

CURRENT FICTION

A Brave Man

By VIC YARDMAN

(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

LOIS wanted to scream. But she didn't. Girls brought up on western ranches amid rough, crude surroundings aren't supposed to scream when mad bulls charge at them. Besides, Kent might have thought she was frightened.

She looked at Kent now, standing there beside her, tall and straight. She looked at him and saw that his lips were white. She knew that he was scared—remembered in that instant that all dudes were supposed to be scared of wild bulls. She half expected him to run. But he didn't. And then suddenly he stepped in front of her, as if somehow he thought of shielding her from those piercing horns.

It was a pitiful attempt, would have seemed laughable had the situation been less serious. Lois looked around a little wildly, and then she remembered Jack. Jack had gone for the horses. And suddenly he appeared, galloping into the clearing at its other end, bellowing low over the neck of his gray.

Lois caught her breath. It was a frightfully thrilling scene; Jack, a glamorous figure, riding to her rescue. The bull had its head down, hence wasn't expecting the attack. But even if it had known, it wouldn't have mattered. For Jack had won laurels bulldogging wild steers.

It was all over in record time. The bull lay prostrate almost at her feet. And after a minute Jack got up, grinning at her boyishly. And then



Yes, Jack was her kind of man.

the bull staggered to its feet and lumbered away, glad to disregard its mission of a moment before.

Lois gushed profusely and Jack swaggered a bit and invited more gushing. Then suddenly they remembered Kent, and looked at him. Surprisingly there was admiration in his blue eyes.

"Good work, Dunn," he said, and extended his hand. "Darned lucky for us both you were around."

Jack turned back to Lois. He didn't seem to notice Kent's outstretched hand. And Lois knew a flash of anger because of his rudeness; but the flash was nothing more. It passed, and then she was telling Jack all over again what a hero he was.

The trail was pretty narrow along the way home, hardly wide enough for three to ride abreast. Kent found himself alone most of the time.

The incident back there in the clearing had sort of cleared things up for Lois.

Yes, Jack was her kind of man. Once she had hoped he wouldn't be. She had thought then she wanted a man like Kent Whittaker. A good-looking, cultured, educated man. A man born of the cities. A man who liked to read good books, appreciated good music, a man who knew and understood something besides whether or not a cow had colic and what to do about it.

That's why she had invited Kent out to the ranch—to compare him with Jack. Jack had loved her all his life. A man who did things with his hands and wasn't afraid of a single thing. A man's man.

She had to decide between them. For Kent loved her, too. He had told her so, that evening six months ago at the Hilton Club back in Boston. She had been spending a vacation there with an aunt.

She thought she loved him then, too. She was glad now she had waited. For after comparing him with Jack she knew the cultured voice and fine manners and abundance of knowledge didn't mean a thing when it came to saving her life.

She didn't like the way Jack had acted since Kent's arrival. He was a little too scornful of the easterner's efforts to adapt himself to the unusual life he had come to. He never complimented; held himself somewhat aloof, occasionally made some insulting remark that brought the blood rushing into Kent's cheeks. But Kent never lost his temper. He always smiled and didn't seem to let Jack's remarks bother him.

Lois wondered now if that were because Kent was afraid. Afraid of Jack. It must be. Well, she was glad now she knew.

They were nearing the ranch, and the trail was wider. Kent was coming up beside them, and Jack was looking at him with that scornful little smile on his lips. Lois glanced at Kent and saw that his mouth was white again. She was faintly disgusted to think he couldn't have

Fanaticus Americanus

The word "fan" comes from fanatic, which means, roughly, a guy who is frantically enthusiastic about something or other. As an enthusiast the American fan is second to none. The fan's act is as much a part of the game as anything which goes on inside the playing field. We introduce to you here some of the more rabid of the breed that happened to catch the eye of the camera.

