## SOUTHERN OREGON MINER

**Clever** and Varied



Kathleen Maguire is helping her mother with a dinner to be given that night for the Newsums, whose son Jaird, is engaged to Shirley, Kathleen's sister.

## CHAPTER II-Continued

Kathleen's eyes smarted. It seemed to the girl such rank injustice that Laura should have to patch and glue and nail things together to make them do. It wasn't as if she had been born to makeshifts. She had grown up in considerable luxury. But she had had precious little of it since her marriage, especially the last few years.

It had never worried Kathleen until lately. All the things her mother did without. But somehow in the past few months it had become a sore spot in the girl's consciousness. She supposed she was growing up. If so, it was a harrowing process. One that was shaking her foundations pretty badly. She said nothing. It hurt to criticize her father. She had always been his favorite. And he had been her particular, shining hero. Just of late had she begun to think he could have flaws. She was essentially a fiercely loyal young person. It made her feel dreadfully let down to be considering Mike with resentment. She didn't want to. She most terribly didn't want to. And yet-

"I saw Mrs. Mays this afternoon," "Yes?" murmured Laura.

She was arranging the irises in a graceful low white Wedgewood bowl which would stand on a mirror in the center of the table.

"Her limousine almost crowded me into the curb outside Jenson's. Her chauffeur was bringing out a box of hothouse flowers. A box as long as a hearse. Is she entertaining tonight?"

"Yes, didn't you hear? Mrs. Newsum said they'd have to leave before nine for-quotation marks-a little intimate bridge at Mrs. Mays'."

"Aren't you invited?"

"I'm not exactly intimate with

that crowd any more." "Because you haven't the money

to keep up with Lizzie?"

Laura shrugged her shoulders. Kathleen studied her with narrowed eyes. She wished she knew whether her mother really did not mind missing out with old friends.

"Mrs. Mays has never quite forgiven you, Laura, because she'd never have got Eugene Mays if you hadn't given him the air.'

It was common knowledge that Laura Maguire could have been Mrs. Eugene Mays had she liked. She had indeed had considerable trouble eluding the banker in favor of Michael Maguire. And Mays had been the catch of the town. He still was Covington's richest man. His big, three-storied house was a show place, set in stately grounds.

Kathleen had just returned from a trip for wild flowers to save a florist's bill. The rear tire of the old car had gone flat, and a strange young man helped

But you can hang this in Laura's closet if you will." "Surely."

Shirley was employing a subterfuge to be alone and Kathleen knew it. But she obediently trotted across the hall and she took her time about the errand. When she returned, Shirley had bathed her face and powdered her telltale eyelids and was curled up on the foot of the bed. manicuring her finger nails as if she had nothing on her mind but the last development in liquid polish.

"Mother thinks you ought to take a cat nap," suggested Kathleen, digging out her red evening sandals which needed cleaning.

"I'm not sleepy," said Shirley. Kathleen bent over her task. She didn't want Shirley to think she was tampering with things which did not concern her. But the trouble was Shirley hadn't been sleeping nights either. Kathleen had not told anyone, not even Laura how often Shirley rolled and tossed or slipped out of bed to sit in the window and smoke a cigarette. Maybe she thought Kathleen did not know. She always lay perfectly still and said nothing. But Kathleen knew. And it had her a little ragged.

Shirley just did not deserve the break she was getting. Kathleen was beginning to think that fate takes a special delight in being ma-



Shirley was employing a subterfuge and Kathleen knew it.

her fix it. Like her father, Mike, he was a happy-go-lucky newspaper man. His assurance irritates her. He seems amused and kisses her.

stone laughed when it caught her eye. But she brought herself up sharply. She simply must not indulge in morbid fancies. It was unhealthy, almost indecent. It came from solitary brooding. If only she could break through the cell of her reserve! But Shirley could not produce the skeletons from her mental closet for the inspection of others.

"The table looks spiffy," observed Kathleen, from the floor. "Honestly, isn't Mother a genius at making any old thing do in a rub? I don't believe even Kitty-Cat Newsum can find a thing to sniff at."

