



Tomorrow is Forever

by GWEN BRISTOW

THE STORY THUS FAR: Spratt Herlong, a successful motion picture producer, had married Elizabeth, after her first husband was reportedly killed in World War I. They had three children, Dick, Cherry and Brian. Dick was 17 and would soon be available for service. Whenever Elizabeth thought of Dick entering the service, the old agony of her first husband's death would return. She was determined to face it bravely. Returning from a luncheon appointment with her husband, Elizabeth found Cherry, Dick, and their friends, Julia and Fudge, at the swimming pool. Cherry and Dick shook down some lemons and brought them into the house to make some side.

CHAPTER III

For a moment she stood turning the radio knob. The radio mourned that there were no flowers in its garden of love, offered her a remedy for acid indigestion and inquired persuasively if she was troubled by nagging pains in the small of her back. With a wringing of her nose, Elizabeth switched off the voices and decided to read until it was time to get out the makings of the dinner cocktails. If she started now she could probably finish her novel. Stretching out on the chaise-longue, she took up the book and found the place where she had left off last night. It was not an intellectual treat, but it was interesting—after reading *All This and Heaven Too* she had learned that the English author who wrote under the pseudonym of Joseph Shearing had published, several years before, another fictionalized version of the Prasin murder, and Elizabeth was well enough acquainted with the sinister Shearing heroines to be sure that the governess as portrayed here would not be a fit companion for anybody's children. She had not been disappointed. Having begun an evil career on page one, the damsel was now behaving most wickedly, de-mure in her bonnet and shawl while she dreamed up yet more sins. Absorbed in the lady's beruffled iniquity, she was annoyed when she heard the buzz of her telephone. This phone was not connected with the others in the house and its number was known only to her best friends, so the call could be for nobody but herself. She pulled her attention out of the book, put her cigarette into the ashtray and reached reluctantly for the phone. Spratt's voice greeted her.



And then she saw that it came from the War Department.

"Elizabeth, we are having anybody to dinner tomorrow night?"

"No, do you want to bring in somebody?"

"Kessler. I've just been talking to him. He's got an idea for clearing up this story. So don't have anybody else around. I want to go into it with him after dinner."

"All right, tell him tomorrow at seven-thirty. Has he got Hollywood ulcers, or can he eat anything?"

"He can eat anything, so far as I know, but remember what I told you—only one hand. Have something that won't be too awkward."

"Oh yes, I'm glad you reminded me. Soup to start with, and what about chicken patties? Then he won't have to use a knife and fork at once."

"Sounds fine to me."

"And one thing more—has he got a wife or anything that I should call up and invite with him?"

"No wife—come to think of it, though, I did hear him mention a daughter, but I don't know how old she is. I'll find out if she's grown and let you know. You'd better tell Dick to stay around and take her out of the way after dinner so Kessler and I can talk."

"Oh dear," exclaimed Elizabeth, "oh dear. Does the girl speak English?"

"I've no idea," Spratt laughed benignly. "Tell him my heart bleeds for him, but this is the way I make a living for my family and there's no way out."

"You'd better start your heart bleeding for me. I'm the one who'll have to break the news to him. All right, I'll do my best, dinner, Dick and everything."

"I know you will. I've got to go now, three people waiting for me. Thanks," said Spratt, and hung up.

Elizabeth screwed up her face as she reached for her desk calendar to make a note of tomorrow's dinner. She did not mind it, for she was used to entertaining Spratt's colleagues, but she felt sorry for Dick. He could take the girl to a show, if she understood the language well enough. She ought to, Spratt had said something at lunch about Kessler's having been two or three years in this country. Elizabeth hoped Miss Kessler would at least be pretty. Flipping the leaves of the calendar, she tried to remember what the date was. Sunday, Monday, Tuesday—today was Monday, so here was the page for tomorrow, blank but for a note reminding herself of an appointment with the hairdresser. She was scribbling "Kessler to dinner 7:30," when the date at the bottom of the page leaped up at her, and struck her and glared at her and made her start backward to put the calendar down quickly, but she could still see the date and she put her arm over her eyes as though by doing that she could shut it out of sight of her mind. October 6, 1942. Her imagination was making such a fierce effort to adjust itself that even with her eyes covered she could still see it, October 6, 1942.

