

A Broken Romance Is Patched Up By Phil Between His Two Best Friends And Providence Helps

FRANCES watched the door every time it opened. Oh, she didn't watch it so anyone else would notice, but I've known Fran so long I could tell. She looked especially lovely that evening, as though she taken even more care than usual with her appearance. Lovely, but, it seemed to me, a little out of character. There were a lot of things much more important to Fran than clothes. Probably nobody else noticed that anything was wrong. But you see, I grew up with Fran. I nursed her through grammar school, was annoyed by her tagging along everywhere I went when I reached the seventh and eighth grades, saw her through high school, and watched her fall in love with Danny Reid. I know Fran as well as anyone can possibly know another. I count her among my dearest friends. That's why I hated so to see her hurt.

Frances Arnold moved to our block when I was in the fourth grade. She came to school one morning, a skinny, long-legged child with a mop of reddish-brown curly hair and big dark eyes, all dancing and merry. I'd had instructions from the family to stop by her house and take her to school the first day. Of course, at my age I hated the idea of taking a girl to school and somehow managed to avoid it. I was afraid of being kidded by my classmates. So the first time I saw Fran was at recess. She was standing in one corner of the yard looking wistful, and in spite of the fact that she was tall for her age, very small and pathetic. Braving the scorn of the gang, I asked her to join us in a game of Prisoner's Base. From that day on through grammar school I had a slave. Oh, she was fiery when she wanted to be, and often enough her eyes would flash and she would announce that I was the most horrid boy in school and that she would have nothing more to do with me.

But we always got over our little rows and during my senior year at high school I fell faintly in love with her. She played a swell game of tennis, swam like a professional, loved horseback riding and was a good dancer. By that time she was quite grown up. Tall and slender, she had the loveliest figure I've ever seen. Long and strong and graceful. Her hair had calmed down a bit but her eyes danced as merrily as ever. I took her to our school games and dances and kissed her very bashfully a few times and then went off to college.

We got through the puppy love stage nicely and began exchanging letters—just friendly letters—very adult and serious ones, we thought. I'd discuss at great length what I was going to do with my life and she'd send back pages of advice. Once in a while her letters would get very serious. She unloaded all her troubles on me. She fell in love three times, I remember, the year when she was seventeen. Each time her heart was broken. But she managed to recover in amazingly short periods and go back to her games and dancing and picnicking and swimming. So I never worried much over her love life. We'd seen one another a lot during vacations. We swam and danced and skied and rode a swell sport. I remember one day we were cantering along in the hills back of the country club. Fran was riding along the trail ahead of me. All of a sudden she sort of reeled and the next thing I knew she was crumpled up on the ground, very pale and completely unconscious. She'd struck her head on a low hanging branch. I was scared to death but Fran took it like a Spartan. That was the way things were with us.

Junior year I invited her up for our first football game. I was rooming with Danny Reid, captain of the team and my best friend. It was to be a festive

week-end—luncheons at the house, the game, dancing and so forth. Fran arrived on Friday, the evening before the game. I didn't have a car then. Dad had got some screwy notion in his head that an automobile would take my mind off my studies or something and didn't relent until Senior year. So Danny and I went down to the station to meet Fran. Went in his car.

The train was loaded with girls and old grads and mothers and fathers and rooters. The platform was swarming with people down meeting them. Danny and I stood around and finally picked Fran out of the crowd. She was looking her best, gay and excited, all set for the biggest week-end of her short life. We got her bag and I shouted her name at Danny and Danny's at her and that had to do for an introduction in all that bustle and confusion. That's another thing I always liked about Fran. Have you ever noticed how much stuff girls always have to cart around? I mean at dances, someone is always asking you to hold a handbag, or keep a lipstick in your pocket or something. But Fran is different, which practically makes her a super woman. That week-end, I remember, she had one large bag. That was all. And yet, it seems to me, she had on a different outfit for every occasion.

I didn't have time to notice much of anything until we finally got under way. Then I noticed that Danny, who was a good driver, just missed two carloads of our friends, the curb and a telegraph pole. He and Fran were sort of gazing into one another's eyes in that goofy way. I was tickled to death and couldn't imagine anything better than my two best friends going for one another.

There was an informal dance at the house that night. Of course Danny didn't go on account of having to play the next day.

"How do you like Dan?" I asked. I'd told her all about him in my letters so she knew he was the campus hero and, surprisingly enough, very modest about it—almost bashful. But Fran wasn't committing herself, even to me.

"He's very attractive. I like him."

We saw Danny a few minutes before the game. It was perfect football weather and a swell game. I didn't have much time to notice Fran particularly but every time I glanced at her she seemed to be following one player with her eyes.

After the game I didn't see much of her. That night I took her to the dance and she really looked swell. But there I lost her.



