

THERE IS TODAY

By JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE

CHAPTER XII

Big-hearted Sarah Duffodil acts in every capacity for the four-house family in Garset after her husband's death, he 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 Pitt 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 expecting to sign up for making speeches before young men's organizations to raise the morale, discusses Andy Thane's draft status with Mrs. Waters. Mrs. Waters, who has already developed quite a reputation for hoarding, goes on a shopping trip and does some more hoarding. Andy and Candace have a few friends for Sunday evening supper, and they talk about everything and everybody while a snowstorm rages.



"Are you sorry? Do you regret that you didn't try for the Navy or the Coast Guard?"

I told her to smack 'em when they need it, if they give her any back talk.

"Anyway, the driver concluded, easing out of the corner, you parking up speed on the almost empty side street, that was so she could afford. She earned thirty-five dollars a week, sometimes less; out of that she had to pay rent and buy food, clothing and insurance for the three kids. "I don't know how long I'm running this car, either—when an auto took about freezing tires and rationing gas, I suppose I can go to a defense plant, maybe other people could pay big wages to someone to stay with their kids, see? And she had to do the best she could. It's no picnic, but I'll tell you, and plenty of nights I lay awake, doing arithmetic."

"I know," Candace opened her purse as they pulled up before one house. "When I lie awake at night, I think of all the wonderful things the world who are trying to solve their problems, too."

But to Andy she confided that five dollars a week wasn't enough to pay for responsibility and intelligence, though they were going to find it for what they could afford to pay, she had no ideas as yet. "Andy?" she questioned him.

"Yes, Dace?"

"Are you sorry? Do you regret that you didn't try for the Navy or the Coast Guard? I know you've worked for your number of years, because you were making your money that you'd give more time with me, but are you sorry now?"

He put his arm around her and he leaned her head on his shoulder as they both looked down to the tiny embers of their fire.

"Dace, darling, nothing that can happen to me will make me regret. Every minute I've had you is worth a year of ground as the lowest private in the ranks. Remember that, my kiss on her cheek. "I suppose you have heard General Weaver sounding off that men inducted now are being sent off immediately."

She nodded, pressing closer to him.

"It's true. Earlier the draft boards gave you three weeks to get your affairs in order, but now they're shipping the fellows off pronto. I won't have time to do anything. Some of the men get a short leave after they've arrived at camp, but that's nothing to be sure or—we've got to plan how you can swing this apartment. I wish you had a sister to move in with you—two brothers in California aren't much help to a girl."

"Why not me?" Leila Orton suggested slyly, a day or two later. "I'm weary of the suburbs, the city attracts me. I'll pay half the expenses."

Candace wanted to cry. "Leila, golden heart, you hate the city in the Spring. You're the one who wants to live in the country. The baby will keep you awake too—I won't let you do it. Besides, here's Kurt."

Kurt could come see them, take them to the movies alternately, Leila said. As a reward for extra kindness they might let him stay overnight occasionally. "He may be an enemy alien, but he'll be a nice steady rock to cling to, if either of us feels impelled to cling."

Somewhat to Candace's surprise Andy liked the plan. To Sarah Andy confided that he thought Leila would be good for his wife. "She needs some one harder than she is and Leila can be hard as nails. Then Leila talks everything out, while Dace is inclined to brood. When Leila knows her knows everyone who knows her knows her grief and I think that's a healthy attitude, albeit somewhat rough on Leila's friend. A lively, talkative person will be much better for Dace than someone like herself."

"But you haven't gone," Sarah thought that Candace wasn't the only one who kept silent. Andy had lost weight, there were hollows under his eyes.

He said quietly, "But I'm going." After a moment he added, "King Waters has some half-baked notion of giving me a farewell party, if there's time. If he so much as tries it, I'll choke him."

"I'll choke him for you," Sarah promised, laughing not very successfully. "Tell Dace I'll be up to see her tomorrow; there's

Successful Parenthood

BY MRS. CATHERINE CONRAD EDWARDS

Associate Editor, Parents' Magazine

SELF-ASSURANCE AND FRIENDLINESS EQUALS POPULARITY

"My daughter is unpopular," writes a mother. "What shall I do? Annie is 10 and I tell her it's not her own fault—that she doesn't exert herself enough. She just sits back and accuses me. What Annie's mother doesn't seem to realize is that the training of a belle of the ball must begin in the cradle. No mother can take a passively self-conscious adolescent and prod her—or him—into popularity. Training that makes either a boy or girl well liked must begin early. What does make for popularity anyway? A feeling of comfortable self-assurance is, of course, one of the most important factors. The person who has too much self-assurance may be a bore and a pest, but the person who has the right amount feels comfortable about himself, unafraid, equal to situations, but is at the same time modest about his traits and abilities. Thus, a person doesn't always blunk about himself—he isn't wondering whether he said just the right thing or not, or what impression he is making. He feels right at home in the world. And because he does, he has the gift of making other people feel comfortable, too.