Shirley flushed faintly. Kathleen eyed her from under lowered lashes. She knew quite well that Shirley would never have applied such an epithet to the lady in question. Although Shirley had more reason to resent Jaird's mother than had any other person on earth. If Shirley's dreams did not perish of dry rot it would be through no fault of Mrs. Blake Newsum.

"Give Mother two hours and a bunch of wild flowers and she could this country but if it is so good why entertain the Duke of Windsor in a did he only make short stops there? style he'd love," said Shirley.

"Sure, and she'd have time left over to remind Mike to wash the printers' ink off his paws before he shook hands with the Duke," chortled Kathleen.

grow up.'

"Not so long as he can get by without it," said Kathleen, frowning.

Shirley glanced at her quickly. There had been a note in her sister's voice Shirley had never heard Kathleen apply to their father. In their several ways all his children adored Michael Maguire. But it was no secret that he had always been Kathleen's special god. As a child she had been ready to battle anyone who dared intimate that anything about Mike could be improved. No longer ago than six months Kathleen had threatened to box Fatty Bonner's ears for saying on the stump that Maguire didn't deserve to be elected mayor of Covington for the tenth time because he was no howling success at handling his private business, so why entrust him with running the city?

It was a bit of a family joke, Mike's being lord mayor of Covington. The office paid next to nothing. In fact Mike never broke even on the deal. His salary failed completely to equal what he laid out on entertaining visiting celebrities who invariably called on His Honor when in town and expected to be wined and dined. To say nothing of the



THE PAPERS OF PRIVATE PURKEY

Dear Oscar: I have not slept hardly a wink since reading about American forces being in Iceland and I wish you would not say like you did in your last letter that the boys sent there are lucky because it is so hot in American draft camps in summer. I would not like it if you were in Iceland of all places and how can you say Iceland is not so bad when all you know is what you have seen in the travelogues at the movie houses. . . .

It is all very well to say that the climate is not so terrible and that it is not at all like the North Pole but when you are in the Arctic zone you are in the Arctic zone and your father says that Iceland is awful and is the place where Peary and Dr. Cook had all that trouble and where Admiral Byrd is always getting stuck in the ice floes.

Our groceryman who used to be a sailor says your father is wrong and has got his geography all mixed up. He says he was in Iceland and that he has seen it a lot colder in . . .

I looked it up in a book at the free public library which was quite a job as every book on Iceland was either out or was being read in the reference room and I had to Shirley smiled. "Mike will never wait all day in line with a lot of America mothers who are as worried as I am about the place.

. . .

It is even farther away than I suspected. I never paid much attention to Iceland but I always had an idea it was just off the North American coast near Labrador. Why, Oscar, it is even farther away than Greenland which is so far away it is not on any map we ever had in our house.

It looks so close to the British Isles on the map that it almost seems like it got accidentally detached in a storm, and a yellow line with the words Arctic Circle printed in red letters goes right through the top of it in case anybody is in any doubt. . . .

. . .

The atlas says it is a volcanic platoo covered by glaciers in the northern part and pastures and meadows in the south but it would be just your luck to get sent to the northern part and it must be terrible to be where there are volcanoes and glaciers all mixed in together. You would never know what underwear to put on.

. . . not talk about wanting to go to Iceland any more. I am sending you the things you asked for and will write more soon.



By LEMUEL F. PARTON idated Features-WNU S NEW YORK .- The U.S.A. gets a quartette of political warriors

on the job, to map and push forward a campaign of counter-esplonage and ag-Impetus Is Added gressive

ToU.S. Attack on propaganda. 'Spies and Lies' They are Col. William J. Donovan, J. Edgar Hoover, Brig. Gen. Sherman Miles, head of the military intelligence division of the war department, and Capt. Alan G. Kirk, head of the office of naval intelligence. All of them have highly specialized and unique schooling for the job. They will work together, the flying wedge of a quickening attack on spies and lies.

