

Handmade Rainbows

By Mrs. HARRY PUGH SMITH
Mc CLURE W.N.U. Service

INSTALLMENT ELEVEN—The Story So Far

Laura Maguire, wife of Mike Maguire, happy-go-lucky editor and mayor of Covington, is mother to four children, not too well treated by the depression: Tom, whose real estate job in the big city became profitless and who proposed moving to Covington rather than depend on the earnings of Mary Etta, his wife, secretary to a big shot; Alec, who, unable to get a job, runs around with a

flashy divorcee older than he and on a bet dates up Lou Knight, the town drunk's daughter; Shirley, engaged to Jaide Newsum, also out of work since his father closed up the factory to stop losses and whose marriage is thus delayed; Kathleen, in whom a stranger, Ritchie Graham, also a newspaperman, is interested. Ma Newsum wants Jaide to marry Connie Mays, the banker's

daughter. Tom and Mary Etta separate when she refused to give up her job. Bunker Mays threatens to break Maguire for criticizing his banking methods. Maguire and Ritchie joyously laugh at him. Kathleen is critical of their recklessness. "Hot Shot" Mays, the banker's son, invites her to a swimming party. Ritchie grins when she accepts.

CHAPTER XV—Continued
Nevertheless Kathleen had felt in a way revenged. And then Ruth had spoiled everything. She was one of those saccharine persons whose mission in life is to shed sweetness. She cooed like a mourning dove at every opportunity and was quite pretty in a soft, fluttery, ash-blond way. Her elders said she had a beautiful nature. But she was apt to cloy if taken in steady doses. For that reason Ruth was always avidly interested in the appearance of a new man in town. And somewhere she heard about Ritchie Graham. She promptly telephoned Kathleen and insisted that he be added to the party.

"Anyway," as Ruth brightly explained while Ritchie was helping her unload hampers and thermos jugs, "it's so primitive to eat out under the trees, don't you think?"
"Absolutely," he agreed.
Kathleen darted him a glance. Ruth was going strong in her own sweet way. But Ritchie appeared to like his flattery rank. If he was even aware that she was hanging around the outskirts, he concealed it. Shirley was helping Ruth collect the various eatables in a sheltered spot. But Connie Mays never put herself to such inconveniences.

"I'll bet you a kiss, Jaide, that I beat you into the water," she challenged.
"Say," growled Hot Shot Mays, "did we come out here to swim or what? I'm hot as two firecrackers."
"Come on, Hot Shot," cried Kathleen crossly, slinging her bathing

All things considered Kathleen arrived home practically ready to throw things. Laura was lying down with a touch of headache or so she had given out. But when Kathleen heard about Tom she surmised that her mother had gone to bed of a heavy heart. Privately Kathleen thought her brother was well rid of an unpleasant incubus.

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"You sort of make a feller pin his ears back in that outfit," said Hot Shot Mays.

To Kathleen's surprise Shirley was also going to the swimming party. They didn't usually run in the same crowd except at very large affairs to which the whole town was invited. But Shirley gave the show away when Kathleen in all innocence asked if they couldn't all four go together. Away from Ritchie, Kathleen was not at all anxious to be alone with Gene Mays.

Again she risked a glance over her shoulder. Hope clanged a brazen bell in her heart. Gene had draped the water wings about his neck and was again swimming after her. Kathleen sobbed once. She knew by the exquisiteness of her relief how nearly she had lost her nerve. She had only to stay afloat till Gene reached her. She turned over on her back. But the cramp in her side doubled her up. She went under, gasped and almost lacked the energy to come up.

"Sorry," said Shirley evenly, "but Connie Mays asked us to ride over with her and Lance Ferguson."
"I see," said Kathleen, staring fixedly at the red leather belt she was fastening about her.
She did see—a lot. Of course Connie had engineered the whole thing. She had probably refused to go at all unless Jaide was invited. And Ruth was one of Connie's yes-men. But to get Jaide, Shirley had to be included. Only Connie, with her usual brazen disregard for other people's rights, had arranged that too—to her own taste. Ostensibly Lance, a weak little baa-baa sheep, was Connie's date. Actually he was being taken along for the ride, as Kathleen knew. And of course so did Shirley, even if she did not breathe out fire and brimstone as Kathleen would have done.