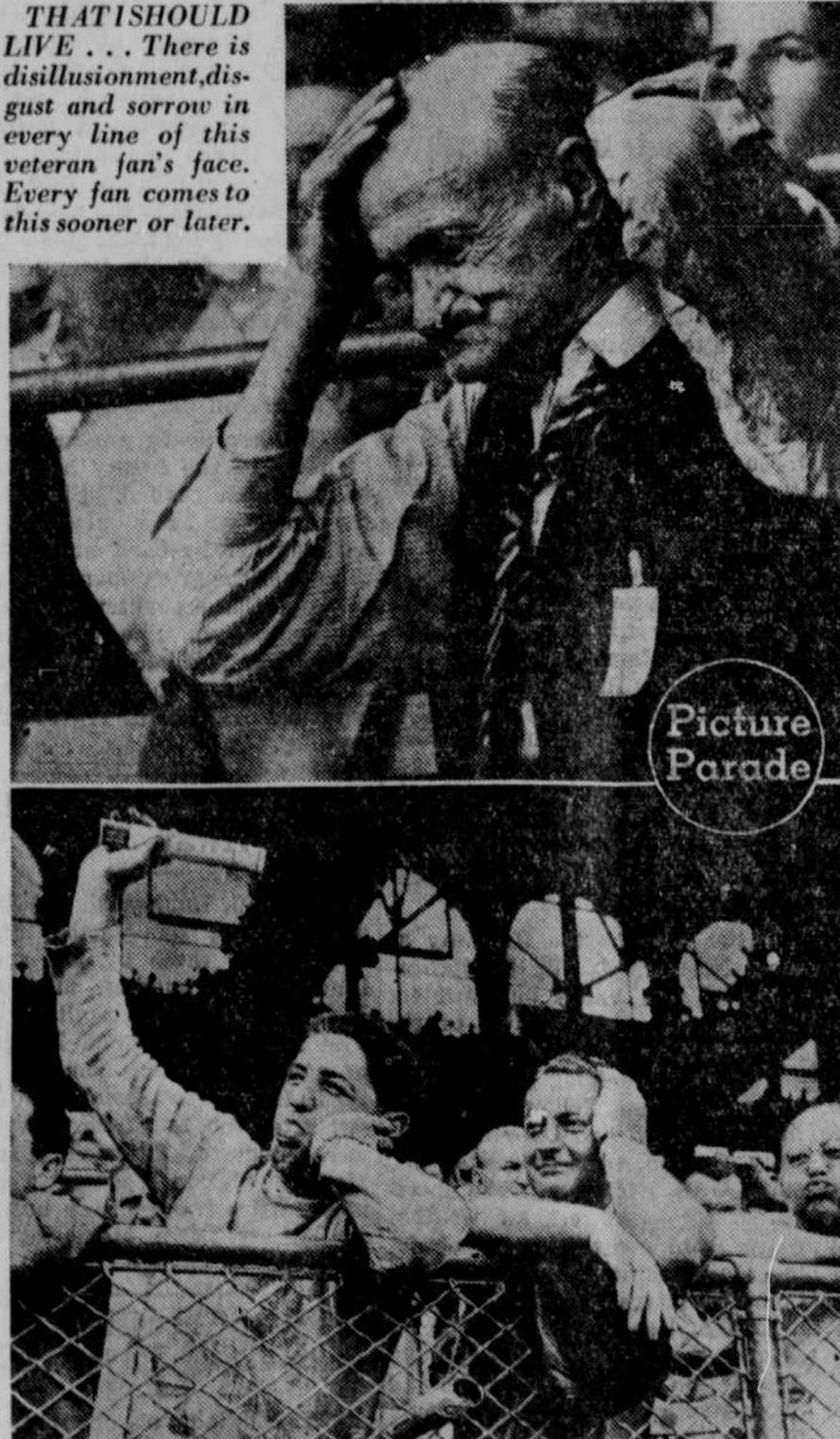


If you wish to see the fan of fans go to Brooklyn. These Dodgerites tell Cincinnati Reds how they feel about it. Right: This lady fan does her razzing musically.



This midshipman gives all his lungpower for the navy during a game against the Columbia university Lions.

THAT IS SHOULD LIVE . . . There is disillusionment, disgust and sorrow in every line of this veteran fan's face. Every fan comes to this sooner or later.



The gents at the right and left are giving the "Bronx cheer," and the man in the center seems to be too full for words.

