

Handmade Rainbows

By Mrs. HARRY PUGH SMITH
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Laura Maguire, wife of Mike Maguire, happy-go-lucky editor and mayor of the town, is mother to four children: Tom, whose real estate job is profitable during the depression and who is married to Mary Etta, secretary to Harvey Cobb Leigh, a big shot; Alec, unable to get a job and who takes up with a flashy divorcee older than himself; Shirley, en-

CHAPTER XIV

Kathleen was aware that Ritchie Graham had resented her little speech. Long after Mike disappeared into his private office Kathleen felt Ritchie's gray eyes studying her. His desk was next to her own.

"You needn't sit there and say I'm a nasty little beast," she flared at last, although he had said nothing. "Of course you think Dad deserves a medal for spitting in the bull dog's face."

"Don't you?"

"It would be different if it cost him anything to put the whole town's interests before his own. But it doesn't. You see, he wouldn't really mind if this landed him higher than a cocked hat. It's the old fight he loves, and the more he stands to lose, the better he likes it."

Ritchie Graham surveyed her steadily. And Kathleen's clear cheeks burned under his level and unflattering scrutiny.

"You'd rather he'd know to all the powers that be, and bring home more bacon, I suppose?"

"Maybe you don't know how scarce we are of bacon at our house," Kathleen told Ritchie Graham stubbornly. "And going to be scarcer if Mike prints any more of those guaranteed-to-scorch articles."

"Queer," he mused, "you don't look mercenary. Or even grasping. What do you want out of life?" he demanded suddenly. "The nicest house in town, a car as big as a show window, charge accounts, a personal maid and that sort of thing?"

"All I want is not to be cheated," cried Kathleen in a trembling voice—as her mother had been, she was thinking. "I don't want to pay all I have and am for something that proves to be fizz water. And I don't mean to." Her pretty dimpled chin set. "I intend to keep my head and think straight whatever happens, and be dead sure the purchase is worth the selling price."

Ritchie shrugged his shoulders. "You blessed little idiot," he said in a caressing drawl that spurred her heart, "don't you know you were born to be worn like a flower in some man's lapel, and it won't matter when he arrives whether he's a good bet or a rotten one?"

"No!" cried Kathleen violently. At that moment the telephone on Roger Whyte's desk trilled impatiently. Kathleen caught her breath. Roger handled all the high powered advertisements. She saw him go quite pale and his palsy was very noticeable when he replaced the receiver. He answered her unspoken query with a shake of the head.

"Frisby's have just canceled their daily spread," he said in a voice that quavered a little. "They've decided against local newspaper ads. Are going to use handbills printed in the city."

"First blood to Eugene Mays," yodeled Mike from the doorway of the private office.

Frisby's was Covington's largest mercantile store. Kathleen knew what it meant to lose that revenue. So did Mike. But he seemed more elated than staggered. And Ritchie regarded him with unconcealed admiration.

Quite suddenly Kathleen felt she hated them both.

Alec never got up for breakfast. It just made the day seem more endless. But on the morning after he took Lou Knight to the Airdrome, he woke early.

When he entered Henderson's Drug Store down town his moody dark face was sullen. The younger crowd in Covington used Henderson's as an informal club. Some of the gang were always riding the stools at the counter. This morning was no exception.

"If it isn't old Whoop-Em-Up-Alec!" snickered Bandy Taylor. "They tell me you were slumming last night?"

"Boy, I didn't know you'd got down to dragging gutters for skirts," opined Jim Atwood.

Alec's thin dark face went a little white. "You can tie that kind of talk outside," he muttered, his hands clenched.

"Alec's face was that red I almost called out the fire engine," yapped Butch Henderson.

"Why, Alec," murmured Hot Shot Mays with infuriating sweetness, "surely you weren't ashamed of the girl friend?"

"Yes," said Alec, his eyes very black in his drawn white face. "I was. Only I've got over it. See? I'm not ashamed now of taking Lou Knight out. I'm just ashamed of myself because I'm not good enough to shine her shoes. And that goes for the rest of you drug store insects."

"I do believe the boy's serious," cooed Gene.

