

Handmade Rainbows

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

Kathleen Maguire is peeved. Her mother is giving a dinner for the Newsoms, whose son Laird, is engaged to Shirley, her sister. Mrs. Newsom, however, would like him to marry Connie Mays, daughter of the town's richest

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"Father's here," Kathleen whispered to her mother. "And—hang on for dear life—he brought a guest." Laura looked as if she were going to faint, so Kathleen added hastily, "But it's not so bad as it sounds. Alec isn't coming to dinner. He got caught with a flat tire or something and can't make it."

Laura did not say a word. But it seemed to Kathleen that for a moment her mother's face looked stricken. It was too bad of Alec. Kathleen's hands itched to get at her brother. She hadn't been sure that Laura knew how he was wasting his time. But mothers have an instinct. At least Laura had.

"Hello, everybody." Mike stood on the threshold. He had changed into the white linen suit Laura had laid out for him and he looked as exuberant as a cowboy at his first rodeo. Kathleen was torn between resentment and admiration at the way he captured the citadel without even trying. No one could resist Mike's charm when it was hitting on all twelve cylinders.

He flattered Belle Newsom until her pudgy face lost its sour look. He gave Laura a grin that chased the little pucker which Alec had left between her eyes. He told Tom that business was undoubtedly on the upswing and for the first time Tom's thin brown face lost its strained grimace. Even Mary Etta's bristles relaxed when Mike assured her that she looked more like a black and white etching than ever. He slipped his arm around Shirley while he talked to Laird, and Shirley leaned against her father gratefully as if she needed steadying. He complimented Blake Newsom on being one of the few men who had known when to come in out of the economic rain. Furious as she was with him, Kathleen had to grin at the way Mike simply wound them all up and made them dance to his tune. "Isn't he priceless?" whispered Laura.

Kathleen nodded helplessly. Mike regarded her with a cocked eyebrow. He was perfectly well aware of her displeasure. But he also felt entirely equal to it. Kathleen never had been able to nurse a grievance against her father, and he knew it. Nevertheless she did not return the debonaire grin with which he approached her.

"Still sore, Kits?" She looked away because it was difficult to glower when Mike didn't want you to.

"Yes," she said shortly. He chuckled. "He's a little bit of all right, that Graham."

"Says you!" snapped Kathleen, glaring across the room where Tom and Ritchie were enthusiastically condemning any big city as the most awful place on earth to live, while Mary Etta looked scornful.

"Personally," she observed, "I'd rather die of frazzled nerves from traffic jams than rust to death in a poky country town."

"Yes," said Tom, "you would. You and nine hundred thousand other speed and jazz maniacs." Ritchie glanced from one to the other. "I could bear it if I never heard another street car," he admitted. "But then I just happen to prefer crickets to night club crooners. And I'm fed up with being elbowed. I'd even like to watch the moon rise once without being told by some flat-footed policeman to step on it."

And then Hulda announced that dinner was served. And Mike presented his arm to Mrs. Newsom with a flourish that brought a pleased simper to her pursed mouth. Kathleen realized that she was practically forced on Ritchie Graham for a dinner partner. He had until then ignored her. And even after they were seated at the table he continued his heated argument with Mary Etta. Kathleen had been prepared to squelch him the moment he opened his mouth. But it was a little unsettling when he appeared to have forgotten her existence.

She talked elaborately to Blake Newsom and fumed inwardly and wished she were less naggingly aware of the arrogant black head of the man to her left. It didn't help her temper any that the rest obviously found him attractive. Even Laura smiled when he told about being ordered to move on by a dumb traffic cop the day he stopped in St. Louis to view the Sphinx on the top of the civil courts building which he had driven four hundred miles to see.

"I tell you," he insisted, "the big city is death to individuality or initiative. Kids grow up warned to keep off the grass, forbidden to touch the flowers in the park, herded like cattle in pens on the way to the slaughterhouse. And at twenty or younger they develop into first class gangsters and thugs. My God, how can they help it?"

"Sixteen years ago," said Mike, "I told the editor of a Chicago newspaper he could take his old job and jump into the lake with it because I was done with being pulled about like a monkey on a chain." Ritchie gave him a frankly envious glance. "Do you know the last

man. Kathleen had been kissed by a young stranger who fixed a flat tire for her. He is a newspaper man out of a job. Her father is a happy-go-lucky editor and mayor of Covington. Tom, her brother, and his wife, Mary Etta, and the Newsoms arrive. Another brother, Alec, out of a job because of the depression, phones he won't come. Then, to cap the climax, the father brings the stranger, Ritchie Graham to the dinner. Kathleen is annoyed.

eyes and something new in the curve of her mouth. Something shy and uncertain of itself. Laura's heart gave an odd knock. And she leaned a little forward for a better view of the young man whom Mike had brought to dinner.

