

Handmade Rainbows

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

Jaird Newsum and Shirley Maguire have been engaged for some time. With the depression, Newsum Sr. gave up his business and Jaird had no work. Maguire is editor of the Clarion and

CHAPTER III—Continued
"I think they might have kept the evening free after they accepted Mother's invitation to dinner," cried Kathleen hotly. "Especially since she isn't asked to the bridge party."

Shirley said nothing. She simply could not be made to express herself adversely about her future mother-in-law. At least Mrs. Newsum was supposed to be that somebody although Kathleen wondered if Shirley ever would marry Jaird. Perhaps Shirley guessed as much for she stared at her engagement ring and her mouth looked suddenly thin and tired.

Shirley was twenty-two. And she and Jaird Newsum had been engaged ever since she was eighteen and a half. They had expected to be married as soon as Jaird finished at the university.

Jaird had graduated with honors according to schedule. But there had been no wedding. It was just one of those things for which no one was to blame. Jaird had expected to go straight from school into his father's factory. He had been going to get quite a nice salary while he was learning the business which he would eventually inherit.

But on leaving school Jaird found a distorted world. Completely disrupted by the forces of an industrial and economic crisis. He did not go into his father's business for the simple reason that there was no business. After losing money for two years Blake Newsum, always a conservative man, decided to cut his losses. He closed the factory. He had enough of an income to live on provided that it was carefully expended. He owned his own home.

He admitted that his change of plans was a little rough on his son, but Jaird was young, said both his father and his mother. He could afford to wait, he and Shirley.

It was painfully apparent almost from the beginning that the Newsums did not propose to be saddled with Shirley. Their attitude made it impossible for Jaird to marry her until he was economically able to support a wife. And so Shirley's radiant dreams had been hopelessly lost in a vicious circle. She and Jaird had been on tiptoe outside the door of ecstasy for three painful nerve-wracking years.

CHAPTER IV

No one can go on day in and day out keyed to the last notch yet forever cheated of fulfillment, without dulling the blade of the spirit. Shirley and Jaird had possessed something so sharp its rapture had been kin to anguish. But the years and frustration were getting in their deadly work.

Shirley's soul shuddered. She had a terrible feeling that everything which made life a wild sweet adventure was dying in her hands. Losing its high zest. Growing stale and savorless before she had ever put her lips to the cup. And there was nothing she could do about it. Nothing! Not a muscle moved in her lovely controlled face. But in her heart something wept like Hagar mourning in the Wilderness. A Hagar who had no Ishmael to share her exile.

"Yes, I knew the Newsums were leaving early," said Shirley quietly. "And I knew Mrs. Mays didn't invite mother. But I don't believe she minds."

Kathleen bit her lip. "You mean she'd die before she let on."

"I think she'd rather stay at home with Mike."

"And that's love, I suppose," jeered Kathleen.

"Yes."
Kathleen looked sharply away. She knew Shirley was thinking that if she and Jaird had a home anywhere, it would be heaven just to be together. Kathleen suddenly had a savage longing to do something about the things Shirley desired and was being denied.

"Why don't you and Jaird kick over the whole doghouse?" she demanded in a roughened voice. "I mean elope and let his people like it or else."

Shirley had a strange white circle about her mouth.

"We can't do that," she said. "Because of the old she-cat!"

Shirley shivered and walked over to the window. Kathleen stared after her and felt a little frightened. It was the nearest any of the family had come to putting into words the unmistakable change which had occurred in Mrs. Newsum's attitude in the past year. And Kathleen was not sure exactly how Shirley would receive the intrusion.

But Shirley, staring down the tree-lined and rather shabby street in front of the Maguire house, had forgotten Kathleen. Shirley was thinking of Jaird's mother who once had not disapproved of Shirley, but who recently had complicated an already galling situation by an increasing tendency to delay her son's marriage to the girl of his choice.

