

Tomorrow is Forever

by GWEN BRISTOW

THE STORY THUS FAR: Spratt Herlong, motion picture producer, met and married Elizabeth, whose first husband, Arthur Kittredge, was reported killed in World War I, but who later appeared in Hollywood and went to work with Spratt. Under the name of Kessler, he was not recognized and became a good friend of the Herlongs. Kessler told Elizabeth, Cherry and Dick about conditions in Nazi Germany which resulted in the suicide of Margaret's parents. Dick went to see Kessler to get his advice and to tell him just how he could convince his folks that he must go into the war. They had a long talk, during which Kessler explained to Dick what caused wars, and the result if a country did not defend itself.

CHAPTER XX

Dick announced to his parents that he was not going to finish this year at UCLA, and not going to wait at home until he was eighteen. He was going to join the Marines right now, if they'd have him.

Spratt told him to go ahead. "This is one place where you've got to make up your own mind," he said. "I'm not going to boss you."

To her own surprise, Elizabeth was able to answer him steadily. If it had to happen, it had to happen. She said, "Go ahead, Dick. It's all right with me."

"Thanks," Dick said shortly. But he stood there, evidently wanting to say more. After a moment he pulled up a chair with his foot and sat straddling it. "I was talking to Kessler the other day," he began. "He told me a lot about the war, and all that. He said he thought I ought to tell you—" He hesitated.

"Tell us what, Dick?" Spratt prompted him.

"Well—about making you understand that I didn't want to join the Marines just because I was excited or anything like that. About why this war is something we've got to do. You know it's got to be done, don't you?"

"Yes, we know it's got to be done," Spratt answered decisively. "I don't mind saying I'm sorry you've got to do it, Dick. But since you've got to, I'm glad you want to."

"And this war's got to be different from the last one," Dick persisted. "This time we've got to finish it, not leave everything up in the air the way it was before. You understand that too, don't you?" He looked at Elizabeth.

"Oh yes!" she exclaimed fervently. "I'm not very good at praying, but I feel like going down on my knees a dozen times a day to ask, 'Oh God, make this one different!'"

"That's a coward's prayer," Dick blurted rudely.

"Why—what do you mean?" "I mean it is. Honestly, I've got a lot of things straight I never had before. Kessler didn't say just this, but I mean—well," he said defiantly, "just asking God to make this one different is being like some squash-bottomed middle-aged dame eating chocolates and prying, 'Please God, don't let me get fat.' God answered her prayer when he gave her brains enough to know candy would make her fat. The rest is up to her. If this war is going to be different we've got to make it be different—don't you see? It's up to us. Unconditional surrender, and then go on from there. Don't you see what I mean?"

He spoke with a pleading earnestness. His parents were hearing him in astonishment. They had never heard Dick talk like this before.

But instead of trying to evade it he had tried to understand it, and now, in halting sentences full of cliches and schoolboy colloquialisms, he was trying to make them understand it too.

"Well, I didn't figure it out all by myself. I'm not that smart. But in times like this, you do like to know what you're doing." Dick stood up and kicked his chair aside. "I guess you do understand," he said, and gave them a grin that was half embarrassed and half relieved.

Elizabeth came over to him. "Yes, we do. Go ahead, Dick. I mean it." She took his face between her hands and kissed him. It was the first kiss she had given him in a long time, and he kissed her back without minding it.

Early in March Dick and his friend Pudge went down to enlist in the Marines.

Elizabeth was in her room writing checks for the month's bills when he telephoned her.

"Mother!"

"Yes, Dick? What happened? Tell me!"

"Mother, they took me!"

"This is your chance, Elizabeth," she was telling herself. "Do it right!"

"Oh Dick, they did really? I knew they would!"

"They took us both, me and Pudge both! He's phoning his folks now. They took us both, mother!"

"After all, how could they help it? As if they wouldn't be proud to get you."