Captain Kirk, a veteran of 35 years' service in the navy, eases quietly into the picture, which is his usual procedure. It just happened the captain, a discreet and highly personable officer, was sent to London, as naval attache, in May, 1939. His investigation and report on the sinking of the Athenia impressed the state department and, from his ringside seat, he was a keen observer of many important events of interest to this country. When the Germans were taunting the British about "Where is the Ark Royal?" Captain Kirk quietly reported that he had just had lunch aboard her. ----

E MISS the garret inventor, but here's the penthouse inventor, doing just as well. Charles L. Lawrance, widening the bomber Wealth 'Handicap' tiny auxil-Fails to Preventiary aircraft Ideas Developing engine, had what Elbert O. Hubbard might have put down as the handicap of wealth and social position, but he tinkered and schemed aviation over many a hump and now, crowding 60, he turns

in another finished performance. There are no loose ends or ravelings to anything he does. His "watch charm" engine is already in mass production for the navy. It is a supplementary power plant which will enable the bombers to venture high and far, as it takes care of the energy overhead of starting motors, feathering propellers, and powering heat, light, radio and instrument board.

Mr. Lawrance, the first man to Your father and I hope you stay adapt air-cooled engines to air naviright where you are so please do gation, also contributed much to wing design. His is the Wright-Whirlwind motor and he was the designer of the engine that catapulted Charles Lindbergh to Paris-also the engines of the three Byrd polar flights, the Chamberlain flight and many other historic hops of airplane history.

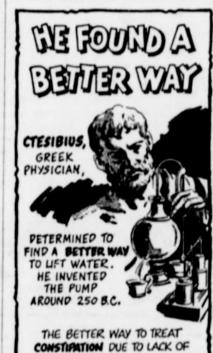


Pattern 7004

LOOKS like applique doesn't it? But it's just easy cross stitch cleverly used and set off by other quick stitchery. Put these varied motifs on many linens.

Pattern 7004 contains a transfer pattern of 30 motifs ranging from 61% by 5 inches to 11% by 1% inches; materials needed; 11lustrations of stitches. To obtain this pattern, send your order to:

Sewing						
117 Minna	St.	San	FI	ancis	co, (	calif.
Enclose	15	conts	in	coins	for	Pat-
tern No						
Name						
Address .						



His wife never had to darn tablecloths or make over last year's hats. Again Kathleen scrutinized her

mother's averted face. Did Laura ever think she had

made a mistake? Would she do it the same way a second time if she had the choice? Kathleen's throat ached. Her mother had rejected Eugene Mays-and real pearls and an impressive home and servants and a new car every year and trips to New York-because she was in love with a charming Irishman. Up to six months ago it had never occurred to Kathleen that Laura had paid high for love. Or that she might regret her bargain. Somehow Kathleen had taken it for granted that her mother was thrilled to death to be poor and shabby and overworked. But was she? Or did she feel that love and life and Michael Maguire had cheated her?

Kathleen shivered. Her mother had thrown the world over for romance. Yet it appeared to Kathleen that somewhere on the road Laura had been defrauded. Because there was nothing very romantic about darning Mike's socks and fishing his dirty shirts out from behind the clothes hamper where he invariably threw them.

"If you ask me," said Kathleen Maguire outside her sister's door. "this love racket looks more like a skin game than anything else. You get a few mad thrills-maybe. But you pay for them by taking it on the chin the rest of your life."

And in her heart she had a panicky feeling that her mother must long ago have reached the same conclusion although she was too game to whine.

## CHAPTER III

Shirley Maguire snapped off the electric iron as her sister entered.

"Oh, hullo, Kath," she said, becoming suddenly very busy with one of the ruffles on Laura's ecru organdy frock.

But although she averted her face, Kathleen could see Shirley's violet eyes in the mirror over the dressing table and they were blurred.

"Let me finish, Sis. You look tired to death."

Kathleen elaborately pretended that it was merely fatigue and the heat which had drawn shadows on Shirley's delicate cheeks. The Maguires had been brought up to respect each other's reticences. And so Kathleen did not refer to any tears Shirley might have been shedding. And neither did Shirley.

