

# 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 secured a job with Spratt. Under the name of Kessler, and with his disfigurements, he was not recognized and became a good friend to all of the Herlongs. Arthur promised to talk with Dick and explain to him what the war really meant to him personally. On Christmas Margaret was to give a party so Dick, Cherry and Elizabeth went to help decorate the tree. Margaret almost fell and became scared, she explained she was cut when she fell and a man kicked her—the man who killed her mother.

they saw Margaret's parents coming because they were afraid to be seen speaking to Jews. They tried and tried to get away and every door was shut against them. They stood it as long as they could. They were a brave and gallant pair. But that day Margaret told you about, her mother's spirit broke. She tried to kill Margaret, and she succeeded with herself. She was a doctor and there were still a few drugs in the house. The only reason she didn't succeed with Margaret was that she wanted the child's death to be quick and easy, and she gave her too much."

why should you want to kill a doctor who might save your life? You might get sick and need just what he could do for you—don't they ever think about that? It doesn't make sense," he said again.

Kessler did not try to tell Dick that he was asking a question that half the human race had already asked. He only replied, "It doesn't make sense, and I don't get it either, Dick. The Nazis and their bubble, and then a child like Margaret."

"A nice sweet helpless little girl!" Cherry exclaimed.

Kessler turned toward her, and spoke earnestly. "It's not only that, Cherry. There are people in the world who haven't your sense of humanity toward helpless little girls. But it's what Dick said—even if you had no sense of humanity, why should you do that to yourself?"

"To yourself?" said Cherry, puzzled.

"Why yes. Why should you want to destroy your own hope in the future? Margaret's heredity includes two of the finest minds in Germany. If parents give their children anything of themselves, and we know they do, the chances are a hundred to one that Margaret is a genius. Nobody knows what she's capable of becoming, but they tried to destroy her."

"Gosh!" said Dick. "Mr. Kessler—you mean that kid's liable to do something like discover radium, and she nearly got killed?"

"That's exactly what I mean. I don't know that Margaret's a genius, it's too soon to tell. But I know that in this mad killing of theirs the fascists from Berlin to Tokyo have destroyed genius, and they're still doing it. They're destroying their future, and ours. That's the real tragedy of our time. It's so terrible we don't often think about it because we can't bear it. Margaret's parents had at least had a chance to contribute something to the world. But she's never had any, and those other children who didn't escape had never had any. And what it amounts to," he said clearly to Dick and Cherry, "is that your children may die of loathsome diseases because the scientists who could have saved them were killed when they were four years old."

"Oh, my gosh!" cried Cherry from the top of the ladder. Her hand caught at her throat. "That's what they're doing. I never thought of that till this minute. That's what it's about."

Dick stood up. "Holy smoke," he said slowly. "It's ghastly. You're right—it's too awful to think about. You just think of kids as kids, but golly—when you do think about them as growing up, or not growing up, I mean the important ones—suppose the Germans had blitzed England fifty years ago and had got Churchill, I mean, and now we'd never know."

Elizabeth put her hands over her eyes. It seemed to her that she could suddenly see them, little boys like Brian, little girls with fat pig-tails like Margaret, the Einsteins, Chingis, Curies of the future, going in a horrible procession to annihilation. Suppose the bombs had dropped fifty years ago. She thought of sulfanilamide and the Four Freedoms, television and cargo planes, vitamins and the Panama Canal. Her generation had these because the men and women who brought them into being had been allowed to grow up. She could hear Kessler's voice, passionate with a great grief.

"That's the real horror of fascism. We are sick at what they are doing today, but this is such a little part of it. Their awful crime is what they are doing tomorrow. We don't know what they've already destroyed—a cure for cancer, a new philosophical system, a rocket to the moon. Margaret got out, but the others who didn't get out—think of the books that will never be written, the work that will never be done. They're destroying tomorrow, and tomorrow is forever."

