

Handmade Rainbows

By Mrs. HARRY PUGH SMITH
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INSTALLMENT FOURTEEN—The Story So Far

Laura Maguire, wife of happy-go-lucky Mike, editor and mayor of Covington, is mother of four children, hit by the depression:

Tom, who separates from his wife, Mary Etta, when she refuses to give up her secretary job, to join him in the smaller town after his real estate job peters out.

CHAPTER XX

Shirley took a quick step forward, then paused abruptly, her knees trembling as Jaid went on.

"I found a second-hand clothing man who relieved me of my dress suit and studs for thirty dollars. But I've nothing else to sell, Joe. And you gotta be reasonable. A hundred and fifty's all this hole is worth. There it is on the table. Take it like a good boy and call it a deal."

"No! No!" cried Joe violently. "Two hundred dollar! Not a cent less."

"But, Joe—"

"No can do."

"I'll pay you the rest so much a month."

"All cash, no credit."

"But, Joe, have a heart." Jaid's voice was hoarse. "You don't know what this means to me. There's a girl. I love her better than—she's everything to me. Everything! And I'm losing her because we can't get married. You say there's a living in this place. If a man can make good by sweating his heart out, I will. Maybe she'd laugh in my face if I asked her to move into a dump like this. But it's my only chance. For God's sake try to understand. I'm losing the girl I love and I can't do anything about it."

"Two hundred dollars," insisted Joe.

"And I thought I'd found the way out," muttered Jaid with something that was almost a sob.

"You have," whispered the girl in the doorway to the rear room.

"Shirley!" At first he could only stare. At her radiant eyes, her tremulous lips.

"I sold your ring, Jaid, for a hundred and twenty-five. Here it is. Give Joe his price and tell him to clear out."

She was in his arms. They clung together. "It will be hard work and everybody will laugh at us," he whispered.

"Do you mind?"

"I don't mind anything when I have you in my arms like this."

"Neither do I," whispered Shirley.

Again his laugh rang out exultantly. He added to the pile of bills on the counter.

"Pack up your duds and beat it, Joe. This place has changed hands."

They hung out a sign, "Closed Temporarily for Repairs" and visited the dollar store. They had some working capital, that precious seventy-five dollars above the cost of the place. Shirley selected pale yellow dishes and green glasses with a cut crystal effect and glittery new pots and pans that had green handles. They bought yellow oilcloth by the yard for the table covers and window drapes. Shirley knew how to scallop them with the scissors. Jaid purchased paint and hammer and nails.

They were back at ten. They hired an ancient Negro with a moth-eaten mule to cart off loads of rubbish. They scoured the floors and Jaid painted the walls an apple green while Shirley did the chairs in ivory. They tacked up the yellow oilcloth drapes and stacked the new green glasses and yellow dishes behind the counter. Jaid solved the bedroom problem by turning the hose on it and leaving the sun and air to do the rest. Late in the afternoon they moved the furniture back inside and Shirley made up the bed with crisp new sheets and a green crepe spread.

"It doesn't look half bad," said Jaid with a throb of pride in his voice. "You aren't weakening, are you, darling?"

"No! No!" exclaimed the girl in his arms.

Again they clung together. They were going to be married at last, after four years! This was their wedding night. Shirley's heart thudded deliciously against her side. Jaid's face blazed with fugitive color. They looked up the place and walked down the street. Jaid's coupe had gone the way of his dress studs. But he had a marriage license in his pocket. His hand tightened on her arm. And they laughed above the tumult in their pulses.

Of course it was nothing like their plans, that quiet ceremony in the old Methodist parsonage. There were no bridesmaids, no flower-strewn aisles, no music. It was very still in the old-fashioned parlor. But the windows were flung open to the garden. The air was soft and sweet with dusk, the old minister's voice very gentle and reverent.

"I do pronounce you man and wife."

