

Students Open War on Lurid Literature

Drive to Be Carried On at 175 Catholic Universities

Students in 175 Catholic colleges and universities have announced their intention to wage a campaign against the sale of indecent literature.

The students say they will carry on the fight for clean publications from their campuses. They will keep a watchful eye on magazine racks in railroad and subway stations; drug, cigar and department stores and other newstands throughout the country.

The National Press Commission with headquarters in St. Joseph's College, Collegeville, Ind., is leading the drive and recruiting students to help. The commission was appointed by the National Federation of Catholic College Students. The commission is joining forces with the National Organization for Decent Literature to carry on the campaign.

Acceptance Poll Held
The National Press Commission recently conducted a Radio Acceptance Poll. The poll directed attention to the need of good taste in radio comedy and demanded that radio networks make changes in unacceptable programs.

Students of Marian College, Indianapolis, assisted in gathering the poll. The girls sat by the radio for hours in free time and noted phases of programs which they considered offensive. About 20,000 students in all, contributed comments as radio listeners.

The Most Rev. John F. Noll, bishop of Ft. Wayne, founder and chairman of the National Organization for Decent Literature has extended his organization to all the Catholic dioceses of the United States.

Bishop Noll is said to have induced publishers and dealers to improve the literature which they distribute among the American reading public.

The National Press Commission is uniting with the National Organization for Decent Literature through Bishop Noll's invitation. John W. Lynch of St. Joseph's, chairman of the National Press Commission, will ask the 175 Catholic colleges to form decent literature committees.

Guided by listings of the banned periodicals, supplied the bishop's board, they will carry their decency fight from the college campus to the newstands in their own community.

Banned Publications
Banned publications, the commission says, are those which glorify crime, are predominantly "sex," feature illicit love, carry indecent or suggestive illustrations or disreputable advertising.

Listings will not be permanent, according to commission announcement. Additional periodicals are to be added as they are found to offend against the adopted code. And periodicals once listed are to be removed from the banned group as soon as they conform to regulations.

Mary Haugh of Indianapolis, a Marian College student, serves as a regional secretary of the National Federation of Catholic Colleges. Carol Mortlock of Indianapolis and Martha Doudsbeex of Ecuador, both Marian College students also, are delegates to the National Federation.

PLAN SHOW FOR VETERANS
Ladies' Auxiliary of the Indianapolis Post 114, Jewish War Veterans of the United States, will present the Fall Follies for patients at the Veterans' Hospital Tuesday at 7:15 p. m. Wilbur Phillips will be master of ceremonies.

Royal Leads Again!

On her style of the month.

Permanent Waves

NO APPOINTMENT NECESSARY
Open 8:30 A. M. Service Taken Until 8 P. M., Come Day or Night
Open Until 10 P. M. Daily
4th Floor Roosevelt Bldg.
Turn Left From Elevator

Royal Beauty Acad.
401 Roosevelt Bldg. Rl. 0481
Corner Illinois and Washington Sts.

The God-Seeker

By Sinclair Lewis

How Aaron Gadd first thought of becoming a Minister of the Gospel.

CHAPTER ONE

NIGHT IN THE dark New England hills, night and the winter stillness. Bringing the fugitive home to the meager farm and safety from the driving terror.

Deep under the hay, wrapped in a crazy quilt, Aaron cheerfully repeated hay-sleigh, hay-sleigh, in tune to the horses' hoofs on the frozen road, while the runners cut through the thin snow and grated on sand. He was 7 years old then, the son of Uriel Gadd, a righteous man and cold, farmer and Calvinist deacon in the northern Berkshire hills.

The sleigh jolted off the road and stopped beside a long barn, quite dark. There were no words. A foot crunched in the snow by the barn, and an undistinguishable figure clambered into the sleigh, burrowed down beside Aaron.

Aaron fancied that the escaped slave was sleeping, then he himself asleep; centuries had gone by, and they were driving into the home barnyard.

The sperm-oil lamp in the farmhouse window showed a yard clean, not too clean. It was a story-and-a-half white cottage, and the small windows of the attic story, just under the eaves, were diamond-shaped. They were tight-shut all winter.

Inside the warmth and safety of the house, the runaway, as he drew a shawl from about his head, appeared as a small Negro, gray, rather old.

The Negro looked at Uriel and smiled as though he were begging for reassurance that now, in the land of freedom, he had become a human being. He smiled pleadingly, but the gaunt deacon stared back without feeling, and snapped, "Et nothing today."