Several days after the turn of the New Year, Kessler received a letter from Dick:

Dear Mr. Kessler,  
I guess there is no use trying to tell you how shocked I was at what you said the other day. My sister felt the same way I did. I do not write very well and it is hard to say what I mean. But this is what I am getting at. I know you are a very busy man but if there is a day, maybe a Sunday, when you have some time to spare would you let me come over and see you? I did not want to bother you until after Christmas, but there are some things I have been thinking about and I would like to talk to you anyway. You seem to understand our family very well and I know they like you and would not mind anything I said to you. Let me know if this would be convenient.

Sincerely yours,  
Richard Spratt Herlong, Jr.

After he had read Dick's letter, Kessler sat for some time thinking, his forehead resting on his big thick hand. These months in Beverly Hills had been more difficult than he had thought they were going to be. Most things were, when you came down to it.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## MERCY, NOT JUSTICE

In a small southern community, a Negro revival meeting was holding forth. Also in session was the Grand Jury. Sinners were being gathered in swiftly and efficiently by the exhorting preacher. That is, all except one hardened individual who, despite all the efforts of the earnest shepherd and his co-workers, would not break down and confess his sins.

The poor fellow writhed in the torments of an awakened and cruelly prodding conscience, but could not be induced to speak.

"Come on down, brother," shouted the pleading, perspiring preacher, "confess your sins. The Lord will forgive you."

"Ah knows He will," moaned the reluctant candidate, "but de Lord ain't settin' on dat Grand Jury!"

## POOR HUBBY!



Mrs.—Never kick about the poor quality of biscuits that I make.  
Mr.—Why not?  
Mrs.—Because I never kick about the quality of dough you make.

## Just a Warm-Up

Lem—My feet are cold.  
Clem—Just put a brick at your feet when you go to bed.  
Lem—I tried that.  
Clem—Did you get the brick hot?  
Lem—Naw, it took me all night just to get it warm.

## Social Outcast

Postmaster—I'm sorry, but I can't cash this money order for you unless you have some identification. Have you some friends in camp?  
Soldier—Not me, I'm the bugler.

## Yowl!

Jones—I understand Madame Yakowski is a famous Finnish singer.  
Smith—All I know is that I heard her concert last night and I couldn't stay till the finish.

## One-Man Army

Veteran—Yeah, I once put almost three hundred men out of action.  
Youngster—Gee, didn't you get a medal?  
Veteran—No, I was camp cook.

## Run for My Life

He—if you don't marry me, I'll go hang myself in your front yard.  
She—Now, you know Pop wouldn't want you hanging around here.

## IN REVERSE



Mrs.—I wasn't going 60 miles an hour, or 50, or even 40!  
Cop—Be careful now, or you'll be backing into somebody!

## Mechanical Failure

Professor—Why did you spell pneumatic "neumatic" in this essay?  
College Boy—The K on my typewriter isn't working.

## What's in a Name?

Sunday School Teacher—You never heard of the Ten Commandments? Goodness gracious, what's your name?  
Small Boy—Moses, ma'am.

## Only Skin Deep

Cora—What makes you think that girl's father is a druggist?  
Dora—She said she got all her good looks from him.

## Medical Advice

Patient—What's the best thing for gas, doctor?  
Doctor (absent-mindedly)—"C" coupons.

## Take Your Choice

Mother—I want your explanation and the truth.  
Teen-age Daughter—But, mother, you can't have both!

## That's the Question

Teacher—Every dollar bill has at least ten thousand germs on it.  
Smarty—How many are on a five dollar bill?

## Overage

Jane—How old are you?  
Joan—I've seen 21 summers.  
Jane—How long have you been blind?

## Right Answer

Mother—And what three books should you take to church with you?  
Son—Your Bible, your hymn book and your pocket book.

## Popular

Joe—How do you know his book is going to be a success?  
Bill—People who haven't read it are beginning to say they have.

## Dream Rival

By RAE RESNICK

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DISGUSTED with his own cooking, George angrily pushed his chair back with his foot. If only Anna weren't such a strange little foreigner, he thought impatiently, his meals wouldn't be so tasteless, and the burden of keeping house, in addition to many of the farm chores, would fall on her instead of him.