"Well, I sort of thought they'd take me, but you know how it is. They said there was nothing wrong with me, and gosh, by this time they'd sure know if there was. You never heard of such an overhauling as they gave us. There's nothing wrong with your son, Mrs. Herlong."

Dick banged up the phone. Elizabeth heard the click and replaced her phone for a moment, then picked it up and dialed the studio. "Ex-

tension 269, please," she said. "Lydia? This is Elizabeth Herlong. May I speak to my husband? Spratt, this is Elizabeth. Dick just called from downtown. He's passed his physical. They took him."

"They did? Sure, I knew they would. Nothing wrong with Dick." He hesitated an instant. "And you?"

"Fine."

"You mean it, don't you? You sound like it."

"Of course I mean it. I'm all right, Spratt."

He laughed softly. "Good. Keep it up."

Dick left for boot-camp. Elizabeth was not sure what either she or Spratt had said to him. There was a great deal of "Lucky it's only a Sunday sometimes." And Dick, "Wait till you see me in a GI haircut. Won't know me." Spratt shook hands with him, grinning in spite of a faint mist about his eyes. Elizabeth kissed him goodby. As she did so, Dick whispered to her, "You

two are swell. Tell the boss I said so. Some of these mothers—the scenes they do put on! You wouldn't believe it."

It was an accolade. They got into the car to go home, knowing Elizabeth had done it well.

They got home. Kessler said to her, "Don't stay up to entertain me, Mrs. Herlong. I'll wait in the garden, by the pool."

Elizabeth said good night, and went upstairs while Spratt drove over to the Sterns. In her room she looked at herself in the mirror. Her face looked back at her, strangely ordinary. She had to speak to him now. It might be more sensible to wait till tomorrow, to be alone first and do some thinking. She could go to bed, and when Spratt came in she could pretend to be asleep; he would stop by her room, glance in a moment, and tiptoe to his own without disturbing her. That might be better. But she could not wait. That man in the garden was Arthur and she had to tell him she knew it.

She went downstairs through the quiet house, out of the back door into the garden. Kessler was there, but apparently he did not hear her footsteps on the grass.

He was sitting with his back to her, relaxed comfortably in a deck chair by the pool, where a moon in its first quarter threw a faint rippling trail of light. The garden was cool and full of fragrance. Elizabeth halted a few feet behind him.

It seemed to her that it took him a long time to speak, though when she remembered the scene later she thought it might have seemed so because she was too distraught to have a sense of time. He only said,

"Were you looking for someone, Mrs. Herlong?"

For an instant she could not answer. That voice of his—that she could have heard it so often and not have known!

When she did not answer, he said, "There is no one but me in the garden."

Elizabeth came toward him, and walked around to the edge of the pool so she could face his chair.

"Stop this nonsense," she exclaimed. "I'm looking for you and you know I am. Arthur—why did you lie to me? Why didn't you come back before?"

She was looking at his face, but she could not see his expression. Even the faint moonlight came from behind him. Again it seemed to her it took him a long time to answer.

"Mrs. Herlong," he said, "you are making a puzzling mistake. I don't know what you are talking about."

"You don't know!" she repeated. "Of course you know. Stop this, won't you?"

"Stop what?"

"It might have been her fancy, or it might have been agitation on his part, or merely his German accent, but his words sounded so thick she could barely understand them."

"I didn't know you before," she exclaimed. "All of a sudden tonight I knew. Arthur, please, please stop it!"

"Mrs. Herlong—" he began, but she interrupted him.

"Why don't you call me Elizabeth? You know me well enough!" She began to laugh, and checked herself.

"Don't tell me I'm under a strain from Dick's going away, or that I've had too much to drink. They're both true, but they don't matter right now. Maybe it took that to stir up all the old memories that suddenly tonight showed me who you were. So stop this idiotic pretense, can't you?"

Elizabeth did not know it, but her own talking had given him time to get control of his emotions. Kessler was thinking now that all the time he had been assuring himself that she would not recognize him, he must have been unconsciously expecting this, for he was more ready for it than he knew. His fierce grip on himself made his voice very low when he replied,

"Mrs. Herlong, I repeat that I don't know what you are talking about. You think I am somebody else. My name is Erich Kessler."