"You can believe what you like," Alec snapped. "Only remember this. Keep your dirty tongues off Lou Knight when I'm around or I'll smear somebody's mouth from ear

INSTALLMENT TEN—The Story So Far

gaged to Jaid Newsum, also out of work since his father closed up his factory to stop losses, and whose marriage is thus delayed; Kathleen, in whom a stranger, Ritchie Graham, also a newspaper man, is interested. Ma Newsum wants Jaid to marry Connie Mays, the banker's daughter. Tom wants Mary Etta to move to the small town where

to ear. She may be poor, and I grant you she's no scream for looks. But she's a lady, which is something you would know nothing about."

"Dear, dear," jeered Henry Baxter, "the gal must carry a wallop like a mule. She don't look torrid. But then I never took her home after midnight. If she's that potent maybe I'll cultivate her myself."

Alec got to his feet deliberately. "All right," he said, "you asked for it."

His right fist failed out. He put into it a great deal of concentrated venom. Henny ducked with the blow, sliding half under the fountain for protection. From his barrage he yelled for mercy in a shrill falsetto that wasn't so funny as he meant it to be.

"I'll eat them words. Cheest, can't you take a joke, feller? If you say so, the gal's a calla lily. Far be it from me to insinuate anything else."

"See that you don't," growled Alec.

Suddenly he felt better. As if he had released a lot of accumulated bile. He felt almost blithe, in fact. Maybe he had made a fool of himself. He realized he would have been wiser to take the razzing with a grin. When the gang found a sore spot they romped on it. If he



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constituted himself Lou Knight's champion he would very likely have his hands full. But then Alec never had minded that. It was emptiness he dreaded. Nothing so frazzled his nerves as a vacuum. He had a queer feeling he would enjoy thrashing a lot of people in defense of a girl who was a little like a starved and bedraggled alley kitten.

"So there you are!" exclaimed Buddy Pryor, bounding in at the street door with the exuberance of a gazelle who had had a dose of hot drops. "I've been combing the town for you. Where on earth did you disappear to last night? Myra was fit to be tied when you never came back."

Alec shrugged. He hated to have Myra and Natalie get onto the Lou angle. So he suffered in silence while Gene Mays explained exactly where Alec had vanished to the night before.

"But, gee," protested Buddy, "you told us she turned you down. And you paid your bets too as if you had lost."

"What bets?" queried Gene who had a nose like an eagle for scents other people would prefer to keep to themselves.

"Myra bet Alec he couldn't make a date with Lou Knight," Buddy explained. "You see, it was all a stunt. Myra didn't think Alec would have the nerve. But I guess he was drunker than he looked."

Gene Mays laughed. "So that's why the new girl friend," he accused Alec. "Your blonde lady in pink and dared you to phone her. And you were full enough of giggle water to call her bluff."

"Yes," said Alec in a strangled voice. "That's exactly how it was."

He heard a little gasp and whirled sharply. Lou Knight stood in the rear of the store waiting for a package which the druggist was wrapping up for her. Her face was averted. Alec could see only her profile and a quivering little chin. But of course she had heard. And once she had thought him wonderful. Lou clutched her purchase and

grinned.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A SELECTED STORY
BY A GIFTED
AUTHOR

he can make a living; she won't give up her job; they separate. Alec dates up Lou Knight on a bet. She is the town drunk's daughter. Banker Mays calls on Mike Maguire and threatens to break him if he continues to fly his banking methods. Kathleen is critical of her father—for her mother's sake. Kathleen is very unhappy.

without turning her head stumbled out into the blazing sun of the side street.

CHAPTER XV

Laura was sitting flat on the floor in the living room patching a worn place in the big Axminster rug when Tom came softly through the open folding doors from the boxlike front hall.

She assumed that he had had to make a business trip to Covington for his firm as he sometimes did. Only as she scrambled to her feet she saw first the ghastly shadows under his hazel eyes and next the suitcase which he gripped in his left hand.

"Tom!" she whispered, her voice trailing off into a tremble in spite of herself. "You don't mean—" she began, but she couldn't go on.

Tom nodded curtly. "Mary Etta and I are all washed up."

"Tom!"

"She loves her job and her efficiency apartment and the new car far more, I guess, than she ever loved me. Anyway she wouldn't think of giving them up for me or any other man. She was willing to pay my way since I don't seem to be very good at that myself. But I couldn't see it. I offered her an alternative. A pretty shabby one, I admit. But she wasn't interested. And so," he spread his hands, "bloody to love's young dream—or was it a nightmare?"

Laura could have wept. She was not deceived by Tom's laconic manner. He was terribly thin-skinned emotionally. She knew she had to tread delicately. And she prayed for tact.

