

SHORT STORY

Faith—Always Faith

By GERTRUDE MAY MORRISON

(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

THEY arrested a man as I came in," said Marge, addressing a rather oldish-looking woman, who was munching on a homemade sandwich.

Marge had just come into the employees' lounging room of the big department store where they both worked in lamps on the sixth floor.

"Good looking guy, too. I'll say," she went on. "Ben, they called him."

The older woman went suddenly white. "Ben"—what memories stirred at the name. The hand holding the sandwich trembled visibly.

"What did the man look like?" she asked, trying to steady herself.

"Big brown eyes and red hair, with a curl over his forehead like a little boy's."

Then it was true—her Ben arrested.

"My God, Stell, what's the matter? I thought you were going to pass out on me," said Marge slipping an arm around her. "You pick good places to faint."

"I'm all right," said Stell, bracing herself. "Guess I must have been eating too fast, and then somehow it upsets me to hear of men going to jail."

"That man you're spending your life grievin' over isn't in jail, is he? Gosh, you're a simp, Stell."

"I don't know where he is definitely," added the other. "But I know he'd play an honest game."

"If that's what you call it to walk off and leave a woman," returned Marge loftily. "Better take my advice, forget him and step out with Big Jim. He likes you and would marry you, if you played your cards right. The boy's got a future," she added. "He'll be head of the lamp department some day."

The older woman did not reply. Instead she took another bite from her sandwich before inquiring, "What was the man arrested for?"

"Don't know exactly," said Marge. "Just saw him being loaded into the patrol wagon as I came in. You should have seen the dick! It's the first guy he's nabbed in I don't know when, and he was tickled pink."

Later that day Stell heard the girl in the credit cage say, "He told the cops his name was Good, and that he was looking for his wife who worked here. One of the cops laughed and said, 'Good, nothing! You're bad clean through!' The dick said he had followed him from one department to another on every floor of the store. And he was making the rounds the second time before they caught him with the goods—no anything much, just one silk stocking. What's a guy going to do with one stocking, I ask you? Unless he's got a one-legged girl?"

But Stell had heard enough. Ben had come back. Her Ben. He had been here in the store, wandering from department to department looking for her—too timid to ask—and then they'd picked him up. Surely, there was some mistake. Whatever else Ben was, he was not a thief.

But they had arrested him. Now at least she knew where he was. Four years before he had left her. Left her sitting on their packed trunk, hatted and gloved, while he went to look for a drayman.

They were going to Iowa together—their first trip home since their marriage twelve years before.

"I'll chase down the street," he told her, "and get Connolly to come for the trunk. I'll only be gone a minute."

But he had never come back. Not until the wee hours of the morning, not until she had waited, and waited, and waited, did she remove her hat and coat and unpack.

The next day she went to work at the department store. And she had never heard of or from Ben until today. But she had kept on waiting, never going out anywhere, never looking at another man, just waiting for Ben, and working, often dreaming of her happiness with Ben. And now he was back.

At 6:30 she was at the police station, and the guard was leading her down the grim cement passageway.

What if he had grown tired of her, sick of the devotion she gave him? Perhaps he had been too kind to tell—he had always been afraid to hurt her. Had he taken this easy way out?

It was all so unlike the youth she had married. Such a queer snarl. The guard looked at the woman with curious, friendly eyes.

"So you've come—just as he said you would," he commented. Then he called cheerily into the semi-darkness. "She's here—just like you said." And she was conscious of standing before an old young man in a coarse prison jacket, ill-looking, with great suffering in his hungry eyes.

with that stocking, after all the rest he'd gone through."

"All the rest?" Her words were very faint. She found herself weeping and she had promised not to cry—not there—in jail.

Ben had raised her hands to his lips but beyond the anguish "Oh, Stell," he had not spoken. His mouth worked strangely.

"If he died, Miss, before he found you, then I was to tell you."

"Tell me what, Ben?" she said softly.