Shirley's hand closed convulsively on Jaid's. He stooped and kissed her. The old minister's wife wiped her eyes. She wasn't always happy about the couples who came unexpectedly to be married under her roof. But this boy and girl had meant it when they swore to cherish each other always—in sickness or in health, for better or worse, till death did them part. They were wedded to each other's hearts, those

Alec, who, out of a job, had been running around with a flashy divorcee and who becomes interested in Lou Knight, the town drunk's daughter. Her father died rescuing a crippled boy in a fire. He takes her to his mother's home.

Shirley, engaged to Jaid Newsom, who is also out of work and whose mother wants him to marry Connie

two. It shone from their eyes.

Laura, with Lou's aid, was setting the table for dinner when Shirley and Jaid came in. Their faces were a revelation. They did not need to say anything.

"You're married! And you didn't tell me!"

For a minute Laura felt she couldn't bear it. She had tried never to fail her children. And yet Shirley, her beautiful sweet Shirley had married without a word. In someone else's house. Laura had not even been there, or Mike. It wasn't as if they would have disapproved. Laura was glad, terribly glad that Shirley was married. But it hurt that in the biggest hour of her life she had not come home to her mother and father, had not even told them.

And then with a glance at her daughter's radiant eyes, Laura swallowed her resentment.

"You see," said Shirley when they had explained about the sandwich shop, "Jaid's mother will be furious. But she can't be angry at you, Mother, because you knew nothing about it. No one is to blame but Jaid and me. And I'm afraid we

don't care a lot whether she ever forgives us or not."

At least, thought Laura, none of her children had ever said quite that about her. She went upstairs with Shirley to pack her overnight bag. Her other things would be sent on in her trunk the next day. Laura managed to be very gay as she helped Shirley collect her frilly little pink negligee and a demure white nightgown from her hope chest.

But Laura was not really gay. It wrenched her heart when Shirley closed the door on her girlhood forever and came down the stairs to Jaid, but Laura did not betray it. Mike was waiting with his new son-in-law and he kissed Shirley and told her she had never done a smarter day's work and warned Jaid to expect him to drop in often for a free handout and sent them off with a chuckle. Only Laura knew that Mike's lips were quivering. Only she was there when he turned to her with blurred eyes.

The moon had risen when Shirley and Jaid came back to Joe's place. It silvered the oak leaves. Jaid snapped on the lights inside. They gleamed on shining walls and new china and glittering green glass. But in the back room, the moon cast light enough.

"It isn't the way I promised," Jaid said, "but I love you, Shirley. And I'll work myself to death to make up to you for everything you ought to have and haven't."

"What haven't I?" whispered the girl. "I've the man I love. I've his name and his love and his respect. The right to make him a home and bear his children. The right to live for him and for them. What more can any woman want?"

"Darling!"

His lips found hers.

"I love you, I love you!" whispered Shirley who had been unable to say the things that mattered.

Back home Laura Maguire wiped her eyes and carefully put away the miniature of Great-grandmother Ashe.

It had served its purpose.

CHAPTER XXI

Alec Maguire did not come home to dinner the night Shirley married. He did not even telephone. Laura found herself wishing that her son

Mays, the banker's daughter.

Kathleen, who against her will, is becoming interested in Ritchie Graham, who is also a newspaperman and aids her father in angering the banker. The latter causes the paper to lose its advertising.

Shirley pawns her ring to buy a hamburger stand. Jaid also comes to buy it.

Alec was not too old for a session with the hair brush. It seemed to Laura that on top of everything else, Lou was just too much. Of all days in the year to be saddled with the girl. And such a tongue-tied, nervous little creature. Laura had talked herself hoarse trying to relieve the child's dreadful timidity. But Lou still trembled when Laura spoke, and her eyes watched the door—for Alec.

