

PUPPY LOVE—A DOUGLASS HIGH SCHOOL ROMANCE

Each Thought the Other Hateful, And Then He Saved Her Life

By ADELE HAMLIN

In a way it was pretty good to be in the hospital with a broken leg. Your mother called you pet names; your father patted you on the shoulder; even your sister treated you as if you were human.

Your pals came to see you and girls (pretending they were just with your sister) brought you oranges. You did not have to go to school or bother with any old home work. There was even mystery in it. Some unknown person sent you the latest "gangster story magazines."

Still there was the bad side of being in the hospital with a broken leg. You could not play basketball, go to the movies, or eat as many hot dogs as you wanted to. Then there was your mother calling you pet names and kissing you right before the fellows. And you could not even see Molly, the sweetest girl in the world. "Puppy love," his dad called it.

Molly—Molly Mason. He had jerked her from in front of an automobile

and got struck himself, and he had not seen her since. She could have thanked him. Well, he didn't care.

She was a funny girl, anyway. She would not speak to you or look at you even if you were a guard on the team and she wouldn't even thank you if you saved her.

Aw, he didn't like Provident Hospital anyway. At Douglass High he could see Molly and play on the team. But at school there were lessons. If it isn't one thing, it's the other.



He did not mind being a hero, though. Who does? His Spanish teacher brought him a box of candy. "William," she said, "I am proud of you. You acted like a real gentleman. The school would like more boys like you. Think of it. If you hadn't been so gallant, Molly Mason would have been badly hurt."

All he could say was: "Yes'em." The coach brought him the news about the games.

"You'll be s.k. for the team next year, Moore. Haven't lost a game so far, but we miss you. The girl was lucky to have you behind her."

Joe, his pal, brought him some bananas and ate most of them.

"Hi, Bill."

"Hi, Joe."

"So'n he was walking on the old leg?"

That was his way of asking how he felt.

"Sure. Wasn't much. Saw and heard it break."

"Sure," said Joe. He didn't believe it, but he would let Bill have his way. Sick people were funny, always daffy.

"Seen anybody?" He meant Molly. Of course, he wasn't coming right out and say it.

"Yeah. Say, how'd you manage to

Hill and Joe, but Molly was different. But Molly didn't like him.

One day he was wondering what he would say if Molly did come, when the nurse came in.



"I say, Molly, kiss me again."

run in front of that car?" This was also Joe's way of complimenting Bill on his bravery.

"Man, I don't know. It was going to strike her, so I—"

"I wouldn't hurt myself fooling with a girl. Think you g-nna eat this banana?"

Billy liked the coach, he liked Miss

"Billy, there is someone to see you. But she wants to be sure you'll see her."

"Aw, let her in," he wondered who it was.

"I'll fix your pillow all nice and comfy."

Why did she have to say that? The nurse went out. In a few

minutes a familiar blue lam preped in the door, then there stood Molly! "Hello, Billy," she said.

He could hardly say anything.

"I thank you for saving me."

"Anybody woulda done that."

"Maybe. I would have been here before but I thought you wouldn't see me 'cause you got hurt and everything."

"Aw that wasn't nothing. I'll be all right in a few days."

"I'm glad, Billy. I sent you those books."

"Did you?"

"Umhumpf."

Silence.

Then: "If I helped you with your Spanish, do you suppose that would almost make up for it?"

"Y-yes," said Billy.

"And if I—"

Molly couldn't finish saying what she wanted to, so she put her arms around his neck and kissed him!

Billy had never been so surprised in all his life.

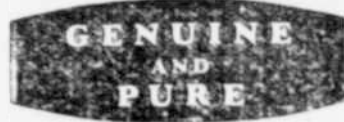
"Say, I thought you hated me!" he blurted out.

"No-No."

"Gee! I think you're the sweetest girl in the whole world, Molly."

"Do you? I always thought you didn't like me. You never spoke. You acted like you hated me."

"Well, I say! Gee whiz. I—I— Molly, kiss me again!"



Now the largest selling pure aspirin in the world for . . . 10¢



Packed in moisture-proof cellophane to preserve the purity and full strength of each tablet

PLANTENS
C.C. & B. BLACK
CAPSULES

Over 80 Years of Effective Use for **BLADDER and KIDNEY TROUBLE**
At your Druggist or send for trial box.
H. PLANTENS & SON, INC.
93 Henry Street B'klyn, N. Y.

ENDORSED BY WOMEN WHOSE WORDS MEAN MUCH

"I Recommend This Bleaching Cream To Everyone!"

Says Mrs. Clara Robinson
Society matron and owner
of large beauty salon.



(Opal Jar)

"Everyone who wants a light, bright, creamy-fair skin should certainly use Genuine Black and White Bleaching Cream (double strength). It's made scientifically and gives results where others fail. Highest quality."

Here's the QUICKEST way to BLEACH your skin

The "coloring" in your skin is regulated in the fourth layer. This is why genuine Black and White Bleaching Cream is made double strength . . . so it will penetrate the four layers and act where skin "coloring" takes place.

Ordinary bleaches won't do this. They are frequently too weak. Only in Genuine Black and White Bleaching Cream (double strength) do you get the strength needed to lighten and

whiten your skin in record-breaking time—to clear up bumps and pimples, and fade out darkness, sallowness and mole discolorations.

Go to your favorite druggist or toilet goods counter and ask for genuine Black and White Bleaching Cream (double strength). Pretty opal jar 50c. Beware of substitutes! Only in genuine Black and White do you get the exclusive DOUBLESTRENGTH feature.

Genuine ★ If you cannot get Genuine Black and White Products from your dealer, send us his name and address together with retail prices of products desired and we will see that you are promptly supplied through your dealer, all charges prepaid. Address Black and White Company, Chicago, Ill. ★

BLACK AND WHITE BLEACHING CREAM



Mrs. Clara Robinson, widow of a well-known physician, is a special nurse for crippled children in the public school system, a prominent society woman, an ex-beauty parlor owner.