"I Built a Very Bad Fire — One That Smoked and Choked People and Made Their Eyes All Red and Smarting. . . . Most of the Gang Took Things Fairly Gracefully."

She and Danny were together every chance they could get. Of course, I put on a long face and gave her the devil for her bad manners—I mean I took her to the dance and she hardly looked at me. She didn't mind a bit. I made absolutely no impression on her. That's what an old friend gets. I was left at the dance without a girl. Luckily Dan had gone stag or I'd have had a "woman scorned" on my hands.

Along about midnight Dan approached me with pleading in his eyes. "Come on, Phil. Be a good egg. You haven't any heart interest in Fran. Why don't you just fade and I'll take care of her for the rest of the evening."

"Sure," I answered. I like Fran a lot but I thought she had fallen for Danny and wanted to be with him so I was willing to clear the coast for her. As a matter of fact, I know she "went for him in a big way." But when I suggested that she might prefer that I sort of fade out of the picture she came back with a flat "No." I confess I don't understand women—not even Fran. But I suppose she had some idea of not letting him be sure of her right away in order to keep his interest. So I stayed and it was a damn dull evening after about one o'clock. I drifted aimlessly about. People were disappearing into the garden or sitting around on porch swings or dancing over and over with the same person. Once in a while I'd get a dance with Fran, who was very popular, and the rest of the time stood around smoking and drinking a little more than usual. Finally the party broke up and we all went down to Joe's and had

scrambled eggs and so to bed. I never did see Fran alone after that. Dan was with us everywhere we went. We took our lunches and went on a long tramp in the woods.

Dan was sort of a "nature lover," liked the great outdoors and sports and all that. He and Fran sat on a log eating and Danny was begging her to write to him when she got home. He was completely sunk by that time and she was going down for the third time. You could see it in her eyes. I've never seen anyone look so happy.

That evening we took Fran down to the train. The last thing I heard her say was:

"Yes. I will. I promise."

So my mail began to fall off and Danny's increased. He spent hours writing to her. And then he began to drop subtle hints about remembering Valleyville (that was my home town) and how he'd like to see it again. Then he announced, oh very pathetically, that his family would be away over the Christmas holidays so he guessed he would stay on at school. A dismal prospect. Finally I couldn't bear his moaning around any longer and did what I'd been planning to do all along—invite him to stay with me over the holidays. We did have a grand time.

After Christmas I didn't return home until summer. I was pretty busy that semester. I had a couple of units to make up that I wanted to take and was pretty weak in one of my science courses so I spent a good deal of time in the library. Danny was in different classes and, though we were friendly as ever, we

didn't see so much of one another in spite of the fact that we still roomed together. Once in a while I'd get a letter from Fran and I'd see Danny writing lengthy letters so I concluded all was well in that quarter. I wasn't surprised when Danny announced, along about the end of April, that he'd gotten a job for the summer in Valleyville.

We took the same train home, and to make a long story short, had a swell summer. By the end of it Danny and Fran were engaged.

We were over at Fran's one night shortly before we were to go back to school. Danny had gone out to get some cheese and beer and so on and I got to talking with Fran. It was comfortable and we were sitting lazily about and the talk drifted from one thing to another.

"You've neglected me pretty badly this summer, you know. Am I not the Father Confessor anymore?" I enquired. She didn't bother to answer so I rambled on.

"Going to Miss Austin's or have you changed your mind?" I don't know why I said it. But Fran looked seriously into the fire and announced that she had changed her mind.

"I've decided to go up to the University, I think it will be much more fun than poking through a girl's school, don't you?"

Of course I thought it was a marvelous idea and demanded to know why she hadn't let me in on the good news before. It seems, though, that she'd just that minute made up her mind. So when Danny got in we had a fine party to celebrate and two weeks later set off merrily.

You probably wonder why I've rambled on at this rate. But when two swell people get themselves engaged, and you're all set up about it, and then something goes wrong and they get very, very polite with one another it gives you a funny feeling. Because that's just the way those two got. All the time they'd known one another they'd been honest. But Dan all of a sudden went off on a tangent when Claire Henderson came up to school. To do her justice, Claire was a pretty smooth number. And she had a way with her. Danny was still the big football hero and she went for him. And to do him justice, he didn't have a chance. Claire never practiced her particular line on me, but if she had I'd probably have fallen for her, too.

I felt very badly about it, and was a bit disgusted. Yet all the time I knew it wouldn't last. And though it sounds silly, perhaps, to say it, Fran and Danny were two people that were made for each other. Dan, I could see, was pretty ashamed and began to avoid me. Fran was a proud little devil. But when I saw that hurt look in her eyes I began to feel lower and lower.