Kathleen was dining out. She might have helped. Lou had seemed less afraid of her than of the others. She shrank every time Mike addressed her. He had even less success than Laura with the poor little thing. Tom looked tired and depressed. He scarcely spoke at all. Mike had had another run-in with Banker Mays over an editorial in the morning Clarion. "Mike detailed the episode with gusto. He thought it highly entertaining. But it worried Laura. Mike laughed when he discovered that Kathleen's engagement was with Eugene Mays' son. Laura also failed to find that amusing."

Altogether dinner at the Maguire house was not a happy occasion that night. Laura was glad when they rose from the table. Mike had a Council meeting. He was gone when Laura finished in the kitchen. Tom, looking drawn and white, went up to his room and closed the door. His haggard face haunted Laura. But it had not invited confidences. He wanted to be alone. She was his mother and she ached with his pain. But she could do nothing. Another woman had his happiness in her keeping.

Laura, with Lou trailing after her like a shy dejected shadow, sat down in a big wicker chair on the veranda and leaned her head wearily back. For once Laura's natural buoyancy deserted her. She had a wild desire to indulge in a few well-salted tears, a luxury she rarely allowed herself. Shirley was married, a bride this night in a hamburger joint. The bride's mother always weeps. Laura felt in the humor to do a lot of that. Only there was Lou, huddled in the porch swing, small, dejected, pitiful. Laura felt like weeping. She couldn't let down even for a minute and be just a plain discouraged human. She knew Lou would most likely faint with fright if her hostess put on a sob act.

"It's a lovely evening, isn't it?" murmured Laura, trying for the hundredth time to thaw the irksome ice between herself and her guest.

"Yes," whispered Lou.

"At least with Shirley gone I needn't inflict you with the couch," murmured Laura, thinking with a pang that Shirley would never again share Kathleen's virginal bed.

Lou's small hands clenched. "I'm going tomorrow," she said huskily.

Laura glanced at her quickly. The girl's eyes met hers. They were very unhappy and very apologetic, Lou's big blue eyes.

"Alec shouldn't have brought me here," she said. "And I shouldn't have come. I knew you'd hate having me."

Laura flushed. "I don't hate having you, Lou. It's just that I've been a little at a loss fitting you in."

"I know," Lou said. "That's why I shouldn't have come. I don't belong here. I've never had anything or been anywhere. I'm poor white trash and you—you're lovely and so kind, but I—I'll go away tomorrow."

"Where will you go, my child?" asked Laura very gently.

Lou looked away. "I don't know."

Laura reached over and laid her hand on the girl's knee but Lou shrank away.

"You'll stay here till I can work something out for you," said Laura.

"I would never forgive myself if I let you go otherwise. And neither would Alec."

"He's ashamed of me," Lou burst out in a smothered voice. "He took me to the Airdrome on a bet. But he doesn't like me. He's just sorry for me and kind like you."

Laura drew a breath of relief. So there was nothing between Alec and the girl except his instinct to befriend a friendless creature. Laura remembered how all his life Alec had brought in crippled sparrows and dogs with broken legs and insisted on repairing them.

"I can't believe Alec is ashamed of you, Lou," she said. "It doesn't matter that you are poor. So are we."

"But Alec's so wonderful!" breathed the girl with a little sob. "He's just as far above me as those stars up there, and always will be."

She got blindly to her feet and slipped into the house. Laura heard her going up the stairs, heard the bedroom door close behind her, and knew Lou was crying in that mute heartbreaking way she had. Of course she was in love with Alec. Laura sighed. And he hadn't come near her all day. Laura wondered where he was. She supposed he was helping Myra Boone massacre time as usual.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A SELECTED STORY
BY A GIFTED
AUTHOR

Washington MERRY-GO-ROUND

BY DREW PEARSON & ROBERT ALLEN

Washington, D. C.

BIG DAY FOR NEWS MEN

Twenty newspaper men leaned forward around the long blue baize table in the ante-room of the secretary of state. At the extreme end stood tall, austere acting secretary, Sumner Welles. On his face was an expression of grim-lipped intensity. In his hand was a typewritten statement. He read it aloud. It was a scathing, carefully worded blast against Japan.