"You would run off and make me wear myself out chasing you!" shouted Gene.
He was only a few feet away, flailing water like a porpoise, and laughing uproariously. If he ducked her again—Kathleen was suddenly frantic. She tried to call out, to tell him she was exhausted. But the muscles in her throat locked with panic and fatigue.

In the end they went off with their respective swains, Shirley first. Both Kathleen and Laura noticed that Connie had waited till the last to collect the second girl. And when her smart car disappeared, she was driving as she usually did with one hand, while she faced the back seat and carried on an animated and gesticulative conversation with a rather silent Jaide and a totally silent Shirley.
Hot Shot Mays drove up almost before his sister's dust had settled. He was in a terrific hurry to be on his way. He did not bother to exercise his famous charm on Laura. It was not necessary with most mothers. As a rule they were overwhelmed on his side. Laura knew he would always be like that. Unnecessarily brusque unless forced to be otherwise. But Kathleen for once missed the little telltale pucker between Laura's eyes. Kathleen had worries of her own.

"All that goes down is bound to come up!" bawled Gene and made a dive for her feet.
He meant to drag her under. With a terrible bitterness Kathleen realized that he would probably repeat the process with appropriate brays of laughter until finally she did not come up at all. And then he would feel dreadful of course. But she wouldn't be there to witness his remorse. She tried again to call out, failed, and saw Gene gathering his huge muscles for the lunge.
"You damned fool, can't you see she's in trouble?" cried a sharp voice.
But Gene didn't see. He leaped. Only a fist caught him on the jaw and dropped him back in his tracks.
"Put your hand on my shoulder," Ritchie Graham commanded Kathleen.

Gene Mays was a bit overpowering. There was no getting around that. He had a smooth way about him when he strove to please. And he had every intention of pleasing Kathleen. She baffled him a little. Other girls struggled to impress him in a big way. Kathleen reversed the process. It was a new experience for Hot Shot Mays to sit in the uncertain seat. Kathleen even laughed when he laddled out what he called "heavy sugar."

"You mean you're not even counting on using an auto?" we exclaimed.
"Exactly," said Elmer. "I'll have my house all fixed up with everything I can get through motoring. I'm even arranging to have grease put all over the chairs and walls and I'm putting in a small stove to burn nothing but rubber. And see this?"
Elmer held up a phonograph record.
"Put it on the machine and all it does is just snarl in different keys. Every little while a voice yells, 'Get over, ya big bum!'"

"Maybe I'm boring you," he said at the end of twenty miles, when he seemed to have got no farther fast with his campaign.
"Maybe," agreed Kathleen and smiled.
By the time they reached their destination Gene Mays felt a little like a dirigible in a high wind, and Kathleen's equanimity was somewhat restored. She might not have made any dent on Ritchie Graham's consciousness, but she had Hot Shot Mays doing acrobatics against his will. He was a big bluff as a menace to female hearts, or so it seemed to Kathleen. She had him pawing the air and she could grin at his best efforts. She felt perfectly the mistress of the situation and decidedly cocky and pleased with herself.

Mr. Twitchell was well pleased with himself.
"It's a pretty good idea," we agreed.
"Good my eye. It's perfect," concluded Elmer. "Without a pint of gasoline to my name I'm all set to enjoy everything at home that I would enjoy if I went out in the auto."
...
INEXPLICABLE
It seems to me somewhat ironic, That tender care, massage, and tonic Should be required of men who cherish A scalp that's adequately hairish. Whereas unwanted hair that's strewn Across the chin and cheeks, though hewn And leveled to the skin and thwarted When it is barely getting started, Despite mistreatment, curse, and scorning Returns augmented every morning.
—Richard Armour.
...
"New automobiles will lose their decorative touch and frills."—Headline.
We may even have to get along for two years in succession with the same radiator ornament.
...
VAGABONDIA
Books and beer upon a table, A pinch of snuff for those who're able; A pipe of 'baccy for a friend Whom fortune may see fit to send: So shall mine house well ordered be For a friend who finds his friend in me.
—Gordon R. Higham.
...
Elmer Twitchell insists that he drove up to a fashionable pumping station Sunday and found a sign "Reserved" on it.

