzy and saw her own mad ness repeated in the behavior of other women. Mrs. Waters was not completely indifferent to the public opinion and she thought that she might be unfavorably criticized occasionally rankled.

Once she remarked to Candace Thane that she liked to think that she would be in a position to shelter her friends who might happen to be bombed out. "People don't stop to think that you can't feed a dozen or two emergency guests unless you have made previous preparations, she reasoned."

But could you get two dozen people in a two room cabin? suggested Candace. "If you had the blankets, they could sleep out, I suppose, but it might rain."

Candace asked Andy if he thought that Mrs. Waters did her lavish shopping with the thought of taking care of the more unfortunate who were not in a position to hoard. "I mean those who cannot stock up. I hate to be uncharitable, but I keep remembering her six girdles." She might be planning to rent them out, Andy offered amiably. "In the days when there are no girdles, a woman may be glad to rent one by the hour or week. About the food I'm suspicious. What I really think our neighbors intend to do is to set up a black market over here."

"I suppose it helps her to feel secure, to have all those things at hand," Candace admitted. "We all want security, but we don't all seem to spell it the same way. It's safer, don't you think, Andy not to set up things as your symbols of security?"

it likely. But she was growing tired, she declared of Mrs. Waters' complaints about the fresh vegetables. "She comes in nearly every day to tell Mr. Locke that the stuff is wilted, or speckled, or just a plain mess. Why don't you give her a break once in a while?"

"Where do you suppose she puts all the food?" asked the boy. The cashier decided that the Waters ate the limp lettuce and the wrinkled carrots. The canned goods and the dry staples they could hoard. "I hear they have a place, a hideaway, up the line. Lots of people have got a bomb shelter — or something — in the country, Hervey, which they're busy stocking with ripe olives, lobster paste, imported sauterne and other delicacies supposed to keep one's strength under fire."

"Add sugar, tea and good Scotch," Hervey suggested. "But speaking of the devil isn't that King Waters' car across the street?"

They both peered out through the towers of cracker boxes piled in the windows, at the small car parked. Presently Mrs. Waters stalked before the opposite drug-store, the drug clerk trailing after her with a package. He stowed it under the seat and to Kitty and Hervey the car appeared to be loaded to the roof with parcels.

Across the street Mrs. Waters hesitated, considered the grocery changed her mind about buying another box of bacon. She was already late, if she didn't get up to the cabin by noon the chances were that she would have to drive back in the dark.

The road all the way to Coatsville was in fair condition but at that hamlet Mrs. Waters was obliged to turn left and continue along a dirt road, badly rutted and bordered by second-growth scrub into which all the dirt and trash of unaccounted winters had been blown by tidy winds. There were only two houses, between Coatsville and her cabin and neither of these had ever tempted Mrs. Waters to stop and to make the acquaintance of her neighbors. She glanced now at the sagging farmhouse, set far back in the stubble of the cornfield she was passing. Each time she saw this house a few more bricks had fallen from the chimney and more rags had been substituted for missing windowpanes.

Her own place didn't look much better, she admitted to herself when she drove into the yard through a wide gap in the disreputable picket fence. Mrs. Waters shivered as she stepped out of the car and fumbled in her purse for the key to the padlock.

She opened the heavy, scarred door and stepped into the room which was a combination of living room and dining room, kitchen and storeroom. For a moment her eyes blinked then they became accustomed to the dim light.

"Why — why, for heaven's sake!" she cried aloud. Something dark and swift ran across the floor and leaped to the rafters overhead. She made a bargain with herself not to look around until she had her fire built and had brought in the supplies from the car. The inside shutters were not closed, as she had left them, but swung tepsily open. The clutter of dishes and pans on the rough hewn table she had never seen before. The cupboard doors were unattached — but there would be time enough to consider these things when

Successful Parenthood

By MRS. CATHERINE CONRAD EDWARDS
Associate Editor, Parents' Magazine

RAISING THE STEPCHILD

The Cinderella story, along with "Jane Eyre" and some of the weeper tales involving orphans, for years made the stepchild an object of pity. Naturally we still look with sorrow on the child who loses his own mother or father, but we also recognize that the step parent and child relationship can be a happy one.

