



Successful Parenthood

FASCISTS

This correspondent stood on a street corner the other night among a group of other hopeful bus passengers. It was one of those horrible nights when the thermometer stood at 15 above and the wind and snow made it feel like the same figure below. Opposite was one of New York city's great hotels; and from the entrance were streaming men and women in evening clothes.

A lady in the group in which this writer stood and froze remarked, with a strong foreign accent: "Look at those blank blank millionaires. They don't even know a war's going on—or give a blank! They're just a bunch of blank blank Fascists!"

Now someone had given this writer a ticket for the event across the way, and that ticket had cost just exactly \$25. It was a concert and its purpose was to raise funds with which to purchase desperately needed food and medical supplies for the half starved children of one of our Allies. The artist, who usually gets a couple of thousand dollars for his appearances had donated his services. Something over \$15,000 was raised.

The audience was composed mostly of well-to-do Americans, with a sprinkling of foreign refugees—one of whom is said to have given most of the money he was able to bring here to help his native land.

There was a prominent Jewish banker who had chucked his big salary when he went into the war and was wearing himself to a shadow working for his country at one dollar per year. There were others there of this villainous banking fraternity who were doing the same thing.

There was a rich dressmaker who is giving away more than she earns to the war effort; and there were many others just as sacrificing. There were quite a few members of the armed forces who—having seen with their own eyes some of the suffering abroad—were digging into their "leave" money to help.

There were young—and not so young—women, in uniform, who were holding down hard, steady, unpaid war jobs—like Nurse's Aids, etc.

There were five or six hundred good patriots at that concert; and it is safe to say that not one of them but was giving something—or everything—to help our country in time of crisis.

There were those who have given sons already and there were others who will join this noble rank.

The writer knows what he is talking about because he has personal knowledge of what a few of these people are doing, and another newspaper man who was there gave him the "low down" on most of the rest.

Why can't a person make a success out of life in the great city of New York without being cursed? After all, that's what we came over here for—so we could make a success if we had the energy and the brains.

Most parents are aware that lipstick is the first make-up their daughters will want to use, but few are willing to admit that the time has arrived for their daughters to have rouged lips.

It just doesn't seem possible that their Jane or Rosemary is that grown. And as for father, it is often quite a shock to him to see his daughter for the first time with "that stuff", as he calls it, on her lips. So we thought it might help prepare you for this inevitable urge on the part of young girls to have a lipstick of their own to make a survey of the age at which girls nowadays begin to use lip rouge. We discovered that 13 is the average age. A few who answered the questionnaire began using lipstick at 12 and quite a number waited until they were 14 and 15—but 13 was the average.

And since adolescents try to look as much like each other as possible, you see what your daughter is up against if you refuse to let her use lipstick until she reaches what was in your girlhood a proper age!

Believe it or not, there are a number of perfectly good reasons for this earlier use of makeup. One is, that today

cosmetics are, almost without exception, pure—they have to be to get by the drug and cosmetics laws. Then we have found that a little makeup actually protects the skin—you rarely see cheeks rouged from weather or chapped lips such as used to be a common sight among teen-agers.

We have learned that bright lips help a teen-ager through the awkward years between the early and late teens. They not only give her confidence but they make her look healthier and more alive. Observe a group of teen-age girls, only one of whom has unrouged lips. Despite the well meant efforts of this girl's mother to keep her a child, the chances are she has succeeded only in making her daughter look anemic among her more vivid roommates!

But all this doesn't mean that a girl adopts lipstick as easily as she blows out the candles on her birthday cake. She has to be taught how to use it properly and in good taste. It takes a lot of practice before the hand is steady enough to draw a clean lip line. Professionals use a brush—but not everyone handles a brush easily, so have your daughter try several methods until she finds the one that does the neatest job. Work it out together before you spring the results on father. Then if your

daughter has chosen a becoming and conservative color and has fitted the natural lip line—will she be content with the amount she'll probably use? Remember, especially well done or Rosemary looks.

There is, however, another thing to the picture. It may surprise you, if your daughter is still a child, to learn that it is not uncommon for a young girl to refuse to use lipstick long after her mother wishes she would. Moreover, this aversion to a grownup fashion is more difficult to overcome than it is to check a heading rush to use cosmetics. But don't use pressure beyond occasional gifts of lipstick and powder. After all, each of us has a right to look as we please! But by is a girl should be willing to accept some of the dictates of custom, just as she attaches of boy by sex and other attachments of early youth. If your daughter still refuses to conform to the demands of the adult world, she needs help in meeting the growth-up requirements of the adult world.

Champ Fields, managing editor of the Westhaven Clarion, fires Tony Blake, but Barbara West his secretary, intercedes. Tony saves himself by scoring a news beat and gets a raise in pay instead. Tony takes Barbara out to dinner, and later to a dance, he tells her how much he loves her. He proposes and is accepted; then leaves for New York. On his return they decide to get married and live in a flat which Tony has been occupying—a rather dingy place. They were to be married the next afternoon.

