

Sisal—'Good Neighbor' Product

Sisal, the fiber made from the henequen plant of Yucatan, touches upon the life of every American. For most wrapping twine around the mail or express package we get is sisal-made. And the bread we eat was made from flour made from wheat bound up in the field with sisal twine, for American farmers have never found an acceptable substitute. War, with its increased demand for wire and steel products, has forced twine and rope into new roles of importance, thus creating for sisal the greatest demand in history.



A big ship unloads 10,000 bales of Yucatan's "green gold," as sisal is known, in the Port of New Orleans, to be converted into binder twine for the nation's "breadbasket."



Left: A bale of sisal has just been opened in a New Orleans rope factory, and the strands are being fed into a breaker machine. Right: These long, golden strands are about to become yarn.



This machine is a preliminary processor, which cards out the fibers and lays them parallel to each other.



Now in yarn form, rolled on bobbins, the sisal is being spun into a small ball of rope by the girl at the machine.

Coils of finished rope made from sisal are about to begin their journey to the far corners of the country.



CURRENT FICTION

Great Love

By BARBARA ANN BENEDICT
(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

ALICIA WYLIE felt perspiration on her face. She held her hands in her lap, tightly clenched beneath her evening bag. She tried not to listen to the sighs of disappointment and the brutally frank remarks that people in the audience were making all around her.

She thought: "Oh, why don't they begin? Why don't they give Alfred a chance? Why can't they be kind?" She remembered with a cold fear nudging at her heart the reaction of the paid admissions when the theater manager, obviously distressed, announced that because of a sudden attack of laryngitis Myron Corbin would be unable to fulfill his engagement but that a substitute, Alfred Deems by name, whom the critics believed was a rising young genius, had been secured.

The orchestra leader, standing on his pedestal, raised his baton. There was a crash of music. Dowagers, slim young things and stiff-shirted men ceased their buzz of talk. They faced the stage, settled in their seats, their faces resigned, skeptical, bored.

Alfred Deems appeared on the stage. He was young and dark and handsome, but his evening clothes seemed ill-fitting and there was an awkwardness to his movements. He smiled at the great crowd almost apologetically.

Alicia Wylie's hands were still. She sat there pale and rigid and tense, watching Alfred Deems. And presently Alfred began to sing. His



Alicia closed her eyes and swayed toward him; and he caught her in his arms . . .

voice, a rich tenor, floated out over the auditorium, lifted to the balconies full and clear. The faint sound of rustling and whispering conversation stopped abruptly. The expression of skeptical resignation changed to surprise and wonder and then amazed delight. A wave of relief and joy surged through Alicia's blood. For the first time she trusted her eyes to look at the people about her. And what she saw filled her with a rapturous joy. Tears came into her eyes, and through them as through a wavering mist she saw the tall form of Alfred Deems, no longer awkward or self-conscious or shy, lifting up his voice to its greatest heights.

A week ago Alicia had called at the apartment of Myron Corbin. The great singer stood in his living room and bowed very formally over the hand she extended. Behind them a serving man closed the door. Myron Corbin looked up, took a step forward and lifted his arms as if to clasp her to him.

"Darling, it was good of you to come. So good."

"Please, Myron. I—I only wanted to ask a favor."

"Anything, my dear. Anything at all. You know I'd go the ends of the world to please you, I've told you so a hundred times."

Alicia's hand, holding a cigarette, trembled as she looked up at him. "Oh, Myron, you'll probably hate me for this."

"Nothing you could do would make me hate you, my dear. Come, what is it?" He sat beside her, smiled, took one of her hands in his.

"Myron—do—do you still love me?"

"Most desperately, my dear. More than life itself. It's been that way since we met in Paris two years ago." He smiled whimsically.

"Please don't tell me you've changed your mind. The shock would be too great. You see I've resigned myself to life without you—the only thing I've ever wanted and not been able to have."

The cigarette in Alicia's hand was cold. She looked at him, wide-eyed and afraid. "Oh, Myron, it's—it's so hard. I know you'll think me crazy."

"There, there." He patted her hand. "Please give me the one chance at happiness that still remains—the opportunity to do something for you."