"I've all finished, Kath, thanks.

licious to the wrong people. She could think of a number of girls it would be a pleasure to see knocked off their pedestals. But Shirley was not one of them. Kathleen admitted she was partial. All her life she had secretly thought that Shirley was a bit of all right. Probably because she was four years older. Perhaps because they were so dif-

ferent in looks and in temperament.

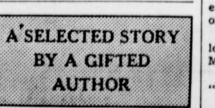
Kathleen was pretty and vivacious. She looked "slick," to quote herself, in snappy clothes. She could wear extreme haircuts and get by with impudence and a general air of being more hard-boiled than she was. But Shirley was beautiful. Really beautiful. She had wide, smoke-blue eyes and radiant goldbrown hair and the loveliest cream and rose skin and exquisite hands and feet. She looked just as pretty in a bungalow apron as in an evening gown.

And Shirley was quite as beautiful within as without. She had high standards and she did not betray them. She was never petty nor malicious nor envious nor capricious. If Shirley had wild ugly impulses, she mastered them in secret. They never cluttered up the neighborhood. Kathleen passionately coveted Shirley's ability to put her soul through its paces without an outward ripple. Shirley was proud and disciplined and reserved and self-controlled. She kept her emotions firmly under lock and key, as if they were dangerous explosives.

Kathleen, sitting flat on the floor with cleaning fluid and a rag, vigorously massaged the heel of a frivolous red slipper and wished she were as thoroughly the master of her frailties as her sister. But watching the dimple come and go in the younger girl's vivid, mercurial face, Shirley Maguire knew with bitterness that her capacity for silent anguish was the point of her grave peril.

Far better, she thought, to be able to boil over like Kathleen than to keep agonies corked up in your heart. To poison and ferment.

The diamond on Shirley's slender white hand winked at her mockingly as she filed her ring finger. Shirley had a strange feeling that the



parades and the conventions and the charity drives to which Mike was supposed to lend his moral and financial support.

The city budget appropriated all it could stand for such eventualities. But by November of every year, the fund was depleted. From that point Mike was on his own. Many a time His Honor was reduced to the expedient of opening the Community Fund Ball on the proceeds of a pawned watch and chain. To be redeemed when city taxes were paid.

Secretly, although he made comical remarks about it, Mike adored America contests. being mayor of Covington. He liked to preside at banquets and throw out the first ball at the opening of the I have just read that its principal baseball season. He got a great kick out of securing the new civic auditorium by a determined drive on the purses of bankers and politicians and the like. He was as pleased as a small boy with a little red drum over the modest but complete municipal hospital for which he had schemed for years.

but he wouldn't have traded jobs country which had more of them. with any ruling nabob. And although he had determined opposition from the political machine, Mike went on being elected year after year. The people had an indestructible faith in his integrity. Other mayors had waxed rich. By distinctly unscrupulous methods. Mike lost money every time he was sworn in.

ing a big hoptoad in a very insig- lucky stiffs!" he cried when told nificant puddle. But deep down with- U. S. troops were there. "They must in, none of the Maguires thought it of had inflooence!" funny to be lord mayor of Covington. They might wisecrack about it among themselves, but they were mark later. "That's the place that quick to defend Mike from an out- used to be on the gingerale hour." sider's aspersion. Kathleen had always been especially sensitive to any unflattering criticism of their fa- listen to the radio it must seem that ther. And yet today Shirley for the America is a land which has but first time had detected a bitter note three major worries: Scalp irritain Kathleen's reference to Mike. But tion, intestinal irregularities and at her glance Kathleen sidestepped diet. the issue. She might in her own mind have reached the stage where she was uncertain about values which she had accepted wholeheartedly all her life, but she could not bring herself to bare her slipping loyalties even to Shirley. So Kathleen changed the subject with an evasiveness which reminded Shirley of herself.

"Did you know the Newsums are leaving at nine? To bridge at Mrs. Mays'?'

Again Shirley reddened slightly. "Yes."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

With all my love, Mother. . . .