Expensive Jaywalking

If in the near future you see a Chicago policeman carrying a knapsack, don't be alarmed. He is not carrying his lunch with him and neither is he carrying a gun in it. What he probably will have in the knapsack is a supply of picture folders displaying the dangers of jaywalking. If the Chicago City council goes through with its intentions of printing 200,000 such folders, police will hand one to each violator. The jaywalking ordinance, if passed, will include a fine of from \$1 to \$200, after the education period.



Historical Highlights

by Elmo Scott Watson

(Released by Western Newspaper Union)

America's Troubadour

ON JULY 4, 1776, a group of men meeting in Philadelphia ushered into the world a new nation—the United States of America.

On July 4, 1826, in another Pennsylvania city, occurred another notable event in American history. For at noon on that day the ninth child of William B. and Eliza Foster was ushered into the world to the tune of "Hail Columbia," "Yankee Doodle," "Hail to the Chief" and "The Star Spangled Banner," played by blaring bands as Pittsburgh celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

No one there could have realized it then, but this child was destined to become "America's Troubadour" and to write the songs which were to be closest to the hearts of the nation whose birthday was also his birthday. For he was Stephen Collins Foster.

As a gay young blade of 19 in Pittsburgh, Foster had a half dozen boon companions, youths of his own age, who met regularly twice a week to sing at Stephen's home. They brought their banjos and guitars with them, and called themselves the "Knights of the Square Table." It was for this group that Foster wrote many of his finest and earliest songs.

For one of them Foster received \$100, an event which determined his career for him. "Imagine my delight in receiving \$100 in cash!" he wrote later. "Though this song was not successful, yet the two \$50 bills I



STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER
(From the portrait by Thomas Hicks, 1852)

received for it had the effect of starting me on my vocation."

Then E. P. Christy, head of Christy's Minstrels, asked him to write a song for him to sing before it was published and the result was the world-famous "Old Folks at Home" or, as it is more familiarly known, "Suwanee River." By permitting Christy to sign his name instead of Foster's to this song, the composer obtained an advance of \$15. Later he received more than \$2,000 in royalties from its sales but he had a great deal of difficulty in establishing his authorship because Christy copyrighted it in his own name.

The decade 1850 to 1860 was Stephen Foster's heyday. In 1850 he was married to Jane McDowell. In 1852 he wrote "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground"; began efforts to have himself acknowledged as the rightful author of "Old Folks at Home," and with his wife took that memorable steamboat trip to New Orleans, the rich fruit of which was to be the song, "My Old Kentucky Home."

But Foster's married life was not a happy one. He and his wife lived for a few years with Stephen's family in Pittsburgh, then moved to New York. There the composer yielded more and more to the temptation of strong drink until at last his wife left him, mainly because she had to earn a living for herself and their child, Marion.

Foster died on January 13, 1864, in Bellevue, a charity hospital in New York city. In his clothes they found a small purse containing 38 cents and a slip of paper with five penciled words on it. They were "Dear friends and gentle hearts." Says John Tasker Howard in his biography of Foster:

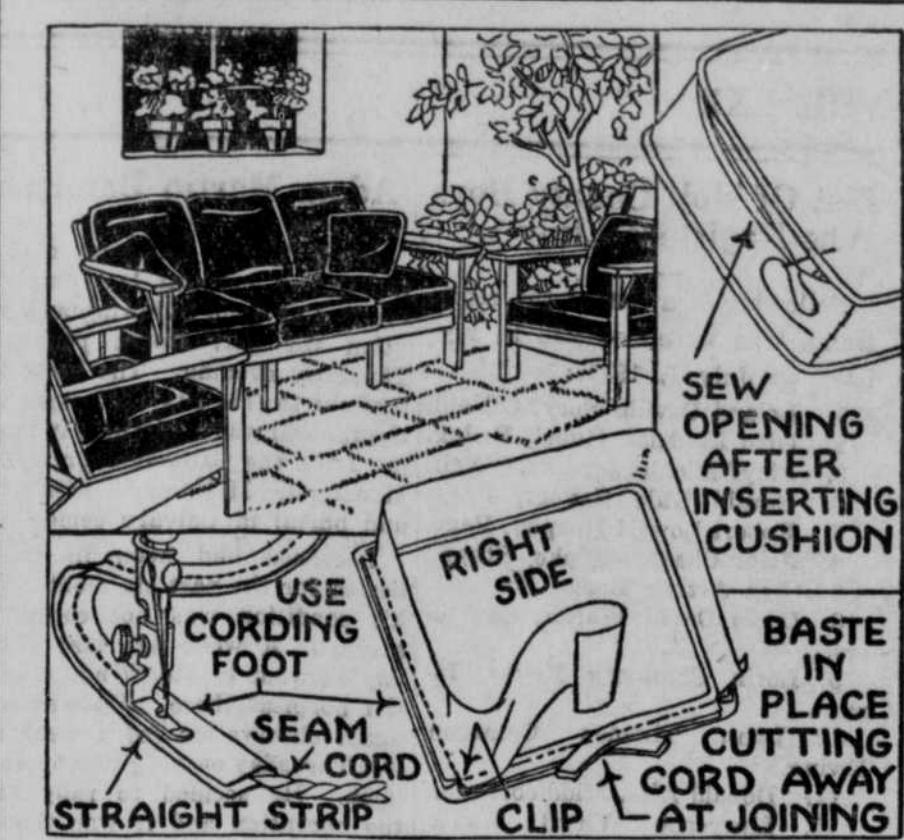
"No doubt this was to have been the title of an unwritten song, but whatever its intent, the phrase describes quite perfectly the dear friend and gentle heart who added 'Old Folks at Home' and a dozen other immortal songs to the world's spiritual riches."

On the campus at the University of Pittsburgh stands the Stephen Collins Foster Memorial building, erected at a cost of half a million, raised by the Tuesday Musical club of Pittsburgh, in co-operation with the university and with musical clubs in 25 other states. It is a "Foster shrine," comprising an auditorium, rehearsal and reception rooms, and a museum containing a collection of material relating to Foster which Joseph K. Lilly of Indianapolis, Ind., gathered together at a cost of approximately \$160,000.

NEW IDEAS

for Home-makers

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS



HAVE you considered covering your out-of-door cushions with water-resistant artificial leather? It may be cut and sewn the same as any heavy fabric. The colors are all so fresh and gay that you will be inspired to try striking combinations. Use a coarse machine needle; a No. 5 hand needle; No. 20 or 24 sewing thread and regulate the machine to about 12 stitches to the inch.

The cushions shown here are green with seam cords covered in red. The sketch shows how they are made. The cotton seam cord should be about 1/4-inch in diameter. It is covered with a straight strip 1 1/4 inches wide stitched with the machine cording foot to allow the sewing to come up close to the cord. The raw edges of the cord covering are basted around the top and bottom of the cover on the right side, as shown, and are then stitched in with the seam.

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
Drawer 10
Bedford Hills New York
Enclose 10 cents for each book ordered.
Name.....
Address.....

Dear Mom:



Well, here it is another weekend and I'm not a General yet. But give me time.

The nearest village is 5 miles away. All you find there is a general store, a garage and a canning factory—nowhere to go for any good clean fun, unless you drop in at a smoke-filled juke joint on the way.

I'd appreciate it a lot, Mom, and so would every other mother's son in the U. S. Army and Navy.

Well, Mom, there's a big favor you can do me. The U. S. O. is trying to raise \$10,765,000 to run clubs for us, outside of camp. Places with lounge rooms, dance floors, games, writing rooms. Places where you can get a bite to eat without paying a king's ransom.

I know you don't have an idle million.

**OPEN YOUR HEART
OPEN YOUR PURSE
GIVE TO THE U.S.O.**

They're doing their bit for you. Will you do your bit for them? Send your contribution to your local U.S.O. Committee or to U.S.O. National Headquarters, Empire State Building, New York, N.Y.

These organizations have joined forces to form the U.S.O.: the Y.M.C.A., National Catholic Community Service, Salvation Army, Y.W.C.A., Jewish Welfare Board, National Travelers Aid Association.

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