Tony laughed about it. "I always wait till everything in the house gets dirty and then I hire the janitor's wife to come up and dig me out," he explained. "I like the place mused up a little. It gets on your nerves, don't you think, having everything so nasty nice?"

"I go in for being a little more systematic," Barbara confessed, and added, dubiously, "I didn't know you prepared your own meals, Tony."

"I don't," said Tony. "I couldn't boil water without scorching the teakettle. If I eat here I have the food sent over from the restaurant on the next block. It's fun when people drop in to see you. Well, we've got friends over to dinner a lot after we're married, kid."

"I expect so," said Barbara. At a party they gave for Tony the crowd surrounded him and began to sing. "For he's a jolly good fellow," Hank looked at Barbara and shrugged his shoulders.

Hank was a big hulking fellow with a homely, rawnboned face and a protruding jaw. Barbara had never comprehended what Tony saw in him, but now she understood. He might be rough, but he was innately kind.

"That's why I didn't want to see Tony get married," he said. "He's just a big overgrown kid; he likes to be happy and he wants everybody else to be, too. Anyway," he cleared his throat, "I'm for him, right or wrong, and I'm for his wife. You might hear that in mind."

"I will," said Barbara, her lips trembling. Then Tony came and took her arm. In the car, going home, he kept his arm about her. "It's going to be all right, isn't it, Tony?" asked Barbara with a sob. "Isn't it?"

"You bet!" said Tony, kissing her until it was impossible for her to question it.

Tony and Barbara intended to go to the rectory Friday afternoon with a couple of witnesses and make their vows before the old clergyman who had known Barbara all her life, but everyone from Tony's mother to Champ Fields' wife opposed the idea.

"You can't do that," said Nora Fields. "He's her husband, she was fond of Barbara. Nora was also fond of Tony. She came down to the office quite often. She had been a newspaper woman herself before her marriage. "Every woman ought to have a wedding to remember for the rest of her life," she told Barbara firmly.

"Thank you," said Barbara, her eyes misting. "But I couldn't have a wedding. There's nobody to give me away."

"I'll look after that," said Nora. From that point she took charge of the proceedings. After several telephone conversations with Tony's mother, it was decided that the wedding should take place at the church on Friday afternoon at three o'clock, followed by an informal reception at Nora's.

Champ Fields gave Barbara a day off before the wedding. Nora helped Barbara shop for her trousseau. Barbara was slightly panicky when she saw what it adds it made on her savings. She was worried that she cared to admit about the reckless manner in which Tony was spending money. He bought a new suit for the wedding and a dashing new hat and he insisted on buying Barbara a platinum wedding ring set with diamonds.

"It's beautiful," sighed Barbara when he showed it to her. "Only we could have done with a less expensive one."

"Nonsense," said Tony squeezing Barbara. "I've couldn't. You see it's to be you for the rest of your life, sugar."

Nora Fields insisted that Barbara come over to her house early in the morning of the wedding. "A bride doesn't want to be alone in a roominghouse on her wedding day," said Nora. "She needs some one to make a fuss over her."

Tony was in and out all morning with his mother and sisters were arriving shortly before noon. His mother had dove-like gray eyes and white hair. She was wearing a lavender silk dress and a small toque made of violets. "How do you do my dear?" and then added with a little break in her voice. "You must take good care of my son, Barbara. He's all I've got."

Lily was the born spinstress—angular, self-sacrificing and slavishly devoted to her half brother. The little sister had bronze curls and dimples. She clung to Tony's arm and smiled at Barbara.

After he had departed with his family, Nora looked at Barbara and shrugged her shoulders. "No wonder Tony's spoiled," she said. "His womenfolk would like to cut your throat."

"I hope Tony's people will like

me," Barbara stammered. "I've never had a mother or sisters. It's going to be lovely, stepping into a ready-made family."

Nora shook her head. "Don't kid yourself darling. You'll always be the intruder in that family group. Any woman would who married Tony."

"I don't know why I felt so unicky this morning," faltered Barbara. "It seems disloyal to Tony."

Nora laughed. "Wait till you see Tony at the altar. The groom always waits till the last minute to have back-ague." True to Nora's prophecy, Tony was as white as his boutonniere when Barbara met him at the altar. His drawn face was the first thing she beheld when she entered the church on Champ Fields' arm.

"Here comes the bride," chanted the organ's sonorous voice.

Barbara saw Tony's mother weeping as she passed. His sister Lily also had her handkerchief to her and she forgot everything forward and Tony came to meet her new hat. Then Barbara stepped all her dimples beneath a brand else. There was a white circle about his mouth as if he were clenching his teeth. His knees were trembling slightly.

