

# Handmade Rainbows

By Mrs. Harry Pugh Smith  
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## INSTALLMENT EIGHT—The Story So Far

Kathleen Maguire goes to a dance with Gene Mays, wealthy scamp, whom she does not like, because she is irritated for many reasons. Mrs. Newsom wants Jaidr, her son, to marry Connie Mays, though he is in love and engaged to Shirley, Kathleen's sister, Tom.

### CHAPTER X—Continued

Alec had a healthy fear of ridicule because he was awfully good at it himself. He made plenty of sport of other people and he imagined they were always looking for a chance to return the compliment. If he caught a pal in a comic position, he rode the life out of him. He knew that by morning everybody in town would have heard about his new girl friend and he had a good idea of the kind of hurrah he was in for. But he had no comeback. That was what hurt. He would just have to take it and like it. The girl beside him said nothing at all. She sat as far away as possible, huddled in her seat, her eyes fastened on the screen. But the small hands clenched in her lap were white at the knuckles and Alec had an idea she didn't see any more of the picture than he did.

Butch Henderson and Henny Baxter, a couple of pool-room cowboys whom Alec wouldn't have introduced to his sisters, but with whom he sometimes shot a few craps when he had nothing else to do, came in and sat down directly behind him. Occasionally one of them sniggered and the back of Alec's neck felt scalded. They hung around outside the theater when the show was over to hand Alec a discreet raspberry. They weren't even very discreet about it. Had Lou noticed? Alec glanced at her sidewise. Her little pointed face was very white, but she stared straight ahead.

It is an unwritten law in small towns that a fellow asks a girl to have a drink after he's taken her to a movie. But Alec just did not believe he could walk into Henderson's Drug Store and sit at a table with Lou Knight while the village comedians lined up on stools at the soda fountain and exercised their wit at his expense. So he marched her home straight as he could go, trying desperately to make conversation to which she answered only in choked, frightened monosyllables.

It was just midnight of a warm May night. On Main Street a good deal was still stirring. But down near the shops the streets were lily lighted and almost deserted. It was the longest ten blocks Alec ever traversed. He could have shouted when the ordeal ended at the foot of the steep staircase that went up to Lou's sorry home. Only all at once his elation collapsed. What on earth was he going to say to the poor kid?

"It was nice of you to go out with me," he stammered. She was staring at him with big miserable eyes and her under-lip quivered. He didn't want to lie but it seemed kinder than to let her down flat. "Maybe we'll do it again some day."

His heart sank as he realized that she was crying. Very softly. As shyly as she did everything else.

"You don't have to pretend so as not to hurt my feelings," she said in a little smothered voice. "I know you won't ask me again. Because I've just bored you. Ever since you called this afternoon I've tried to think of things to say. Interesting things so you'd want to come back. But I couldn't. Say anything, I mean."

Alec stared at her dumbly. "You see," whispered Lou Knight, "nothing as lovely as this has ever happened to me before and I guess it never will again."

Alec Maguire swallowed hard but he could not speak. And after a minute she went on, so low he could barely distinguish the words. "I've always thought you were wonderful. At school I used to watch you although you never noticed me. You were always taking prizes. And every time you did, I felt as proud as if it had happened to me. And you're the only person who ever did anything about Pop when kids treated him mean. I could have kissed the ground you walked on for that. But I never thought you'd ask me for a date. Not really. I used to dream sometimes that you would. Dreams help when you haven't anything else. Only I always knew anybody as marvelous as you could never bother about me."

Alec felt as if someone was pouring salt on a fresh wound in his side. "I'm not marvelous, Lou," he said humbly.

"You are to me," she whispered and fled up the stairs.

### CHAPTER XI

Shirley Maguire, dancing with Bob Baird, did not look at Jaidr. Never once did her eyes turn in his direction. But she was really conscious of nothing except Jaidr with Connie Mays in his arms. Connie's face lifted devoutly to his while her green eyes said shameless things and her pouting scarlet mouth promised even more.