Alicia swallowed, and plunged. "Myron, if you love me—you can understand how I feel when I say I love another, more desperately, more madly. Please don't look that way, Myron. I know it must hurt. I know how selfish I am. But—but try and understand how you've felt toward me, what madness must have driven me to this."

She paused, and when he only looked at her, pale and silent she rushed on. "It's Alfred Deems.

You've never heard of him. He's a singer, an unknown. But some day, Myron, he's going to be great. As great as you. Oh, I know it! Now he's at the bottom of the ladder looking up. He's never been given a chance, all the breaks have been against him. He's met with defeat at every turn. But if he were given the opportunity he'd make good. I'm sure he would. And, oh, Myron, you can help him. You alone. And I've come to you to ask the favor because—because I love him and I want him to have his chance."

She stopped, paler still, breathing heavily.

"And just how," he asked tonelessly, "can I—er—help this young man to achieve success?"

Alicia told him, explained her wild, desperate plan, so fantastic as to seem ridiculous. Then she stopped again and waited, her face a deathly white, her heart seeming to have ceased its beating. "Don't you see," she said, "I love him."

And at last Myron Corbin smiled. "No man," he said, "is worth doing what you have done." He took her hands in his and she looked up at him tremulously.

"Then—then you'll do it?"

He nodded. "Once I did not think it possible for a human being to love more than I loved you. Now I know I was wrong. My reward, dear girl, comes from knowing that the feeling of affection and respect and admiration I have for you is justified."

Alicia closed her eyes and swayed toward him; and he caught her in his arms.

The concert was over. The applause was deafening. Again and again Alfred Deems came out to bow and smile his appreciation.

At last Alicia gained a place backstage, and after an hour she was admitted to the dressing room of the newly made celebrity. Alfred was alone. He stood in the center of the floor, even as Myron Corbin had done in his palatial apartment a week ago.

"Alfred! Oh, my darling!" She ran to him, flung herself into his arms, sobbed on his shoulder. But Alfred's arms did not hold her close. They hung at his side, lifeless, unwelcoming. And at length she sensed that something was wrong and drew away, looked up into his eyes.

"Alfred! What's the matter?"

"Matter?" He laughed bitterly. "Matter? So now that I have climbed the ladder, now that I am a success, I'm good enough for even you, eh?"

"Alfred, whatever are you saying?"

"Oh, don't pull that innocent stuff. It's disgusting. There's no use trying to act surprised, because I know it all."

"Know it? Know what?"

He turned on her furiously. "Know that you were in love with Myron Corbin, know that you practically lived with him in Paris two years ago, know that you were up in his room a week ago. Oh, it's revolting—to think that I ever respected and—loved a girl such as you!"

"Alfred! For the love of heaven!—Alfred! You're wrong! Wrong! I can explain! Explain it all. It was—"

But Alfred Deems only laughed scornfully, and thrust her away. "Fool!" he hissed. "To think you can come back to me now. Get out of my way. I must go. Tomorrow I sing in Chicago. And tomorrow I'll leave you behind forever. Just a bad memory."

Alicia reached toward him. Words stuck in her throat. She sank to her knees, lifted up her arms pleadingly. But Alfred Deems had opened the door, and with one final, contemptuous look in her direction he went out and the door slammed behind him.

Pygmies Are Nomads by Nature; Low Mentality

In the summer of 1934 a scientist found 30 well-developed primate skulls in the Beartooth mountains, a range of the Rockies in Montana. He estimated that these primates from which man descended, lived from 156 to 175 millions of years ago, and that the age of this mummy was approximately 3,000,000 years.

Relics and stories of these mannikins are to be found in all countries. They are nomads by nature, wandering from place to place, supporting life by hunting. Pygmies have apparently no family ties of affection such as those of mother to son, or sister to brother, and seem to be wanting in all social qualities. The low state of their mental development is shown by their disregard for time, nor have they any records or traditions of the past. No religion is known among them, nor have they any fetish rights. They are the closest link with the original "Darwinian Anthropoid ape" extant.

The men wear a plain strip of cloth around the loins and the women simply a bunch of leaves. They have no ornaments of any kind, which shows their low development. They have no music or musical instruments. Their only dancing consists of strutting around in a circle to the tapping of a bow with an arrow. Where a Pygmy dies, he is buried and forgotten.

