

# Tomorrow is Forever

by GWEN BRISTOW

THE STORY THUS FAR: Spratt Herlong, successful motion picture producer, had married Elizabeth, after her first husband, Arthur Klitredge, had been reported killed in World War I. They had three children, Dick, Cherry and Brian. Elizabeth had been orphaned when a baby and had been raised by her aunt and uncle in Tulsa. One summer vacation she met Arthur at the country club. They were married soon afterwards. Within a year he enlisted and before long was sent overseas. Then came the telegram from the war department, announcing that Arthur was killed in action. The light seemed to have gone out for Elizabeth.

## CHAPTER VI

Elizabeth took the pen and looked at it an instant, then as though it were a horrid object she threw it down on the blotter and stood up. "No!" she exclaimed and she meant it, though she could not just then have told what prompted her. "No, I don't want the government to pay me for Arthur. I can earn my own living. I'd rather."

Before they could reply she ran out of the bank, leaving Uncle Clarence to apologize for her strange behavior, and the banker to answer Uncle Clarence that it was quite all right, he understood, the poor girl was young and had no idea of money, and she had undoubtedly received a great blow, just come back when she's more reasonable, glad to see you both any time.

Elizabeth was walking quickly along the street. She felt somehow strong and free, stronger and freer than she had felt since the day she had received that terrible telegram. All her senses were abruptly alert. She noticed that there was a tingle of spring in the air. People were walking fast, as if they had somewhere of importance to go. All of a sudden she stopped in front of a store window and said "Ah!"—not an audible exclamation, just the swift little catch of her breath that she would have given this time last year at the sight of a smart black hat with a red feather.

Her thrill was gone in an instant. She had time only to think, "Why, this is the first time I've noticed anything," before the tiredness was back on her and she was saying to herself, "What difference does it make what I wear now?" Looking up at the store front, she remembered that she had bought many hats here in the past. One afternoon she had called Arthur and told him to pick her up here on his way home. He had come in while she was still hesitating, and had made the choice for her—"Here's the one for you, Elizabeth, black with a red feather." She caught her breath again, but this time it was to stifle a sob, and she hurried home as fast as she could.

Once at home she sat down tensely, asking herself with a sense of desperation, "Can't I ever get away from this?" Then, suddenly, she became aware that in asking the question she had unconsciously, by the words she was using, provided the answer. She had to get away.

But though the answer had come, it was not clear. For a few moments this morning she had been exhilarated, until the hat with the feather had brought him back. What was it, she asked herself now, that had given her that brief bright sense of being alive again?

It was something that had happened at the bank. She had said she did not want to be paid for losing Arthur. No wonder they had heard her with such surprise, for on the face of it that was a foolish thing to say. Nobody could believe a war widow lost her self-respect by receiving a government pension. But her words had given her the impression of shaking off a burden. As she thought of it she remembered what else she had said. "I can earn my own living. I'd rather."

Naturally they had been startled. She knew no more about earning her own living than a child. The idea of such a possibility had never occurred to her before. She had spoken without thinking, and yet she had somehow been thinking of something much more vital than the source of her income. She sought to recall it, more than once drawing back, for the operation was too painful to be continued without pause, but at last she found what she was looking for. "I was thinking of something, not about a pension or about my going to work. Just for a minute I got a flash of it and it was like being waked up with a dash of cold water—I know—I was realizing that I didn't have to keep on being dependent on Arthur."

you're ever going to be anything better than a sick vegetable, you've got to learn to count on yourself. The only minute you've felt alive since you lost Arthur was the minute you said you didn't have to depend on him any more."

But as she walked around the house, or looked out at the sidewalk and its familiar trees, she knew more and more certainly that as long as she stayed within sight of these things she would continue to lean on her memory of him. She would be, not an individual, but Arthur's widow, a poor object standing around like something a traveler had forgotten to take with him on his journey. But if she turned down that pension and went to live in a strange environment it would mean she would have to take care of herself, no matter how much her resolution might waver. Her fists doubled up and her whole body tense with the effort, Elizabeth faced the necessity. She had to go. She was going.

