

# STORY OF THE WEEK

## Love and Bandits

By MEREDITH SCHOLL  
(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

ADELAIDE'S father heartily approved of Walt Mayo as a husband for his daughter and undertook the task of giving Adelaide some advice.

"You'd better accept his offer of marriage," he told her. "You can't go wrong. Walt will give you security."

Adelaide smiled and a faraway look came into her eyes. "I'm not so sure," she said, "that I want security. That kind, I mean."

"There's only one kind," Mr. Steers considered his daughter for a moment. "Adelaide, you're thinking of that crazy galoot, Fred Cram."

Startled, Adelaide turned upon him. "He's not a crazy galoot!"

"I knew it! Ye gods, girl, won't you realize that Fred's no good? Why, he hasn't a sound idea in his head."

"He's good looking," said Adelaide dreamily. "And good natured. And he doesn't care a darn whether school keeps or not. Also, he says he'd like to marry me. Is that a sound idea?"

"Ho!" Mr. Steers laughed heartily. "Ho!" he said again. "Marry you! Why, the young whippersnapper couldn't support a bantam chick, let alone a wife."

"Perhaps if he had a wife—who loved him—she might be able to inspire him with the thing it takes to want to support her."

"Rubbish!" said Mr. Steers. He scowled, studying his one and only offspring. Ever since the girl's



She saw the men lying on the road and she began to tremble.

mother had died two years after their daughter was born, Adelaide had been a constant source of worry. He wished heartily that she would marry some sensible young man like Walt Mayo. Take a load off his mind.

"I suppose," the elder Steers continued, "you've heard about Walt's experience the other night. Held up by bandits, he was, while driving from Kenwood to Moreton. They demanded his billfold and he gave it to them. It contained six dollars. When Walt got home he lifted up the seat of his car and took out a second wallet, containing \$38, the bulk of what he'd been carrying. That man thinks of everything. He's smart. Saved himself a lot of trouble for \$6. Fred Cram wouldn't have pulled a stunt like that."

"Fred Cram," said Adelaide, "wouldn't have had \$38 to conceal, or six."

Mr. Steers snorted and stomped into the house. Left alone on the veranda, Adelaide picked up the daily newspaper. There was quite a splash about the two bandits that had during the past week been terrorizing the vicinity, but Adelaide couldn't concentrate. Her thoughts kept wandering to Fred Cram. She had promised to go out with him that night.

Fred arrived an hour later. He came in an automobile that announced its presence several blocks away by virtue of loose joints.

"Why," asked Adelaide, climbing aboard the front seat, "don't you jack up the windshield of this thing and put an automobile under it?"

He grinned. "You know, darling, if there's one reason why I'm glad you've decided to marry me, it's because you're very witty."

"Marry you! Such a nerve! Why, you couldn't support a—bantam hen."

"There you go—always making me laugh."

Adelaide set her lips grimly. They had bounced out of town and were wheeling along the wooded road that led to Moreton. There was a moon and the air held a fresh smell of growing things. It occurred to Adelaide suddenly that her father had been right. Fred was an irresponsible sort of person. Not the sort, in fact, that a real sensible girl would want for a husband. Yet, darn it!—an idea suddenly flashed into her head.

"Fred," she said abruptly, "have you heard about Walt Mayo's experience last night with the bandits?"

"Heard it? You bet I have. Who hasn't?" He wagged his head admiringly. "Walt's smart. That bird thinks of everything."

"Fred, why don't you try being like Walt? I mean, being a little more serious about life and—things?"

"Things?" said Fred. He brought the car to a sudden stop and turned to her. "Honey, you're the only thing I could be serious about. And believe me, I am."

Adelaide shook her head. "I'm afraid you're wasting your time. I—I couldn't risk it, Fred. A woman wants security."

Fred stared at her for so long without speaking that Adelaide thought he actually was getting serious, and she became alarmed. "Fred," she said, "I—I'd like to make you a proposition. Suppose, just to show me that you could provide security, you save up a thousand dollars. I'll marry you when you get a thousand." She swallowed. It hadn't sounded as convincing or grand as she had expected.

"Done!" said Fred unexpectedly. And at that moment two men stepped out of the bushes and leveled guns at them. At sight of the men Adelaide uttered a little suppressed scream of terror.

"Hist 'em!" said the biggest of the pair, "an' keep 'em h'listed."

Fred turned casually. "Hello, boys," he grinned. "Nice evening."

"Oho! A wise guy?" The big man leered and winked at his companion. "Well, I guess we know how to handle wise guys, eh, Tony?"

I wonder if this f'iger hides his dough under the seat, too?"

"Honey," said Fred, grinning at Adelaide, "you'd better climb out. These boys want to look under the seat."