CHAPTER XVI

The new Porterville Swimming Pool was ideally situated on the edge of town in a ravine between two fern-clad hills. There were sixty acres of wooded grounds, a huge outdoor lake fed by springs, a number of rustic dressing huts and the usual diving boards, floats and soft drink stands. But the big dining room, like the dancing pavilion, was more impressive than effective. The food tasted as the mechanical orchestration sounded, a bit tinny.

She began to feel a little like a heavy bellows. She tried to edge up to the raft, but Gene yanked her off. She made for the ladder which

It Is Not Too Late

Begin this fine story today. There is still time.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



ELMER TWITCHELL ON THE GAS CRISIS

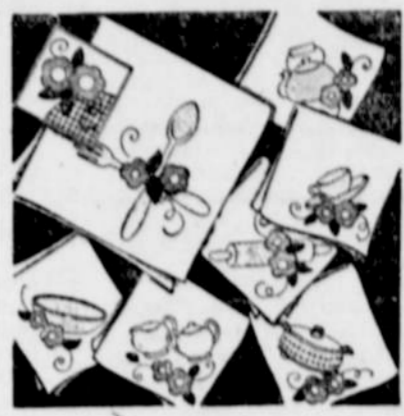
"I'm all set for this gasoline rationing," declared Elmer Twitchell today. "Ain't a bit worried. Got myself all adjusted. Won't notice it at all."
"How so?" we asked.
"Preparedness," snapped Elmer. "Been salting it away or got a pull with a gasoline bootlegger?"
"Neither," explained Mr. Twitchell. "I've done nothing beyond the reach of any other American. Any auto owner can take the same steps I have so that the gas shortage won't bother him in the least."
"Speak. What have you done?"
"Well, I'll tell you," said Elmer. "It's a very simple. First of all, I've painted every light in the house a bright red."
"What's the big idea?"
"I want the full atmosphere of the open road," he continued. "Then I've put obstacles all over every room so there'll be trouble getting anywhere. I'm hanging a dead-end sign at the front door and I put a detour marker on the back door to complicate matters."
"Yes, but..."
"Don't interrupt," he snapped. "I'm putting windshield wipers on every window in the house, breaking them first. I mean breaking the windshield wipers, not the windows. I want to be sure none of 'em work. Then I'm setting the furnace on full tilt and removing the thermostatic adjustments. I want to be sure I'm hot."
...
We were beginning to get the drift.
"I'm putting in a big stock of horsemeat, frankfurters and stale rolls, a lot of wet peanuts and stinky bananas and soda pop. Enough



to last all fall and winter," he continued. "And I've ordered a four months' supply of pickles, hard-boiled eggs and all the other junk people eat in their Sunday afternoon pleasure trips. Gas or no gas, I don't want to take any chance on being cut off from all my accustomed pleasures."
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THINGS for You TO MAKE



UTENSILS applied in the color that is to be accented in the kitchen—shall we say yellow or red—would be pretty for this set of tea towels. Lovelier still are these designs, when delicate,

harmonizing tints or shades are used for the flower appliques as an accent.

The panholder in Z9341, 15 cents, with its plaid effect, may be made up using small pin checks. Various motifs—the cup, sugar bowl, or salad bowl might be used to adorn the corners of luncheon cloths, while a single flower, leaf and tendril could be placed in napkin corners for a set of distinct individuality. Send your order to:

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Box 166-W Kansas City, Mo.
Enclose 15 cents for each pattern desired. Pattern No.
Name
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Heavy-duty Motors, axles, parts, bodies, tires, holsters and used trucks. TRUCK WRECKING COMPANY, 10th & S E Hawthorne, Portland, Ore.

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POULTRY AND RABBITS WANTED. Good white fryer rabbit skins \$1.19 per lb. Write postcard for prices and information. Ruby & Co., 935 S. W. Front, Portland, Ore.

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Restaurant, Paying good. Equip. Give terms. Seat 23. Mrs. W. A. Gillenwater, Ocean Lake, Oregon.

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Take 5, 10, 15 Months to Pay
DR. HARRY SEMLER, Dentist
ALISKY BLDG. - 3rd & MORRISON - PORTLAND, ORE

Summer Boarder—What a beautiful view that is!
Farmer—Maybe. But if you had to plow that view, harrow it, cultivate it, hoe it, mow it, fence it, and pay taxes on it, it wouldn't look so pretty.

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IT'S THE FLAVOR I LIKE. CAMELS ALWAYS TASTE SO GOOD
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!
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