

# Handmade Rainbows

By Mrs. Harry Pugh Smith  
McClure W.N.U. Service

**INSTALLMENT FOURTEEN—The Story So Far**

Laura Maguire, wife of happy-go-lucky Mike, editor and mayor of Covington, is mother of four children, hit by the depression:

Tom, who separates from his wife, Mary Etta, when she refuses to give up her secretary job, to join him in the smaller town after his real estate job peters out.

**CHAPTER XX**

Shirley took a quick step forward, then paused abruptly, her knees trembling as Laird went on.

"I found a second-hand clothing man who relieved me of my dress suit and studs for thirty dollars. But I've nothing else to sell, Joe. And you gotta be reasonable. A hundred and fifty's all this hole is worth. There it is on the table. Take it like a good boy and call it a deal."

"No! No!" cried Joe violently. "Two hundred dollar! Not a cent less."

"But, Joe—"

"No can do."

"I'll pay you the rest so much a month."

"All cash, no credit."

"But, Joe, have a heart." Laird's voice was hoarse. "You don't know what this means to me. There's a girl. I love her better than—she's everything to me. Everything! And I'm losing her because we can't get married. You say there's a living in this place. If a man can make good by sweating his heart out, I will. Maybe she'd laugh in my face if I asked her to move into a dump like this. But it's my only chance. For God's sake try to understand. I'm losing the girl I love and I can't do anything about it."

"Two hundred dollars," insisted Joe.

"And I thought I'd found the way out," muttered Laird with something that was almost a sob.

"You have," whispered the girl in the doorway to the rear room.

"Shirley!" At first he could only stare. At her radiant eyes, her tremulous lips.

"I sold your ring, Laird, for a hundred and twenty-five. Here it is. Give Joe his price and tell him to clear out."

She was in his arms. They clung together. "It will be hard work and everybody will laugh at us," he whispered.

"Do you mind?"

"I don't mind anything when I have you in my arms like this."

"Neither do I," whispered Shirley.

Again his laugh rang out exultantly. He added to the pile of bills on the counter.

"Pack up your duds and beat it, Joe. This place has changed hands."

They hung out a sign, "Closed Temporarily for Repairs" and visited the dollar store. They had some working capital, that precious seventy-five dollars above the cost of the place. Shirley selected pale yellow dishes and green glasses with a cut crystal effect and glittery new pots and pans that had green handles. They bought yellow oilcloth by the yard for the table covers and window drapes. Shirley knew how to scallop them with the scissors. Laird purchased paint and hammer and nails.

two. It shone from their eyes.

Laura, with Lou's aid, was setting the table for dinner when Shirley and Laird came in. Their faces were a revelation. They did not need to say anything.

"You're married! And you didn't tell me!"

For a minute Laura felt she couldn't bear it. She had tried never to fail her children. And yet Shirley, her beautiful sweet Shirley had married without a word. In someone else's house. Laura had not even been there, or Mike. It wasn't as if they would have disapproved. Laura was glad, terribly glad that Shirley was married. But it hurt that in the biggest hour of her life she had not come home to her mother and father, had not even told them.

And then with a glance at her daughter's radiant eyes, Laura swallowed her resentment.

"You see," said Shirley when they had explained about the sandwich shop, "Laird's mother will be furious. But she can't be angry at you, Mother, because you knew nothing about it. No one is to blame but Laird and me. And I'm afraid we



"You're married!"

don't care a lot whether she ever forgives us or not."

At least, thought Laura, none of her children had ever said quite that about her. She went upstairs with Shirley to pack her overnight bag. Her other things would be sent on in her trunk the next day. Laura managed to be very gay as she helped Shirley collect her frilly little pink negligee and a demure white nightgown from her hope chest.

But Laura was not really gay. It wrenched her heart when Shirley closed the door on her girlhood forever and came down the stairs to Laird, but Laura did not betray it. Mike was waiting with his new son-in-law and he kissed Shirley and told her she had never done a smarter day's work and warned Laird to expect him to drop in often for a free handout and sent them off with a chuckle. Only Laura knew that Mike's lips were quivering. Only she was there when he turned to her with blurred eyes.

The moon had risen when Shirley and Laird came back to Joe's place. It silvered the oak leaves. Laird snapped on the lights inside. They gleamed on shining walls and new china and glittering green glass. But in the back room, the moon cast light enough.

"It isn't the way I promised," Laird said, "but I love you, Shirley. And I'll work myself to death to make up to you for everything you ought to have and haven't."

"What haven't I?" whispered the girl. "I've the man I love. I've his name and his love and his respect. The right to make him a home and bear his children. The right to live for him and for them. What more can any woman want?"