With the odor of the barn still clinging to his clothes, he walked the short distance to the next farm to see Anna and speak to her cousin. Without knocking, he went into the living room.

The woman looked up from her mending indifferently, as if his visits were too frequent for him to be considered a guest. "Hello, George. You'll find Anna in the kitchen."

"Have you spoken to her yet, Mrs. Laud?" he asked.

"Well," Mrs. Laud said slowly, "I tried to, only she didn't seem to know what I was getting at." She paused thoughtfully. "Seemed more that she pretended not to."

"I see," he said wearily. "I did tell her what a fine, honest man you are. But her only ambition right now is to visit a fortune teller." She laughed indulgently. "A fortune teller?"

"Yes. Can you imagine? She believes in them. You see, in Europe a gypsy once read her palm. And Anna said that everything came true. Of course, I imagine little Anna helped out a lot by twisting everything that happened to her into the shape of that faker's prediction."

They talked a while longer about Anna, who was only twelve when the Germans invaded her country, and



"I want see fortune teller."

how Mrs. Laud managed to get her to Canada. George had often heard the story before. Soon he went into the kitchen. He leaned against the wall, faded blue overalls sagging on his awkward thin frame; his long neck tipped forward, his blond, sun-dried hair hanging over dull blue eyes.

As Anna washed the dishes George could almost see the dreams in her large eyes—dreams of a modern knight riding in the wind with her, the long thick braids of her hair flying behind her.

Her eyes sparkled. "I want see fortune teller."

"What for?"

"I want find out who my husband be."

Suddenly he had an idea, and he was overwhelmed by his own cleverness. What had Mrs. Laud said a little while ago? "She believes in them . . . little Anna helped out a lot . . . she sure does swear by them now." His red face brightened with enthusiasm. After all, he thought, they would probably be married some day, anyway. No harm in hurrying things up a bit. "There's an amusement park fifteen miles from here," he told her.

On the bus Anna sat quietly in anticipation. George saw her lower her wide eyes modestly when she noticed the men staring at her shy loveliness. Failing to escape their glances, she took a white handkerchief out of her pocket and wiped away the lipstick with which her cousin had touched her mouth.

"Maybe they don't look now," she whispered to George. Naive. Thank heaven she was, he thought. For his plans were all the likelier to succeed.

At the park she walked close to him, asking every few minutes where the fortune teller was located. They came to a row of booths under a huge awning and he bought a ticket. "Wait here a minute," he said. "I'll be back soon."

He told the fortune teller to describe him to Anna when she asked about her future husband. He handed her some money. "Don't forget. Tall man, blond hair, blue eyes." Then he went out. "You can go in now," he told Anna.

While waiting for her, he laughed. Anna wouldn't doubt the oracle for a minute, he thought, amused. When she came out, she looked as if she were in a trance. Her large shining eyes were focused straight ahead. He fell into step beside her. "Well, what did she say?"

"Oh, she say wonderful things. She say I marry tall man. He have blue eyes with blond hair. And he be very good to me. I know he be the handsomest man in the world. And I wait for him," she said softly. "I wait for him forever."

**Plug Shakers**  
When refilling salt and pepper shakers that have corks in bottom, or which have fallen inside, remove the cork and discard. Then paste mullage paper over the hole. Or use adhesive tape.

**Fires Costly**  
Every day in the U. S. there are 1,800 fires, 28 deaths caused by fire in 1,000 homes, 130 stores, 100 factories, 7 churches, 7 schools and 3 hospitals.

**Bike Passenger**  
You invite disaster when you carry another person on your bike.

**Clever Washcloth**  
Here's a clever way to use up those left-over slivers and scraps of toilet soap. Put them into a small Turkish toweling bag when taking a bath; this bag full of soap can be put into the tub and you'll have wash cloth and soap in one.

**Cleaning Diamonds**  
To clean diamond rings, cover them with wood alcohol and let stand for five minutes. Remove and polish with white tissue paper.

**Hanging Trousers**  
Best way to hang trousers is upside down using a hanger with clips.

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