Barnum Had Plugged Holes And Was in the Money

When P. T. Barnum, as a young man, left Danbury, Conn., to make his way in the world, he left numerous unpaid bills behind him. To one creditor the imaginative showman said with great intensity: "I'll pay you what I owe you as soon as I get rich."

The other laughed and eyed the youth disdainfully.

"That will be when a sieve holds water," he jeered.

But in a few years the master showman was well on the road to success, and with great satisfaction wrote the man the following note:

"Dear Sir: I have fixed that sieve."

Ideals as Stars

Ideals are like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands, but like the seafaring man on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides, and, following them, you reach your destiny.—Carl Schurz.

NEW IDEAS for Home-makers

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS



the four corners of the base make the chair easy to move.

NOTE—If you would like to make a hooked rug like the one in front of the fireplace, Mrs. Spears' Add-A-Square pattern shows how to hook a rug in small sections to be sewn together. Ask for Pattern No. 201, and enclose 10 cents, addressing:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS

Bedford Hills, New York

Enclose 10 cents for pattern No. 201.

Name

Address

The Soul

About what am I now employing my own soul? On every occasion I must ask myself this question, and inquire, what have I now in this part of me which they call the ruling principle? and whose soul have I now? that of a child, or a young man, or of a feeble woman or of a tyrant, or of a domestic animal, or of a wild beast?

LONGER MILEAGE—GREATER DURABILITY—
with the **Safty-Sured**
Firestone
De Luxe CHAMPION TIRES

Longer mileage and greater durability result from the use of Vitamic rubber, produced by adding a new rubber vitamin called Vitalin to both the tread and cord body.

Protection against skidding and side-slips is greatly increased by the new Safty-Stop Gear-Grip Tread.

Protection against blowouts is greater because of the patented Safty-Lock Gum-Dipped Cord Body and Super-Speed Construction.

Here's the tire that will give you outstanding performance and most miles per dollar. See your nearby Firestone Dealer or Firestone Home & Auto Supply Store today and equip your car with a set of these amazing tires.

LIBERAL ALLOWANCE FOR YOUR OLD TIRE

"GOING TO BUY A NEW TRACTOR? . . . Insist on EXTRA TRACTION BAR LENGTH"

Save MR. EXTRA TRACTION

UP TO 215 EXTRA INCHES OF TRACTION BAR LENGTH PER TRACTOR MEANS:

- Greater Traction and Fuel Savings**—The powerful backbone right in the center of the tread provides extra traction and saves up to one gallon of fuel for every seven used.
- Better Cleaning**—There are no exposed ends of unjoined bars to catch trash and mat mud securely in the tread.
- Longer Wear**—It's the Triple-braced traction bars that make the Firestone Ground Grip a longer wearing tire.

Firestone
GROUND GRIP TIRES
THAN WITH ANY OTHER MAKE

Firestone
STANDARD TRUCK-BUS TIRE

FIRST QUALITY TRUCK TIRE AT AN AMAZINGLY LOW COST

This rugged tire combines long mileage and low cost and has all the patented Firestone Construction features. It also is made in sizes to fit 1/2 and 3/4 ton trucks.

Firestone
ALL-TRACTION TRUCK TIRE

LONG WEAR ON THE HIGHWAY

SUPER-TRACTION OFF THE HIGHWAY

Here is an all-purpose tire that combines extra traction for soft going with long mileage on hard surface roads. This is an exclusive Firestone development. See it today.

Firestone
SUPER ANTI-FREEZE

THE QUICK-STARTING COMBINATION

Firestone
BATTERIES AND SPARK PLUGS

Put these two to work and start quickly in any weather.

Firestone
HEATERS

Larger cores, extra efficiency and low cost make these heaters real bargains.

SEE YOUR NEARBY FIRESTONE DEALER OR FIRESTONE STORE... They are HEADQUARTERS FOR TIRES, HOME AND AUTO SUPPLIES

Listen to the Voice of Firestone with Richard Crooks, Margaret Spears and the Firestone Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Alfred Wallenstein, Monday evenings, over N. B. C. Red Network