"Darling!"

His lips found hers.

"I love you, I love you!" whispered Shirley who had been unable to say the things that mattered.

Back home Laura Maguire wiped her eyes and carefully put away the miniature of Great-grandmother Ashe.

It had served its purpose.

**CHAPTER XXI**

Alec Maguire did not come home to dinner the night Shirley married. He did not even telephone. Laura found herself wishing that her son

**A SELECTED STORY  
BY A GIFTED  
AUTHOR**

Mays, the banker's daughter.

Kathleen, who against her will, is becoming interested in Ritchie Graham, who is also a newspaperman and aids her father in crippling the banker. The latter causes the paper to lose its advertising.

Shirley pawns her ring to buy a hamburger stand. Laird also comes to buy it.

Alec was not too old for a session with the hair brush. It seemed to Laura that on top of everything else, Lou was just too much. Of all days in the year to be saddled with the girl. And such a tongue-tied, nervous little creature. Laura had talked herself hoarse trying to relieve the child's dreadful timidity. But Lou still trembled when Laura spoke, and her eyes watched the door—for Alec.

Kathleen was dining out. She might have helped. Lou had seemed less afraid of her than of the others. She shrank every time Mike addressed her. He had even less success than Laura with the poor little thing. Tom looked tired and depressed. He scarcely spoke at all. Mike had had another run-in with Banker Mays over an editorial in the morning Clarion. Mike detailed the episode with gusto. He thought it highly entertaining. But it worried Laura. Mike laughed when he discovered that Kathleen's engagement was with Eugene Mays' son. Laura also failed to find that amusing.

Altogether dinner at the Maguire house was not a happy occasion that night. Laura was glad when they rose from the table. Mike had a Council meeting. He was gone when Laura finished in the kitchen. Tom, looking drawn and white, went up to his room and closed the door. His haggard face haunted Laura. But it had not invited confidences. He wanted to be alone. She was his mother and she ached with his pain. But she could do nothing. Another woman had his happiness in her keeping.

Laura, with Lou trailing after her like a shy dejected shadow, sat down in a big wicker chair on the veranda and leaned her head wearily back. For once Laura's natural buoyancy deserted her. She had a wild desire to indulge in a few well-salted tears, a luxury she rarely allowed herself. Shirley was married, a bride this night in a hamburger joint. The bride's mother always weeps. Laura felt in the humor to do a lot of that. Only there was Lou, huddled in the porch swing, small, dejected, pitiful. Laura felt like weeping. She couldn't let down even for a minute and be just a plain discouraged human. She knew Lou would most likely faint with fright if her hostess put on a sob act.

"It's a lovely evening, isn't it?" murmured Laura, trying for the hundredth time to thaw the irksome ice between herself and her guest.

"Yes," whispered Lou.

"At least with Shirley gone I needn't inflict you with the couch," murmured Laura, thinking with a pang that Shirley would never again share Kathleen's virginal bed.

Lou's small hands clenched. "I'm going tomorrow," she said huskily.

Laura glanced at her quickly. The girl's eyes met hers. They were very unhappy and very apologetic, Lou's big blue eyes.

"Alec shouldn't have brought me here," she said. "And I shouldn't have come. I knew you'd hate having me."

Laura flushed. "I don't hate having you, Lou. It's just that I've been a little at a loss fitting you in."

"I know," Lou said. "That's why I shouldn't have come. I don't belong here. I've never had anything or been anywhere. I'm poor white trash and you—you're lovely and so kind, but I—I'll go away tomorrow."

"Where will you go, my child?" asked Laura very gently.

Lou looked away. "I don't know."

Laura reached over and laid her hand on the girl's knee but Lou shrank away.

"You'll stay here till I can work something out for you," said Laura. "I would never forgive myself if I let you go otherwise. And neither would Alec."

"He's ashamed of me," Lou burst out in a smothered voice. "He took me to the Airdrome on a bet. But he doesn't like me. He's just sorry for me and kind like you."

Laura drew a breath of relief. So there was nothing between Alec and the girl except his instinct to befriend a friendless creature. Laura remembered how all his life Alec had brought in crippled sparrows and dogs with broken legs and insisted on repairing them.

"I can't believe Alec is ashamed of you, Lou," she said. "It doesn't matter that you are poor. So are we."

"But Alec's so wonderful!" breathed the girl with a little sob. "He's just as far above me as those stars up there, and always will be."

