

Handmade Rainbows

By MRS. HARRY PUGH SMITH
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INSTALLMENT EIGHT—The Story So Far

Kathleen Maguire goes to a dance with Gene Mays, wealthy scamp, whom she does not like, because she is irritated for many reasons. Mrs. Newsum wants Jaid, her son, to marry Connie Mays, though he is in love and engaged to Shirley, Kathleen's sister. Tom,

CHAPTER X—Continued

Alec had a healthy fear of ridicule because he was awfully good at it himself. He made plenty of sport of other people and he imagined they were always looking for a chance to return the compliment. If he caught a pal in a comic position, he rode the life out of him. He knew that by morning everybody in town would have heard about his new girl friend and he had a good idea of the kind of hurrah he was in for. But he had no comeback. That was what hurt. He would just have to take it and like it. The girl beside him said nothing at all. She sat as far away as possible, huddled in her seat, her eyes fastened on the screen. But the small hands clenched in her lap were white at the knuckles and Alec had an idea she didn't see any more of the picture than he did.

Butch Henderson and Henny Baxter, a couple of pool-room cowboys whom Alec wouldn't have introduced to his sisters, but with whom he sometimes shot a few craps when he had nothing else to do, came in and sat down directly behind him. Occasionally one of them sniggered and the back of Alec's neck felt scalded. They hung around outside the theater when the show was over to hand Alec a discreet raspberry. They weren't even very discreet about it. Had Lou noticed? Alec glanced at her sideways. Her little pointed face was very white, but she stared straight ahead.

It is an unwritten law in small towns that a fellow asks a girl to have a drink after he's taken her to a movie. But Alec just did not believe he could walk into Henderson's Drug Store and sit at a table with Lou Knight while the village comedians lined up on stools at the soda fountain and exercised their wit at his expense. So he marched her home straight as he could go, trying desperately to make conversation to which she answered only in choked, frightened monosyllables. It was just midnight of a warm May night. On Main Street a good deal was still stirring. But down near the shops the streets were dimly lighted and almost deserted. It was the longest ten blocks Alec ever traversed. He could have shouted when the ordeal ended at the foot of the steep staircase that went up to Lou's sorry home. Only all at once his elation collapsed. What on earth was he going to say to the poor kid?

"It was nice of you to go out with me," he stammered. She was staring at him with big miserable eyes and her under-lip quivered. He didn't want to lie but it seemed kinder than to let her down flat. "Maybe we'll do it again some day."

His heart sank as he realized that she was crying. Very softly. As shyly as she did everything else.

"You don't have to pretend so as not to hurt my feelings," she said in a little smothered voice. "I know you won't ask me again. Because I've just bored you. Ever since you called this afternoon I've tried to think of things to say. Interesting things so you'd want to come back. But I couldn't. Say anything, I mean."

Alec stared at her dumbly. "You see," whispered Lou Knight, "nothing as lovely as this has ever happened to me before and I guess it never will again."

Alec Maguire swallowed hard but he could not speak. And after a minute she went on, so low he could barely distinguish the words. "I've always thought you were wonderful. At school I used to watch you although you never noticed me. You were always taking prizes. And every time you did, I felt as proud as if it had happened to me. And you're the only person who ever did anything about Pop when kids treated him mean. I could have kissed the ground you walked on for that. But I never thought you'd ask me for a date. Not really. I used to dream sometimes that you would. Dreams help when you haven't anything else. Only I always knew anybody as marvelous as you could never bother about me."

Alec felt as if someone was pouring salt on a fresh wound in his side. "I'm not marvelous, Lou," he said humbly.

"You are to me," she whispered and fled up the stairs.

CHAPTER XI

Shirley Maguire, dancing with Bob Baird, did not look at Jaid. Never once did her eyes turn in his direction. But she was really conscious of nothing except Jaid with Connie Mays in his arms. Connie's face lifted deviously to his while her green eyes said shameless things and her pouting scarlet mouth promised even more.