She chose California because neither she nor Arthur had ever been



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there. Neither of them knew anybody who lived west of the Rockies, and there was nothing in California that would remind her of him. Once her decision was made she set about vigorously getting ready to leave Tulsa, doing everything briskly lest she be overwhelmed with the pain of parting. Her first act was to buy a ticket for Los Angeles. Having it there bolstered her determination on the occasions when she thought she could not go through with it. The ticket safely in her desk, she began deliberately to strip herself of the physical objects that linked her with Arthur. She had to do this, because if she had taken them with her she would simply have built up another home like this one, where she could not pick up any article of use without remembering that Arthur had touched it. She sold most of her household possessions, and what she could not sell she gave away. It was hard to do, but not as hard as it would have been to live among these reminders of her lost happiness. Her acquaintances were puzzled by her vehemence, and Aunt Grace was volubly shocked. They could not understand what she was doing, and believing like most other people that if they could not understand a matter it had no explanation, they said, "Who would have thought Elizabeth was so heartless?" Aunt Grace agreed sadly, and told them Elizabeth had not only sold the desk where Arthur had worked, but had even given his clothes to the Salvation Army. Oh well, said Uncle Clarence, Elizabeth was young, and the young were noted for their springing adaptability. But Aunt Grace shook her head. "She has no soul," said Aunt Grace. "And after all we've tried to do for her." Contemplation of Elizabeth's lack of soul sometimes moved Aunt Grace to tears.

Since it was useless to explain to Aunt Grace, Elizabeth kept quiet and went on doing what she had to do. If she was going to leave, the break had to be entire. There was no other way. She parted with everything except a few keepsakes too precious to be given into alien hands, but even these she packed in a covered box which she put underneath the clothes in her trunk when she took the train for Los Angeles.

As she crossed the continent she looked out with amazement at the immensity of her native land. No book of geography had given her any conception of such a pace. This, she told herself as she looked out at the cities, the ranches, the desert, this was what Arthur had died for. Every acre of it was a safe place where Americans could live in security. Watching the states go by, Elizabeth felt as if she was drawing strength from the strength of her country.

In Los Angeles she learned to typewrite, and took the first job that offered itself through the employment office of the business school. It happened to be a minor clerkship in a law office, where a large part of the business was concerned with the contracts of Hollywood actors. This was before the days of the great agencies, and actors were supposed to handle their own contracts with the advice of privately retained lawyers. Elizabeth's work was mostly routine, answering the telephone and copying legal documents, but the moving picture business was young and even her own small contact with its bounding growth was interesting enough to demand all her attention.

When she woke up in the morning she no longer faced the blankness of an empty day, and at night she was tired enough to go to sleep. She had an apartment consisting of one room with a bath and kitchenette. With the other girls in the office she talked about the immediate affairs of the day. She never talked about Arthur. They had not known him and could not be interested in him, and this was the reason why she had come to California.

As for the men in the office, they might have been sexless for all the thought she gave them. The first time one of them asked her to have dinner with him she felt startled, with a curious under-feeling of resentment; but it was the most ordinary sort of invitation from a friendly young fellow who disliked eating alone, and she accepted, though still with a sense of strangeness. But they had a pleasant evening, talking about nothing more personal than the bad temper of their boss and the unreasonableness of all actors, and when she came back to her apartment she looked at herself in the glass thinking, "I do believe I'm getting normal again."

She was getting normal again; she could feel it, like the return of equilibrium after dizziness. Her fellow-workers liked her and she was beginning to enjoy their companionship. When she got a promotion and a raise she felt a justification of herself that was real delight. As her job in the office brought her into contact with a great many employees of the moving picture industry, her acquaintance increased and with it her invitations. She lost her sense of strangeness at going about with men who were not Arthur. There were plenty of them to go out with, and there was nothing unpleasant in discovering again that she was an attractive woman. She did not try to pretend to herself that she was happy, but she was not unhappy either. There were still hours when she ached for Arthur, but she was grateful for what she had.