Shirley could not blind herself to the humiliating truth. If possible, Jaird's mother hoped to prevent his ever marrying Shirley

mayor of Covington. Mrs. Maguire is giving a dinner for the Newsums. Kathleen, another daughter, is helping her mother, Laura. Kathleen had just met an irritating stranger who kissed her

Maguire. In dozens of small ways Mrs. Newsum during the past year had insinuated that she thought each of them would be happier free. She was forever hinting that long engagements were unfair to both parties. She lost no occasion to flick Shirley's sensitive pride on the raw. Because Shirley did not betray the sting her adversary, who was a thick-skinned woman, felt it necessary to make the attacks more pointed. No wonder Shirley of late had felt a little frantic.

"If Connie Mays' father didn't own half the town, old hens like Mother Newsum would tear her reputation to shreds," burst out Kathleen savagely.

Her remark was apparently irrelevant. But not to Shirley. She felt as if she were walking barefoot on hot asphalt. She had known for a long time that Jaird's mother hoped he would jilt Shirley for Connie Mays. But Shirley hadn't known that Kathleen knew. Though probably everyone did. Mrs. Newsum was not a subtle woman.

Connie was the only daughter of Eugene Mays. She was just nineteen and freshly home from a swanky finishing school in the east. She had always had everything un-



She was just nineteen and freshly home from a swanky finishing school.

der the sun she wanted. Especially if it was something she had no business to want. She was a thin, nervous, rapacious creature, strikingly smart looking in an odd, bizarre, almost neurotic fashion. At present she wanted Jaird Newsum. She wanted him pretty terribly because he belonged to Shirley Maguire and was not supposed to be for sale.

"Sometimes," said Shirley in a steady but rather lifeless voice, "I think Connie is a little to be pitied. She never has been crossed. It's not her fault if she has moral indignation."

Kathleen got to her feet with a gesture of baffled resignation. It was no use. Shirley would not condescend to her opponent's tactics. Connie Mays merited no quarter at Shirley's hands.

"If she ever looked at a boy friend of mine in that way of hers I'd scratch her green eyes out, so help me!" cried Kathleen with her own private venom, and slammed the door behind her.

Alone, Shirley stood very still. Her heart beating in strange thick jerks. Why hadn't she poured it all out to Kathleen? The ache, the festering pricks. Shirley's hands crept up and covered her burning eyelids. What was it that locked her tongue so she couldn't speak? To Kathleen. Or to her Mother. Shirley couldn't even with Jaird bring herself to discuss the thing that was poisoning her heart.

Was everything to be spoiled for her and Jaird?

Their happiness for years had been within the grasp of their straining finger tips. And yet it jeeringly eluded them. They were forever being brought up just short of rapture. Tantalizingly jerked back from their desire by a checkrein. No wonder their nerves were raw.

Laura Maguire stood in front of the mirror in her bedroom and examined herself with rather jaundiced eyes. She had dressed early because there were several last-minute tasks to be done and Tom and Mary Etta would probably arrive before the others. Tom was Laura's first-born and although she never admitted it, he had a prior claim on her heartstrings.

But it was of Shirley Laura was thinking. For Shirley's sake it was

important that the ecru organdy should not betray the darned place on the left shoulder which Laura had artfully covered with a lace fichu resurrected from the red bag and dyed with coffee grounds. Kathleen always insisted that her mother could perform miracles if turned loose with a few remnants and anything to tint them with.

Laura grinned.
She had to admit the lace fichu had been an inspiration. It came out a rich golden-brown color and fairly saved the life of the ecru organdy. She brushed her black hair till it lay sleekly against her head, touched the lobes of her ears with the cut-glass stopper of her old-fashioned scent bottle and, grimacing a little, used the tip of her finger to apply a hint of rouge to her humorous lips.