The girl was perfectly brazen. Why not? She was the daughter of Eugene Mays and all her life she had done exactly as she pleased. Like her brother, Connie was about as subtle as a battering ram. She did outrageous things and the town smiled indulgently. People like Bella Newsum said Connie was just a high-spirited child, full of innocent

pranks. But Shirley knew that Connie was neither a child nor innocent. But did Jaid know or care? It was enough to turn any man's head, the way Connie had been pursuing Jaid for months. It did not seem possible that she could have gone on and on without a fraction of encouragement on his part. And yet Shirley suspected that where Connie Mays was concerned, anything was possible. It was certain, however, that others by no means gave Jaid the benefit of the doubt. For weeks Shirley's friends had been going out of their way to be sweet to her. And she knew what that meant. They believed Jaid intended to jilt her for Connie Mays.

After all, thought Shirley with a bitterness that dismayed her, Jaid could not be blamed if he yielded to the inevitable. Eugene Mays' son-in-law would not long remain in the ranks of the unemployed. Once married to Connie, Jaid's economic problems would dissolve like mist in the blaze of his wife's powerful family connections. Of course if Jaid chose Connie as a way out, he lost Shirley. But did that any longer mean a loss to him?

"What's become of Janet's friend who had such a crush on you earlier in the evening, Shirley?" asked Bob when the music ended.

"What always happens when a new man looks at Shirley!" exclaimed Nell Cotter with indignation. "Somebody told him she was engaged. And that was that."

Jaid had come up behind them. He flushed darkly.

"That's what Mother means when she says long engagements are un-



"Somebody told him she was engaged."

fair," he said when he and Shirley were dancing a little later. Doubts stabbed her. Was Jaid hinting that he agreed with his mother?

"I guess you'll be a withered old maid before I can afford to marry you, Shirley," he went on and his voice rasped. "God knows, I'd think you'd hate me for the fiasco I've made. After I promised you everything. If I were half a man I'd set you free for some other man who can afford a wife."

She wished that she could read his mind. He might mean exactly what he said. Or he might be offering her a graceful exit. Hoping she'd break their engagement and set them both free to find happiness elsewhere since together they had reached an impasse.

"You're so beautiful, Shirley," groaned Jaid. "And so sweet. And you're wasting the best years of your life waiting for a guy who can't even buy you a sack of peanuts unless his father does out the nickel."

She wanted dreadfully to tell him that she would wait forever if he wanted her to. Only she wasn't sure he wanted anything of the kind. So she couldn't say it. Not when possibly he hoped she would say something quite different.

"Maybe things will change," murmured Shirley, which might mean anything or nothing.

"Maybe so," agreed Jaid and went off to dance with Connie Mays. And the old dreary treadmill set up its merciless hammering in Shirley's heart. Was Jaid tired of going around in circles never getting anywhere? The way he and Shirley had been doing for years.

Both of them were silent on their way home in Jaid's coupe which his mother had given him on his last birthday. It was not new for them to have nothing to say to each other. Nowadays they were never gay when they were together. A

town, kissed her after fixing a flat for her. He is a newspaper man too. At the dance she sees Alec, who tells her that for a joke he made a phony date with poor Lou Knight, the town drunk's daughter. Kathleen makes him keep the date. He takes her to a show.

heaviness lay between them like a blight. It had not been present those first radiant months of their engagement. Shirley had been able to talk to Jaid then—about anything. More intimately than she had ever talked to another person. Against his breast, her lips on his, her reticence had vanished. But somewhere in the past year they had receded from each other. A curtain dropped between them. Even their kisses were no longer sweet, but bitter. Terribly bitter with denial.

The wide front porch of the Maguire house was dark behind its tangle of wistaria and climbing roses. It was not late. But nothing stirred. Jaid caught Shirley into his arms. Lately his caresses were always a little savage. As if he resented them because they never came to anything. Even his lips had lost the shy tenderness with which they had once kissed her. They were feverish, almost cruel. More desperate than anything. Shirley's lovely slender body quivered. Her heart beat a devil's tattoo in her ears.

"Shirley!" he cried in a thick unnatural voice. "It's hell to have you like this and then let you go."

"I know," she whispered.

"We never do anything any more but drive each other mad. Wanting what we can't have," he groaned.

She shivered. It was true. To be together only aroused everything in them which they dared not release.

"Shirley, we can't go on like this." He was putting into words the thing she had shrunk from saying.

"I want you, Shirley. All of you!"

Or nothing, Shirley, darling!" whispered Jaid.