"No, sah, nothing today," "Set down."

Uriel pushed the man toward a chair at the table. Aaron's mother, a being of calico and decency and dreariness, her crepe skin old at 35, a dumpy soft woman with no expression at all except patience, automatically appeared from the folks' bedroom and set out on the table before the Negro cold corned beef, cold beans and a glass of buttermilk. She faded back into the bedroom.

The man ate desperately, while Aaron and his father yawningly looked off their dogskin coats, their fur caps, their boots. No one said anything at all. When the man had finished, Uriel impatiently jerked his thumb toward the door to the attic stairs.

The man ate desperately, while Aaron and his father yawningly looked off their dogskin coats, their fur caps, their boots. No one said anything at all. When the man had finished, Uriel impatiently jerked his thumb toward the door to the attic stairs.

The man ate desperately, while Aaron and his father yawningly looked off their dogskin coats, their fur caps, their boots. No one said anything at all. When the man had finished, Uriel impatiently jerked his thumb toward the door to the attic stairs.

The man ate desperately, while Aaron and his father yawningly looked off their dogskin coats, their fur caps, their boots. No one said anything at all. When the man had finished, Uriel impatiently jerked his thumb toward the door to the attic stairs.

The man ate desperately, while Aaron and his father yawningly looked off their dogskin coats, their fur caps, their boots. No one said anything at all. When the man had finished, Uriel impatiently jerked his thumb toward the door to the attic stairs.

The man ate desperately, while Aaron and his father yawningly looked off their dogskin coats, their fur caps, their boots. No one said anything at all. When the man had finished, Uriel impatiently jerked his thumb toward the door to the attic stairs.

The man ate desperately, while Aaron and his father yawningly looked off their dogskin coats, their fur caps, their boots. No one said anything at all. When the man had finished, Uriel impatiently jerked his thumb toward the door to the attic stairs.

The man ate desperately, while Aaron and his father yawningly looked off their dogskin coats, their fur caps, their boots. No one said anything at all. When the man had finished, Uriel impatiently jerked his thumb toward the door to the attic stairs.

The man ate desperately, while Aaron and his father yawningly looked off their dogskin coats, their fur caps, their boots. No one said anything at all. When the man had finished, Uriel impatiently jerked his thumb toward the door to the attic stairs.

The man ate desperately, while Aaron and his father yawningly looked off their dogskin coats, their fur caps, their boots. No one said anything at all. When the man had finished, Uriel impatiently jerked his thumb toward the door to the attic stairs.

The man ate desperately, while Aaron and his father yawningly looked off their dogskin coats, their fur caps, their boots. No one said anything at all. When the man had finished, Uriel impatiently jerked his thumb toward the door to the attic stairs.

The man ate desperately, while Aaron and his father yawningly looked off their dogskin coats, their fur caps, their boots. No one said anything at all. When the man had finished, Uriel impatiently jerked his thumb toward the door to the attic stairs.

The man ate desperately, while Aaron and his father yawningly looked off their dogskin coats, their fur caps, their boots. No one said anything at all. When the man had finished, Uriel impatiently jerked his thumb toward the door to the attic stairs.

The man ate desperately, while Aaron and his father yawningly looked off their dogskin coats, their fur caps, their boots. No one said anything at all. When the man had finished, Uriel impatiently jerked his thumb toward the door to the attic stairs.

The man ate desperately, while Aaron and his father yawningly looked off their dogskin coats, their fur caps, their boots. No one said anything at all. When the man had finished, Uriel impatiently jerked his thumb toward the door to the attic stairs.

The man ate desperately, while Aaron and his father yawningly looked off their dogskin coats, their fur caps, their boots. No one said anything at all. When the man had finished, Uriel impatiently jerked his thumb toward the door to the attic stairs.

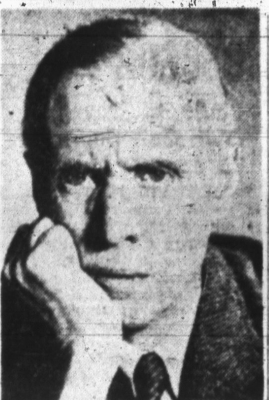
The man ate desperately, while Aaron and his father yawningly looked off their dogskin coats, their fur caps, their boots. No one said anything at all. When the man had finished, Uriel impatiently jerked his thumb toward the door to the attic stairs.