The girl was perfectly brazen. Why not? She was the daughter of Eugene Mays and all her life she had done exactly as she pleased. Like her brother, Connie was about as subtle as a battering ram. She did outrageous things and the town smiled indulgently. People like Bella Newsom said Connie was just a high-spirited child, full of innocent

pranks. But Shirley knew that Connie was neither a child nor innocent. But did Jaidr know or care? It was enough to turn any man's head, the way Connie had been pursuing Jaidr for months. It did not seem possible that she could have gone on and on without a fraction of encouragement on his part. And yet Shirley suspected that where Connie Mays was concerned, anything was possible. It was certain, however, that others by no means gave Jaidr the benefit of the doubt. For weeks Shirley's friends had been going out of their way to be sweet to her. And she knew what that meant. They believed Jaidr intended to jilt her for Connie Mays. After all, thought Shirley with a bitterness that dismayed her, Jaidr could not be blamed if he yielded to the inevitable. Eugene Mays' son-in-law would not long remain in the ranks of the unemployed. Once married to Connie, Jaidr's economic problems would dissolve like mist in the blaze of his wife's powerful family connections. Of course if Jaidr chose Connie as a way out, he lost Shirley. But did that any longer mean a loss to him?

"What's become of Janet's friend who had such a crush on you earlier in the evening, Shirley?" asked Bob when the music ended.

"What always happens when a new man looks at Shirley!" exclaimed Nell Cotter with indignation. "Somebody told him she was engaged. And that was that." Jaidr had come up behind them. He flushed darkly.

"That's what Mother means when she says long engagements are un-

practical. It was ten minutes to two. His head ached. The Coal Scuttle, the city's newest tavern, was crowded to its rococo doors, the air heavy with stale cigar smoke, the tables littered with cigarette ashes, dreggy glasses and dead bottles. There had been many speeches. The same old hokey, thought Tom. Bombastic flowery eloquence, praising the new Highway Commissioner, to which he had replied with the usual inanities. And running the whole show although he kept in the background, was Harvey Cobb Leigh.

With tired embittered eyes Tom studied his wife's employer. Leigh was in his early fifties, a short paunchy man with a smooth unlined face and small bullet eyes under sleepy eyelids. But he was not sleepy. He was a human dynamo as Mary Etta often boasted. He never tired or took his hand off the throttle. Tom sighed. Mary Etta sat at her employer's left, the wife of the guest of honor at his right, a pudgy lady who looked as if she wished she were at home in bed. But apparently Mary Etta was as fresh as she had been three hours earlier. Tom knew that she had not missed a trick in the evening's progress. That was what made her invaluable. She had a stenographic memory which on such occasions as these did not require a notebook. The next day when she filed her memoranda, nothing would be missing that might later be required. No wonder Harvey Cobb Leigh depended on her and paid her a commensurate amount.

Tom stared at the cigarette which he had lit from the butt of another. He hated all the loud talk. It made him want to chew his fingernails. It was just so much eyewash, as he very well knew. And at the back of his brain a hammer pounded. The rent was due tomorrow and he could not pay it. Until now—thanks to the nest egg which he had accumulated in more prosperous times toward buying his own business—Tom had been able at least to pay for sheer necessities like rent and food. But the past year, when his earnings had dropped to an appalling low, had wiped out his savings at a rate that left him hanging on the ropes, dizzy for breath.

"Thank God!" he muttered when at last people began to push back from soiled and disorderly tables. Mary Etta gave him a stiletto glance. "You needn't make it quite so obvious that you've been bored to death," she said out the corner of her mouth.

It was not the first time they had stood on the edge of an abyss. He couldn't lose Jaidr. She couldn't go on without him, thought Shirley with a sob. Unconsciously her defenses crumbled. She felt herself being washed out on the turgid sea from which there is no returning. Only suddenly Shirley thought of Laura. Laura, who would never condemn, but whose heart would break.

"You'll have to go, Jaidr," said Shirley and pushed his arms away. He went without a word. Almost as if furies were at his heels. Poor Jaidr, who had never dreamed he might live to see the day when his love was a threat and a disaster, both to his own and Shirley's souls.

### CHAPTER XII

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

A SELECTED STORY  
BY A GIFTED  
AUTHOR



## WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

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

NEW YORK.—From somewhere deep in Sybil's Cave in Washington comes the whisper that the government has secretly called Maj. Yardley Again in Maj. Yard Assaying Foreign ley, its cryptic Broadcasts Here? tic cryptogrammer, forgiven his indiscretion in publishing "The Black Chamber" a decade ago and set him to work again plucking diplomatic and espionage secrets from the air.