She had been in California two years when she met Spratt Herlong.

Spratt worked in a studio publicity department. It was sometimes necessary for him to visit the office where Elizabeth was employed, to get information about screen players under contract to his company. The girls in the office liked him, because while he was always friendly he never stared meaningfully at their legs while he talked to them, or sat on their desks killing time that they would have to make up by staying an extra hour to finish the day's assignment. Though she had not been long in Hollywood, Elizabeth had already had sufficient experience of both these habits to appreciate the lack of them. She observed also that Spratt worked hard and got results in the form of a great deal of magazine and newspaper space for the actresses he was paid to publicize, and her own brief career in the business world had taught her to admire anybody who concentrated his attention on doing his job well.

As Spratt was invariably good-humored and reasonable in his requests—in contrast to some of his colleagues, who were too impressed with ideas of their own importance to take the trouble of being either pleasant or reasonable with office clerks—she responded by giving him all the assistance she could, even when it meant extra effort on her part. Spratt was grateful, and proved it not only by telling her so but by sending her tickets to premieres, coming by to drive her home in the evening, or calling up for lunch or dinner. Elizabeth liked him increasingly. Before long she found herself hoping, when she started for work in the morning, that there would be a call from him to enliven her day.

Spratt was very unlike Arthur. Later, Elizabeth thought that one reason for her immediate pleasure in his company had been that he roused her interest without at the same time rousing her memories. Spratt was terse, practical and coolly ambitious. He liked the moving picture business and intended to be successful in it. His expectation had no elements of uncertainty—he was matter-of-fact about it as a man who walks toward a chosen destination with the purpose of reaching it. Elizabeth had no doubt of his getting what he wanted. Spratt knew his trade, though he had never done anything in a studio more important than direct publicity build-ups.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# Dirndl Skirt and Peasant Blouse Costume Delights Teen-Agers

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



OF ALL the smart fashions for young girls, nothing can eclipse the endearing charms, the witchery and the flattery of the picturesque dirndl-skirt and peasant blouse costumes which teen-agers take such delight in wearing. All through summer and midseason and on into the fall these gay little twosomes will stand at the top as the fashionable for girls.

It seems as if these quaint peasant costumes are prettier and more eye-thrilling than ever before. The skirts give play to unfettered imagination, for no matter how daring their colorfulness or their fabric, they have eye-appeal plus. The more they go a la Mexicano or ballerino style the better.

The blouses worn with them are of the lovely sweet-simplicity type that simply fascinate with their refreshingly naive and ingenuous look. They have everything about them that makes a pretty girl look her prettiest. The lingerie types made of dainty white sheers with their low cut drawstring necklines, or with ribbon-threaded beading about the neck and the sprightly short puff sleeves, fascinate with their cunning ways. Often the peasant look is accented with trimmings of gay embroidered banding. Others of the sheerer type are exquisitely but very daintily lace trimmed.

An adorable peasant skirt and blouse by Ballerino of California is shown to the left in the illustration. High artistry is seen in the beautifully styled black skirt with its brilliant band trimming, formed of multi-color imported Guatemalan braid together with tiny white fringe. Double rows of Irish lace add to the witchery of this dainty sheer and lovely fine batiste blouse. One of the many charms of this exquisite model is that it can be worn either in the exciting off-the-shoulder effect or be adjusted at will to a more conservative neckline.

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To make you look as cool as an ice-cream soda top your flower-fresh print skirt with a white voile, cap-sleeve, U-neck blouse cut along the lines of a simplicity pattern, for the glory of these winsome peasant blouses is their dramatic simplicity. With her pretty-pretty print dirndl and peasant blouse costume, the dancing girl to the right wears that which is latest in footwear—authentic ballet slippers. To further carry out the ballerino spirit, draw your hair to the top of your head either tying a ribbon about your coronet of curls or encircling it with a wreath of flowers, or a single large flower according to preference.