Elizabeth should strike her down and leave her as she was now, quivering under an assault of pain. Lying on the chaise-longue, her arms crossed over her eyes and her hands pressing against her temples, she fought it with all the strength she had. But it did no good and she had known it would not. She might as well have tried to argue with an earthquake as with these rare but terrible relivings of the days when she had been put to the torture. Every time she thought it would be the last. But a year later, or two or three years later, some occurrence too small to be otherwise noticed would stir up the fire that had been so sure was finally out. There was no escaping it; that day came back as though it had been that day and not this that she was living in.

It was such a cool, shining day, the trees reddening, and it seemed that nearly every house in Tulsa had a flag rippling from its front porch. After spending the day rolling bandages at the Red Cross headquarters, Elizabeth came home with her knitting-bag on her arm. There was very little she could do to win the war, but if knitting sweaters and rolling miles of bandage was of any value she was glad to do it. Anything that might shorten the war by five minutes would bring Arthur back that much sooner, and for five minutes more of his presence she would give up all the years she had to spend without him. She ran up the steps, singing. It was a silly song, but everybody was singing it about that time. "I'd like to see the Kaiser with a lily in his hand." Their little house welcomed her brightly as she ran in. She and Arthur had lived here for the year before he went to the army, and she now shared it with a girl friend who was releasing a man for war by working for the telephone company.

As she opened the door the sun fell in a long rectangle on the floor of the hall. Dropping her knitting-bag on a chair Elizabeth turned by eager habit to look at the table where the colored maid always put the mail. Arthur wrote her often, but the ships from France were not regular; sometimes she would go weeks without a letter and then get a pile of them at once. Wonderful letters he wrote, mirthful even in the blood and dirt of the trenches, telling her very little about the awfulness of the war but describing every amusing incident he had observed and only now and then changing to wistfulness when he told her how much he missed her. Only once, when she wrote to him saying the war could not be only what he told her, he answered: "Please, Elizabeth, don't ask me to write about what I've seen. When I write to you I can forget for awhile that I've seen it. Let me keep it like that. I love you so. Haven't you got any new pictures of yourself?" She sent the pictures, but never suggested

again that he write her anything but what he wanted to.

There were no letters on the table today, nothing but the telegram. She picked it up and slit it open, wondering vaguely who could have anything to say to her important enough to be sent by wire, and then she saw that it came from the War Department. The message was mercifully brief. It merely told her that Arthur was dead. She did not know then that he had died of wounds received at Chateau-Thierry. They told her that later, in a letter from the Red Cross.

She did not understand even the little they had told her. She stood still, staring at the sheet of paper in her hand, all her instincts of self-protection rising up to prevent her understanding what it said.

She folded up the telegram and put it into her purse. She picked up a vase of flowers on the table and straightened the cloth under it, looked at the picture on the cover of a magazine lying near by, brushed a speck of dust from a chair, picked up her knitting-bag and went upstairs to the bedroom she had shared with Arthur before he joined the army. The windows were open to the afternoon sun. Arthur had said, "Let's find a house that has the bedroom on the west side. There's no sense in inviting the sun to come in and wake us up at four or five o'clock all summer long. Any time we have to get up at dawn we can use an alarm clock, so why not let ourselves sleep late when we have a chance?" Elizabeth had never thought about it, but once he called her attention to it she wondered why everybody didn't make allowance for such an obvious fact. It was odd, she had thought at first, that Arthur should be so much interested in dwellings, for he knew nothing about architecture; he was a research chemist employed by one of the oil companies. But Arthur was interested in everything. He had never been bored in his life, and never understood how anybody could be, with a perpetually fascinating world to be enjoyed and the longest lifetime too short to enjoy all of it.

Even in this ordinary little house he had arranged their room perfectly—the bookshelves within reach of the bed, the light excellently placed for reading, her dressing-table between the windows, the long mirror so she could see herself from hat to shoes when she got dressed. "You have such fine ankles," he said to her, "imagine your having to dress in a room where you haven't a chance to see whether or not your stockings are on straight." He had planned everything for her. She had let him do it, without realizing that since they could not afford everything, he would get what she needed and take what was left. So she had not noticed until later that his shaving-glass did not turn properly and he had to stretch his neck to get at those hairs around the angle of his chin. She was saving part of her army allowance now to buy him a new mirror when he came back, and a better light for his writing table, though she was going to let him pick out the latter for himself. Arthur was not, thank heaven, a sentimental goose. He might have worn a hideous necktie if she had given him one, but if she should give him an inadequate gadget for his work he would not use it any longer than it took to buy a better one. So she was going to give him the money she had saved for the lamp and let him select it, as soon as he came back and got to work again.