"Darling," she said very gently, "pride is a cruel master, and the rewards seldom equal the punishment."

"I know," he said bleakly, but his mouth did not lose its difficult line.

"You love Mary Etta. She is your wife. And marriage, happy marriages, are always a matter of compromise. One gives and takes."

"I know," he said again and added bitterly, "it's also what that Frenchman said, a mirror. In which one loves and the other merely reflects his love."

"Tom, I'm sure Mary Etta cares for you."

"You say that because you think I want to hear it. But you are wrong. Mother. And I've been a fool not to know it long ago. Mary Etta must have had some affection for me once or she would never have thrown in her lot with mine. But you see, she is true most of all to herself. And I've let her down badly. She admires successful men who kick their way up in the world by the sheer drive of their ruthless personalities. She couldn't respect any man if she paid his bills. Knowing she merely tolerated me while at the same time her money kept us going. I've got out. I had to. For her sake and mine. I'm going in with Colonel Shoup. He's offered me fifty a month and commissions if there are any. Mary Etta and I could live on that in Covington. I gave her the choice. She refused. And so here I am. Only—" his hazel eyes were feverish—"for God's sake, keep the others off me. I don't believe I could bear a lot of damn fool questions right now. Tell them the truth if you like, that we've made a hash of whatever happiness we might have had and are through for good. But don't expect me to talk about it even to you."

Laura's hand rested on his shoulder which quivered under her touch. "All right," she said quietly, "if that's the way you want it."

He squeezed her hand gratefully and then, picking up the suitcase, rapidly mounted the staircase to the back room with sloping eaves which he had shared for years with Alec.

Kathleen came home from the office at four that afternoon in anything but a happy mood. It had been one of those days when everything tangled itself up unpleasantly. Mike's fracas with Banker Mays had left his daughter both nettled and uneasy. Then there was Ritchie Graham. Kathleen admitted that from the first he had been a source of an unreasonable amount of exasperation to her.

Ruth Yates was throwing a swimming party that evening at the new Porterville pool. And Hot Shot Mays had called Kathleen at the office to say he'd pick her up at home at a quarter to five. Kathleen who felt as if she had been used to strike matches on all day found the idea of a plunge very edifying. And that had little to do with the fact that it was one of those sultry May afternoons which borrow their languor from June. It had even given her a disproportionate thrill to tell Gene Mays she was just living to see him again—this in a voice loud enough for Ritchie's ears, although he merely grinned.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Going Places

CORNELIUS
VANDERBILT, JR.

In Central America

A ROUGH day and a half at sea. Tropical rain fell in sheets. Angry waves smashed against our shiny white steel sides and spray came whirling down the decks. Low hanging clouds sped swiftly across the dull skies dipping oftentimes to scoop up more foamy ammunition. A sailor appeared on the fore's'le. The already well-lit decks blazoned the night with still more lights. Word went round that a raider or a U-boat might be working the Caribbean trade lanes. We were lit up to assure them we were an American boat. And as I walked aft it gave me a very thankful feeling to see Old Glory spotlighted and waving protectively. Usually flags are hauled down at night at sea, but not in our hemisphere since the advent of A. Hitler & Co.

We slid into a tired looking wooden dock at Port Limon, Costa Rica. It was high noon and sizzling. Here there were not the usual colored diving boys. Instead tiny urchins serenaded us. An experienced shipmate advised me to get into the very last coach of the toy train which was to huff and puff for five hours up the mountain to the mile-high Costa Rica capital. After doing the overhand and nearly breaking my neck to get down the quivering gangplank among the first ashore, I swung into the "center seat left-hand side" as directed, but never in my life have I sat in anything so uncomfortable. It was way back, hard as a mountain, and had a tufted headrest in the wrong place. An interpreter told us that this railroad had been built by a British concern in 1885, and for once I was sure this was no chamber of commerce exaggeration!