The man ate desperately, while Aaron and his father yawningly looked off their dogskin coats, their fur caps, their boots. No one said anything at all. When the man had finished, Uriel impatiently jerked his thumb toward the door to the attic stairs.

The man ate desperately, while Aaron and his father yawningly looked off their dogskin coats, their fur caps, their boots. No one said anything at all. When the man had finished, Uriel impatiently jerked his thumb toward the door to the attic stairs.

The man ate desperately, while Aaron and his father yawningly looked off their dogskin coats, their fur caps, their boots. No one said anything at all. When the man had finished, Uriel impatiently jerked his thumb toward the door to the attic stairs.

The man ate desperately, while Aaron and his father yawningly looked off their dogskin coats, their fur caps, their boots. No one said anything at all. When the man had finished, Uriel impatiently jerked his thumb toward the door to the attic stairs.



Sinclair Lewis

than Aaron. He would be as tall as his father.

The face of Rebecca was a rosy orb of goodness and acceptance. She would be married and make good butter and know sorrow and pass on, always gentle and a little boisterous. She was older than Aaron by three and a half years. Except for the volumes of Cooper and Scott which Uriel neither forbade nor approved, she was Aaron's only refuge in a rocky world devoid of dogs and neighborhood boys.

Aaron, with his rough, sunny hair, his spirited brown eyes, his uncommonly high forehead, would not be so tall as Uriel or Elijah, but he would be soldier of shoulder and more powerful of hand. He had the face of a boy who would be excited about life about women, or the perpetual quest of God, or New Bedford rum.

Creeping down the stairs, edging into the room, was their guest. He was cinder-grey, stooped from years of cotton-picking. But sleep had restored his belief that God had—perhaps unreasonably—created Negroes as well as New England Yankees, and that life, just in itself, was worth guarding.

Uriel said to him, quite affably, "The Goshen minister will carry you further, this evening, my poor fellow."

The Negro was grave. "Mister, I am not a poor fellow. I am a Prince. I am the son of the King of Kings!"

Uriel stared at him frigidly. Elijah excitedly, and Aaron with

a revelation that there might be human beings beyond the Hoosac Mountains.

Uriel said, "Exactly . . . Life, take this fellow out and, if he can make himself useful, he goes on tonight, blessed be the Lord! Well! What you women settin' around for?"

DEACON Thomas Poppewood was of the same church as Uriel, and his modest farm was only half a mile down the road. Yet the ways of his household were as different from Uriel's as Sicily from Iceland.

His was a house for small boys to visit, a house where they were fed and listened to, a house where cookies and bread-and-jam and hamper shrub and bowls of hazelnuts marched in voluntarily, where there was a museum of entrancing novelties: a conch shell with memories of wrecks and tempests in it, a Hindu temple made of pearl shells, a peacock fan, and a lifelike bearskin in which you were positively urged to roll yourself.

There actually were fewer boys in that neighborhood than Deacon Poppewood and his wife liked to see, and Aaron was a guest solicited and honored. All of a summer afternoon, when his father was of opinion that a great lot now 10 ought to be working.

Aaron sat on the Poppewoods' wide low porch, shaded by ivy and wildgrape vines, in a special small red rocking-chair reputed to have come from Europe, while in that restful green dimness, the enormous and white-bearded face of the Deacon and the expansive round white powdery face of his wife were fastidiously fixed on him, and their eyes were attentive to his philosophy.

From Uriel, Aaron had learned the awe of God, and he had learned from Mr. Fairlow's two-hour sermons on "The Jealousy of an Angry Jehovah Who Hath Weighed Sinners in the Balance and Found Them Wanting!"—sermons which crawled for two itching hours, while Uriel glared at him and his bones became hot, wires and his muscles were in a vise—that God was a torturer who punished small boys for sins they might commit later. God was a cruel God, if he read Aesop's Fables or shouted on the gray interminable Sabbath afternoons.

But from the Poppewoods he

had a notion that God might be as decent and friendly as the North Adams stage-driver, and that the church was not merely a fortress against the yelping hosts of hell, but also a pleasant and even mannerly collection of people.

One of the Poppewood treasures was an illustrated story of foreign missions, and no conceivable harpooning of right whales nor even shooting the Red Coats at New Orleans was more inspiring to Aaron than the views of missionaries in long black coats instructing grateful Africans under giant palm trees, or canoeing with naked wild Huron Indians among phenomenal rapids, bears and war-clubs.

