

# Handmade Rainbows

By Mrs. Harry Pugh Smith  
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The Maguires are giving a dinner for the Newsoms. Shirley Maguire and Jaid Newsom are engaged. But Kathleen Maguire is peeved. Mrs. Newsom is too patronizing. In fact she wants Jaid to marry Connie Mays, the banker's

### CHAPTER VII—Continued

Everybody laughed. And Laura flashed Mike a grateful glance which he accepted with the little crooked smile he saved for her. Once more he had pulled the party out of the fire. And from then on Laura kept a firm hand on the conversational strings. Nevertheless the dinner had been a strain. She had had the sensation of sitting on top of a volcano. But at least nobody came to verbal fistfights. And Hulda did not forget to serve from the left except once. Neither did anything fall to pieces.

"Allah be praised, this is behind me," thought Laura, giving the signal to rise from the table.

Mary Etta was in a fidget to get away. She explained curtly that her boss had chartered a night club and was entertaining on a lavish scale in honor of a recently appointed member of the highway board. The gentleman in question had a great deal to say about the awarding of road contracts. Mary Etta felt her presence was required.

Laura stood at the door and watched them drive rapidly away into the fragrant May night. But Laura knew with an ache that her first-born was not brushing his head against the inspiring stars. His spirit was being cut to pieces on the cruel jagged points of a sunken reef.

Kathleen was at the telephone. And to tell the truth she did not feel too proud of herself. She had not followed the others from the dining table into the living room. The idea had struck her as she passed Ritchie Graham on her way out. His hand accidentally brushed her bare arm. At least she thought it was accidental, though she was by no means certain. She wasn't, in fact, certain of anything about him except that he had the unhappy faculty of churning up her emotions.

A bit aghast at the perverse thrill which shot through her at his touch Kathleen, with her usual rash method of leaping and then looking, decided that the occasion justified extreme measures. After all, she reflected with ominous glints in her brown eyes, one can't just stand and do nothing while one's house burns.

"Gene, this is Kathleen Maguire."  
"Kathleen!" the voice at the other end of the line ran the gamut of flattered incredulity. "But, darling, what a surprise!"

Kathleen made a grimace. Eugene Mays, Junior, known to his intimates as Gene and Hot Shot, was the sort who called every girl Sugar or Beautiful or Honey Pie on sight. He was the only son of Banker Mays and overwhelmingly conscious that that made him the local Crown Prince. He was twenty-one, looked twenty-five, and acted about nine if he ran into something he couldn't lick. He was big and blond and sensational, and a lot of girls had found him irresistible—to their later disrepute.

"I called you up," said Kathleen, wishing the words would not stick in her throat. "to say if it isn't too late I'd like to change my mind about tonight."

"What do you mean too late?"  
"I thought you'd probably have another date by now."

"I have. But what of it, Sweetness? Haven't I been telling you for a month you ought to have a stab at me?"

Kathleen bit her lip. He had been hovering on her trail like a thunderstorm, for weeks. Only she hadn't wanted to let herself in for Hot Shot Mays. For one thing he seemed to think he was conferring a favor in rushing a girl for a week or two and then dropping her prostrate, while she got over him the best she could, if she could. For another, he ran with an older crowd than Kathleen had ever tackled. And he ran a long way ahead of the rest.

"I don't want to interrupt your plans for the evening," she faltered nervously.

"Precious, I'd break a flock of dates to take you places and show you things. Say when, Cuteness, and Mrs. Mays' little boy will be there with his small flivver and a huge smile."

Kathleen drew a long breath. She was in for it. And with characteristic perversity she wished she wasn't.

### CHAPTER VIII

Kathleen's face felt hot, but her hands were cold when she joined the others. The Newsoms were leaving. Mr. Newsom protested volubly at having to go. He insisted he would rather stay. But his wife informed Laura that of course one didn't disappoint Mrs. Eugene Mays. Laura agreed, her smile slightly wry. Jaid and Shirley were going on to a dance which their special crowd was throwing at Marigold Gardens, the newest outdoor pavilion.

It still gave Laura a turn to think of her girls in connection with public dance halls. When she was a bud, the daughters of first families went to balls which were strictly invitation affairs with programs and chaperones. And it was as much as

### INSTALLMENT SIX—The Story So Far

anyone's reputation was worth to leave the floor during intermissions. "But tempus certainly fugit," she reflected.

The best young folks in Covington avoided formality whenever possible. They much preferred to collect a small gang of their own for an evening at one of the pay-as-you-dance places to what they called "a solemn-as-God" function at the Country Club. They rebelled if their elders threw too many cut-and-dried parties in their honor. They hoisted at the mention of chaperones and they piled into each other's cars between dances and went off in search of hot dogs or a spot of moonlight whenever they felt so disposed. A number of Laura's contemporaries prophesied that the younger generation was headed straight for the devil. But she held onto her sense of humor with both hands and remembered that her father had said precisely the same thing when she was seventeen.