Adelaide thought she caught a significant infection to his tone. She climbed out, on the opposite side of the car from the bandits. Fred opened the door on his side, and then things began to happen. She heard Fred yell: "Duck, Adelaide!" And she ducked. While ducked, she heard a gun go off, and a shower of broken glass sprayed over her. The windshield. Of all the nerve! Why, that windshield was the only good part of the car!

Fred was still yelling. There were sounds of a scuffle. A couple of thuds. Another shot. Promiscuous grunting. Then Fred came around the car.

"O.K., honey. The boys have had enough."

Adelaide stood up. She saw the men lying on the road and she began to tremble. "Oh, Fred, are you all right?"

"Well, yes. Mostly. Couple of bruises. I wish I'd been smart, though. Like Walt. Walt would have saved himself all this trouble by some clever tricks." He paused suddenly and began to grin. "Heck. I just thought. There's a reward for these birds. Five hundred smacks each. Add 'em together, girlie, and we have the required amount."

Adelaide began to cry. "Fred—oh, you didn't need a thousand. You didn't need anything. And—and I'll bet Walt Mayo would have let them steal my money, too. He would have said it was smart, because he saved most of his."

Fred interrupted her babbling by picking her up and setting her back inside the car. "Are you by any chance trying to get across the idea that you accept my marriage proposal?"

"You crazy galoot!" said Adelaide, shamelessly stealing her father's stuff. "Of course I will!"

"Well, well," said Fred. And he took her in his arms and kissed her very, very seriously.

### Three Thousand Attend Prep School for Pups

Michael von Motzeck of Chicago is headmaster of a prep school for pups. His pupils are disobedient dogs whose masters enroll them to learn the ABCs of canine etiquette. In his \$40,000 halls of learning he has graduated in the last 10 years almost 3,000 Ph.D. pooches owned by movie stars, tycoons and society folks. As reward for passing final tests every dog gets a beauty treatment, with trimming and plucking, in the dog beauty parlor run by Mrs. Von Motzeck.

Courses last from a month to a year. Month's course of seven first-grade lessons, includes learning to obey commands to "heel," "sit," "lie down," "come" when called, and to "fetch." A two months' course includes seven more advanced lessons, and so on up. Von Motzeck once trained a dog to answer 150 commands perfectly.

After the first two weeks' training, masters must attend the school three times to be put through the paces with their pets. Most advanced pup scholars learn to pose in the show ring, jump high walls, guard objects and people, and do parlor tricks. A few Von Motzeck pupils for training your dog: Best reward for a lesson is a pat on the head; train your pup before meals; never strike him; don't prolong a lesson more than 15 minutes.

### Sponge Cake From Oven

As soon as you take a sponge cake from the oven, invert the pan on a cake rack until the cake is cool. This lets air circulate under the cake, helping to prevent gathering of moisture in the pan. When cake is cool, loosen the sides with a spatula and slip the cake out.



## WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON  
(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

NEW YORK.—It was last August that Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby of Houston, Texas, became head of the women's division of the army's bureau of public relations. She said she would organize the division to tell women what they wanted to know about the army. Her success has been such that today her achievement is being nationally recognized as a bang-up score for women in the defense effort.

Mrs. Hobby is executive vice president of the Houston Post, and hence a specialist in telling people what they want to know. Newspaper women are happy in finding a government public relations bureau which offers something more than hand-outs in press co-operation. The post is important as a liaison between soldiers and wives and mothers.

She is 35 years old, pretty, slender, stylish, brisk and businesslike, the wife of William Pettus Hobby, twice governor of Texas. Her achievements in the above few years are such that they may only be briefed in the space available here:

In addition to running the Houston Post, she is the active executive of radio station KPRC; director of a national bank; director of the Southern Newspaper publishers' association; a member of the board of regents of the Texas State Teachers' college, of the Junior League, the Houston Symphonic society and the National Association of Parliamentarians.

She studied law, was admitted to the bar, codified the state banking laws, was parliamentary secretary for the Texas assembly for several years, was assistant city attorney of Houston, wrote a book on parliamentary law called "Mr. Chairman," which is used as a text book in the schools of Louisiana and Texas, syndicated a column on parliamentary law and served as research editor, literary editor, assistant editor and, since 1938, executive editor of the Houston Post.

In 1939, Mrs. Hobby was awarded the annual certificate of merit of the National Federation of Women's Press Clubs, for outstanding work in journalism. She was born in Temple, Texas, the daughter of an attorney of the town. With all the above activities, she says she has had ample time for her children, a boy of nine and girl of five.

### Eighty-year-old Rep. Joseph Jefferson Mansfield of Texas has made a career of planned river and harbor development and control. It goes back to his boyhood days in Virginia when he was riding a horse to the grist mill, with sacks of corn stowed fore and aft. When he forded an angry stream, corn and horse were swept away and he had a hard time making shore, with no end of trouble thereafter.