Deacon Poppewood said that it was his heaviest grief that he had not had the book-learning to become a minister. Preachers, he explained, particularly missionaries, were greater than generals or presidents.

"To me, Aary, the deepest happiness a man could have would be to interpret the will of God to all the poor ignorant folks. That's better than coffers of gold—big coffers!"

AARON was a man of 12 or 13 before he could understand the ecstasy with which Deacon Poppewood meditated.

Aaron went breathless to his father.

"Papa, I think maybe I had ought to become a minister."

"Oh, ye do, do ye? And what makes you think that?"

"Mr. Poppewood says . . ."

"Says—says—says! Poppewood is always saying something! If he'd do less saying and more working, he better all round! Ministers have got to be men selected of God for their sobriety, learning and strictness of conduct."

"Life ain't fun. When you think that most of us are doomed by divine grace to roast in hell; to say nothing of mortgages and hail and bad crops and extravagant women folks, 'tain't any laughing matter! Maybe you'll get to be a storekeeper or a lawyer, seeing you're too shiftless for farming. But a holy minister? Never! Put all such hogwash behind ye!"

God had spoken.

(To Be Continued)

Prairie Avenue

By Arthur Meeker

Synopsis: Almira was dining with her mother when she was summoned home at once. Sonny was fatally shot. He had arranged to meet his mistress to end the affair. They were talking the matter over in Lincoln Park while Sonny was taking a few potshots at some ducks in the pond. Sonny's coachman, in describing the fateful events of that afternoon, reported no argument, just a faint mumble of voices, laughter and several shots. He knew the master was dead so rushed him on home without telling anyone what happened. This enabled Aunt Lydia and Abner Kennerley to keep the press that Sonny was shot in his den while cleaning his pistol. Ned was certain that his aunt and the Kennerleys believed it wasn't an accident. Ned knew otherwise. Now conclude the story—

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

SNOW WAS falling on Prairie Avenue. It had been falling for hours out of a low, windless sky, in which soot had mixed itself so inextricably with the clouds that it was surprising the crystals did not come down black. What they could not do was hide the gap next door where the Zindersteins' house used to be; that meek pile of rubble looked the uglier, the more desolate, for its dusting of flakes.

Ned, staring at the wintry prospect from Aunt Lydia's chair in the drawing room window, knew that there were other gaps all the way up and down on both sides of the avenue.

Aunt Lydia was dying, at 68, of the heart ailment she had pretended to suffer from off and on, as a matter of policy, during half of her life. As soon as Tom's telegram had come with the news of the first nearly fatal attack, Ned had hurried on from New York, fearful lest he should arrive too late to say good-bye.

For Aunt Lydia herself Ned knew it was best. He had never been able to imagine what she would do if she had to live to be a very old woman; nor, honestly, could one wish her long to outlast the street she had ruled so contentedly.

ALMIRA, plump and prosperous in sables, appeared in the door.

"Mamma's awake, Ned; she's asked for you."

Aunt Lydia said: "How are you, Ned? It's good to see you."

"It's good to see you, too," said Ned. "I was coming anyhow for Christmas—you hadn't forgotten that, Aunt Lydia? So when Miriam told me you weren't well, I thought I'd arrive a few days earlier to surprise you."

Aunt Lydia eyed him with satisfaction.

"I'm feeling much better now"

And when Ned had assented he continued emphatically (still in that queer tiny voice—"I'm a cut Alma over here! You heard he cut Alma off with a million, didn't you? Just because she hadn't a boy! Isabel got left out too. She took it to kinder before he died; she had; she could live with Abner Kennerley and not drink. Meanest man I ever knew!"

And she drifted off to sleep.

ONE NIGHT she announced without preamble: "I never wanted to marry Abner Kennerley. I could have had him the day after Corinne died—but I didn't want him. Nobody thinks that is true, Ned—but it is true. You know it is, don't you?"

And when Ned had assented he continued emphatically (still in that queer tiny voice—"I'm a cut Alma over here! You heard he cut Alma off with a million, didn't you? Just because she hadn't a boy! Isabel got left out too. She took it to kinder before he died; she had; she could live with Abner Kennerley and not drink. Meanest man I ever knew!"

And she drifted off to sleep.

ONE NIGHT she announced without preamble: "I never wanted to marry Abner Kennerley. I could have had him the day after Corinne died—but I didn't want him. Nobody thinks that is true, Ned—but it is true. You know it is, don't you?"