A hundred hammers started to beat on her head. She dropped her knitting-bag in the middle of the floor and grabbed at the catch of her purse to get out that thing inside, which she seemed to remember had said what it could not possibly say. But it did say just what she recalled. It told her Arthur was dead.

Then all of a sudden she knew what had happened. The purse dropped out of her hand and fell softly on the half-made army sweater that was tumbling out of her bag. The telegram dropped with it, and a little wind from outside picked it up and began blowing it merrily around the room. Her legs went down like strips of macaroni. She caught at the nearest solid object, which happened to be the bed, and then at the nearest object on that, which happened to be a pillow, and she clamped the corner of the pillow between her teeth and heard herself making fierce choking noises down in her throat, like an animal strangling.

At first she was not thinking of anything. The world was simply full of a wild pain that had clamped on her and crushed out of her everything but consciousness of the pain itself. Then after awhile she began to recall everything she had read or heard about what those explosions did to men in battle. She wondered if it had hurt him very much. It did not seem possible that anything could have hurt him. He was never sick. He never complained of anything. Arthur was strong as an athlete. She could remember his arms around her and herself saying, "Arthur, you're hurting me!" and when he said, "I'm sorry, dearest," and relaxed his grip she was sorry she had spoken.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Heap Salad Bowls With Vitamins For Summer



Help Yourself to Vitamins: This pretty as a picture salad bowl is made simply by alternating rows of lettuce wedges and mounds of potato salad, garnished with slices of hard-cooked eggs. It's hearty enough for a main dish, even without meat.

Summer is the time to heap high the salad bowl and bring generous portions of nature's bounty of vitamins and minerals to the table.

Active summer play and strenuous work calls for big servings of health and energy producing foods. That's why the salad bowls play a major role in the menu parade.

There's another reason, too, why salads are going to be important this season. When the butcher has no meat and the cupboard yields nothing of interest to the homemaker, she can always go to her refrigerator and bring out lovely greens, juicy fruits and berries, toss them together and serve an eye-appealing salad. If more substantial salads are desired, especially for main dishes, they can be flecked with the white and gold of protein-rich eggs, unrationed, luscious bits of chicken or well chilled and subtly seasoned fish.

Vary the trimmings and change the dressing, and no salad can ever become monotonous. If oils and fats for salad dressings are scarce, put them together with sour cream, fruit juices, vinegar or cooked dressings that require little fat.

Here are two main dish salads that will go over big with the family. One stars eggs and the other chicken:

- Star Deviled Eggs. (12 EGGS)**
- 12 hard-cooked eggs
 - 2 tablespoons salad dressing
 - 1 tablespoon lemon juice
 - 1 1/2 teaspoons mustard
 - 1 1/2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
 - 1/2 teaspoon salt
 - 1/4 teaspoon pepper

Remove shells from eggs. Cut a slice from both ends, cutting the slice at the round end deep enough to expose the yolk. Cut deep gashes into the egg white around the rounded end to give a saw tooth edge.

Pressing gently at the bottom, force out the yolk. Press yolk and egg white that was cut off through the sieve. Add remaining ingredients and beat until smooth. Refill shells. Garnish tops if desired.

To serve as a salad, lay on top of sprigs of watercress or other greens. Or, use as a garnish for other salad platters.

- *Buffet Chicken Salad. (Serves 8)**
- 2 cups cubed, cooked chicken
 - 1/4 cup french dressing
 - 4 cups boiled rice, chilled

Lynn Says

Different Salad Dressings: If fruits and vegetables do not give enough variety to make salads interesting, season the dressing itself for flavor plus.

Club Dressing: To 1 cup of mayonnaise, add 1 tablespoon chopped currants, 1 tablespoon chopped raisins, 1 tablespoon chopped nuts.

Indian Dressing: 1/4 cup of chow-chow to 1 cup mayonnaise.

Tartar Dressing is excellent on fish salads. To 1 cup mayonnaise, add 2 tablespoons chopped sweet gherkins, 1 tablespoon capers, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley and 2 tablespoons chopped olives.