And so on this occasion she swallowed hard as she often had to, and said only, "Have a jolly time, darling."

Shirley stooped and kissed her mother's cheek. "Thanks for everything," she whispered.

Laura squeezed her hand. Shirley was so sweet. Kathleen would have gone into a nose dive trying



"Have a jolly time, darling."

to express her gratitude for the trying day Laura had just put in. Shirley said three words. But she was just as grateful.

Ritchie Graham and Mike were deep in a discussion concerning a recent editorial in one of the new iconoclastic weeklies. Ritchie wanted to do stuff like that. He had a lot of radical ideas which he itched to set off like bombs. Ideas more conventional periodicals conspicuously avoided. Mike agreed with enthusiasm that many of the things Ritchie burned to say needed to be said to the American people. He even became as wildly excited as the younger man at the prospect although they both admitted that Ritchie might starve for lack of a publisher who would dare print the unpalatable truth.

Kathleen, watching the crusader's flame in Ritchie's gray eyes, felt suddenly cheap and trivial. She wished she hadn't asked Hot Shot Mays to call for her. She had had some obscure notion that she was spitting Ritchie who apparently intended to spend the evening. But her announcement fell depressingly flat. If Ritchie was piqued he concealed his chagrin admirably. Kathleen had a forlorn feeling that Mike really was more of an attraction to Ritchie's way of thinking. Laura was the only one who reacted noticeably. And Kathleen was sorry about that. Her mother was the one person she hadn't wanted to jolt.

"You're going out with Gene Mays!" Kathleen gulped a little at Laura's tone. "I won't be late," she said. An ache settled in Laura's heart. But she had never wrapped her children in cotton wool. She had tried to instill in them the tenets of her own code. She hoped she had succeeded. But years ago she had determined to let them stand on their own feet if it killed her.

So, "Happy landing," she told Kathleen with a grin that for pure heroism deserved a Carnegie medal. For Laura did not approve of Gene Mays. She did not approve of anything about him. Especially for Kathleen. Laura was ready to admit that he might be the town's matrimonial prize—for some other woman's daughter. He stood to have

er than he. Her father, Mike, happy-go-lucky editor and mayor of Covington, brings Ritchie Graham to the party. He's the stranger who kissed Kathleen after he fixed a flat tire for her. He is a newspaper man too.

a great deal of money some day and his wife should eventually become the undisputed arbiter of Covington society. But he was the last man on earth Laura would have chosen for Kathleen. Then Laura recollected that, as mothers will, she was borrowing trouble. One date does not make a wedding—especially where Eugene Mays was concerned. He might not ever notice Kathleen again. But if he did—Laura's heart lurched.

"He's arsenic to the fair insects," was Alec's verdict. "I suppose because he's dangerous. And mean. Or maybe the little darlings just crave punishment. And how he ladies it out!"

Kathleen was thinking of that as she came down the front walk toward the long sleek purring roadster which Gene Mays had left with the engine running.

"Where to, Beautiful?" he wanted to know, tucking Kathleen into the roadster's wide seat and managing to touch her caressingly.

Kathleen shivered. He was fascinating. And dangerous. He had hard blue eyes and an undershot jaw and high cheek bones and a bent nose that gave him a gangsterish look which he carefully cultivated. He was reckless and selfish and daring, and Kathleen admitted he appealed to the outlaw in her. She both liked and dreaded the little thrill it gave her to be walking Hot Shot Mays' tight wire. A misstep might be fatal. But he was exhilarating.

"Marigold Gardens," she said promptly.

She had thought that out in advance. Shirley and her crowd would be there. Probably Alec too. He was a dancing fool and Myra Boone and her friends were only too glad to foot the bills.

Marigold Gardens was just far enough out of town to be convenient for many purposes. It was a triumph of red and blue lighting. The floor was superb, the Negro orchestra potent. There was a small black hunchback cornetist who could outwaterwaul Cab Calloway. The narrow railing was lined with growing rose bushes, the large parking lot in front packed with cars. You were apt to find anybody in town there, but the various crowds kept fairly well to themselves.

"You know, honey, I'm plenty steamed up about cornering you at last," murmured Gene Mays as Kathleen slipped into his arms.

He held her too tightly. But not quite tightly enough for her to row about it. And he danced superbly, looking down at her with a wicked little grin. Kathleen's pulses played her tricks. But quite suddenly she thought of the little pucker between her mother's eyes. And drawing a deep breath, Kathleen came up for air.