Sincerity, too, helps toward popularity. Sincere friendliness is irresistible. The person who has it will always be popular. This kind of person forgets himself and thinks about others and once anyone does that he is on the road to knowing and liking people. Good health is also a help to popularity because it brings with it good spirits, gaiety, fun, zest and traits that are sure to make a person well liked. On the other hand, many a very quiet man or woman is greatly beloved because people sense his fineness and sincerity. So don't feel that your boy or girl is bound to be a social failure if he isn't a back-slapper

and a hand-shaker.

I'd say to parents: your children will be popular if from childhood you help them to be self-reliant, unafraid, natural and outgoing in their relations with other people. Don't try to push your son or daughter into popularity. Don't make your daughter feel that the test of her worth is whether she can dance every dance at parties and acquire more boy friends than the girl next door. Such expectations may only serve to make her self-conscious.

I was astounded one day when one of the most attractive young women I know said to me: "I can never be natural with young unmarried men. And now I know it's because my family's whole ambition is to have me marry. They make me so conscious of it—even without saying so in actual words—that the minute I meet an eligible man I'm miserably ill at ease." On the other hand there are the parents who boast: "Mary's much too busy with her music to think about boys." Or "No, Mary isn't popular with boys, so nice girl can be nowadays." Poor Mary having to live up to such mistaken attitudes!

Probably parties given at home are one of the most successful ways of helping children socially begin with a small group—preferably an equal number of girls and boys. Have a definite program and start the party off with some game or stunts that will break the ice. If there is dancing have plenty of the new ones that are so much like the real square dances. Be hospitable but keep somewhat in the background and let the young people feel that it is their own party. If you make your home the kind where young people like to come you will have gone a long way toward establishing the popularity of your son or daughter.

Six-Inch Sermon

† REV. ROBERT H. HARPER †

Jesus Busy with His Ministry of Love.

Lesson for January 9: Mark 1:23-2:14.

Golden text: John 9:4.

The many healings the early night, the town through Candace, the call of Levi (Matthew) all show that Jesus was indeed busy in his ministry of love in the spring of 28; all the incidents cannot be considered in brief space. So, with a few general observations we shall think specially of the healing of the palsied man.

Jesus had sympathy with the suffering. He touched the leper. And we must be sympathetic if we would truly help needy men. And Jesus revealed his power to heal. This should lead us, instead of abandoning medicine and surgery, to extend their ministry to the poor, using the means at our command and trusting the Great Physician to use it.

The palsied man's friends showed love, cooperation, persistence, and faith—good things to be imitated. Jesus said to the palsied man: "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee." Critics were correct in thinking that only God could forgive sins; they erred in failing to recognize that God was with them. And nothing could be worse than for men not to see God in Jesus.

Whether or not the man's palsied condition was due to his sins, he was a sinner. And the greater cure he needed was that of the soul. Jesus had compassion on men in their bodily ills but he was chiefly concerned to win their love and save their souls.

by his masculine charm."

"Did you say you'd wheel him?" Candace's dark eyes turned to meet Sarah's blue ones.

She had intended to talk about that the night when Michael had taken matters into his own hands Sarah said, "You see, Dace, my dear, I want you to let me care for the baby during the day. No, wait a minute—let me talk first."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Terrace Lands In Winter Months

During the winter is a good time for building terraces and they should be used on all fields where the slopes are steeper than 4 per cent, recommends David S. Weaver, head of the agricultural engineering department at N. C. State College.

He points out that terraces reduce the speed of water flowing down hill, lowering the amount of run-off and the carrying capacity of the water. The faster the water travels, the more soil it can carry, stripping fertile soil from rolling areas and depositing it in stream beds or lower flat areas.

He calls attention to the fact that the basic principles of terracing are the same today as when they were announced by P. H. Masgum of Wake Forest in 1895. Some changes have been made in methods of terrace building but the principles remain the same.

"Many counties have terracing units, which have rendered a valuable service, and increased interest has been shown in terracing in recent years, but still there are many thousands of acres which should be properly terraced," Weaver says.

