

Handmade Rainbows

By MRS. HARRY PUGH SMITH
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The Maguires are giving a dinner for the Newsoms, Shirley Maguire and Jaid Newsom are engaged. But Kathleen Maguire is peeved. Mrs. Newsom is too patronizing. In fact she wants Jaid to marry Connie Mays, the banker's

CHAPTER VII—Continued

Everybody laughed. And Laura flashed Mike a grateful glance which he accepted with the little crooked smile he saved for her. Once more he had pulled the party out of the fire. And from then on Laura kept a firm hand on the conversational strings. Nevertheless the dinner had been a strain. She had had the sensation of sitting on top of a volcano. But at least nobody came to verbal fistfuffs. And Hulda did not forget to serve from the left except once. Neither did anything fall to pieces.

"Allah be praised, this is behind me," thought Laura, giving the signal to rise from the table.

Mary Etta was in a fidget to get away. She explained curtly that her boss had chartered a night club and was entertaining on a lavish scale in honor of a recently appointed member of the highway board. The gentleman in question had a great deal to say about the awarding of road contracts. Mary Etta felt her presence was required.

Laura stood at the door and watched them drive rapidly away into the fragrant May night. But Laura knew with an ache that her first-born was not brushing his head against the inspiring stars. His spirit was being cut to pieces on the cruel jagged points of a sunken reef.

Kathleen was at the telephone. And to tell the truth she did not feel too proud of herself. She had not followed the others from the dining table into the living room. The idea had struck her as she passed Ritchie Graham on her way out. His hand accidentally brushed her bare arm. At least she thought it was accidental, though she was by no means certain. She wasn't, in fact, certain of anything about him except that he had the unhappy faculty of churning up her emotions.

A bit aghast at the perverse thrill which shot through her at his touch Kathleen, with her usual rash method of leaping and then looking, decided that the occasion justified extreme measures. After all, she reflected with ominous glints in her brown eyes, one can't just stand and do nothing while one's house burns.

"Gene, this is Kathleen Maguire." "Kathleen!" the voice at the other end of the line ran the gamut of flattered incredulity. "But, darling, what a surprise!"

Kathleen made a grimace. Eugene Mays, Junior, known to his intimates as Gene and Hot Shot, was the sort who called every girl Sugar or Beautiful or Honey Pie on sight. He was the only son of Banker Mays and overwhelmingly conscious that that made him the local Crown Prince. He was twenty-one, looked twenty-five, and acted about nine if he ran into something he couldn't lick. He was big and blond and sensational, and a lot of girls had found him irresistible to their later disrepute.

"I called you up," said Kathleen, wishing the words would not stick in her throat, "to say if it isn't too late I'd like to change my mind about tonight."

"What do you mean too late?" "I thought you'd probably have another date by now."

"I have. But what of it, Sweetness? Haven't I been telling you for a month you ought to have a stab at me?"

Kathleen bit her lip. He had been hovering on her trail like a thunderstorm, for weeks. Only she hadn't wanted to let herself in for Hot Shot Mays. For one thing he seemed to think he was conferring a favor in rushing a girl for a week or two and then dropping her prostrate, while she got over him the best she could, if she could. For another, he ran with an older crowd than Kathleen had ever tackled. And he ran a long way ahead of the rest.

"I don't want to interrupt your plans for the evening," she faltered nervously.

"Precious, I'd break a flock of dates to take you places and show you things. Say when, Cuteness, and Mrs. Mays' little boy will be there with his small flivver and a huge smile."

Kathleen drew a long breath. She was in for it. And with characteristic perversity she wished she wasn't.

CHAPTER VIII

Kathleen's face felt hot, but her hands were cold when she joined the others. The Newsoms were leaving. Mr. Newsom protested volubly at having to go. He insisted he would rather stay. But his wife informed Laura that of course one didn't disappoint Mrs. Eugene Mays. Laura agreed, her smile slightly wry. Jaid and Shirley were going on to a dance which their special crowd was throwing at Marigold Gardens, the newest outdoor pavilion.