"Your name is no more Erich Kessler than mine is. Please, please—I can't bear this! Tell me the truth!"

"I can't tell you more than I've told you," he answered.

"Listen to me," she exclaimed. "You are Arthur Kittredge, you were born in Chicago, you came to Tulsa, Oklahoma, as a research chemist for the Lerith Oil Company, in 1916 you married a girl named Elizabeth McPherson, in 1917 you joined the army—don't tell me you have forgotten!"

Kessler's answer, when he spoke, was like the answers he had given her that other time they had sat outside in the dark talking to each other—steady, rigidly controlled, his only evidence of agitation that restless poking at the grass with his stick.

"I have not forgotten," he said. Elizabeth sprang up. "Then you do remember me, Arthur!"

"No," he returned quickly. "Sit down, Mrs. Herlong." He spoke so forcefully that she obeyed him. "You interrupted me," he went on. "I was about to say I have not forgotten anything that happened to me before the war. My name is Erich Kessler, I was born in Berlin. I was in this country many years ago, but I was never in Tulsa, Oklahoma, in my life, and I never saw you until your husband brought me here for dinner one night last October. Now believe me. I spoke to her earnestly. Elizabeth sat listening, half convinced by his insistence. 'You told me,' he continued, 'that I reminded you of someone you had once known, and you couldn't remember who it was. Now you have remembered; something about me—I don't know what, since I never saw him—calls your first husband to mind. Tonight, under a great strain, you suddenly realize who it is I recall to you, and your surprise is so great that you are even persuaded not only that I have some traits in common with that man, but that I am that man.' He paused a moment, then resumed his argument. 'Talk to me about it now, if that will be any relief to you. But there is one thing I beg of you.'

"What?" she asked breathlessly.

"Don't say anything to your husband about this."

"Good heavens above, you sound as if I were a lady in a crinoline!" She heard herself beginning to laugh again, and again made herself stop. "Do you think I'm sitting here aghast at the notion that my second marriage isn't legal, that my children—I'm not such a fool as that. There's nothing wrong with my present marriage, Arthur. You're legally dead, the United States Government says you are, they even wanted to pay me a pension. That has nothing to do with it. But you're you."

"Yes, I am me," he returned with an attempt at lightness. "But I am not that other man."

"Then where did you get his eyes, his voice, his mind? I know you, Arthur. I loved you, I was married to you—"

"You were nothing of the sort," he interrupted her harshly. "And if you don't get this illusion out of your mind you're going to be miserable the rest of your life. There is nothing I can do but deny it—no, there is something more I can do, and I'll promise you to do it."

"What else?"

"I'll go away. You'll never be troubled by me again. If I had dreamed this was going to happen no power on earth could have brought me here to destroy your peace. If you say the word, I'll go tonight."

"No!" she cried. "That won't change anything."

"Very well," said Kessler. "But you will make me a promise too."

"What is it?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Farm Topics

Don't Rob Calves of Essential Food

First Milk Necessary For Proper Development

"Nature intended that the calves should get all the colostrum (first milk) because this colostrum is 10 times as rich in protective substances as normal milk," the dairy cattle committee of the American



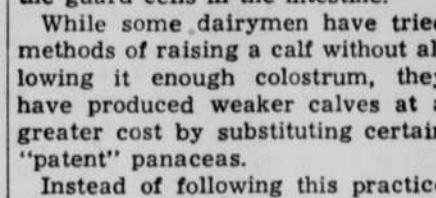
Don't rob the calf of all the colostrum.

Veterinary Medical association recently reported.

Unfortunately, the dairyman has interfered with nature to such an extent that few calves get enough colostrum to meet this need. It becomes necessary to feed vitamins in concentrated, or even in pure form. Vitamin A deficiency in a calf causes watery eyes, a cough, pneumonia and scours. Vitamin B deficiency leads to flabby muscles and digestive stagnation. Vitamin C is needed for the proper function of the guard cells in the intestine.