Then and there he became a flood-battler, ready to take on any undisciplined waterway, for its own good and the well-being of the commonwealth. So, naturally, in his 25 years in congress he has been chairman of the rivers and harbors committee. He's in form and in his stride today, as he contends that only river and harbor projects qualify as bona fide defense undertakings, and rate advancement in the "immediate construction" file.

He has been 54 years in politics, a resident of Texas since 1881, when he settled in Eagle Lake—city attorney, mayor, county attorney, county judge for 10 terms, and congressman. In 1928 he suffered a maldy which cost him the use of his legs. He campaigned and won in a wheel chair and carried on in congress, from his special wheel chair stance to the right of the speaker's dais.

His father, a Confederate soldier, was killed in battle six months after his son was born. He battles valiantly for a sea-level Panama canal and for transportation of Texas oil eastward on inland waterways.

JUST before the war started, Vladimir Kyrylovitch, a son of the late Grand Duke Cyril, and pretender to the throne of czarist Russia, was working in a Diesel engine factory in England. He said he would learn and impart to his following of 2,000,000 White Russians the skills necessary to reclaim their homeland. He was soon back to his Brittany estate and now news of his repeated visits to Paris follow several reports that the Nazis are encouraging him to believe that he might yet stage a Romanoff comeback.

## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by CARTER FIELD

Capital's Job After War Will Be to Prevent Unemployment Problem . . . Aluminum Production and Post-War Period Discussed.

(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)

WASHINGTON.—At several recent meetings of manufacturers there has been serious discussion about the prospects AFTER the shooting stops. Just when that will be, whether in 1943 or 1950, nobody is sure, but there is no blinking the fact that a tremendous problem will be presented when peace stops all this national defense spending.

Most of the advice which the business men are getting from editors of the publications identified with the industrial system can survive, in that post-war period, only if business starts right in full steam ahead.

"Never again," said a prominent figure at one of these meetings, (which was a meeting of executives, so his name cannot be mentioned) "will we stand by while millions of men are out of jobs, while industry is prostrate, while there are huge unsatisfied needs for goods and while the banks are filled with money."

"That sounds radical," said S. T. Henry of the McGraw Hill Publishing company, in addressing a recent meeting of the American Institute of Steel Construction, "but it was made by one of the most noted industrial leaders of the country, not by a New Dealer, nor by a labor leader."

### Must Rebuild Devastated Lands

"Here is another statement made recently," Mr. Henry told the gathering: "After the war ends we must feed Europe and will get nothing for doing it; we must supply most of the capital to rebuild the devastated countries, and will be lucky if we get a return on the investment; we must be ready for other radical undertakings, whether we wish to do so or not. All landmarks of how to proceed to do business will be gone."

"This was said by the senior partner of one of the great Wall Street banking houses. He was addressing a small group of labor leaders, financiers, industrialists, management engineers and others.

"The position occupied by business in the revolutionary post-war activities that are unescapable," Mr. Henry said in another part of his talk, "depends entirely on the vision and the courage displayed by business. If business has any idea that pre-war commercial policies will return, then it will fail, when the post-war period comes, to have much of a hand in what is done."

"On the other hand, if business can forget the past—remembering that 'all the old landmarks will be gone'—and will readjust its thinking so that it may take the lead in the huge undertakings that are in the making, then business may expect to be an important factor in the post-war period."

"After having sat in with officials speaking off-the-record for all of the government agencies concerned with post-war planning," said Mr. Henry, "it has been possible to make a summary of the vast program of government and other activities they have in mind. This summary shows a total of about five billions a year. It is likely to be more!"

### Aluminum Production And Post War Period

One of the revolutions in American industry almost certain to follow the end of the war is involved in the enormous expansion of aluminum production. This light, but strong metal will be available in quantities never before dreamed of, and at prices on which engineers have never thought of figuring.

Just before this country started its "priorities" and began curbing production of articles not required for national defense there had been a considerable building of "streamliner" trains. Some of these were built of aluminum, more of stainless steel. The essential desire of the engineers in each case, after streamlining to cut down wind resistance, was to cut down the weight so as to insure quicker starts and hence lower running time.

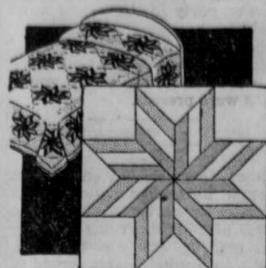
But the point is that the engineers recently had turned to stainless steel because aluminum was so expensive. With aluminum selling at a very low price, and no more terrific pressure for turning out large numbers of airplanes, aluminum naturally will be pushing other materials in commercial competition. There will be more aluminum than ordinary needs would provide a demand for, and hence aluminum MUST find additional markets.

At the low price which will then be possible, it is unthinkable that this will not provide a revolution in our railway trains, and in doing so provide a lot of the employment which will be so vitally needed when the war is over, and the demand for more shells, tanks, planes and guns suddenly ends.

## THINGS for YOU TO MAKE

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