At the opposite end of the table stood three Japanese news men, short, affable, eager. For months and years they had been attending press conferences, given the same privileges as any American news men. For months also they had waited for some such bombshell. Now it came.

One split second after Welles finished reading his statement, the Japanese were out the door, patting down the marble corridor to the press room telephones. It was a big day for Japanese news men.

Finally Ickes Wins.

It was also a big day for certain members of the Roosevelt cabinet. For months and years they also had been waiting. For months and years also they had been urging Roosevelt to embargo oil shipments to Japan.

At a cabinet meeting just before Japan moved, Secretary Ickes, as new oil administrator, raised the embargo question again. He proposed to stop oil shipments to Japan. But the acting secretary of state said no. Japan, he said, was going to make a move toward Indo-China and it would be wiser to wait.

Once before, Ickes had stopped a shipment of oil to Japan and aroused the wrath of the state department. Last June a Philadelphia manufacturer complained to him that a Japanese ship was loading 240,000 gallons of lubricating oil.

"I can't get oil myself to speed up my own defense orders," wrote the manufacturer, "and yet I see in front of my nose this shipment of oil going to Japan. To hell with defense, if the government is as screwy as that."

So Ickes called the coast guard and asked them to act before the oil was loaded. They did.

Then things began to boil. It did not leak out at the time, but the state department complained to the White House that Ickes' action had interfered with the policy of appeasing Japan so she would not go south to the Dutch East Indies.

However, Ickes held his ground. He insisted that he was not meddling in foreign policy, but that it was nonsense to ration oil and gas on the Atlantic seaboard and at the same time let Japan ship oil away from the Atlantic seaboard.

In the end Ickes won.

Bombard Tokyo.

Naval strategists make no secret as to what they would do to curb Japan. They consider it foolhardy and suicide to send a lot of U. S. warships across the vast expanse of ocean to Singapore or the Dutch East Indies.

They figure we are going to get into the war anyway, and it is good strategy to deal knockout blows in the very first round. They favor sending waves of U. S. bombers from the Philippines to raze the paper and bamboo cities of Tokyo, Yokohama, Kobe and Osaka. They also favor sending the fleet, plus airplane carriers to the coast of Japan.

They favor doing this immediately. There is no use, say the navy men, of punching at a man's legs when you can strike for his heart.

CLOSING PANAMA TO JAPAN

Secretary Stimson was telling the absolute truth when he denied that the discovery of a time-bomb was responsible for keeping 10 Japanese ships out of the Panama canal. For this was not the reason.

Real reason why the canal was barred to the Japanese was the discovery that two of their ships were floating bazzars being rushed to the east coast of South America to grab off the trade which Axis operators were forced to abandon as a result of the U. S. blacklist.

Apparently the Japs had a tip that the blacklist was going to be issued, because the two ships hastily left the west coast and were waiting to go through the canal, when suddenly the blacklist was published. Equipped with elaborate merchandizing displays, and carrying high-powered, Spanish-speaking salesmen, the ships were literal arsenals of economic warfare. With them, the Japanese would have invaded the most lucrative markets in Latin America before either the U. S. or the Latin Americans could have moved to block them.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

U. S. authorities are quietly keeping an eye on Andre Maurois, well-known French writer, who has departed on a mysterious "private mission" to South America. Maurois is strongly pro-Vichy and is suspected of going south for the purpose of plugging the Nazi-controlled French regime.

The army's new heavy tank is equipped not only with machine guns and a 75-mm. gun, but also with a nice shiny horn to keep soldiers themselves from getting in the way.

Spotlight

GRANTLAND RICE

THIS may seem premature, but

the midsummer date hasn't been early enough to check football gossip on more than a few fronts.

Most of the coaches I've run across are still uncertain about army enlistments and the draft, but there is no uncertainty about what might be one of Minnesota's greatest teams.