"It is only that I was looking for you, Stell, and, as God is my Judge, I didn't take the stocking. It got hung on my coat somehow. I was peering close at every woman behind the counters, not knowing how much you might be changed. God, Stell, how I've wanted you," he burst out, between choking tears.

For Stell, standing there, with his big hand helplessly clutching hers, was transformed by the age-old love for the child.

"Ben," she said eagerly, "then you weren't tired of me?"

"Tired?—God, Stell, you know it was heaven, at home, with you—tired? God!" and covering his face he sobbed.

"Tell her, man," interrupted the keeper. "Visiting hours are over at seven."

Then, without waiting further, he plunged on, "You never knew why Ben went to get the express man and left you there with the trunk? You never knew all these years what happened there at the dock?"

"There at the dock?" The woman found herself repeating strangely.

"Yes—never knowin' how he was knocked down—taken aboard that rotten ship—"

Her hands tightened on the iron bars—no longer grim, but mystic pathways to stars. Behind them, Ben—and he belonged.

The guard turned away.

"All these years," he muttered, "trustin' him . . . and never knew what happened. Gee! Takes a woman, don't it, to have faith."

Cold-Storage Locker

Plants Now Taking Hold

Near Centralia, Wash., in the fall of 1917, while the rest of the U. S. was busy with World War I, a hunter bagged some pheasants which he wanted to keep for his Christmas dinner. As an accommodation, an ice-plant operator named J. A. Winchell plunked the birds into a water-filled milk can, froze them in a solid ice cake. On Christmas day the frozen fowl came out of the ice cake fresh.

To Engineer Roger Sprague of Omaha's Baker Ice Machine company, who serviced the Winchell account, the frozen pheasant episode gave an idea. Mindful that most U. S. farmers lack easy means of preserving for their own use food which they raise, he saw the possibility of a new market for ice machinery: plants to freeze and store food for the public. The idea took years to catch on. But today thousands of farmers go to cold-storage locker plants, rent lockers big enough to hold 250 pounds of meat (or 6½ cubic feet of any food) for \$10 a year. The plants quick-freeze their meat. They also slaughter animals (at \$2 a head for cattle, \$1.50 for hogs, 75 cents for sheep) and prepare and freeze vegetables or fruits for 2½ to 3 cents a pound.

Iowa, which had nary a plant in 1933, now has 500 of them. Last year 3,000 U. S. locker plants did a gross business of \$20,000,000. By 1940's end the completion of 750 new plants was expected to up the industry's investment to \$45,000,000.

Success for Suckers
If the original tires have been replaced with new ones, don't accept this as proof of good mechanical condition. It probably means that a lot of mileage has been put into that car, else the original tires wouldn't have worn out.

If all the fenders are new and shiny, don't be too elated. It may mean the car has been in a serious wreck.

If the car is "guaranteed," get the exact terms in writing and make sure that this guarantee has protective teeth in it.

Don't be too eager to buy a used car because of its looks. Or because of its age—or rather, lack of age. One of the flagrant abuses by a few in the used car game is the repainting of late model ex-taxicabs, which are offered as nearly new automobiles. It is common knowledge that cabs are usually subjected to five times the normal amount of wear.

Do you know that, for a little while, white lead will take the grind out of a transmission, and that ground cork will smooth out a differential?

Do you know that putty temporarily seals leaks from an exhaust pipe or manifold? (of course it may fall off when it becomes hot and endanger the safety of the driver and his passengers by pouring carbon monoxide into the car.)

If you know these things, you have a fair chance of buying a car from an unknown dealer and experiencing no trouble. But unfortunately, too many of us do not know them.

Drastic Millinery Changes For Autumn Fashion Parade

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



PREPARE to see drastic innovations in millinery fashions this season. Perhaps the most significant and startling is the new cover-up look that is achieved through certain drapes, snood fantasies and various other intriguing devices.

There is an endless number of new silhouettes on the fall program, which carries the assurance of every one, being becomingly hatted this season. Basic hats are all on the list, so you can be utterly conservative in your choice. You will find your favorite beret on the list, all types of draped turbans, pill-box shapes galore, bonnets from Dutch to frontier-woman types, sailors wide of brim or not, mushrooms and cloches (very face-framing this year) also calots in versatile pleasing interpretations.