The lilliputian engine burned soft coal. There was no glass in the car windows and just as we emerged from the dingy shade into a spectacular view of jungle, a cinder bolted into my eye. I had an eye cup—but it was back in my cabin, so I covered my eye with a handkerchief and with the other one this is what I saw: breakers lapping a coconut palm fringed coast on the right—muddy brown, Danubelike river coursing down deep chasms on the left—deep dense jungle growth, spindly trunked trees, some tufted on top, growing so close together they appeared to crowd each other for breath—elephant-eared shiny-leaved plants with large fragrant white blossoms—rustic corrugated tin roofed huts on stilts—swarms of naked native children. At the first village there were two dingy shops, one with a sign "cafeteria." Never have I seen such miscellaneous vegetation. Shiny-leaved coffee trees with bright red and orange coffee berries. Oblong-leaved banana plants with bright green bananas growing upside down. Gnarled banyan trees, fields of fresh corn, sugar cane, pineapples, breadfruit trees, morning glories, giant violets, and thousands upon thousands of wild orchids.

At the mile high mark we crossed the continental divide which separates the Rockies from the Andes. Here the scenery became truly spectacular. The roaring Revatzen river cascaded down a gorge thousands of feet deep. A veritable grand canyon of towering trees formed a backdrop, and mountain mist hovered between the lush tangled vegetation. Far in the distance a scarlet church spire stretched heavenwards. Nestling thatched hamlets on both sides of the train all the way up.

Finally we gasped into the San Jose depot. Barefooted Indian urchins thrust white camellias into everyone's hands. Outside the station we halted until a huge funeral procession snailed by, a typical Spanish one, in which the hearse and all the carriages were outlined with flowers, looking for all the world like floats in a mardigras.

San Jose is one of the world's most picturesque capitals. Though the streets were less winding than others I have been in, in past weeks, they were none the less enchanting. Gay colored two-wheeled ox carts lumbered slowly along, filled with coffee beans in burlap sacks or long stalks of green bananas. Modern motor cars rushed frenziedly along. Brunette señoritas linked arms and strolled along the main streets. They wore high tortoise shell combs, too much lipstick and rouge. Hundreds of tiny shops sold native wares, tooled leather, carved balsa-wood, bright green baskets, hammered silver and uncut emeralds for next to nothing.

Dropped into a couple of local niteries to look the after-dark situation over. Resembled soft drink dispensaries more than wicked drinking joints, and were serving twice as many ice cream sodas as rum drinks. Few couples sat together and those who did were evidently "aliens." In true Latin fashion the men huddled together around big tables separate from the women. Many had swastikas in their buttonholes. The music consisted of an American made coin machine.

Washington MERRY GO ROUND

DREW PEARSON
& ROBERT ALLEN

MORE ON 'HESS-MESS'

Following the outbreak of the Nazi-Russian war, European capitals buzzed with reports of a German offer to Britain to make peace, then turn their united forces against Soviet Russia. These reports were not empty rumors; they were absolutely true.

Behind them is a story of the most audacious and astounding Nazi intrigue of the war to date. Its opening scene was the sensational Hess "flight" to Britain; its closing paragraph the "surprise" Nazi declaration of war on their ally, Red Russia. The inner details of this brain-reeling plot are not yet unraveled and all of them won't leak out until the history books are written. But authorities have pieced it together and it is now possible to get the main outlines.

Hated of Communists.

Following the victorious Balkan campaign which made Germany master of Europe, powerful military-Nazi elements, always hating the Communists, began urging peace with Britain in exchange for a British-German coalition against Russia. After a bitter struggle inside the Nazi party, Hitler sided with the anti-Red group and the wheels were set in motion to line up the British.

It was realized that they would have to be approached in such a manner that they could not doubt the authenticity of the Nazi plan. So Hess was chosen for this mission. Not only was he the one man in Germany closest to Hitler, but he was also known for his hatred of Communism. And before the war he had had contacts with the British nobility.

So Hess, not flying alone, but accompanied by several guiding planes; and not taking off from central Germany as reported, but from Norway, made his dramatic descent on the estate of the Scotch duke of Hamilton.

Hess' Message.

The message brought by Hess in substance was as follows:

(1) Britain and Germany would enter a coalition as the chief partners in a new Axis; (2) Italy would be placated with some minor possessions of France, which would be stripped of its empire; (3) Germany would retain a free hand on the whole of the continent, with Britain helping to establish that free hand by joining Germany in conquering Russia.

The British government's answer was to incinerate Hess and immediately notify Washington and Moscow of the plan.

The subsequent chain of events is history. Darlan and Laval were among the first to get wind of the scheme, and rushed to Hitler offering complete "collaboration." This drew withering denunciations from President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Hull.