Bernie Bierman will deplore any such talk, just as any football coach would, but reports from Big Nine camps are all along the same line —

"Look out for Minnesota—speed and power—quality and quantity — a great combination in every way."

"Minnesota will be the best football team in the country this fall," a Michigan entry told me.

"If any team can go through the season unbeaten it will be Bernie Bierman's outfit, with a brilliant backfield working back of a big, fast line."

Which reminds us that Michigan has lost Tommy Harmon and Evashevski, and a combination of this sort isn't easy to replace. Bo McMillin writes that his Indiana squad

has good prospects and that, outside of Minnesota, Big Nine rivals can look for trouble from Ohio State, Wisconsin and Northwestern.

In the East

Conditions in the East are still uncertain until draft requirements are known.

But you might keep an eye on Swede Larson's Navy team when the first kickoff arrives. After considerable pressure the modest Major of Marines finally broke down and confessed that Navy might get along rather nicely before December's snows are reported.

"We have a good-looking squad," Coach Larson said, "losing few men from last fall. With any luck this should be one of the best Navy teams in some time."

Lou Little's Columbia squad should also move up, but there is still uncertainty at Harvard, Yale and Dartmouth.

On a recent trip to Texas we found that Dana Bible's Texas university outlook was the brightest of the Lone Star range. There is the chance that he may lose one or two of his star backs, but if he retains the material that is due back, including Layden and Crain, Bible will have a big Bowl contest on his hands.

SMU to Be Strong

Southern Methodist will again be strong, and so will Rice. Texas A. and M. loses most of her star cast from 1940 and T.C.U. is still looking for another Sammy Baugh or Davey O'Brien. They do not grow on every cottonwood tree.

Along the West coast Stanford still has the ball, with many of her unbeaten veterans ready to pick up where they left off.

Red Sanders, the Vanderbilt director, looks for the usual steamy season in Dixie where Duke, Alabama and Tennessee, plus Tulane, will be well up.

Coach Sanders is looking forward to one of the season's feature battles when Princeton invades Nashville on the first southern trip a Tiger football team ever took. Both Princeton and Vanderbilt will be good, if not outstanding, and the Commodores will go all out to avenge last year's one-point defeat.

Season of Questions

It is doubtful if any football season ever opened with more questions at hand.

"How will Spike Nelson come out at Yale?" "How about Red Blaik at West Point?" "And Tuss McLaughry at Dartmouth?"

"What will Tennessee do with Bob Neyland absent?" Neyland's record is one of the best in football history.

"Will Ohio State's ex-high school coach stop the Buckeye slump of 1940, with so many stars missing?"

"What's the outlook at Notre Dame under new coaching?" My guess is that Notre Dame will be among the best.

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sweeps, from a high, small waistline, to a flare that ensures working comfort and looks pretty besides. You can draw the waistline in as slim as you please, by means of the back-tied sash belt—and adjust it to give yourself plenty of leeway for reaching, stretching, sweeping, dusting and so on. This design (No. 1360-B) is simple to make and it really is necessary to a busy day.

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The Suez canal is a sea-level "ditch," requiring no locks. The narrow ditch in the sand runs for 104.5 miles through desert and marshy land from Port Said on the Mediterranean to Port Taufiq on the Gulf of Suez. Its channel depth is now 45 feet, and its narrowest width is 70 yards. Although it has been concreted at some places to halt erosion, the banks are chiefly sand or gravel.

The northern half of the canal cuts straight through the desert; the southern half leads through a chain of small lakes which act as "expansion chambers" to help take up the flow of the four-foot tide from the Red sea.

If you bake at home, use

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The Household Favorite of Four Generations!

Use of Satire
A satire should expose nothing but what is corrigible, and make a due discrimination between those that are not the proper objects of it.—Addison.

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"That's why I go for the Self-Starter Breakfast!"

THE "Self-Starter" BREAKFAST

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