At first Laura had been inclined to think him too handsome, if anything. It had not been her experience that beauty in the male is always an asset. But on closer inspection she decided that Ritchie Graham did not take his good looks very seriously. He had a trick of drawing down the corners of his wide mouth in a derisive grin which no man ever acquired from practice before a mirror. She suspected he was vain of his principles than of his disturbing gray eyes. But they were disturbing. Laura glanced again at Kathleen. It came to the mother with a pang that her baby was growing up.

"It's only that she's so vulnerable," Laura excused herself. Such an intense, inflammable, impulsive young thing. So completely at the mercy of her emotions.

"You work, don't you, Mrs. Maguire?" Laura came to herself with a start. Belle Newsom had flung the question at Mary Etta with a supercilious smile. Laura suppressed a groan. It was like Belle Newsom to discover something to be hoity toity about. Tom went a little white.

But Mary Etta accepted the challenge with enthusiasm. She always carried a chip on her shoulder and welcomed any opportunity to defend it. "Yes, Mrs. Newsom," she said in her clear, high-strung voice, "I'm one of these working wives you hear so much about. My mother thought a woman's place was in the home. So she bore five children and washed and cooked and scrubbed and died at thirty-one because she was too tired to go on living. And my father married again, a young woman who hated us kids. So he let her push us out to take care of ourselves as soon as possible. I made up my mind then I'd never be submerged by any man."

Tom stared fixedly at his plate. "Of course," bridled Mrs. Newsom, "I've always said a man has no right to a wife he cannot afford."

She looked at Laird, who was gazing at Shirley. But Shirley's lovely reserved face did not change in expression.

Tom was looking at Mary Etta almost as if he hated her. Good heavens, thought Laura with a constricted heart, they mustn't say things like that to each other. Words leave wounds. Wounds which Laura feared neither of them would ever get over.

"I can understand a woman demanding more out of life than just a share in some man's possible failure," put in Laird suddenly. He smiled wryly. "I guess we men have a crust to expect women to hang around the edges of things, waiting for a guy who will probably in the end turn out to be just another crumb."

His mother gave him a fond smile. "Darling," she said indulgently, "if you are referring to the fact you haven't as yet made any startling progress toward a future, you must remember how young you are."

Jaird's clean-cut profile sharpened and his blue eyes looked a little haggard. "I'm old enough to hate being wretsnured," he muttered under his breath.

But Shirley heard. She did not lift her eyes. She could, however, see Laird's clenched hand quiver on the edge of the table beside her. It was no news to Shirley that Laird was goaded almost to the breaking point.

"It seems to me," announced Kathleen in dogmatic tones, "that if a woman has any sense she will pick her a desirable husband first and fall in love with him afterward."

Mike sniggered and Kathleen scowled at him. "Is that how you intend to do it?" inquired Ritchie Graham with an amused laugh.

"Yes," said Kathleen thickly. "If you ask me, it's all phooey, this love racket and letting it make a screaming idiot of you. I'm sure I'd hate being some man's domestic slave. Just for the sake of a few kisses. They always seem to dry up after the honeymoon. Haven't you noticed? And then where are you? Sold! For a gob of romance. Only the romance has gone to seed or petered out or something. But you've got to go on slaving for friend husband, because it's a life sentence."

"Not necessarily," remarked Tom dryly, and looked at Mary Etta. "There's always Reno." Laura felt as if the words had bruised her. But Mary Etta merely shrugged.

"Thank heaven," chuckled Mike, "I couldn't pay for a divorce if Laura wanted one. It's just another one of these newfangled gadgets you'll have to do without, old lady."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

It Is Not Too Late
Begin this fine story today. There is still time.



WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON
(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

NEW YORK.—Ever loyal in word and, more importantly in deed, to his liege lord, King-Emperor George VI, as to those who had previously occupied the throne of Britain, the maharajah of Patiala comes to Singapore with troops from India to look over Indian forces landed at the Malay base some months ago.

In the first World war the maharajah placed his entire fighting force of 30,000 highly trained Sikhs at the British service and after the war, when revolutionary disturbances occurred in the Punjab, he mobilized his troops who took over the protection of railroads running through the Punjab to the northwest frontier.

Sir Bhupindar Singh, ruler of Patiala, second largest state in the Punjab section of India and one of the wealthiest of India's potentates, has often bedazzled London and other world capitals with his Oriental splendor. He is six feet tall, broad shouldered, black bearded. He goes turbaned, gloriously enrobed, bespangled with precious jewels.

A conservative estimate has placed his annual income at \$4,000,000. He lives up to such a sum, certainly. If a dog strikes his fancy he will pay \$1,500 for the animal, provided he can get it no cheaper, and for a pair of flamboyant trousers of special weave he makes no bones about parting with \$1,200. Last time he was in London with a hundred retainers, a retinue as magnificent as any glorified pageant, he took an entire floor of a great Strand hotel.