It was not the first time they had stood on the edge of an abyss. he couldn't lose Jaid. She couldn't go on without him, thought Shirley with a sob. Unconsciously her defenses crumbled. She felt herself being washed out on the turgid sea from which there is no returning. Only suddenly Shirley thought of Laura. Laura, who would never condemn, but whose heart would break.

"You'll have to go, Jaid," said Shirley and pushed his arms away. He went without a word. Almost as if furies were at his heels. Poor Jaid, who had never dreamed he might live to see the day when his love was a threat and a disaster, both to his own and Shirley's souls.

CHAPTER XII

Tom Maguire glanced at his watch and groaned. It was ten minutes to two. His head ached. The Coal Scuttle, the city's newest tavern, was crowded to its roccoco doors, the air heavy with stale cigar smoke, the tables littered with cigarette ashes, dreggy glasses and dead bottles. There had been many speeches. The same old hokey, thought Tom. Bombastic flowery eloquence, praising the new Highway Commissioner, to which he had replied with the usual inanities. And running the whole show although he kept in the background, was Harvey Cobb Leigh.

With tired embittered eyes Tom studied his wife's employer. Leigh was in his early fifties, a short portly man with a smooth unlined face and small bullet eyes under sleepy eyelids. But he was not sleepy. He was a human dynamo as Mary Etta often boasted. He never tired or took his hand off the throttle. Tom sighed. Mary Etta sat at her employer's left, the wife of the guest of honor at his right, a pudgy lady who looked as if she wished she were at home in bed.

But apparently Mary Etta was as fresh as she had been three hours earlier. Tom knew that she had not missed a trick in the evening's progress. That was what made her invaluable. She had a stenographic memory which on such occasions as these did not require a notebook. The next day when she filed her memoranda, nothing would be missing that might later be required. No wonder Harvey Cobb Leigh depended on her and paid her a commensurate amount.

Tom stared at the cigarette which he had lit from the butt of another. He hated all the loud talk. It made him want to chew his fingernails. It was just so much eyewash, as he very well knew. And at the back of his brain a hammer pounded.

The rent was due tomorrow and he could not pay it. Until now—thanks to the nest egg which he had accumulated in more prosperous times toward buying his own business—Tom had been able at least to pay for sheer necessities like rent and food. But the past year, when his earnings had dropped to an appalling low, had wiped out his savings at a rate that left him hanging on the ropes, dizzy for breath.

"Thank God!" he muttered when at last people began to push back from soiled and disorderly tables. Mary Etta gave him a stiletto glance. "You needn't make it quite so obvious that you've been forced to death," she said out the corner of her mouth.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Spotlight
BY GRANTLAND RICE

IN AN age of prodigious hitting, no matter what the game, there is still a wide sweep of argument in regard to record distances. There is a wide divergence of opinion as to how far the mightiest of the hitters can drive a baseball, golf ball or polo ball, to take up three examples.

Few have ever smacked a baseball beyond 500 feet. I mean on the carry. A good many years ago one of Babe Ruth's Florida wall-

lops that dropped into a plowed field was measured around 520 feet. Anything over 430 feet is no part of soft hitting.

Ruth remains the long-distance champion, both as a record hitter and as the most consistent one. The Babe not only had bulk and power back of his punches, but he also had one of the finest swings that baseball has ever known in the way of timing and smoothness.

But the Babe rarely reached a full range of 500 feet. There is no way to make any exact measurement when the ball sails out of the park or crashes into the upper stands.

There is a center-field fence in the St. Petersburg park around 500 feet away, and no one has ever hit this palisade on the fly yet, according to the best knowledge I have.

Golf Sluggers

In golf Jimmy Thomson remains the long-distance ruler with something to spare.

As I recall the figures Thomson has won the last six driving contests arranged by the PGA.

It must be remembered that the only true measure in golf is from a flat surface, with no helping wind. Roll doesn't count. You can drive a golf ball a mile on the ice. And a few of the long hitters can stand on an elevated tee and pass 300 yards on the carry with a helping gale.

One earnest seeker for records once drove a golf ball well over a mile—standing at the top of the Grand Canyon.

Driving from a level surface, unhelped by a wind, Thomson's best blows usually range from 270 to 275 yards. This is big blasting. A carry of 250 yards under these conditions is big hitting. I doubt that any golfer ever carried 300 yards on flat ground, minus a keen breeze.