"Belle Newsum simply must not be allowed to patronize," she told herself with a grin, thinking of Kathleen.
Actually Laura found it difficult to smile when she thought of Shirley and Jaird's mother. The boy was everything desirable. His father was a just, though rather obtuse man. But Laura had known Bell Newsum all their lives and found little excuse for her being. The key to her character lay in the fact that she had never been sure of herself. Even as a girl she had not been popular. And she had envied others who were, although she loathed to them.

Jaird had the good sense to inherit none of his mother's foibles. He was more like his maternal grandfather, who had been a simple unpretentious laboring man. Belle Newsum did not like to be reminded that until her marriage she had not belonged to one of Covington's first families. But to Laura's relief Jaird had no tendency to false pride.

On her way downstairs Laura stopped in for a look at her daughters. Shirley was absent in the bathroom. But Kathleen in scanties and a ridiculous band of silk and lace that passed for a brassiere was just stepping into her dress. It was crisp white net embroidered in red dots, with a long bouffant skirt and tiny puff sleeves and a brief silk slip that stopped just below Kathleen's dimpled knees and had saucy cherry-colored ribbons for shoulder straps.

Kathleen grinned at her through the mirror.
Downstairs Laura found Hulda in full possession of her somewhat limited faculties. The dining room looked quaint and charming. Laura lit the long yellow candles. She loved the play of soft flickering lights on delicate old china and thin slender glasses. The purple irises made a rich tapestry against the satin of fine damask and linen lace.

"It's not bad," Laura told herself, thinking again of Shirley and Belle Newsum and of the fact that Hulda must be cautioned about the weak handle on the gravy dish. "If only everything holds together," reflected Laura, "the Newsums can't help believing we are less womeaten than is generally supposed."

At that minute she heard a car draw up at the curb, and her heart quickened. She hadn't seen Tom in almost a month. Although the city was only a couple of hours away he and Mary Etta did not come out to Covington a lot. They never had.

Mary Etta was not fond of Tom's mother.
It was one of those things Laura did her best not to think about. It was impossible to contemplate without rancor. And so Laura did not if she could help it indulge in introspection on the subject. It was awkward enough for Tom to have his wife full of sore thumbs where his mother was concerned. Laura had no desire to harass him with painful reactions on her part. She had seen men pulled to pieces between conflicting loyalties.

Laura hurried into the hall and Tom came to meet her.
"Hullo, darling," she cried, and thought with a pang that he looked tired and much too thin, although she did not say so.
"How are you, Mary Etta?"
"Quite well, thank you, Mrs. Maguire."

Tom's wife had never called Laura mother nor did she offer her lips. They were very scarlet and as uncompromising as her clever black eyes. Mary Etta too was thin. From choice. She looked like a fashion drawing. And that's exactly how she wanted to look. A bit angular but very smart.

"I'm so glad you all came early," Laura said, and realized she was gushing—a criminal offence in Mary Etta's eyes.
"We left sooner than usual so as to try out the new bus," Tom remarked.

"You have a new car?" Laura exclaimed. "How perfectly elegant!"
"Mary Etta has," Tom corrected her. Laura glanced at him quickly. But he did not meet her eyes. Probably he was afraid they would reveal the bitterness which rankled within him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



JINGLES FOR THE ALUMINUM DRIVE

I had a little stewpan—
It set me back a deuce;
I'm sending it to Knudsen
To help cook Hitler's goose.

There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe,
She had a lot of skillets
And needed only two.

She gave 'em to her country:
Thus from a single shoe
Will come a boot that's certain
To knock out you-know-who.

Mary had a frying pan,
A kettle and a pot;



But very seldom used 'em for
She ate outside a lot.

She gave them for the land's
defense—
Now when a bomber wings
Its way o'erhead she claps her hands

And cries, "There go my things!"
Jack and Jill went up a hill,
But when they saw their bucket
Was partly of aluminum
To Uncle Sam they "tuck it."

I had a cocktail shaker
For which I had much use
And, oh, the deadly wallop
That shaker could produce!