"Dearly beloved," began the old clergyman in measured accent "we are gathered together to witness the joining together of this man and this woman in holy wedlock."

Tony repeated his vows in a husky voice, but very deliberately as if he were weighing them carefully, as if like Barbara he meant to live up to them if it killed him.

Tony bent his head and kissed Barbara gently. His eyes were wet. She stared up at him, her face transfigured. The organ began to play the recessional and Tony took her arm. They went down the aisle. People were smiling at them from every pew. Then they were in the vestibule outside. Tony put his arm about Barbara and lifted her off her feet. "Sweetheart," he whispered.

Their lips met and it seemed to Barbara that her heart was not big enough to hold the thrill of that moment. Of being Tony's wife of being crushed in his arms and kissed until they were both trembling. "Oh, Tony, darling, darling," she cried.

In the car, Tony leaned over and kissed Barbara. "Have I told you what a swell bride you make, Mrs. Blake?" he asked, his eyes shining. Barbara rested her cheek against his and his arm tightened about her.

"I love you, I love you!" whispered Barbara.

"Me too."

"Say it, Tony. You never have come right out and said so."

"All right," he said, "if you don't mind my blushing, here goes. Mrs. Blake, I do— but at that moment the gang caught up with them, wildly blowing their horns, so that it was impossible to hear anything, and the next moment they arrived at Nora's.

Nora had not expected so many wedding guests. To do him justice it was not Tony's fault that his bride was left stranded on the sidewalk with his mother and his old-maid sister. He tried to take her with him to the punch bowl. "Look here," he said, "where's my wife? If I'm to drink a health, I'll drink hers."

But the gang thought it a tremendous joke to keep Tony separated from Barbara. Every time he tried to go to her, somebody got between them. She kept watching her wrist watch. She and Tony were going to drive down to Asbury Park for their honeymoon. They were supposed to be there in time for dinner, but Tony said nothing about starting. He was having a lot of fun. Hank Woods organized a quartette. He insisted on Tony singing tenor. "Tony is so talented," murmured his mother. "He really could have made a tremendous success on the stage." The silk in Mrs. Blake's dress was slightly faded and one of the sleeves was frayed though it had been painstakingly darned so that it scarcely showed. Tony did not mean to be selfish, Barbara knew that. But she

thought he should be ashamed to spend so much on other people, when his mother needed things.

Paradoxically, it was not Tony who disgraced himself at the reception, but Martin Fagg. Barbara would never have believed it. Martin was not a drinking man, and he was in no sense of the word a buffoon. Yet he proceeded to drink too much and except for Tony's intervention would have made a distressing scene. Of course Martin was not used to champagne punch and he was badly broken up over Barbara's marriage. That explained his behavior although Barbara felt that she could never forgive him.

Martin declared he would never get over her. He threatened to knock Tony's block off. Martin's voice grew louder and louder and Barbara was horrified. People were beginning to stare at his. Barbara tried without success to hush Martin up. She wished the floor would open and swallow both of them.

It was Tony who saved the situation. "Now, now," he said soothingly to Martin, "you mustn't feel so desperate, old top. What you need is a good night's sleep. Everything will look better in the morning." He coaxed Martin out of the room and turned him over to Hank Woods, who took him home.

Tony was grinning when he came back into the room. "One dead soldier," he said to Barbara. "It's a good thing I'm not jealous, sugar." Then he moved over and caught her arm. "Time we were going places, Mrs. Blake, don't you think?" he asked softly.

When he looked at her like that Barbara's doubts fell away from her like ragged garments stripped off by the wind. "Yes, Tony," she whispered.

He hurried Barbara toward the door. Holding her in front of him like a buckler, Tony stroged-arm his way through the crowd. "I'll be seeing you!" he sang out as he pushed Barbara into the car and climbed in beside her. In the confusion Barbara's hat had got pushed down over one eye and somebody had stepped on the toe of her new gray pump.

Tony crossed the river ten miles south of town while the gang was still waiting for him at the municipal bridge. "That's giving them the slip, isn't it, Mrs. Blake?" he asked, smiling down at her. He drew up beside the road and gently straightened her hat. He got down and rubbed the soiled place off her shoe. He kissed the tears from her lashes. "You'll get used to them, honey," he said.

"I'll like your friends if it kills me, Tony," she whispered tremulously.

"He grinned at her. "Attagail." "Because—because you love me faltered Barbara. You—you do love me, don't you, Tony?"

"You're darned right!" exclaimed Tony huskily.

Barbara was to have one perfect thing in her life; those two days which she and Tony spent alone together on their honeymoon. Days when they climbed the peaks of rapture and dwell there intimately with ecstasy, while time stood still and nothing existed except the light in each other's eyes and the shy inarticulate things they brought themselves to confess.

"Sure I love you," whispered Tony, holding her close. "I never dreamed it was like this, Barbara, loving someone the way I love you."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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