I know that few good hitters care to risk a carry beyond 225 yards when there is trouble to face.

A helping or a headwind makes a much greater difference than many know. A headwind is also a mental handicap since it usually brings on pressing and overeffort, which is always a mistake.

How Far a Polo Ball?

In his prime, Tommy Hitchcock could hit a polo ball as far as anyone I ever saw. Dev Milburn and Wilburn Guest were also on the longer side.

Hitchcock figures that 150 yards, half the distance of the field, is about all one can get from a full polo smash. Any wallop beyond 100 yards is good, hard hitting.

"The longest drive I've seen," an eyewitness writes, "came from a combination of golf and polo. Winston Guest teed up a golf ball at Meadowbrook one day, mounted his polo pony and was then handed a polo mallet. With a good, galloping start and a double windup Guest drove the golf ball the full length of the polo field—a matter of 300 yards. It was all carry."

Golf machines can reach 500 yards, which shows how far the human machine lags behind the metal contrivance.

Getting Distance

Distance isn't a mere matter of bulk and physical power by many yards.

Ben Hogan, weighing less than 135 pounds, is longer by yards than most of the 180 or 200-pound swingers.

I once saw Cyril Walker, then weighing 110 pounds, outdrive Walter Hagen, at 185, consistently in a big tournament.

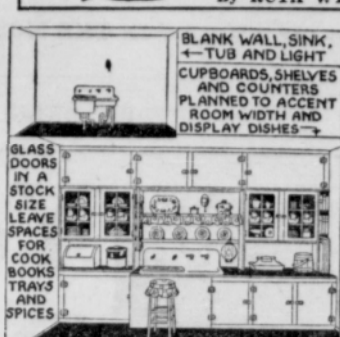
Distance comes largely from club-head speed—more so than from any other single factor.

Bobby Jones one day, with his own clubs missing, used his wife's set. Mrs. Jones' driver weighed only 12 ounces, much lighter than Bob's.

"I was astonished to find that I was hitting the ball that day longer than usual," Bob said. "I found out that I could get much greater speed from the lighter clubhead. Naturally it called for less effort in swinging."

NEW IDEAS for Home-makers

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS



BLANK WALL, SINK, TUB AND LIGHT CUPBOARDS, SHELVES AND COUNTERS PLANNED TO ACCENT ROOM WIDTH AND DISPLAY DISHES.

SOLID doors for the cupboards at the sides of this sink would have placed the accent on vertical lines and made the room seem narrower. But most important of all, this combination of glass doors and plywood doors gives an opportunity to display dishes and other things that lend color, and at the same time makes a place to hide away less decorative utensils.

The lower cupboards and sink enclosure were built first. The vertical supports for the glass cup-

boards are 1 by 12-inch boards. These rest on the lower cupboards and are placed far enough apart to accommodate the glass doors. The 1 by 12-inch board across the room makes the top of the glass cupboards and the bottom of the upper cupboards. The ruffle trimmed shelf between the glass cupboards is 6 inches wide and the plate rail below it is made of two moulding strips.

NOTE: If you are fixing up your kitchen you will find complete directions for fascinating new curtains on page 16 of your copy of Book 3, containing reprints of this series by Mrs. Spears. It also contains directions for a space-saving pantry door pocket. In Book 4 there is a cook book shelf to be made for a kitchen table; also a twine bag that you will find useful. These booklets may be secured by writing direct to:

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Uncle Phil Says:

With Doors in Minority
The world is divided into people who do things, and people who take the credit.

So far, no navigator has made a reliable chart of the Sea of Matrimony.

A little pull will get you most places—but not through a door marked "push."

Monkeys Look On Seriously

Men laugh at the behavior of monkeys, but the monkeys are more polite.

When a man pays his taxes his patriotism is at its lowest ebb.

A chairman spends 20 minutes introducing the man "who needs no introduction."

Many a man is put in the shade because he stands in his own light.

A Blessing Possible

Peace can be made perpetual if nations will agree not to make new wars until they have paid for the old ones.

Of the two, I'd rather listen to the boaster than the alibi.

There are three kinds of men who do not understand women: young men, old men, and middle-aged men.



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