But now it's joined the army—
It's in the flying corps;
If ever it hits Adolf
He'll know that war is war.

Little percolator,
You feel cheap, I bet
Doing very little
In the kitchenette.

You could be a weapon
For the U. S. A.
'Stead of making coffee
Once or twice a day.

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To check on her pots and pans;
The aluminum ones
She knew were like guns
In helping defensive plans.

Frying pan, frying pan,
Where have you been?
I've been to London
And back again;
I'm part of a bomber
That flies o'er the sea . . .
Who ever'd have thought that
Could happen to me!

Yoo hoo, mistress,
Have you any pots?
Yes sir, yes sir,
I have lots.

One for Benito
And others for Fritz—
And, boy, am I hoping
They score perfect hits!

CONCLUSION
I've seen the hats the ladies will
Be asked to wear this fall;
Milady will look twice as bad
As last year, all in all.

Add Characterizations: He was so fast and slippery that if you wanted to shap his photo you would have to give a stimulant to a speed camera.

We know a nightclub proprietor who is very happy in the conviction that he won't have to make any income tax payments next year. He thinks the law against joint returns is sure to pass.

A Census bureau report says that there are more men per woman out West than in the East. On the other hand, the impression may just be due to the fact that out West the craze for slacks hasn't gone so far.

VERSES FOR NURSES
They take your pulse and look so formal;
They wonder why it isn't normal;
They say my temp is like a fire . . .
I'm puzzled that it isn't higher.

The ills of body brought me here,
But now my heart is acting queer;
It only slips one beat in three . . .
That's what these nurses do to me!
—Wallace Cox.

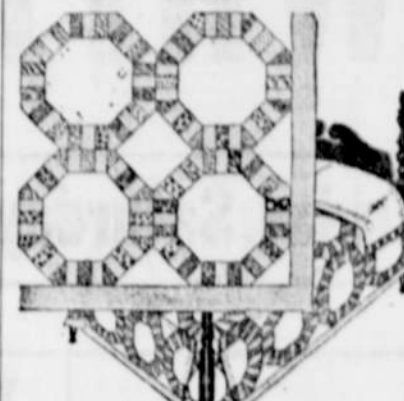
Advertising offer by the Nazis to the small nations: Why Do the Dirty Work? Let Us Cut Your Throat for You.

American newspaper correspondents are being expelled almost daily from Italy. It seems they are guilty of telling the truth.

Benito says Italy has really been at war 19 years. It only seems that long.

VACATION REFLECTION
There is nothing in life
Left more to chance
Than the continuance of
A shore romance.
—Beatrice.

THINGS for You TO MAKE



WEDDING RING TILE—the very name of this patchwork quilt is intriguing. Thirty-two pieces of varied prints and plain colors make up its 18-inch blocks; 30 blocks and a three-inch border are required for 96 by 114 size.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Sprinkle talcum powder inside an ice bag or hot water bottle when storing them. The powder helps prevent the bag from sticking together.

If you heat a lemon thoroughly before squeezing it you will obtain nearly double the ordinary quantity of juice.

Add a few chopped olives to the drippings left when you broil chops, heat that and then pour it over the chops. This also goes for steaks.

To prevent marmalade graining, do not boil it too fast, and take it off the stove as soon as a little of it jellies on a cold plate. Be careful that you have pure sugar for this and all preserves.

The red tiles about the fireplace should be rubbed, when they become dull, with cut lemon dipped in salt and then washed with soap and water.

For a simple luncheon dish, stuff green peppers with creamed tuna or crab, sprinkle grated cheese over the top and bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven.

Even the beginner will find this pattern easy to do.

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Hurting Others
He hurts the absent who quarrels with a drunken man.—Syrus.

Meal-in-a-Minute
Van Camp's PORK and BEANS
Feast-for-the-Least

Labor the Conqueror
Labor is discovered to be the grand conqueror, enriching and building up nations more surely than the proudest battles.—Channing.

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