

# Handmade Rainbows

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

Laura Maguire, wife of Mike Maguire, happy-go-lucky editor and mayor of the town, is mother to four children: Tom, whose real estate job is profligate during the depression and who is married to Mary Etta, secretary to a big shot; Alec, unable to get a job.

### CHAPTER XII—Continued

Tom knew she wanted him to pay for his supper by hunting up his host and being very appreciative of the spectacle to which he had been invited solely for his wife's sake. But Tom had had all he could stomach at one sitting. So he stood stiffly by until Mary Etta was free to leave and said nothing complimentary to anybody.

"Did you ever see anything like the way Harvey manages that three ring circus?" murmured Mary Etta on the way to the car.

Tom grunted.

"Sulking again?" she inquired crisply, turning the key in the ignition with a snap.

"If you must know," said Tom, "I'm fed up to the gills with Harvey Leigh and everything about him. Do you realize we have him for breakfast, dinner and a bedtime story?"

"You just can't bear someone—in somebody else. Can you?" She glanced at him curiously. "You have even hated me lately, haven't you?"

Tom went white. "Do you realize we've scarcely spoken a civil word to each other in six months?"

"Yes," said Mary Etta in her cool, unemotional way. "I realize all that."

"Where are we drifting, Mary Etta?" asked Tom in a stifled voice. "I wouldn't know."

Her flippancy felled him on the raw. He stared unseeingly straight before him and thought of their brief tempestuous courtship. They hadn't known each other very well. Tom was barely twenty-one, Mary Etta a few months younger. He hadn't intended to think of marriage for years. But somehow after he met Mary Etta he could think of nothing else.

He had not been sure she liked him at all. Being Mary Etta she had been more antagonistic than encouraging. The day Tom asked her out of a sudden mad impulse to elope with him over the week-end, he had half expected her to bounce an ink bottle off his head. Not until they came out of the County Courthouse, the license firmly clutched in his perspiring hand, had he believed in her surrender.

But then Mary Etta never had exactly surrendered.

On their brief honeymoon before each of them returned to their respective desks, she had never even in his arms quite let herself go. She did love. Or rather she had. He was convinced of that. Or she would never have married him. Mary Etta had played fair. She did not believe in maudlin sentiment. But she asked no more than she was willing to give.

She proved a curiously exciting wife. Tom admitted that. There had been moments when he could have wrung her neck. Interspersed with the delirium of loving her so wildly it frightened him. But he was never indifferent to her.

"I had another letter from old Colonel Shoup today," he said later while Mary Etta was cold creaming her face.

"He dies hard, doesn't he?" she observed. "I should think he'd tire of wasting postage."

"Listen, Mary Etta," said Tom thickly, "I know you hate small towns. But we can't go on like this. I grant you Colonel Shoup's proposition sounds like piffle on the surface. Fifty dollars a month and commissions, if any. But he's got the best real estate business in Covington. And he's offering to let me buy into a partnership on the installment plan. It's exactly what I've always wanted. And"—his voice quivered—"a couple can live on fifty dollars a month in Covington. I know a four-room house not far from Mother's that can be rented for twenty, and whole families nowadays eat on a dollar a day."

"You mean if the wife does all the cooking and the washing and the ironing," said Mary Etta scornfully. "Are you seriously proposing that I give up my hundred and seventy-five a month and move to a town I hate where I'll have to work like a slave, just so you'll have the pleasure of saying you pay all our expenses?"

"Yes," said Tom, his mouth a hard ugly gash.

"To save your face," went on Mary Etta, "I'm to let go of everything I've won from life and turn into the kind of female drudge my mother was. Bending over a hot cook stove. Squeezing pennies. Saving on haircuts. Wearing house aprons. Cutting up Sunday's roast for Thursday's hash. Boiling cabbage till I want to scream. We couldn't even keep a car."

"No," said Tom, "we couldn't. But we might afford a baby some day."

Mary Etta went very white. "Just because your mother thinks a wife should sacrifice herself to her man and go on and on sacrificing—"

"We'll leave my mother out of this."

"It's funny you married me, when she's your ideal."

who takes up with a flashy divorcee much older than he; Shirley, engaged to Jaidr Newsom, who also is out of a job since his father gave up his manufacturing plant to stop losses, and whose marriage is delayed; Kathleen, whom a stranger, Ritchie Graham, also a newspaper man, is interested in. Ma Newsom wants Jaidr to marry Connie Maya, the banker's daughter. On a bet, Alec takes out Lou Knight, the town drunk's daughter. Tom and Mary Etta had just been guests at a Tavern party of Mary Etta's employer, Harvey Cobb Leigh.

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hung her white linen hat on its accustomed nail and marched over to the littered table consecrated to her use. The last issue of the Clarion lay there neatly arranged by Tommy for her consideration. Kathleen did not need to turn to the editorial page to know what was afoot. Nevertheless, her brown eyes smoldering, she read every word.

Mike had done it again.