There are, of course, problems of adjustment, just as there are in marriage, friendship, or any other human relationship. The American Institute of Family Relations in Los Angeles recently made a study of behavior difficulties in stepchildren and found four basic causes of maladjustment:

1. Grievance at having anyone no matter how kind, taking his own father's or mother's place.
2. Resentment at being dependent upon the stranger for support.
3. Resentment at being subject to his authority.
4. Grievance when not informed beforehand that remarriage is to take place.

The remedies for 1 and 4, it seems to me, are compounded of tact and sincere wish to win the child's affection. Especially the first grievance is one that the new parent should expect and be prepared to overcome through months of kindly understanding. Certainly there is nothing for an adult to get his or her feelings hurt about if a child doesn't show immediate acceptance of a new parent. Even real fathers have to win their children's affection, since love of his mother is a baby's only instinctive love.

Moreover, if the new parent will bear in mind that no two children in a family are alike, that what satisfies one's need for loving may not melt the defenses of another there will be fewer maladjustments. In the case of a stepmother, for instance, one child may need special reassurance that the new mother hasn't taken all the father's affection, that he is just as devoted to his children as before his remarriage. Another child may be particularly in need of a woman's care and tenderness. The new mother need not make a superhuman effort to treat both alike.

The second grievance can be handled more practically. Frankly she had a good fire going. It was not until she discovered that the ashes in the fireplace were still warm that the possibility of some one hiding in the next room occurred to her.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

3 SIMPLE STEPS
To RELIEVE That Dull, Ache-All-Over Feeling of a COLD

Alka-Seltzer
A B C METHOD

- A**—Alka-Seltzer, start taking it at once to relieve the Dull, Aching Head, and the Stiff, Sore Muscles.
- B**—Be careful, avoid drafts and sudden changes in temperature. Rest — preferably in bed. Keep warm, eat sensibly, drink plenty of water, fruit juices. Be sure to get enough Vitamins.
- C**—Comfort your Sore, Raspy Throat, if caused by the cold, by gargling with Alka-Seltzer. If fever develops, or symptoms become more acute call your doctor.

ALKA-SELTZER is a pain relieving, alkalizing tablet, pleasant to take and unusually effective in action.

Take it for Headache, Muscular Pains and for Indigestion, Gas on Stomach, when caused by excess stomach acid.

At your drug store—Large package 60¢, Small package 30¢, by the glass at soda fountains.

ees Bruce Strain, noted authority on family relationships, in her report on the maladjustments of the stepchild, says: "No. 2 can often be helped by arranging a small wage for services about the home instead of a week by allowance with no services expected in return. Usually I do not care for the plan of paying children for the home chores, but if a stepchild is unhappy over his dependence, the idea that he is helping earn his support may make the situation more acceptable."

The third grievance is not confined to stepchildren. The sense of justice, of personal dignity born into children with a long heritage of freedom makes them resent arbitrarily imposed authority. But just as we learn to obey laws, even while we refuse to admit any man our master, because we discover that freedom is impossible without respect for law, so children learn to accept their parents' judgment and to obey reasonable demands as then part of building up a happy, secure family. Children with no authority exerted over them are miserable. But as soon as the child is capable of understanding he should be given reasons for restrictions placed upon him. Then gradually slip the child substitute self management for adult management. This process of guidance rather than dictation, builds respect for authority and at the same time forestall resentment, whether the relations be with a stepchild or the parents' own children.

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You Women Who Suffer From HOT FLASHES then CHILLY FEELINGS
Need 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 every penny!

THE HOUSE OF HAZARDS

By MAC ARTHUR

AH! IT'S SUNDAY MORNING... AND WHAT A SLEEP I HAD... I FEEL KIND TOWARD THE WORLD... GUESS I'LL DO A FEW FAVORS FOR THE FAMILY...

HERE ARE THE COMICS, SON... THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO READ THEM IN BED...

AH, POP! I WAS HAVIN' TH' SWELLEST DREAM!

I'M SURE WIFIE WOULD ENJOY HER BREAKFAST IN BED... I'LL ASK HER WHAT SHE WOULD LIKE ME TO PREPARE

YOU BEAST—TO WAKE N ME AT THIS HOUR ETC ETC

MEBBE I COULD DO SOMETHIN' FOR TH' DOG

H-M-M—AND MEBBE I SHOULD HAVE STAYED IN BED

ARR ARR

Sarah Daffodil did not view

Kitty, from her cage thought