That was the way things were that night. Fran had plenty of dates and she'd begun to go out with other people. At first she was sort of bewildered, then she was hurt, then she tried to be cool and slightly defiant. She did cover up nicely. Only once in a while she broke down when she was around me. After all, we were old friends and I felt I had some privileges. This particular night things were at their worst. I took Fran to a party given by some friends of ours. As I said before, she was looking pretty smooth and she tried hard to be gay. She didn't drink much, never did. But that night I noticed she was having a few more than usual. But it didn't seem to have much effect on her.

Of course, I noticed all these things. No one else did. I knew she'd dressed with particular care hoping that Danny would come in. That was why she was so gay. She had so much pride in her. She'd be chatting with a bunch, being very lighthearted and all and then the door would open and she'd look up hopefully. Her eyes weren't dancing and merry any more, though she tried hard, and when the newcomer would turn out to be Tim or Bill or some of the gang, they'd get that hopeless look in them again. I began to get nervous I don't just know why. But I had that jittery feeling. I tried to get Fran to go home but she wouldn't budge. Then about midnight the door opened. Fran looked up hopefully and just for a second lost her poise.

Claire stood very dramatically in the doorway with Dan in tow. She was the type that never just came into a room. She had to make an entrance. I could have murdered her. As for Dan, I simply felt like taking him out in back and knocking some sense into him. Well, we got through the evening somehow. Fran was very cool and said all the proper things. She even danced a couple of times with Danny. They didn't talk much but I'd get a little of their conversation as I passed them. It was pretty bad. Danny very polite and strained and sort of trapped—as though he'd gotten into something he'd like to get out of, but didn't know how. Fran was just polite. Nothing more. It must have been hellish for her. I'd watched her pretty carefully and finally she came up to me—

"Let's go home, Phil. The going's getting pretty tough. I can't take it any more."

She made a feeble effort at a smile and I hustled her out into the car. When, half way to her house, I found she was crying I decided that a little of the well-

"All Children Lie" But That Is Easily Corrected

By Paula Norton

ALL CHILDREN LIE. So says Sidonie Matsner Gruenberg, director of Child Study Association of America.

Surely, this is indeed a pretty broad statement. There is a difference between a downright lie with intent to deceive, and a "fib" concocted to make life more glamorous. A child's standards of truth are not all the same as an adult's. And truly most children often find an untruth far more convenient than the cold fact. They must be taught the difference.

Some children lie before they are old enough to talk. We may call it pretending, but it is acting an untruth. Any bright baby soon learns that he can get a lot of attention by setting up distress signals. When the young hopeful craves company he simply starts yelling. . . . the same yell he uses when he is really in pain. Mama comes running to the "rescue" and the little pretender soon learns that he gets as much attention when he fakes or pretends as he gets when a safety pin has slipped its catch.

Just why children lie is a question that has many answers.

It is necessary to be understanding about a child's lies and to place the proper amount of importance on the particular lies of a particular child. There are many different types of lies and a parent should take into consideration the motive for the lie and the individual traits of each young "fibber."

One form of lying is the retreat from reality. . . . it was so with Marion. This little twelve-

year-old is a special friend of mine who tells "tall tales." One day she is going to have a grand birthday party; the next day her aunt has sent her a new silk dress, blue beads have just arrived from her rich uncle in New York, etc. When Marion imparts this thrilling information, the light of prideful possession shines from her blue eyes and she is all un-mindful of her shabby clothes. Her home life is a drab affair where the bare necessities of life are hard to come by. One day, when she had come to the doleful gurgle of the last drip in an ice-cream soda straw I said, "Marion, most of the things you tell about your uncle in New York and all, are just make-believe, aren't they?" I tried to make her feel that we were sharing a joke and that she had not meant to deceive. She crumbled the empty straw and looked up at me with wide frank eyes. "No," she said, "they're lies."

Before I could recover she added, "I like to tell lies."

"Because it makes things more fun than the real things that happen."

THIS is no uncommon form of lying in any dull and colorless life, in the child or adult world. Such lies make for glamor and excitement. . . . the richer life. The boast of an imaginary silk dress that awaits an imaginary birthday party, makes a shabby little girl more interesting to her school-yard playmates. There is a need, a great need in such a child's life. Among very small children, if they are imaginative at all, there is a world of fancy. When a small boy tells his mother he has just shot a lion in the back yard, that mother would hardly be justified in punishing him for lying. After all a child of five might very easily imagine he DID shoot a lion. Such a day-dream is not a conscientious lie. This is no time to

make him "lie-conscious." As he grows older he will gradually come to know the difference between a fact and an imagined happening. It is simple enough to explain to him that it is fine to imagine things, but they must not be told as if they were "real."