This is highly interesting in view of Major Yardley's frequent predictions that the state department would have to set up new listening posts, and carry on where he left off, in the event of war or even the threat of war.

Major Yardley was so expert as a de-coder that, knowing no Japanese, he could catch Japanese double-talk on the air, and de-code it. When Henry L. Stimson was secretary of state he didn't like either espionage or counter-espionage and thought no decent nation should have anything to do with it.

Hence, Major Yardley's secret "Black Chamber" in New York, which must have been something like the lair of Cagliostro, was summarily closed and the major was fired. Then he wrote his book and its repercussions were such that congress passed a law against his writing any more of the same kind.

In this book, he included de-coded messages showing how Japan had been giving this country the grand run-around during the Washington arms conference. It almost caused a cabinet crisis in Japan and made our state department reach for its smelling salts.

Herbert O. Yardley, a native of Washington, in his youth a telegraph operator for the war department, became a code expert and was transferred to the cryptographic bureau just before our entrance into the first world war.

Whether it's nice or not, the exigencies of the time are such that the newly organized foreign broadcast monitoring service is now working a 24-hour shift, assaying about 900,000 words of daily foreign broadcasts.

DOWN in the valley he heard the train blow. So the farm boy in the North Carolina mountains hung up his hoe and followed the white plume of smoke to fame and fortune.

Thomas A. Morgan's muzzle-loading squirrel gun was an instrument of precision compared to the best article of economics and business at a time like this. It taught the future president of the Sperry corporation to draw a sharp bead on whatever he was shooting at and in Lincoln's phrase, never to "shoot at a louse on his own eyebrow."

So, today, his target is post-war solvency. With all the rush of defense orders and plant expansion there is each day something in the kitty for what may come hereafter. For the first half of this year, \$433,316 has gone into this "cushioning" fund. The margin for error in such computations probably is greater than that of a Sperry bomb - sight, but whatever a skilled precisionist may do is being done.

At 16, Thomas A. Morgan fetched up in the navy, was quickly engrossed with the magic whirligig of a Sperry gyroscope and was thereby steered into his manifest destiny.

His skill with the gyroscope brought him in touch with its inventor, Elmer A. Sperry, and his career as a maker of precision instruments—the need for which is always in inverse ratio to the stability and precision in the affairs of men.

It wasn't all smooth sailing. During the World war, the czar's navy was ducking and dodging and hiding in the mists. Mr. Morgan chased it here and there and everywhere, to sell its gyroscopes, caught up with it and rang up a sale. It was an epic of American salesmanship.

Mr. Morgan became president of the Sperry corporation in 1928. Shortly thereafter he became an eminent patron of aviation and soon was caught up in a swirl of institutes, chambers, boards, funds, councils and societies—the inescapable fate of eminence and intelligence in America. If the chariot of progress needs anything new on its dashboard, he and his company can be relied upon to figure it out and install it overnight. Mr. Morgan had but 10 months of schooling behind him when he broke home ties to join the navy.

Not That  
"What do you mean by telling people that I was deaf and dumb?"  
"I didn't say deaf."

Frank Outlook  
"I am sorry you are leaving us, Jane," said Mrs. Browne, "but, of course, if you are going to better yourself, I—" "Oh, no, ma'am," replied the maid, "I'm going to be married."

The Will and the Way  
"John," said the young mother, "I've decided on a name for baby. We will call her Imogen."  
John was lost in thought for a few minutes. He did not like the name, but if he opposed it his wife would have her own way.  
"That's nice," he said presently. "My first sweetheart was named Imogen, and she'll take it as a compliment."  
"We will call her Mary, after my mother," was the stern reply.

### Worthy Life

The law of worthy life is fundamentally the law of strife. It is only through labor, painful effort, by grim energy and resolute courage, that we move on to better things.—Theodore Roosevelt.

WE FOUND A BETTER WAY

HENRY MILL FOUND A BETTER WAY FOR SPEEDY WRITING. HE INVENTED THE FIRST TYPEWRITER IN 1714.

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Suggestion  
Private—I say, sergeant, this meat's as tough as leather and the knife's blunt.  
Sergeant—Then why don't you strop the knife on the meat, m'lad?

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No Duplicate  
"Couldn't you care for a chap like me?"  
"Yes; if he wasn't too much like you."