Dear ma-Just a line to let you know I dropped the idea of trying to get switched to a Iceland division on account it is too hot in this country just now. Do not worry. You are wrong about Iceland and so is pop. This time of year it has flowers and farm crops and even heat waves and before Americans have been there much it will have Miss

. . . Even should I ever get sent there export is cod liver oil witch you half been telling me was good for me all my life. The camp atlas says its best crop is potatoes witch is alone enough to keep me from wanting to go there. I never seen so many potatoes since I got into the army and I have personally peeled all but two or three quarts of 'em. He admitted it might be a luxury. I wood want no part in saving any . . .

> So do not worry. Tell pop he must of slept all through his geograffy classes at school. Lots of love. Oscar. . . .

A draftee contributor who is stationed at one of the hottest camps in the country, heard of the occu-His children teased him about be- pation of Iceland with envy. "The . . .

"Iceland?" he was heard to re-

To casual visitors to America who

. . . THE EXPLANATION ("Natur and Kultur, a German publication, quotes 10 scientists as saying Hitler and other splendid Aryans could not conceivably have developed from apes."-News item.)

There you have The big solution: Those boys had No evolution.

What the Nazi patience needs is a smaller exhaust pipe, if you ask us

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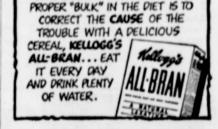
When he was a Yale undergraduate, Phi Beta Kappa passed him by because he spent all his spare time scheming and dreaming about airplane engines. Out of Yale, he attended the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris, bringing through his first engine before he finished his threeyear course. Returning home, he took up his profession of engineering and established the Lawrance Engineering corporation, of New York. It was in 1917 that he perfected his first air-cooled engine. He is given to cautious understatement. When, in 1927, Adm. Richard E. Byrd said passenger planes would be flying the Atlantic in 10 years, he said we couldn't be too sure about that-mail possibly but not passengers, for a long time to come.

HARPER SIBLEY, newly elected president of the United Service Organizations, is the sign, symbol and substance of unifying, and never of New U.S.O. Head disruptive Is 'Business Man' forces. If Of Wide Interests agriculture and indus-

try seem to have divided interests, he has farms scattered here and there and everywhere, and he also carries a nice line of lumber companies, banks, loan societies and coal companies.

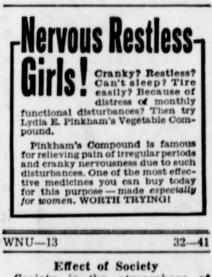
When the government and business are at outs, Mr. Sibley is the man in between, counselling a bit of give and take here. He was the successful intermediary in the automobile strike of 1937, and while, as a conservative business man, he was shelling the New Deal, he was backing up Secretary Hull's trade treaties and the President's foreign policy.

He has held forth steadily against class animosities. His career is a refutation of the philosopher Berkeley. He can see both sides of any object at a given instant. As a former president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Sibley is an authoritative voice in American business and he is never happy unless he has 8 or 10 highly diversified jobs, with plenty of time for tennis and golf. He is a former Groton and Harvard schoolmate of President Roosevelt, and like the President an upstate country squire.

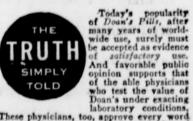


Early Saving

The habit of saving, so as to be beforehand with the world, if it is to be acquired at all, must be acquired early .- Earl of Derby, K.G.



Society is the atmosphere of souls; and we necessarily imbibe from it something which is either infectious or salubrious.



Doan's under exacting laboratory conditions. These physicians, too, approve every word of advertising you read, the objective of which is only to recommend Doan's Pills as a good diurctic treatment for disorder of the kidney function and for relief of the pain and worry it causes. If more people were aware of how the kidneys must constantly remove waste that cannot stay in the blood without in-jury to health, there would be better un-derstanding of why the whole body suffers when kidneys lag, and diurctic medica-tion would be more often employed. Burning, scanty or too frequent urina-tion sometimes warn of disturbed kidney function. You may suffer nagging back-ache, persistent headache, attacks of diz-ziness, getting up nights, swelling, puti-ness under the eves—feel weak, nervous.

ziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffi-ness under the eyes-feel weak, nervous,

all played out. Use Doan's Pills. It is better to rely on medicine that has won world-wide ac-claim than on something less favorably known. Ask your neighbor!

