a singer, an unknown. But some

day, Myron, he's going to be great. As great as you. Oh, I know it!

defeat at every turn. But if he were

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

She stopped, paler still, breathing

lessly, "can I-er-help this young

Alicia told him, explained her

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

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 admira-

toward him; and he caught her in

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

"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, un-

welcoming. And at length she sensed that something was wrong

and drew away, looked up into his

"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

"Alfred, whatever are you say-

"Oh, don't pull that innocent stuff.

It's disgusting. There's no use try-

ing to act surprised, because I

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 revolt-

ing-to think that I ever respected

and-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

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

Alicia reached toward him. Words

stuck in her throat. She sank to

her knees, lifted up her arms plead-

ingly. But Alfred Deems had opened

the door, and with one final, con-

temptuous look in her direction he

went out and the door slammed be-

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.

kins are to be found in all coun-

tries. They are nomads by nature,

wandering from place to place, sup-

porting life by hunting. Pygmies

have apparently no family ties of

affection such as those of mother to

son, or sister to brother, and seem

opment 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 clos-

est link with the original "Darwin-

cloth around the loins and the wom-

en simply a bunch of leaves. They

have no ornaments of any kind.

which shows their low development.

struments. Their only dancing consists of strutting around in a circle

to the tapping of a bow with an ar-

The men wear a plain strip of

ian Anthropoid ape" extant.

to be wanting in all social qualities. The low state of their mental devel-

Relics and stories of these manni-

a bad memory."

hind him.

"Know it? Know what?"

tion I have for you is justified." Alicia closed her eyes and swayed

"Then-then you'll do it?"

man to achieve success?"

his chance."

him tremulously.

his arms . .

week ago.

you, eh?"

know it all."

Sisal—'Good Neighbor' Product

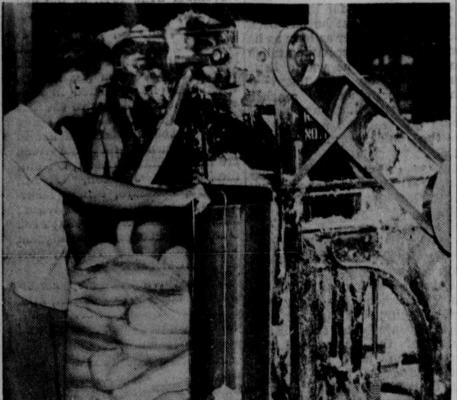
Sisal, the fiber made from the henequen plant of Yucatan, touches upon the life of every American. For most wrapping twine around the mail or express package we get is sisal-made. And the bread we eat was made from flour made from wheat bound up in the field with sisal twine, for American farmers have 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.

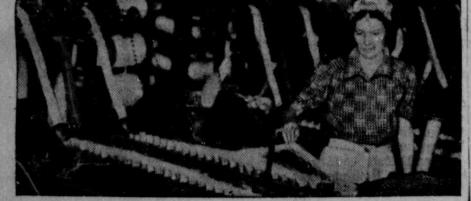


This machine is a preliminary processor, which cards out the fibers and lays them parallel to each other.



girl at the machine.

Now in yarn form, rolled on | Coils of finished rope made so hard bobbins, the sisal is being spun | from sisal are about to begin crazy." into a small ball of rope by the their journey to the far corners of the country.



CURRENT FICTION **Great Love**

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

LICIA WYLIE felt perspira- | You've never heard of him. He's tion 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 der looking up. He's never been 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 | heavily. 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



toward him; and he caught her in

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

"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 youthe 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

"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 | They have no music or musical inme, what madness must have driven

She paused, and when he only ooked at her, pale and silent she row. Where a Pygmy dies, he is rushed on. "It's Alfred Dooms. 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 Now he's at the bottom of the ladwater," he jeered.

But in a few years the master given a chance, all the breaks have showman was well on the road to been against him. He's met with success, and with great satisfaction wrote the man the following given the opportunity he'd make note:

"Dear Sir: I have fixed that

Ideals as Stars

"And just how," he asked tone-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 wild, desperate plan, so fantastic choose them as your guides, and, as to seem ridiculous. Then she following them, you reach your stopped again and waited, her face a deathly white, her heart seeming destiny.-Carl Schurz. to have ceased its beating. "Don't

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The Soul

About what am I now employcan nail together a box of one- ing my own soul? On every occainch pine boards can make a sion I must ask myself this quesframe for one. The lady with tion, and inquire, what have I now needle and thread then takes over. in this part of me which they call If ready made spring cushions are the ruling principle? and whose used it is best to buy them first soul have I now? that of a child. and then plan the box base to fit. or a young man, or of a feeble The dimensions in the diagram woman or of a tyrant, or of a tilt the back and seat at comforta- domestic animal, or of a wild ble angles. Domes of silence at beast?





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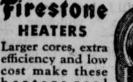
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