The very paper crackled with the remarks he had to make about unscrupulous financiers in general and Banker Eugene Mays of Covington's leading bank in particular. Kathleen had to admit that her father, when he decided to set off fireworks, did a thoroughly good job. No wonder Eugene Mays had paid the Clarion's editor an early morning call. Kathleen shivered a little. The banker was a very imposing figure in local concerns. Naturally he resented having sarcasm of the most virulent nature directed at his policies.

In the private office somebody guffawed. It was Mike of course, laughing in his caller's infuriated face. A faint grin traveled over the harassed faces of the group outside. It was so exactly like Mike to treat Mr. Eugene Mays' important anger to a cold douche of derision. But Kathleen did not grin. It might be very audacious and gallant of her father to tweak the lion's tail and then snigger about it. His daughter, however, was thinking of the number of people in Covington who owed Eugene Mays money and who jumped through hoops at his signal.

The door of the inner office came open with a sharp crack, and everybody in the main office became suddenly tremendously occupied with his own tasks. Mr. Mays, however, did not condescend a glance to his audience. He stood on the threshold, facing the other way and brandished a fleshy fist in the general direction of Michael Maguire's gamin-esque grin.

"Keep on printing these infamous attacks on me and my institution, Maguire," he said, "and by God, I'll break you."

Mike grinned.

"I've been broke before, Mays. By better men than you. But I've never yet been scared out of telling the truth if it needed to be told."

Kathleen was aware that Ritchie Graham had come in by the street door and was listening to the encounter with every manifestation of pleasure. Of course it gave him a thrill to see Mike risk financial annihilation for a principle. But Kathleen thought of Laura who was already stretching dollars till they groaned, and Kathleen did not feel thrilled as she would have a year ago at her father's debonair disregard of consequences. He felt a little sick.

"If it's war you want," said Eugene Mays in a suddenly colder and more ominous voice, "say so. But you had better take into consideration the fact that I have influence in this town. I can cut your advertising accounts to a quarter of what they are. Likewise your circulation. Maybe you don't realize that."

"That's your ultimatum. Now suppose you listen to mine," Mike said with a thrust like the glitter of a rapier. "You have ten thousand depositors in your bank. And a couple of hundred stockholders who leave everything to you. You are the bank. And it's a hell of a responsibility. Because this whole community would be sunk if you got your tail in a crack. Now as bankers go, you're not so rank. But you could be sweeter. That western deal you are dickering with smells to heaven. So do one or two other juicy pies you've tried to stick your finger into recently. The people ought to know that sort of thing is dangerous to their interests. And they're going to know every time you try to pull a fast one. My advice to you, Mays, is to pull in your horns and leave high financing to the rest of the pirates. But if you don't, then you'll have to put up with whatever I care to say about you and your wildcat business ventures. And believe me, I'll say plenty!"

Unfortunately the peroration of Mike's philippic was somewhat spoiled by the failure of Banker Mays to remain for its grandiloquent conclusion.

Ritchie's gray eyes sparkled in his sunburned face.

"I'm pretty good at the sling shot if you need any help," he said.

"He doesn't," interrupted Kathleen with tartness. "Mike never missed a bull's-eye in his life if he had something to shoot at that was practically certain to explode and gum up the works."

Mike cocked a quizzical eyebrow at his daughter.

"Yes," she said in a voice sharper than she realized, "if Eugene Mays wants to, he can move us all into the poorhouse. And," she gave her father a hostile glance, "you'd think it was a circus and laugh. But then I've begun to wonder if you'll ever be quite adult. Or maybe I've got growing pains. Anyway the prospect doesn't amuse me."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CHAPTER XIII

Kathleen Maguire was late getting down to the office the following morning.

Of course it did not make a lot of difference when Kathleen reached her desk. Officially she was the Clarion's society editor. But she suspected that Mike would not blink an eye if she failed to show up at all. For years he had been everything from janitor to political economist on the paper if the emergency arose. And he was still capable of writing every word in any edition without missing a stride. Nevertheless Kathleen took her job as seriously as he allowed her to.

In many ways the staff, due to Mike's penchant for broken-down humanity, was as decrepit as the purely mechanical end of the business. Mike had an unique manner of selecting employees. He was always hiring some derelict because he was down on his luck. At present there were old Miller, an excellent typesetter when he was sober, Roger Whyte who could write like an angel if he wasn't having nervous shakes, and Tommy South, office boy, an orphan Mike had plucked off by the scruff of his neck out of the Court for Juvenile Delinquents.

The moment she entered the big cluttered room which was the Clarion's main office, Kathleen knew there was tension in the air. Roger Whyte's frail hands trembled on his typewriter keys. Tommy South's freckles stood out more prominently on a pale and perspiring countenance. Old Ducky Miller had dropped a tray of type and just stood staring at the jumbled pl. The door to Mike's private office was closed, an unusual occurrence.

Kathleen recognized the symptoms even before her sharp ears identified the roar on the other side of the flimsy partition. Grimly she

you won't be long about that after I'm gone. Good-by, Mary Etta."

She turned quickly away without speaking. Tom stared at her for a moment. And then very gently he opened and closed the door behind him. It was exactly as if he had slammed the lid of a coffin on a fragment of his heart.