However these simply give start to the current millinery story. The big thrill is the revolutionary interpretations that daring designers are giving to the various type hats, through amazing back-curtain effects, cover-up devices and picturesque drapes. This all seems to convey a new message of "more hat than hair" in direct contrast to the long bobs showing as heretofore.

Below to the right, in the group illustrated is a very new pompadour pillbox type made of sheered felt that achieves outstanding distinction and sophistication, via a coarse-mesh net snood draping, so voluminous it extends over the shoulders. Note also the decorative metal band ornament, from beneath which, the snood emanates in gathered fullness.

Another hat that is making conversation in the fashion world is the profile beret. The hat below to the left, is typical of this new trend.

The dramatic pose given to dashing berets, to achieve a smart new look is perfectly demonstrated in this model, which is a black skirt-felt shape worn to accent the new profile silhouette. That there are many ways of wearing the popular beret, adds to its popularity this season. Not only is the profile beret outstanding but emphasis is also given to huge berets worn back on the head in pompadour fashion.

A tremendous revival of feather trims is announced, which is another "reason why" hats take on a different look these days. Not only does fashion place "a feather in your cap" but entire hats are made of feathers. And a perfect riot of feathers enliven the new fall fells, while dressy headgear will flaunt feathers in gayest mood. The little hat above, to the left, is typical of little feminine millinery confections, that call for cunning veils and the use of hatpins.

One characteristic feature of town and country wide-brim fells, is that crowns go towering to any height, as you see in the model pictured in the upper right corner. In this instance, a striking hat-and-bag ensemble has been achieved with two-toned felt, bright blue and red globe stitching. Blue and red combinations is a "last word" message broadcasting from fashion centers, not only for hats but for the entire costume.

Sportsfells are very wide of brim this season and have a nonchalant swagger picturesqueness about them that is most intriguing.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Luxury Blouse



Evening and dressy afternoon blouses stress the luxury note more importantly than it has been for many past seasons. This distinguished blouse has an elaborate embroidered treatment expressed in multi-colored sequins, beads and metal threads. The use of rich and glittering embroideries for the new evening jackets follow the same trend. The new deep armhole seams so modish this fall, present endless opportunity to introduce orate embroidery schemes.

Sweater V Necklines

Sweaters have become a campus and schoolgirl hobby. The fashion that stands pre-eminently forth as a favorite is the long torso pullover sweater with a deep V-neckline. The "big idea" is to wear this sweater in lightweight soft cashmere yarns over a smartly styled tweed skirt.

Two-Piece Effect For Fall-Winter

The two-piece effect whether simulated or actually so, is outstanding this season. Sometimes the skirt is seamed to a long-torso middie-like top so that it has the appearance of a two-piece, though it really is a one-piece. This type is particularly slenderizing to the figure inclined to curves.

Then the new tunic costumes interpret the two-piece vogue, being actually two-piece versions and not camouflaged. Tunics are running a big vogue, some straight-lined, others with a flare.

Peplums sewed on at the waistline make another interesting approach to the modish two-piece fashions. Youth seeks the peplum effects for they are especially adapted to slender hips but the more mature figure glories in the straight tunics and long torso bodice tops.

Fall Fashion Program

Includes Lace Neckwear

Emphasis on lace neckwear accessories continues as important fashion news. The fact that classic simplicity is the rule for daytime dresses of sheer wools and smart velveteens, has caused a revival or rather sustained interest in lovely feminine lingerie neckwear touches.

New in the present showings are deep lace-trimmed collars with half sleeves of matching lingerie to be sewed into bracelet-length sleeves.

Sequins and Appliques

Trim Fine-Mesh Veils

Veils will be very ornate this season, with glittering accents of sequins or appliques of tiny felt flowers. Some are dotted with tiny suede stars.