It still gave Laura a turn to think of her girls in connection with public dance halls. When she was a bud, the daughters of first families went to balls which were strictly invitation affairs with programs and chaperones. And it was as much as

INSTALLMENT SIX—The Story So Far

daughter. Tom Maguire, her brother, is hit by the depression and his wife, Mary Etta, a secretary, is practically his support. There is talk of Reno. Another brother, Alec, with no work, is taking up with a blonde some years older than he. Her father, Mike, happy-go-lucky editor and mayor of Covington, brings Ritchie Graham to the party. He's the stranger who kissed Kathleen after he fixed a flat tire for her. He is a newspaper man too.

a great deal of money some day and his wife should eventually become the undisputed arbiter of Covington society. But he was the last man on earth Laura would have chosen for Kathleen. Then Laura recollected that, as mothers will, she was borrowing trouble. One date does not make a wedding—especially where Eugene Mays was concerned. He might not ever notice Kathleen again. But if he did—Laura's heart lurched.

"He's arsenic to the fair insects," was Alec's verdict. "I suppose because he's dangerous. And mean. Or maybe the little darlings just crave punishment. And how he ladies it out!" Kathleen was thinking of that as she came down the front walk toward the long sleek purring roadster which Gene Mays had left with the engine running.

"Where to, Beautiful?" he wanted to know, tucking Kathleen into the roadster's wide seat and managing to touch her caressingly.

Kathleen shivered. He was fascinating. And dangerous. He had hard blue eyes and an undershot jaw and high cheek bones and a bent nose that gave him a gangsterish look which he carefully cultivated.

He was reckless and selfish and daring, and Kathleen admitted he appealed to the outlaw in her. She both liked and dreaded the little thrill it gave her to be walking Hot Shot Mays' tight wire. A misstep might be fatal. But he was exhilarating.

"Marigold Gardens," she said promptly. She had thought that out in advance. Shirley and her crowd would be there. Probably Alec too. He was a dancing fool and Myra Boone and her friends were only too glad to foot the bills.

Marigold Gardens was just far enough out of town to be convenient for many purposes. It was a triumph of red and blue lighting. The floor was superb, the Negro orchestra potent. There was a small black hunchback cornetist who could outcaterwall Cab Calloway. The narrow railing was lined with growing rose bushes, the large parking lot in front packed with cars. You were apt to find anybody in town there, but the various crowds kept fairly well to themselves.

"You know, honey, I'm plenty steamed up about cornering you at last," murmured Gene Mays as Kathleen slipped into his arms. He held her too tightly. But not quite tightly enough for her to row about it. And he danced superbly, looking down at her with a wicked little grin. Kathleen's pulses played her tricks. But quite suddenly she thought of the little pucker between her mother's eyes. And drawing a deep breath, Kathleen came up for air.

"Sorry, but that line of yours doesn't go over so hot with me," she said. Gene Mays looked startled, also peeved. Kathleen laughed. All at once he no longer seemed a big bad menace. He was just a spoiled small boy who had had his wrists slapped and didn't like it. The current of his magnetism had been neatly switched off when he least expected it. His big underjaw protruded. He could if necessary exert himself. Only he rarely had to.

"There's little brother," he said unpleasantly. "Taking Grandma out as usual."

Kathleen winced. Alec was dancing with Myra Boone. And his face was flushed, his black eyes bloodshot. Myra also had been drinking and liquor always made her boisterous. She kept laughing a lot and calling out things to her best friend, Natalie Hunt. Buddy Pryor was Natalie's boy friend of the moment. Boy friend expressed it. He was just nineteen to her fair, fat and forty-ish.

"They've been hitting it up since four this afternoon," explained Gene. "When I left the club they were having their 'steenth round of cocktails.'"

Kathleen gave him a stony look. She might hand Alec the very Dickens herself but she required no outside assistance. "You should start worrying about other people's drinking habits," she said, elevating her pretty nose.

He laughed. "Excuse if I stepped on your feelings, darling. And permit me to remind you liquor isn't my vice." His arms tightened about her as he spoke. But the spell was broken. Kathleen no longer felt thrilled. She was simply bored and showed it. Hot Shot Mays reddened. For the first time it occurred to him that there might be one girl in the world he couldn't have. No matter how badly he wanted her.