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

## WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

NEW YORK.—In the newspapers and on the street there is more and more talk of Donald M. Nelson for the one-man head of the national defense effort. A Washington friend informs that a powerful New Dealer, as well as important members of the opposition are working to the above end.

There has been much favorable comment on his showing in a recent radio debate on prices. Processed through several alphabetical scrambles at Washington during the last year, he has been appointed executive director of the President's new Supply, Priorities and Allocations board. There seems to be a growing belief that if anybody can perform a miracle, he can.

Mr. Nelson probably would concede no more than a deprecatory wave of the hand to this miracle business. Tall, bulky, bespectacled, slow-moving, and deliberate in speech, he would resolve the bewildering complications of plane and tank production in orderly and methodical processes instead of sleight-of-hand. The former and never the latter is his unflinching procedure.

Mr. Nelson's business career of 29 years has been given entirely to Sears Roebuck & Co., of which firm he became chairman of the executive committee in 1939. He became a defense aide at Washington a year ago. He joined Sears Roebuck as a chemical engineer, for which he had been trained at the University of Missouri. His friends have noted that this he would bring a technical equipment to the job, as well as long experience in organization and co-ordination if he should be assigned a one-man seat in the defense wheel-house.

He's slightly red-headed but isn't that way temperamentally. In this connection, he is an inveterate pipe-smoker, the same being the classical deterrent to going off half-cocked. He was shoved around considerably in the more or less broken field of the earlier defense drive, but has shown a capacity to get on with his workmates and is credited with ability to clear log-jams and get things done. He is 53 years old, a native of Hannibal, Mo.

THE life of Artemus L. Gates has been one continuous anti-climax. From the day of his 90-yard run in the Yale-Harvard game of 1917, he has been slipping steadily. In the World War he was the best he could do was to become Yale's most decorated war hero. He didn't even become a bank president until he was 33 and was probably near 30 before he gathered his first million.

And now he has dragged along to 46 before being named by the President as assistant secretary of the navy for air. His final slump from that golden November afternoon of 24 years ago probably will be where they make him president of the new League of Nations, after the war.

He entered Yale from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, his home town, guessed right on our entering the World War, joined an apprentice flying group and was ready when the call came, volunteering in the naval air service. He was a tackle in the air, as he had been on the ground, dropping many German planes. The British awarded him the Distinguished Flying Cross, the French the Croix de Guerre, and his own country the Navy Congressional Medal of Honor. His most sensational exploit was the rescue of two British fliers whose bomber had been downed in the channel.

All this got passing mention in the public prints, as did his appointment to the presidency of the Liberty National bank, in New York, in 1929, at the age of 33, but it was just a whisper compared to the uproar touched off by that 90-yard run.

At this writing Mr. Gates is president of the New York Trust company.

Others engaged in Wall Street activities who are on the up-and-up at Washington include Robert Lovett, (the not so long ago served as one of Mr. Gates' directors) who now has a war department post corresponding with Mr. Gates' new navy secretaryial job; James C. Forrestal, who is deep in production-management, and then there is Averill Harriman, who is swing-man diplomat in England and Russia.

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

### The Questions

1. Approximately how many members has the British house of lords?
2. What is a euphemism?
3. What is meant by the French phrase vis a vis?
4. What was the nationality of the traveler Marco Polo?
5. Nemesis, the avenging deity of the ancient Greeks, was represented as what, man, woman, or beast?
6. What river supplies the water by which the Panama canal locks are operated?
7. The science of pomology deals with what?
8. United States cruisers are named after what?
9. Does the United States award medals or decorations for achievements in the arts and sciences?
10. What is the leading petroleum producing country in the world?

### The Answers

1. Seven hundred and forty.
2. A mild name for something disagreeable.

## JUST AS PROMISED

As Promised  
"Show me an Irishman and I'll show you a fool."  
"Well, I'm an Irishman."  
"Er—and I'm the fool!"

Some cheerful philosophers tell us that money does not bring happiness, but it does help one to be miserable in comfort.

No Chance  
"Ever had any organic trouble?" asked the medical officer.  
"No, sir," replied the recruit.  
"I'm not musical."

These Days  
Mr. Meeker—So you're lost, little man? Why didn't you hang on to your mother's skirt?  
Jackie (sniff)—Pleath, thir, I couldn't reach it.

Of Color  
Ina—Dear me, what's wrong with your cat?  
Mona—It's art trouble.  
"No, no. You mean heart trouble."  
"No. I say it's art trouble. It swallowed a tube of paint."

Meant to Do It  
"Did you ever take out an insurance policy?"  
"Yes."  
"Accident?"  
"No; I did it on purpose."

### Beauticians Needed!

The demand is for competent, well-trained young women with health, ambition and agreeable personalities.

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## MARY STONE'S

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209 Union Street Seattle, Wash.

**Impolite**  
Jack (in front of dental display window)—I believe I'll get myself a set of teeth like those over there.  
Virginia—Hush, don't you know it's impolite to pick your teeth in public.

**Lonesome**  
"He's as dumb as an oyster."  
"How do you know that an oyster is dumb?"  
"Because, if it wasn't, it would kick because it didn't have any company in a stew."

## It's A GOOD AMERICAN CUSTOM

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