"Sorry, but that line of yours doesn't go over so hot with me," she said.

Gene Mays looked startled, also peeved. Kathleen laughed. All at once he no longer seemed a big bad menace. He was just a spoiled small boy who had had his wrists slapped and didn't like it. The current of his magnetism had been neatly switched off when he least expected it. His big underjaw protruded. He could if necessary exert himself. Only he rarely had to.

"There's little brother," he said unpleasantly. "Taking Grandma out as usual."

Kathleen winced. Alec was dancing with Myra Boone. And his face was flushed, his black eyes bloodshot. Myra also had been drinking and liquor always made her boisterous. She kept laughing a lot and calling out things to her best friend, Natalie Hunt. Buddy Pryor was Natalie's boy friend of the moment. Boy friend expressed it. He was just nineteen to her fair, fat and forty-ish.

"They've been hitting it up since four this afternoon," explained Gene. "When I left the club they were having their 'steenth round of cocktails."

Kathleen gave him a stony look. She might hand Alec the very Dickens herself but she required no outside assistance. "You should start worrying about other people's drinking habits," she said, elevating her pretty nose.

He laughed. "Excuse if I stepped on your feelings, darling. And permit me to remind you liquor isn't my vice."

His arms tightened about her as he spoke. But the spell was broken. Kathleen no longer felt thrilled. She was simply bored and showed it. Hot Shot Mays reddened. For the first time it occurred to him that there might be one girl in the world he couldn't have. No matter how badly he wanted her.

"I could go for you in a big way," he muttered, and was surprised at himself because he hadn't meant to say anything of the kind.

"We'll both be happier if you don't," was Kathleen's succinct rejoinder.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# PATTERNS SEWING CIRCLE



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### Standard Time Zones

Officials of the large railroads in the United States met in 1883 to discover some method of establishing a time-system that could be universally adopted by all American railroads. Previously, all roads had used different systems.

The railroad men adopted a system based on the idea that 24 standard meridians should be established 15 degrees apart in longitude, starting from the meridian of Greenwich, England, and extending around the globe. An international conference on standard time, meeting in Washington in 1884, made the same recommendation to the countries represented. Since that time, the four time zones, Eastern, Central, Mountain and Pacific, have been used in this country.

Tobacco tops the gift list with men in the service. They've said so themselves in survey after survey. A gift of a carton of cigarettes or a tin of smoking tobacco is always welcome, and more than welcome the week before pay day. Actual sales records from service stores show the favorite cigarette with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel. Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco is another popular favorite. With these sales figures and preferences in mind, local dealers have been featuring Camels by the carton and Prince Albert in the big pound tin as gifts preferred by men in the service from the folks back home.—Adv.

THIS is a dress you'll love for summer wear, because it buttons all the way down the front and may be put on and taken off like a coat. None of this tugging on over the head which you know is a bother on a very hot day. You can make it in fine silk crepes and it will be one of the smartest and most impressive frocks in your entire wardrobe. For this style is dignified by a very pretty collar arrangement—a ruffled edge collar to be worn under the dress revers, so that just the ruffling shows. Send for Pattern No.

### What Foch Told General Who Couldn't Hold Line

There is a fine story being told of Marshal Foch.

One day during the last war when the position of things was critical and further retreat would have endangered the whole line, one of his divisional generals sent him a message saying that he could not continue to hold a certain line of trenches which had become untenable.

In reply, the marshal sent him this message: "If you cannot hold on, you must advance."

It is a great motto for life, and the power to advance in such circumstances is where the great test comes.

### New Land Areas

The 1940 census has issued completely revised statistics on the land areas of all states, the first remeasurement of its kind since 1880, reports Collier's. The five largest additions are 1,246 square miles to Texas, 1,151 to California, 1,145 to Maine, 1,058 to Mississippi and 743 to Oregon; while the five largest deductions are 992 square miles from New Mexico, 849 from Minnesota, 599 from Florida, 546 from Idaho and 541 from Wisconsin.

If you bake at home, use FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST. RICHER in VITAMINS. The Household Favorite of Four Generations!

Thinking and Feeling. With most of us feeling dulls into thinking as we progress along the road, and woe to that man who has never learned to think, for if he lives into old age he will be a plague to himself and a nuisance alike to those who think, or feel.

I LIKE KNOWING THE SCIENTIFIC FACTS ABOUT MY CIGARETTE. SO DO I. AND LESS NICOTINE IN THE SMOKE OF CAMELS MEANS MORE MILDNESS TO ME. THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS CONTAINS 28% LESS NICOTINE than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself. CAMEL—THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS.