Thousand Island Dressing is easily tossed together. For a cup of mayonnaise, use 1/4 cup chili sauce, 1 tablespoon green pepper and chopped stuffed olives.

Egg Dressing is lovely to look at when made by adding 1 chopped hard-cooked egg, 1 tablespoon chopped pimiento and 1 tablespoon India relish to 1 cup mayonnaise.

A bit of leftover meat? Add it to the eggs. Especially good are diced ham, tongue or dried beef.

Lynn Chambers' Point-Easy Menus

- *Buffet Chicken Salad
 - Sliced Tomatoes and Cucumbers
 - Potato Chips Pickles and Olives
 - Orange Rolls or Biscuits
 - Fresh Berries with Cream
 - Refrigerator Cookies
 - Beverage
- *Recipe given.

- Salt and pepper to taste
- Boiled dressing or mayonnaise
- Lettuce or greens
- Jellied cranberry sauce
- Deviled eggs

Combine chicken and french dressing. Chill about 1 hour. Meanwhile cook rice until fluffy and season well according to taste. Just before serving combine chicken, chilled rice and enough salad dressing to moisten. Season. Arrange in individual lettuce cups on platter or salad bowl. Garnish with thick slices of cranberry sauce and deviled eggs. Top with additional dressing, if desired.

There's nothing so cooling on a warm summer night than a jellied tomato salad. Although this recipe provides for a simple salad, it may be varied by adding leftover or chopped, fresh vegetables to it.

Jellied Tomato Salad. (Serves 10)

- 1 quart hot, stewed tomatoes
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 packages of lemon flavored gelatin
- 1/2 cup sliced, pickled onions or 1 teaspoon onion juice
- 1/4 cup sliced stuffed olives
- 1/4 cup diced green pepper
- 1 cup diced celery

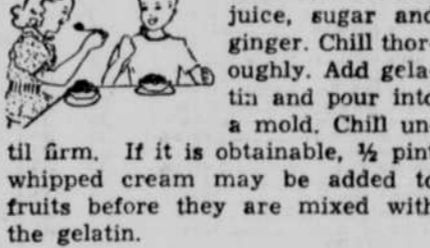
Dissolve gelatin in hot tomatoes. Add salt and cool. When gelatin begins to congeal, add the remaining ingredients. Place in a large mold, rinsed with cold water, or in individual molds. Chill until firm. Serve on salad greens with either french dressing or mayonnaise.

A fruity salad doubles for the dessert, if so desired. This one is especially good when served with tiny cakes or finger cookies:

Ocean Breeze Salad. (Serves 6)

- 3 tablespoons lemon juice
- 2 cups diced honeydew melon
- 1 cup watermelon balls or slices
- 3/4 cup white grapes, split and seeded
- 1 cup grapefruit sections
- 3 tablespoons preserved ginger
- 1 1/2 tablespoons gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 3 tablespoons chopped maraschino cherries

Mix gelatin and water and let stand 5 minutes. Dissolve over hot water. Combine fruits, lemon juice, sugar and ginger. Chill thoroughly. Add gelatin and pour into a mold. Chill until firm. If it is obtainable, 1/2 pint whipped cream may be added to fruits before they are mixed with the gelatin.



Green, White and Gold: As picturesque as a garden in full bloom is this simple salad made by placing chilled deviled eggs on crisp sprigs of watercress. Use extra dressing if desired, and serve for luncheon or side dish at garden supper.

Your salad can be better than just "passing" if your dressings are smooth and well seasoned so they can complement the other ingredients of the salad bowl. Here are several good basic suggestions:

- Cooked Dressing.**
- 1/2 cup sugar
 - 1/2 cup vinegar
 - 1/2 cup evaporated milk
 - 1/2 teaspoon salt

Dissolve sugar in vinegar and stir until it dissolves. Beat in milk until mixture thickens. Pour over cabbage or other greens.

- Sour Cream Dressing.**
- 1/2 cup sour cream
 - 1/2 cup vinegar
 - 1/2 cup sugar
 - 1/2 teaspoon salt

Mix ingredients in order given. Chill.

- Thousand Island Dressing.**
- 1 cup mayonnaise
 - 2 tablespoons chili sauce
 - 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
 - 2 tablespoons pimiento
 - 2 tablespoons chopped sweet pickle

Mix all ingredients in order given. Serve over vegetable salads.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERNS

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