And when Ned had assented he continued emphatically (still in that queer tiny voice—"I'm a cut Alma over here! You heard he cut Alma off with a million, didn't you? Just because she hadn't a boy! Isabel got left out too. She took it to kinder before he died; she had; she could live with Abner Kennerley and not drink. Meanest man I ever knew!"

And she drifted off to sleep.

Three days after his arrival Aunt Lydia died in his sleep. Ned's most vivid impression of the funeral was of Uncle Rock sitting tremulously by himself in a corner, bowed to earth by what to him must be an irreparable loss.

THE ESTATE was much larger than anyone—even her sons in the business—had supposed. For years Aunt Lydia had spent less than half of her income, the balance being invested in gilt-edged securities that yielded an increasingly handsome return. Yet her official account at the Illinois Trust represented only a fraction of her actual wealth.

1817 had been growing more and more crowded and cluttered; when the contents of the premises were inventoried and appraised the value of the furniture, silver, linen, china and glass was seen to be staggering.

Nor was this all. During the next few days the heirs were perpetually making fresh discoveries. One drawer in the library desk was filled with checkbooks showing cash balances in various banks nobody knew Aunt Lydia had dealings with. The bedroom bureau disgorged a nest-egg of Liberty bonds; the dressing-table, an envelope stuffed with deeds to properties all over the United States.

The silver safe on the stairs turned out to be crammed with unset diamonds; even the pantry liquor cabinet held a cache of farm mortgages and several thousand dollars in gold and bills. It was an incredible hoard, hidden away as a bower-bird might hide its treasures.

Fanny said: "Did I tell you, Porter, I came upon a whole new shelf of Royal Doulton this morning in the cupboard at the top of the kitchen stairs? That's 18 complete dinner-sets—or is it 19? I declare I've lost count. What we'll do with so many. . . And those 30-root Italian fillet

banquet cloths. . . Of course, they're perfectly gorgeous; I'd be a crime to let them up—but who has got a table long enough to use them?"

"OR, FOR that matter, gives parties any more on such a scale!" said Porter. "Since the war people just don't entertain the way Mamma used to do. So to me, something's gone out of life that won't ever come back. I'd send all that junk to be auctioned if I were you, girls."

"You wouldn't get much for it," Tom objected. "Not half what it's worth. I've been talking to the fellow at Grant's. . . If we can't use such things, who the dickens else can?"

"Besides," said Almira, in her soft voice, "I wouldn't hurt Mamma so if she'd thought. . . She wanted us to have everything she could leave us, the best of everything. You know that. No children ever had such a mother. Alf, she planned or thought of, really, was for us, even though we didn't guess. . . When I remember now how much we owe her I wish I'd been able to show her more love than I did. I tried to thank her sometimes, but it wasn't easy—she didn't like being thanked. Oh, Mamma was such a good woman!"

Ned's eyes met the painted eyes of the portrait; he fancied they shared a final smile.

FOR the last time, then, just before sunset, he descended the high flight of steps to walk the length of Aunt Lydia's kingdom. The air was so cold and dry that he gasped as he drew his first breath; this was no day to linger and mourn—Ned stepped smartly over the squeaking, tightly packed snow, trying not to see the sign "Rooms for Rent" in the Cobden's front window. More houses were gone than he'd thought.

There were rubble heaps everywhere: a hairpin factory, long, low, and unutterably dingy, occupied the whole block where the Framingham's wooden cottage had stood. (The tall yellow house, which nobody wanted, would soon be surmised, go the way of the rest.) The smoke-blackened elms had been dying out fast.

Even Lake Michigan was about to desert its old neighborhood; Tom had spoken at dinner, only last night, of plans that were afoot to dredge up a whole new

strip of parkway beyond the railroad tracks connecting the far South Side with the Loop.

It was a dismal scene, not even dignified in decay; for these buildings had never been intrinsically beautiful, and now that the life that had informed them was gone the shells were painfully ugly, pitifully shrunken.

WHY HAD this pageant, which seemed so substantial, faded so quickly, leaving in truth not a rack behind? Had it happened because the show was purely material? This had been no aristocracy like London's; nor even New York's. Birth and breeding had not counted for much; money was the means, and money the summum bonum. . . There had been others, of course, not a few—good, simple souls like the Mallards, the Bunners—who had played their parts out as if that were all that concerned them. But somehow it was the strong old roosters and their spectacular wives who had set the pace of the piece.