He succeeded his father to the Patiala throne in 1900 when he was a lad of nine. Taking over direct rule at the age of 19, he immediately revealed qualities endearing him to his subjects. One of his early acts involved the adjustment of taxes in accordance with the state of crops. If the harvest was poor taxes were remitted and his consideration in this respect has been exemplified in many other ways, as for instance in the traveling medical caravans serving the sick and diseased and injured of his far flung people.

All in all, the maharajah is a prince humane and wise and so recognized by his people. He reads philosophy and scientific works to keep his mind on edge and in polo, cricket and hunting he finds his main diversions.

A strict Sikh in religion, he is not at all narrow. Once in London he visited a Salvation Army station in the Limehouse district. "My faith," he said to the Salvationists, "is not yours. But truth is a jewel of many facets."

REAR ADMIRAL Sherwood Ayerst Taffinder, commanding two U. S. cruisers visiting Australia on a training cruise, spoke like the bluff sailorman he is to the welcoming committee of citizens of Brisbane, that greeted him upon arrival. "You must not go all out in these receptions," he said, "for you are likely to see more of the United States navy."

The admiral is at home in alien lands and among alien peoples. Once, in line with service rendered by the United States Naval mission to Peru, he commanded the Peruvian navy for two years. He was chief of staff and aide to the commander of the battle force in 1939 and in previous years was engineering and at other times, navigation officer of various warships.

He commanded the Battleship Texas in 1935 and many a young officer sat under him when he held courses in navigation and engineering at the naval academy. He wears the Victory medal with the Atlantic fleet clasp for service in the first World war. Born at Council Bluffs, Iowa, in 1884, he was graduated from the National Service academy on the Severn in 1906.

RETURNED from England where he had been inspecting aircraft production, Merrill C. Meigs, head of the aeronautical department of the OPM, takes just enough time out to be married—in Maryland, to Mrs. Blanche McKeever—before returning to his official duties. He was born on an Iowa farm. At 17, he went to Racine, Wis., to sell threshing machines, later going to Argentina in line with his business. At 43, he became a publisher of a Chicago newspaper and from this position was called to Washington.

ASK ME ANOTHER? A quiz with answers offering information on various subjects

The Questions

1. In navy slang, what is known as an "ash can"?
2. Which of the following is not both in Europe and Asia—Russia, Turkey and Iran.
3. Which, Plato, Aristotle or Socrates first expounded his philosophy?
4. Where is the original Bridge of Sighs?
5. The projectile called shrapnel is named after a general who served in what country's army?
6. What are Kiushiu, Shikoku and Riukiu?

Prolific Insects

Every season the white ant or termite proudly produces a million baby termites to swell the world's ant population. Toads and frogs both have large families, the former in the neighborhood of 6,000 at a time, and the latter half that number.

Snakes are three to four times as prolific as rabbits, for whereas the latter rarely produce more than a dozen baby rabbits at a birth, a snake often produces 40.

The king of the jungle, Lord Lion, is usually the proud father of quads, and his hereditary enemy, the tiger, can boast of the same number. Finally, the elephant, last descendant of the prehistoric monsters, rarely has more than one baby elephant at a time.

U. S. Voters

The census bureau estimates that there are 80,528,000 American citizens eligible to vote. The total number of persons 21 years of age or over, however, is 84,178,000, but 3,200,000 are aliens and 450,000 maintain their residence in the voteless District of Columbia.

Counted in the voting eligibility figure, but who are non-voters because of illness and because they have forfeited their voting privilege are the 563,321 occupants of our mental institutions, and the 161,000 members of America's prison population.

7. What is Polaris?
8. Who was secretary of state in George Washington's first cabinet?
9. How much of Greenland's total area (736,518 square miles) is ice-free land?
10. Where is the world's largest organ?

The Answers

1. A depth bomb.
2. Iran.
3. Socrates.
4. Venice (connecting the palace of the doge with the prison).
5. Britain (Henry Shrapnel, 1761-1842).
6. Islands of Japan.
7. The North star.
8. Thomas Jefferson.
9. Only 31,284 square miles.
10. In Convention hall in Atlantic City. It contains seven manuals, or keyboards, 487 keys, 933 stops, 32 pedals, 7 blowers, with motors totaling 365 horsepower and 33,056 pipes, ranging in height from a quarter inch to 64 feet.

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Coward and Hero
This creature man, who in his own selfish affairs is a coward to the backbone, will fight for an idea like a hero.—George Bernard Shaw.

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Van Camp's PORK and BEANS

Feast-for-the-Least

As One Heart
Men are tattooed with their special beliefs like so many South Sea Islanders; but a real human heart with divine love in it beats with the same glow under all the patterns of all earth's thousand tribes.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

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