"I could go for you in a big way," he muttered, and was surprised at himself because he hadn't meant to say anything of the kind.

"We'll both be happier if you don't," was Kathleen's succinct rejoinder.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Those Golden Years

WHEN Whirlaway added the hide of Midland to his Derby and Preakness wins, when Bob Feller picked up his eighth win in ten starts and Joe Louis went ambling along, someone brought up this point—

"How many stars have we around today who can compare with the Golden Age of 1919 and 1920? How many now on top could fit into the picture from 20 years ago?"

In the Golden Age of sport we had Man o' War representing the turf. We had Jack Dempsey on top in the ring. We had Babe Ruth ruling baseball. We had Bobby Jones

and Walter Hagen for golf, not overlooking Gene Sarazen. And there was Bill Tilden starting a brilliant sweep against the best in the world.

Man o' War — Babe Ruth — Jack Dempsey — Bobby Jones — Walter Hagen — Bill Tilden — I'm afraid 1941 can't quite equal that cluster.

The current year can give you Whirlaway—Joe Louis—Bob Feller—Don Budge—with no outstanding golfer among so many good ones.

The Drop in Color

The big drop from the Golden Age to 1941 comes in the matter of color. Those stars of the Golden Age not only had unusual ability, but they had a flare and a flame that traveled around the world. They caught and held the public eye. They drew crowds that had no interest in the sport they featured.

Thousands, who had no interest in a horse race, came out to see Man o' War run. More thousands, who had only a lean interest in baseball or the fight game, came to see Babe Ruth swing his 52-ounce bat and Jack Dempsey throw his left hook. The same thing happened to Bobby Jones in golf. The same was true of Bill Tilden in tennis.

All these I've mentioned caught the imagination of millions. Of many millions.

In this machine age there is almost no touch of colorful tinting. They knew all about Man o' War, Jack Dempsey, Babe Ruth and Bobby Jones on the other side of the world. Also Hagen and Tilden.

The most colorful champion we have in sport today is Whirlaway, a horse. He wins and he loses—he may be a trifle on the goofy side, but he has caught the attention of the country.

He can run like the wind and he can run any distance. His main qualities are speed and stamina. What else can you ask for? Once he started to move he was 20 lengths better than anything in the Derby field. Under the same conditions he was able to pick up and add 25 lengths on King Cole in the Preakness.

Since Man o' War quit as a three-year-old, a short career, there is a chance that Whirlaway may go on to be the top horse of all time. And few horses have carried as much human interest color, no matter what their careers. The long, wide-spreading Whirlaway tail alone is something to look at and talk about.

Some of the Others

As great a pitcher as Bob Feller is, the first citizen of Van Meter, Iowa, has nothing like the color of a Babe Ruth or a Dizzy Dean. This is too much to ask.

Don Budge is a star tennis player, but in the matter of color he isn't a Bill Tilden.

Joe Louis lacks the flare of Jack Dempsey when the Manassa Mauler was at his peak.

There are many more fine golfers today than there were 20 years ago. They are playing better golf. But in looking through the list not even a Lick telescope could discover another Bobby Jones or another Walter Hagen on the colorful side.

All this doesn't mean that sport, along the road of skill and high-class performance, has taken any flop in the last two decades. Practically every performance that can be timed or measured has been broken more than a few times in recent years. There has been a general average improvement. But the crowd appeal on the human side isn't the same.

What Is Color?

Some deep bass voice may be heard booming these words at this spot, "Just what is color?"

It is a difficult word to explain. It is a combination of high-class ability, plus certain other qualities that catch and hold the attention of the crowds.

The color exuded by Babe Ruth and Bobby Jones was of different brands—entirely different—but both had it in copious quantities. The same was true of Jack Dempsey and Bill Tilden.

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and box may be painted before they are put together according to the directions in the sketch. You will find complete directions for making this fabric-covered bristol board lamp shade on page 12 of your copy of Book 1.

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