In the twosome centered in the trio the order has been reversed, in that blouse is of print worn with a black skirt. However, the simplicity theme holds good, for the charm of these winsome blouses is that they be made as simply as possible. This fashion-wise maiden is also wearing ballet slippers which she finds are available at the stores in either black or bright red.

Girls who know their fashions are having lots of fun making their own peasant-inspired dirndls and simple blouses. Just the fact that it requires so little material and so little time to run up the seams, turn up a hem and add a belt and presto! another dirndl, has caused these becoming little twosomes to become the mainstay among girls whose clothes budget is limited. These smart lassies buy up the most attractive remnants imaginable of permanent glaze chintz or gay flower print or spun rayon or any likable material and they run up a dirndl in a jiffy. These enterprising amateur sewers find too it's a good idea to lay in a quantity of bright ric rac, for it makes the perfect trimming for dirndl-and-blouse play clothes.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

# For Beach and Swim Pastel Cottons for Back-to-School Wear



Now is the big moment for beach dresses and swim suits. Here is a beauty in way of a swim and beach ensemble. The material used is an everfast pre-shrunk waffle pique printed in horseshoe pattern. The bra and skirt are prettily ruffled for self-fabric ruffling is considered one of the smartest trimming features this season. For the swim suit as shown in the inset the printed pique has to be elasticated to be ready for water and sun.

Women who are fashion-wise have come to know that pretty pastel cottons are just as practical and as much-to-be-desired for little girls' back-to-school clothes as they were at the springtime of the year. Who wants to go to school on a hot September day in other than a cool and refreshing wash frock. If it be a bit cool in the morning children are wearing the cutest little toppers imaginable tailored of pastel wools. This year there's a definite movement on in favor of pastel cottons for back-to-school wear. Even the beloved plaid gingham have gone pastel, and they're ever so smart and pretty for little girl's frocks. The new light-colored cottons for school wear include pastel-ground plaids, also checks and clean-cut white stripes on pink or blue chambray.

# Color Parade for Fall Features Plum, Ruby Red

Among the new colors we'll be seeing much of in the near future comes a deep dark plum tone. A soft ruby red is also noted as one of the new colors of the year. White wine, the shade which got such a good start for spring is featured again in the new collections. Gray continues to carry on with style prestige. Royal blue is a novelty shade that still appears in many top collections, usually contrasted with black. Chutney brown is a rich lively brown that is given an important place in the mode. Beige is a quality color that has a big future. It looks like the autumn will be richly colorful.

# Curly-Headed Dolly In a Cute Pinafore



THE lucky little "mother" of this curly-headed rag doll will be the envy of her playmates. Dolly's plump arms and legs are movable.

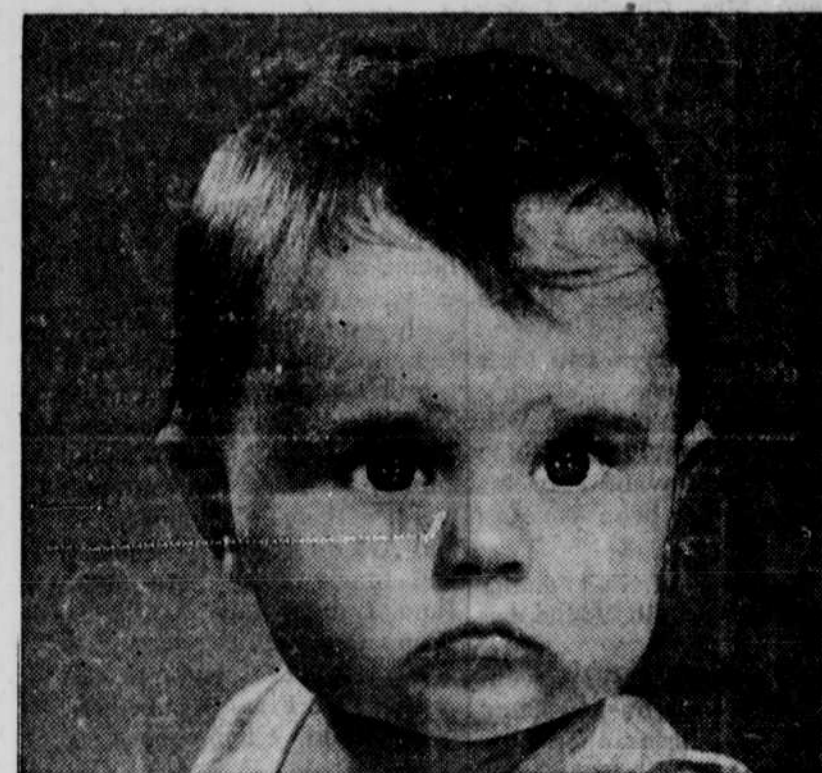
This cute 15-inch rag doll has embroidered features, yarn curls. Easy to make. Pattern 7077 has pattern, directions for doll, clothes.

Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept.  
564 W. Randolph St. Chicago 86, Ill.  
Enclose 16 cents for Pattern.  
No. \_\_\_\_\_  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

# Tiniest Monkey

So small are the Brazilian marmosets—world's tiniest monkeys—two adults of the species could be held in the palm of a man's hand. Full-grown marmosets are only 7 inches long.

FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM  
**STIFF JOINTS and BRUISES**  
Muscular Aches and Pains • Sprains • Strains  
What you NEED is  
**SLOAN'S LINIMENT**



# The World, the Peace and Andy Gribbin

An important thing about Andy Gribbin's education is that his whole early life is spent in learning the essential business of co-operation, of getting along with fellow-beings.

First, he has to learn how to fit into his immediate family, learn the give-and-take necessary to get along with brothers, sisters, elders.

Then, after a few years, his world enlarges, he is sent to school. Pretty soon he learns how to spell C-A-T. But about this same time he learns something much more valuable, which is that he mustn't pull the cat's tail because a cat is a being, and therefore entitled to certain inalienable rights.

He also learns that 1 plus 1 equals 2. But much more useful is learning that 48 equals 1, that 48 states make 1 nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

As Andy grows up his world will continually expand. At church, at school, in business. And through it all will run the theme of cooperation, of getting along with people of different beliefs, political and economic beliefs; with people some of whom he doesn't even like.

But—the tragedy of world

**Kool-Aid**  
Makes 10 BIG DRINKS  
6 Delicious FLAVORS Kool-Aid 53

—Buy War Savings Bonds—

**SNAPPY FACTS**  
about RUBBER

Tires which were introduced to the public eighteen months before Pearl Harbor, to waken the nation to the necessity of mass production of synthetic rubber, were created after fourteen years of intensive research in synthetic rubber by E. F. Goodrich.

The Japs are reported to have reversed the process for making rubber out of oil and are making gasoline and oil out of natural rubber.

One of the largest tire repair shops overseas, operated by the Ordnance Tire Repair Company in Italy, turns out 534 repaired and recapped tires per day.

In war or peace  
**B.F. Goodrich**  
FIRST IN RUBBER

FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM  
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Muscular Aches and Pains • Sprains • Strains  
What you NEED is  
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# The World, the Peace and Andy Gribbin

history is that the Andy Gribbins have not learned that in a constantly shrinking world, co-operation must extend beyond the borders of the country; that just as it is necessary to get along with neighbors and neighbor states, so is it necessary to get along with neighbor nations.

And today, with no spot on earth more than sixty hours away by plane, with oceans shrunk to the width of rivers, with the age of rocket-travel upon us, all nations are neighbor nations.

There are hopeful signs that finally we are awake to this.

Even so, a lack of determination, of responsibility, of effort could again ruin the peace and set the stage for World War 3.

What can you do to help make sure that war will never come? You can . . .

First, get and keep yourself informed about the specific proposals for peace and international cooperation which are now before us.

Second, interest your friends in these questions. Get them discussed in groups to which you belong.

Third, write what you think to your Congressman and Senators, to your newspaper. Declare yourself.

(PREPARED BY THE WAR ADVERTISING COUNCIL)