She got blindly to her feet and slipped into the house. Laura heard her going up the stairs, heard the bedroom door close behind her, and knew Lou was crying in that mute heartbreaking way she had. Of course she was in love with Alec. Laura sighed. And he hadn't come near her all day. Laura wondered where he was. She supposed he was helping Myra Boone massacre time as usual.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# Household News

by Lynn Chambers



MINERAL AND VITAMIN RICHES FOR HEALTH  
(See Recipes Below)

**YOUR DEFENSE: HEALTH**

Help yourself to your share of health by giving your meals plenty of health-giving foods and ward off the lack of resistance to disease that comes from not getting enough of properly balanced foods.

Economy and health will be the key words this season and throughout the country you homemakers will have to take your part and build the backbone of the country by feeding your families food that builds strong bodies, steady nerves and high morale. Fortunately, good, health-building food is not just achieved through more buying power, but through wise buying. You can use canned vegetables or low-priced fresh vegetables, cheaper cuts of meat, milk and canned fruits.

You've been hearing lots about vitamins, so check yourself on them: Vitamin A is for resistance to infection, for growth and general well-being. You'll need it for your eyes, too, for poor vision and night blindness are common symptoms of the body's lack of this vitamin. You'll find it aplenty in milk, butter, vegetables green and yellow, fruits and eggs. It's also the one vitamin which you can store in the body.

Vitamin B1, sometimes called thiamin, is for appetite and good digestion. This vitamin's for good morale. If you're lazy, grouchy or nervous look into the matter. The chances are that you've been neglecting pork, liver, meat, enriched cereals and enriched bread and bread flour, and peab.

Vitamin B2 is sometimes called riboflavin. If your nails have been brittle and grow slowly and break off easily or your hair and skin are generally in poor condition, add some of these good sources of vitamin B2 to your diet: milk, liver, eggs, cheese, lean meats and leafy vegetables.

Gums bleeding? Teeth decay easily? Perhaps you're missing out on vitamin C, for this is the vitamin that goes right into your system and helps you have good teeth and bones. If your diet contains plenty of citrus fruits (lemons, oranges, grapefruit), tomatoes, fresh fruits and vegetables, you won't have trouble with teeth, bones, or wounds not healing.

Vitamin D boosts vitamin C and calcium into action, makes them utilize the other vitamins and minerals. Vitamin D isn't easy to find in foods, although eggs, salmon, sardines and herring contain some of it. Milk can be fortified with this vitamin and then it is called "irradiated." Most common way of getting the vitamin is either through milk of this type or by taking cod liver oil in winter, sunbaths in the summer, for it is formed in the skin

**LYNN SAYS:**

Here's your guide for meal planning for health:

Milk:  $\frac{3}{4}$  to 1 quart a day for each child and nursing mothers. 1 pint a day for everyone else.

Vegetables: 1 or more servings a day of the leafy green or yellow vegetables; 1 serving of potatoes or sweet potatoes.

Fruits: 1 serving of tomatoes, grapefruit, or oranges a day; 1 serving of another fruit.

Eggs: 1 a day or 4 to 5 a week.

Lean meat, fish, poultry: 1 or more servings a day. About  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a pound of meat or fish is the day's quota.

Cereals: 1 serving daily of enriched cereal.

Bread and Butter: At every meal.

Sweets: some sweets occasionally to satisfy the appetite. This may be included in the dessert or an occasional piece of candy.

**THIS WEEK'S MENU**

- Tomato Soup
  - \*Liver and Vegetable Pie
  - Creamed Spinach Cabbage Slaw
  - Bread and Butter
  - Prune Whip
  - Beverage
- \*Recipe Given

by the ultraviolet rays of the sun.

That's the round-up of vitamins. Now, how about minerals?

You've probably heard that you need calcium to build good bones and teeth, but did you know that you need it to help your blood to clot when you have a wound and that you need it also to regulate your muscle contraction? No food keeps people from getting old indefinitely but if you've good calcium deposits, you'll at least postpone old age for awhile. Milk and green vegetables burst with calcium so use them every day. Don't forget the salads: carrots, cabbage, and celery aren't too expensive in winter and they're calcium-rich.

Phosphorus works together with calcium in building bones and nerves. Milk, cereals, meat, cheese, eggs, nuts—all these have a good phosphorus content.

Iron's a marvelous pep-you-upper. Not only does it guard against lagging energy but also digestive disturbances and general irritability. Iron goes to work and makes red, red blood cells that are just about the hardest working cells you'll ever find. The red blood cell shuttles between your lungs and your 7,000-mile-long circulatory system dropping off the oxygen and carrying out the carbon dioxide.

You need lots of iron so don't miss a day on iron foods. That means you'll be eating plenty of liver, molasses, oatmeal, dried apricots, eggs, whole wheat, lean beef, cabbage, oysters and raisins from now on.