While some dairymen have tried methods of raising a calf without allowing it enough colostrum, they have produced weaker calves at a greater cost by substituting certain "patent" panaceas.

Instead of following this practice every effort should be made to encourage the calf to secure all of the "first milk" possible.



Twine Ball Holder

- Ball of Twine
- Twine
- Board
- Hole
- Sickle Section
- Staple
- Studding

Cage for the Twine Ball and Cutter

By use of one-inch boards as shown in illustration and a sharp-edged sickle section, a time saver for twine ball and cutter can be erected quickly at little cost.

More Weed Chemicals

Success of chemical killing of weeds gives promise that this method will continue to grow in popularity. Michigan State college has found that dilute sulfuric acid may be used in onion to eliminate 75 per cent of the hand labor ordinarily used. Use of oils and other materials in carrots has met with considerable success.

Hogs' Health Can Be Aided by Use of DDT



The pigpens as well as the pigs themselves get DDT applications to stop the fly nuisance.

The outstanding advantages of DDT would appear to be (1) its convenience of application and (2) its lethal action on bloodsucking species, such as the stablefly and hornfly which will not normally enter a fly trap.

Tests have proven that when sprayed on hogs the raw patches caused by stablefly will disappear within a week and no further injury of this nature was noticed throughout the balance of the season.



DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME WE'RE HAVING PHASIANIDAE GALLUS AGAIN?

Washing Woodwork

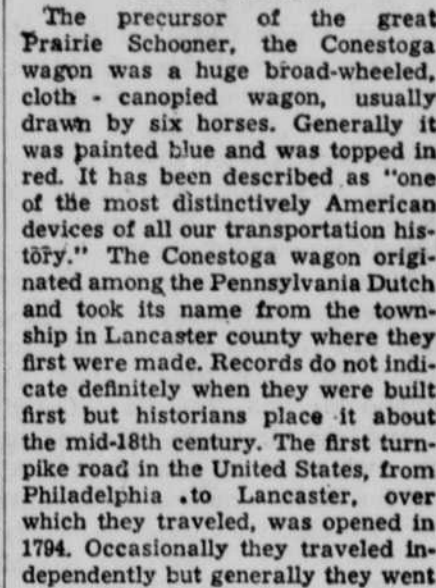
When washing woodwork, use dry suds from whipped soap jelly to prevent streaking walls. Use a strip of cardboard to protect the wall next to door frames and baseboards from getting splashed.

Celery Soup

Chopped celery tops flavor roasts, stews, bread stuffings. To make a base for cream of celery soup, combine celery tops with coarse ends of celery, cover with water and cook until soft.

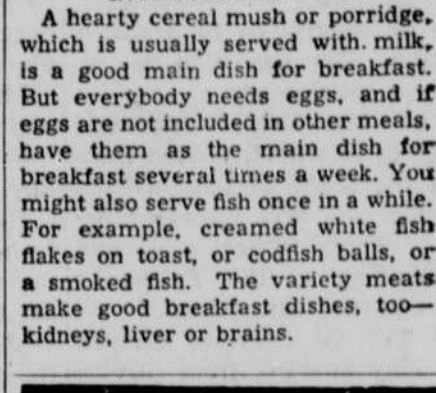
Conestoga Wagon

The precursor of the great Prairie Schooner, the Conestoga wagon was a huge broad-wheeled, cloth-canopied wagon, usually drawn by six horses. Generally it was painted blue and was topped in red. It has been described as "one of the most distinctively American devices of all our transportation history." The Conestoga wagon originated among the Pennsylvania Dutch and took its name from the township in Lancaster county where they first were made. Records do not indicate definitely when they were built first but historians place it about the mid-18th century. The first turnpike road in the United States, from Philadelphia to Lancaster, over which they traveled, was opened in 1794. Occasionally they traveled independently but generally they went westward in caravans.