Terracing combined with cover crops and proper crop rotations, can greatly increase yields and improve the value of the lands that are now losing more and more of their top soil each year.

Proper terracing requires the services of a man trained in the use of a modern level. Not only is the proper layout of the terrace essential but it must also be properly built and maintained. "Terraces too small in cross section and without sufficient carrying capacity may prove to be more harmful than beneficial," Weaver says.

Farmers wishing help with their terracing problems, should consult their county agents.

And the helpful ministry of the church should be the means of the blessed end of leading men to spiritual life. In the final incident of the lesson Jesus went at once to the soul of a man and called Matthew to new life and made him a blessing to the ages.

Candace resigned her position the first week in March. It was practically acknowledged that the firm would dissolve in May, when the lease expired. By the time the baby came, Candace reasoned, she might have heard of something else, or at least she would be free to look. She allowed herself two months at home, the budget could stand the strain she told Andy, and instead of a private room decided on a semi-private. She wanted the money for the baby, Candace said. "I must settle the question of who's to look after him when I go back to work too. Maiden aunts used to help raise families but I guess the maiden aunts have all gone to business now."

Mothers, maiden aunts, cousins, all female branches of a modern family went to business, Candace decided wearily, after she had made the rounds of the employment agencies. It would be of little or no use to file an application for a young woman to take charge of an infant, the agency managers said. Help of that kind was daily growing more and more scarce, in a few weeks' time the war industries would have them all.

"You can't blame a quick, capable girl," one manager pointed out. "Factory work is often easier, it pays better and the girl has the advantage of companionship. Besides, there's no servant stigma attached to her job."

A steady downpour which began with concentrated violence as she left the doctor's office one afternoon, drove Candace to the extravagance of a taxi. The cold wetness of the dismal streets seemed to pierce through to her tired bones. Thank heaven the taxi was heated! Candace clambered in, sank back on the wide, deep seat and fumbled in her purse for her compact.

"Where to, lady?"

The driver was a woman. A round faced, yellow-haired, plump woman snugly buttoned into a covert-cloth coat that looked as if it must burst at the seams. "Number 96 Wicker Street—right."

The car started forward as the light flashed green. The driver's eyes, steady and blue, met Candace's gaze in the small mirror. "Husband in the service? Not called yet, Miss enlisted. This is his cab." There was no use in trying to hold a man when he got restless, the blonde driver said. Her Jack thrived on excitement.

"My folks are furious at him for leaving me, but I know how it was with him. I love driving a cab and it re-sets me to get away from the kids. I make about \$35 a week and that keeps us going a little, but he goes to town pay day and that's the end to that."

Candace leaned forward. "How old are your children?"

"Two, three and four. My family thought I was wrong to leave the second one."

East and westbound traffic stopped, the cars three abreast. Impatient horns blared, irritated passengers scowled from under the tangle of dripping umbrellas bobbing on the crowded sidewalk. The rain drummed steadily and coldly on the black shining mass, on the tops of the motionless cars glanced off into the puddles formed in the asphalt depressions and peeted the raging torrents that flushed the refuse in the gutters.

Candace heard the double windshield wiper clicking busily. Relaxing comfortably, sheltered, she refused to worry about the meter. "Who takes care of your children?" she asked.

She had a woman, a real nice woman, the driver revealed, inching her car ahead as the line moved slowly forward. "She comes six days a week and stays as long as I want her—sometimes I work nights and stay home days I pay her a flat rate—five dollars a week."

Before she could stop, Candace blurted "But do you think that's enough?"

Of course it was enough, the other assured her. The helper had her meals and the run of the bat. "It's an easy job. She can play the radio, and I make the kids understand they have to mind

something I must talk over with her."

Early in the morning Andy took Candace to the hospital. A day and a night and another day, and their son, a fine seven-pound baby, Michael, was born.

The girl in the other bed, Stacy O'Neil, had a son, too, born six hours before Michael. She had been married four years, her husband was somewhere with the Marines. Her mother, a woman of deliberate movement and great tranquility, was almost as much interested in Candace and her baby as in her own daughter's experience. Mrs. Connor mothered both girls impartially, admired their babies and praised the present generation from the depths of her charitable heart.

One morning Stacy, looking very young and pretty against her pillows, mentioned that her mother had borne eight children. "She still believes in large families. But she has the sweetest heart in the world—she loves each one of us enough to let us lead our own lives."

"Would you want eight?" Candace, suddenly curious, probed.

Stacy shook her fluffy bob. "Heavens, no, I'm not excessively maternal and my mother is. She never wanted anything beyond her children and her home. I want to act—do radio work."