In a way, one saw, since the city would not have been what it was without them, Chicago was their monument—vast and vigorous, rude and crude, its virtues and vices close copies of the virtues and vices of the men who'd made it. Chicago was still there, though the strong old roosters had disappeared, leaving little to show for their efforts but their businesses, which, like Frankenstein's monsters, seemed to have achieved a ruthless life of their own, quite independent of their founder's undistinguished descendants.

Even Aunt Lydia, splendid personification of Prairie Avenue in its palmy days, had vanished; what was left of her now but her bank account, a houseful of loot—and the transient memory of a smile?

Drawing his coat collar higher to ward off the bitter wind, Ned thrust his hands deep in his pockets and strode on in the gathering dusk.

(The End)

Copyright, 1949, by Arthur Meeker. Published by arrangement with Alfred Knopf Inc. Copyright, 1949, New York Post Corporation.

OIL PERMANENT WAVE
Any Style—Includes
Shampoo and Set
Absolutely Guaranteed
Beauty College
300 Old Fellow Bldg. LL-9721

LEONS
SUPER MARKET
28th AND N. CAPITOL AVE
OPEN TODAY
TOMORROW (Day)
TILL MIDNIGHT

Factory Authorized Sales & Service
Parker "51" "21"
Sheaffer
Esterbrook
Norma Multicolor
Pencils
HOOSIER
PEN SHOP
19 E. Market, Rl. 1821

Ask Mrs. Manners—

Daughter Resents Dad's Financial Aid

DEAR MRS. MANNERS:

MY FATHER is ruining my marriage, and my husband, with the help he gives us because he thinks his daughter isn't living "the life to which she was accustomed."

I had everything I wanted at home—a beautiful play room filled with toys when I was a child, cute clothes and a car in high school, and the best of schools after that. I took them for granted. I also took for granted that we wouldn't have much money when we married. We haven't, and it's all right with me—I'm not a baby.

Dad looks at me pityingly in our little apartment. What I want him to do is admire the interior decorating I've done, on little money. My husband complains about his slow progress. He's apologetic and discontented. Nothing I say convinces him that he treats me right.

The worst of all is that my husband accepts money too often from my father. "All for me," he tells himself. But I wonder. Does he have the courage for marriage?

My father gives willingly, but I know him. He's a self-made man. He won't respect my husband long if he keeps taking gifts. I won't, either—but neither my father nor my husband realize that, I'm already ashamed of my husband for the subtle begging he does.

How can I convince my husband, and my father, that I don't want to live the way I was accustomed? I want to live the way of a full-grown woman in love with her husband, always at his side, in good times and bad. I didn't want to bring my father's home with me—I want to earn a home of my own.

PAMPERED WIFE.
Your father LIKES to think you need him, but you can humor him in ways other than accepting gifts. If you run to him complaining that your husband is spineless, he'll decide for sure you aren't grown up. Tell him confidentially you're the happiest when you live on your husband's salary. Tell your husband the same thing—confidentially.

When you look dissatisfied your husband thinks you mind your circumstances. Tell him you're the happiest when you live on his salary and praise his ingenuity, even faint displays of it. Lean on him.

Ask Mrs. Manners—

Daughter Resents Dad's Financial Aid

DEAR MRS. MANNERS:

MY FATHER is ruining my marriage, and my husband, with the help he gives us because he thinks his daughter isn't living "the life to which she was accustomed."

I had everything I wanted at home—a beautiful play room filled with toys when I was a child, cute clothes and a car in high school, and the best of schools after that. I took them for granted. I also took for granted that we wouldn't have much money when we married. We haven't, and it's all right with me—I'm not a baby.

Dad looks at me pityingly in our little apartment. What I want him to do is admire the interior decorating I've done, on little money. My husband complains about his slow progress. He's apologetic and discontented. Nothing I say convinces him that he treats me right.

The worst of all is that my husband accepts money too often from my father. "All for me," he tells himself. But I wonder. Does he have the courage for marriage?

My father gives willingly, but I know him. He's a self-made man. He won't respect my husband long if he keeps taking gifts. I won't, either—but neither my father nor my husband realize that, I'm already ashamed of my husband for the subtle begging he does.

How can I convince my husband, and my father, that I don't want to live the way I was accustomed? I want to live the way of a full-grown woman in love with her husband, always at his side, in good times and bad. I didn't want to bring my father's home with me—I want to earn a home of my own.