Embellishing the truth, is another form of lying common to many children. Their exaggerations often come from their desire to make things appear as they would like them to be. Some children will lie to the people they fear or do not like when they would not think of lying to those they love or trust. A child must feel as much friendly sympathy in his parents and teachers as he does in those friends he feels are understanding. He will lie to his parents for fear they might make a fuss if he told them the truth, for no child likes a "scene." All of which proves how important it is that a child have parents and teachers who inspire confidence. . . . parents and teachers he will admire and want to please.

A MOST dangerous form of lying, is the falsehood told to cover someone else's wrong doing. I once witnessed a trial in a Juvenile Court which revealed such a case.

A mother, filled with hatred for the neighbors she felt were "against her" committed a crime of malicious mischief. Her fourteen-year-old daughter "confessed" and was tried. Stoically she maintained her guilt and was facing a sentence in reform school when the mother's story was broken down and the truth was learned.

Here is a case of lying out of loyalty, loyalty carried to extreme surely. This child had lied, it developed all of her life. Lies had become so much a habit with her, she could concoct any story that fitted her needs and convince herself that it was true. The lie-habit had been formed early

and had grown to be second nature.

The lie to escape punishment is perhaps the commonest of all lies. In curing a child of this type of lie a parent can at the same time develop his courage. He can be taught that it is braver and more admirable to face his punishment than to sneak out by way of a falsehood. And he must first feel that that punishment is just.

Children must be taught truth, and a love of truth can not be developed in one lesson. This is a job for a patient, understanding parent. Most important of all, that parent must avoid telling untruths himself.

The importance of the good example, in teaching truth is one not to be ignored. Naturally your child's home above all places is where he should find the truth.

When he hears you tell the street car conductor his age is four years when he knows it is six, he knows you are lying. When he hears you tell the next door neighbor you and his father never disagree, he knows you are lying. When you tell him that if he runs away to the Park he'll be put in jail by a big policeman, and nothing of the sort happens, he has caught you in a lie. When you promise him he can go fishing with his Dad and then do not keep that promise you have lied again. When you promise to punish him if he tears his new sweater then you do not carry out your promise—he may feel he is lucky—but he knows you lied. When your child hears you indulging in falsehoods, (and how many times a day does this happen?) he can hardly be expected to have much respect for the truth.

Though it is true your child exaggerates and tends to pursue the line of least resistance, surely, with the proper example and patient understanding, your children can be taught the importance and desirability of truth is opposed to downright falsehood.

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known McIntosh action needed—and I was the boy into action. I knew that if there was a "good sport," and it was it. I thought the plan and finally evolved a plan. We had a long vacation early in spring. I was going home. So I left a day earlier than planned. Meantime, I'd arranged to come down and vacation with me. A strong invitation were Danny and Claire. I knew Claire would come. I let the campus hero know I was home town. I arranged parties, but the big week-end was to be a morning breakfast outdoors.

Well, the whole deal was a trick on Claire. But I had something and I figured it fair." I routed out my gang to come down and vacation with me. A strong invitation were Danny and Claire. I knew Claire would come. I let the campus hero know I was home town. I arranged parties, but the big week-end was to be a morning breakfast outdoors. I forgot to mention Claire was a blonde, and I don't look their best early morning. She'd also had a bit to drink the night before. I was beautiful, but she's a damn attractive girl. Sort of fresh and crisp and her complexion is super. She's not the type annoyingly cheerful in the morning, but just right. Well, she was the belle of the ball, but she was a way out of town. When there and got the stuff out of cars I saw to it that she walk quite a long way to be satisfied with our grounds. By that time she was tired and hungry.

I built a very bad fire—smoked and choked people made their eyes all red and smarting. I got very clumsy knocked the coffee pot over soon as the air was filled with tempting aroma. I had all spoons and knives and out of the baskets as soon as out of the cook's sight.

I think you can imagine rest. Most of the gang took things fairly gracefully. Danny and I knew they would be good sports about it. Claire was irritated by the whole end anyhow. She had planned vacation of her own. I set that when I invited her and she was annoyed at it to come.

The last straw came. Claire went down to the wash the dirt and jam and off her hands. I didn't know you could call it an act of mean, after all, I didn't wash into the creek, we didn't draw the line somewhere. She slipped and fell in. She was temper completely, turned and announced that it was lousy party, a grim thing anyone who thought about morning breakfast outdoors fun could have it. As for her was through." At that point Danny chipped in and said he'd bugged her. I knew the coin an expression, "the fire." They had a row and we all went home. I'd done my bit. You've guessed the rest. A few days later Danny and Fran went on the old basis. He'd been over it any way. I was a man who played God and that things got straightened a little sooner. The week scheduled for next week, after graduation and the best man. So, among other things, I'd better go out and start looking for bargains in that price.

Famous Quotation I ask not a life for the living. All radiant, as others have been. But that life may have just a shadow. To temper the glare of the sun I would pray God to grant me from evil. But my prayer would be back to myself. Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner. But a sinner must pray for himself.

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