Iron by itself is apt to be a bit lazy. It needs copper to make it get to work, so be sure to have prunes often, whole-grain cereals, oatmeal, dried fruits, liver and oysters at some one of your three meals.

Iodine spells power. It is released to your system by the thyroid gland which is near the Adam's apple. Sluggishness, mental and physical, are the result of lack of iodine or thyroid deficiency.

Seafood contains iodine as well as garden vegetables. Salt has been iodized to help out general deficiency, and cranberries if raised in low-lying lands near the sea are a popular source of iodine.

Magnesium balances calcium, and as you're getting your milk you'll be getting magnesium, too. Other sources are green leafy vegetables.

That's the line-up. You'll notice that many foods contain both or several kinds of essential minerals and vitamins. Of course that should make the job you have to do easier.

**\*Liver and Vegetable Pie.**  
(Serves 6 to 8)

- $\frac{1}{4}$  pound salt pork
  - $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups cooked pork liver, cut in pieces
  - $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups sliced onions
  - 1 cup diced carrots
  - $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups boiling water
  - $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons quick-cooking tapioca
  - Black pepper and salt
  - $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon celery salt
  - $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- Fry salt pork, add liver and brown slightly. Cook onions and carrots until tender in boiling salted water. Drain, measure liquid and add water to make 2 cups. Add vegetables and meat to liquid, then remaining ingredients and bring to a brisk boil, stirring constantly. Turn into greased casserole.
- Cover casserole with the following: Mix 1 cup sifted flour with 1 teaspoon double-acting baking powder and  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt. Cut in 3 tablespoons shortening, add milk (about 6 tablespoons) and mix until soft dough is formed. Pat to  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thickness, cut several slits on top. Fit over casserole. Bake in hot (450 degrees) oven, 20 minutes. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

## WE FOUND A BETTER WAY

**BARTHELEMY THAMMONIER**  
INVENTED THE SEWING-MACHINE IN 1850. A MOB, RESENTING HIS BETTER WAY, DESTROYED IT.

**THE BETTER WAY TO TREAT CONSTIPATION DUE TO LACK OF PROPER "BULK" IN THE DIET IS TO CORRECT THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE WITH A DELICIOUS CEREAL, KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN... EAT IT EVERY DAY AND DRINK PLENTY OF WATER.**

**America's Contribution**  
America has furnished to the world the character of Washington, and if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind.—Daniel Webster.

## How To Relieve Bronchitis

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

**CREOMULSION**  
for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

**Our Confidence**

The confidence which we have in ourselves gives birth to much of that which we have in others.—La Rochefoucauld.

## STOP TALKING ABOUT YOUR AILMENTS!

That's a physician's advice to those troubled with indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Talking about it may aggravate the condition. ADLA Tablets help you FORGET to talk about it—their Bismuth and Carbonates relieve you QUICKLY. Ask your druggist for ADLA Tablets.

**Greed at Fault**

There is no intrinsic vice in wealth; the devil is in our greed.—Sir Rabindrinath Tagore.

## That Nagging Backache

**May Warn of Disordered Kidney Action**

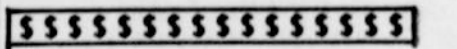
Modern life with its hurry and worry, irregular habits, improper eating and drinking—its risk of exposure and infection—throws heavy strain on the work of the kidneys. They are apt to become over-taxed and fail to filter excess acid and other impurities from the life-giving blood.

You may suffer nagging backache, headache, dizziness, getting up nights, leg pains, swelling—feel constantly tired, nervous, all worn out. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

Try Doan's Pills. Doan's help the kidneys to pass off harmful excess body waste. They have had more than half a century of public approval. Are recommended by grateful users everywhere. Ask your neighbor!

## DOAN'S PILLS

WNU-13 44-41



## We Can All Be EXPERT BUYERS

- In bringing us buying information, as to prices that are being asked for what we intend to buy, and as to the quality we can expect, the advertising columns of this newspaper perform a worth while service which saves us many dollars a year.
- It is a good habit to form, the habit of consulting the advertisements every time we make a purchase, though we have already decided just what we want and where we are going to buy it. It gives us the most priceless feeling in the world: the feeling of being adequately prepared.
- When we go into a store, prepared beforehand with knowledge of what is offered and at what price, we go as an expert buyer, filled with self-confidence. It is a pleasant feeling to have, the feeling of adequacy. Most of the unhappiness in the world can be traced to a lack of this feeling. Thus advertising shows another of its manifold facets—shows itself as an aid toward making all our business relationships more secure and pleasant.