Britain, which for months had been trying to make up its mind to attack in Syria, launched an offensive with Free French forces to seize this strategically vital region. Then on June 15, British intelligence got wind of quiet German withdrawals of air and other forces from French bases. This was why the British took the initiative in their continuous day and night bombing raids wreaking havoc on key German centers.

Russia Fearful.

Fearful of attack and anxious to appease in all directions, Moscow abandoned its stiff-necked coolness to Japan and hurriedly signed a pact in order to ensure at least temporary tranquillity on its eastern border. Simultaneously Stalin abandoned his traditional behind-the-scenes role and actively assumed the reins as premier of Russia. Russia began massing 160 divisions on its western borders.

It was at this time that Ambassador John Winant returned to the U. S. A. at the request of Prime Minister Churchill in order to give President Roosevelt a complete fill-in and to deliver categorical assurances from Churchill that Britain will never make peace with Hitler.

Note—The British government was so sure Hitler would attack Russia that Churchill was able to prepare and deliver his history radio address only 18 hours after Hitler invaded Russia.

CAPITAL CHAFF

Sentiment is increasing in several states for a "Federal Union of Nations." The North Carolina legislature has memorialized congress to undertake an international federal union now, and Representative Woodring of Pennsylvania is proposing the same to the Pennsylvania legislature.

One of the strongest foes of war in President Roosevelt's inner circle of defense advisers is Bernard Baruch, head of the 1917 War Industries Board. Baruch believes the U. S. is not prepared to wage large-scale military action.

Telling newsmen about his inspection of a new powder plant in Tennessee, OPM Director General Knudsen remarked, "They are turning out the stuff in great shape," and nonchalantly pulled out of his pocket a stick of dynamite. Most of the reporters, pop-eyed, nervously doused their cigarettes.

For you to make



for any room. Even the beginner will find this simple and pleasant to do.

Pattern 2797 contains a transfer pattern of a 15 by 20 inch hanging; illustrations of stitches; color chart; materials required. Send your order to:

Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept.,
117 Minna St. San Francisco, Calif.
Enclose 15 cents in coins for Pattern No.
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Perhaps His Neighbors Were Only Keeping Time

Wilkes had a serious complaint to make to his landlord.

"It's the people in the flat above me!" he stormed. "They won't give me a minute's peace. This morning at one o'clock they were jumping up and down on the floor as hard as they could. I won't put up with such behavior. It's an outrage!"

The landlord looked sympathetic.

"They woke you up, I presume?" he inquired.

The victim shook his head.

"No, I hadn't gone to bed."

"Ah! You were working late?"

"Yes. I was practicing on my saxophone!"

EASY stitchery—a little time—and this appealing panel is ready to be hung up—a brightener

Common Friendship

Friendship is like rivers, and the strand of seas, and the air, common to all the world; but tyrants, and evil customs, wars, and want of love, have made them proper and peculiar. — Jeremy Taylor.

"The Self-Starter Breakfast"



helps keep me ready to go!"

says AL MCKILLIP
Fireman

"THE Self-Starter BREAKFAST"
A big bowlful of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with some fruit and lots of milk and sugar.
It gives you FOOD ENERGY! VITAMINS! MINERALS! PROTEINS!
plus the famous FLAVOR of Kellogg's Corn Flakes that makes so good it sharpens your appetite, makes you want to eat.

Swift Growth

Report, that which no evil thing of any kind is more swift, increases with travel and gains strength by its progress.—Vergil.

Paying Debt

There are but two ways of paying debt—increased industry in raising income, increase of thrift in laying out.—Carlyle.

If you bake at home, use FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST

RICHER in VITAMINS
The Household Favorite of Four Generations!



Are Women Better Shoppers than Men?

GRANTING a woman's reputation for wise buying, let's trace the methods by which she has earned it. Where does she find out about the advantages and details of electrical refrigeration? What tells her how to keep the whole household clean—rugs, floors, bathroom tiling—and have energy left over for golf and parties? How does she learn about new and delicious entrees and desserts that surprise and delight her family? Where does she discover those subtleties of dress and make-up that a man appreciates but never understands?

Why, she reads the advertisements. She is a consistent, thoughtful reader of advertisements, because she has found that she can believe them—and profit thereby. Overlooking the advertisements would be depriving herself of data continuously useful in her job of Purchasing Agent to the Family.

For that matter, watch a wise man buy a car or a suit or an insurance policy. Not a bad shopper himself! He reads advertisements, too!