Very fine mesh veils prevail, some of which are bordered with spangles, others having rows of heavy chenille to finish them off.

History in the News

By FLEM SCOTT WATSON

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Camp Cavalcade

SHADOWY figures in a cavalcade of American history—such are the men behind the names of the great army eponyms scattered all over the United States, where young Americans are learning to be soldiers in order to defend their country when the need arises.

The only man for whom two camps are named (one near Boise, Idaho, and the other near Vancouver, Wash.) was not a native American, although he rose to the rank of brigadier-general in our army. He was French-born Benjamin L. E. Bonneville (1793-1878). Graduated from West Point in 1815, he soon was sent to the Western frontier. In 1831 he obtained a leave of absence to explore the country beyond the Mississippi and his Odyssey furnished the material for one of Washington Irving's best-known books. Absent without leave for nearly two years, he was threatened with a court martial by the secretary of war but President Jackson restored him to his former rank. He served brilliantly in the Seminole war and the War with Mexico, and at the outbreak of the Civil war he was retired with the brevet of brigadier-general for his "long and faithful services in the army."

Even more distinguished in the Mexican war was Col. Alexander William Doniphan (1808-1887) for whom Camp Doniphan at Fort Sill, Okla., is named. This Kentuckian studied law and went to Missouri to practice. Commissioned colonel of the First Missouri Mounted Volunteers at the outbreak of the War with Mexico, Colonel Doniphan marched with Kearney into the Southwest, was left in command at Santa Fe and from there, in December, 1846, started on a march into Mexico which was to make him famous. He defeated a superior force of Mexicans at Bracito river, captured El Paso and, after a weary march of 250 miles through the desert, led his force of less than 1,000 men against an army of 4,000 Mexicans strongly entrenched at the Pass of the Sacramento. The result was a brilliant victory which gave him possession of the whole state of Chihuahua. After the war, Doniphan went back to law practice in Missouri.

Near Petersburg, Va., where he carried on the last of the campaigns which established his fame as one of the greatest military commanders of all time, stands a camp which bears the name of Robert E. Lee (1807-1870). Americans, both North and South, take pride in the achievements of this gallant leader of a "Lost Cause" who had worn the army blue during the War with Mexico, on the Western frontier and as superintendent of the United States Military academy at West Point before he exchanged it for the Confederate gray when his native Virginia seceded from the Union. For three years he outmaneuvered and outfought some of his former comrades in arms until at last, on an April day in 1865, he came to Appomattox.

There he sat down at a table in the McLean house with a brother West Pointer, clad in a dusty uniform of blue. They talked for a while of Mexican war days, then turned to the business which had brought them here. That business was the terms of surrender for the ragged hosts of the Army of Northern Virginia, worn down by the repeated attacks of superior numbers. The man who played the other historic role in the drama of Appomattox was Gen. U. S. Grant (1822-1885) native of Ohio and citizen of Illinois, who was destined to become President four years later. A camp near Rockford, Ill., bears his name.

Medals and Decorations
A service medal is given to all American soldiers who honorably participate in some campaign, irrespective of the value of their individual services. A decoration is an insignia of honor for some individual act or service. A badge shows qualification in some military subject. Authorized army decorations are the following: the Medal of Honor; the Distinguished Service Cross; the Distinguished Service Medal; the Oak-Leaf Cluster; and the Citation Star.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

THINGS for You to Make



MISCELLANEOUS cutout designs are here to tempt hammer and saw into use. At top, left, is a very practical item—the "Leave a Note" bungalow. Inch wood makes this, and it is to be placed beside the front door. Pad and pencil inside the hinged door

invites friends to leave word if they call when you are away. Practical, too, are the doorknocker—the red-headed woodpecker and the horse. And kitchen or dining room will welcome this clever cottage flower holder and the matching shade puller.

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ASK ME ANOTHER?

A General Quiz

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?

The Answers

1. Seven hundred and forty.
2. A mild name for something disagreeable.
3. Opposite.
4. Italian (Venetian).
5. Woman.
6. The Chargres.

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