Good Breakfast Dish

A hearty cereal mush or porridge, which is usually served with milk, is a good main dish for breakfast. But everybody needs eggs, and if eggs are not included in other meals, have them as the main dish for breakfast several times a week. You might also serve fish once in a while. For example, creamed white fish flakes on toast, or codfish balls, or a smoked fish. The variety meats make good breakfast dishes, too—kidneys, liver or brains.



Black Leaf 40 KILLS LICE JUST A DASH IN FEATHERS... OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS

That Nagging Backache

May Warn of Disordered Kidney Action

Modern life with its hurry and worry, irregular habits, improper eating and drinking—its risk of exposure and infection—throws heavy strain on the work of the kidneys. They are apt to become over-taxed and fail to filter excess acid and other impurities from the life-giving blood.

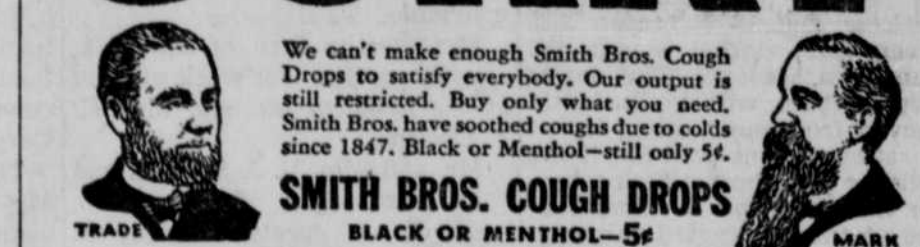
You may suffer nagging backache, headache, dizziness, getting up nights, leg pains, swelling—feet constantly tired, nervous, all worn out. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

Try Doan's Pills. Doan's help the kidneys to pass off harmful excess body waste. They have had more than half a century of public approval. Are recommended by grateful users everywhere. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

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SMITH BROS. COUGH DROPS BLACK OR MENTHOL—5¢

The Advertisements Mean a Saving to You



LIGHTER MOMENTS with fresh Eveready Batteries

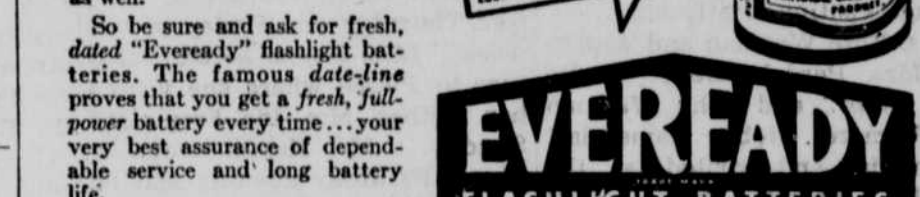


"Clancy, I think you done that on purpose!"

At LAST—you can buy all the fresh, dated "Eveready" flashlight batteries you need! Your dealer has them now, in the size that fits your flashlight.

Naturally, they're still on the job with the Armed Forces—but there are plenty for civilian use, as well.

So be sure and ask for fresh, dated "Eveready" flashlight batteries. The famous date-line proves that you get a fresh, full-power battery every time... your very best assurance of dependable service and long battery life.



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Back from war! Fast-Acting FLEISCHMANN'S Gets to Work in Minutes!

● Fast Rising Fleischmann's Dry Yeast is here! IF YOU BAKE AT HOME—you'll cheer this quick-acting baking discovery that stays full-strength, potent for weeks on your pantry shelf... lets you turn out delicious bread quickly—at a moment's notice.

No more being "caught short" on baking day without yeast in the house

... no spoiled dough because yeast weakened before you could use it. With Fleischmann's Fast Rising, you can start baking any time—finish baking in "jig time." Just dissolve according to directions on the package—in a few minutes it's ready for action.

Get Fast Rising Fleischmann's Dry Yeast today. At your grocer's.

VICTORY BONDS! Now's the time to buy them