Andy had brought Sarah Duffodil as soon as visitors were permitted. Sarah had made coffee, had let her talk to her in the hours when he could do nothing at the hospital. Then he tramped back to the empty apartment, mainly because it furnished him the task of walking to the hospital again. Drinking her excellent strong coffee, he had given Sarah stray bits of confidence and she had saved his reason by listening quietly.

The next day, out of a hurried lunch in Sarah's kitchen, Andy had confessed that he was morose. "I keep thinking, imagining all the ghastly things that could happen. Fate might trick us—she has done it to others like us."

"Nothing will happen. Everything will be all right," comforted Sarah.

She came a second time to the hospital in the afternoon. Andy had suggested that Candace might be disappointed because he might be out of town overnight on a business trip with his employer. A smiling nurse was taking Stacy O'Neil's temperature, but Candace was ready for visitors.

Sarah announced that she had brought the congratulations of everyone in the house. "They all sent their love to you and the baby and they'll be up for a look-see in good time. I hope the nurses suggest that they stagger their visits. You look lovely, my dear."

She had seen the display of babies, she commented, arranging the crimson roses she had brought in a fan-shaped vase and placing it on the dresser where they could also see the splash of color reflected in the glass.

Candace still was white, paler than the girl in the other bed, Sarah decided, but then Stacy might be wearing makeup. Neither looked as if she could be a mother. There wasn't even a baby around to prove maternity.

Miss abigail would wait to see the baby until he came home, Sarah revealed. The old lady had a horror of hospitals she declared that her knees buckled when she smelled drugs. "I can wheel Michael over to see her some morning—the aged and respectable and indignant women will be thrilled

dom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." What and where is this kingdom that we must seek if we want good? It is within spiritual thinking. The Master also said that the only way to enter this kingdom or attain his consciousness of heavenly happiness so that good may be added to us, is to become as little children. Surely he must have meant that we must keep our thoughts free from envy, anger, pride, passion, and egotism, and learn to reflect the attributes of love, in kindness, humility, purity, and selflessness. We can wish our thoughts more closely each our mind and know that man, God's idea, reflects God, good. As we do this, we shall find that good will be added unto us in all our ways.

Mrs. Eddy says (Science and Health, p. 514): "In the divine transmission from the divine thought to the human, diligence, promptness, and perseverance are likened to the cattle upon a thousand hills. They carry the baggage of stern resolve, and keep pace with highest purpose. . . . When our motives are right, these qualities of stern resolve will enable us to be victorious over evil. So we learn, not alone on New Year's Day, but every day, to seek God, good, with all our hearts, knowing that we shall surely find Him."

Today, when the world so greatly needs peace, needs to accept the Christ, Truth, which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1:29), we can do much wherever we are to help dissolve the world's discord by knowing that God is omnipotent and omnipresent, and that this ever-present and all-powerful good will be made manifest as we do our part in our own thinking to establish peace and righteousness. . . . We can forget the mistakes and heartaches and errors of the past, and reach out and grasp God's hand, resolving to "go forth with honest hearts to work and watch for wisdom, Truth, and Love."

Christ Jesus, in telling the people how to overcome lack of good in their lives, said (Matthew 6:33): "Seek ye first the king-

dom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

Every day is a new beginning. Each morning we can start afresh and resolve to live the day according to our highest sense of right, with renewed perseverance, purified motives, and honest purposes. However, it takes more than human resolutions to rise above difficulties, no matter how noble these resolutions may be. The Scriptures declare (1 John 1:5), "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." When we seek God first, above all else, then we shall assuredly find Him, and in finding Him we shall find the highest good, good that overcomes evil, good that endures. . . .

Mary Baker Eddy, the Discoverer and Founder of the Christian Science, says in the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" (p. 13): "We must resolve to take up the cross, and go forth with honest hearts to work and watch for wisdom, Truth, and Love." . . . God gives the wisdom and courage to meet any situation that may arise, and to prove that God, good, is the only power. Sickness, poverty, sin, war, are not God sent, but are errors caused by wrong thinking, and the understanding of God will overcome them. God is the loving Father of all, and does not send affliction. He sends only good. We need to become receptive to the good that He is constantly showering upon us.

We can begin today to claim our inheritance of dominion over evil, and our inheritance of health, harmony, happiness, goodness. . . . Christ Jesus, in telling the people how to overcome lack of good in their lives, said (Matthew 6:33): "Seek ye first the king-

dom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

—The Christian Science Monitor.

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