

BRINGING UP FATHER

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SOULS for SALE

By RUPERT HUGHES.

(Continued From Yesterday)

Tragedy ended the romance of Rembrandt. He was the son of a wealthy family, and his father was a prominent figure in the community. He met a girl named Leva, and they fell in love. But his father disapproved of the match, and he was forced to marry another girl. Leva was heartbroken and she left him. Years later, she came back to him, but he was already married. He told her that he was sorry, but he had no choice. She was devastated and she died. Her soul was sold to the devil, and she became a ghost. She haunted her father's house, and she made him realize that he had made a mistake. He wanted to marry her, but she was already dead. He was too late. Her soul was sold to the devil, and she was never to be seen again.

pictures, paintings, music. To her there was an inconceivable recklessness of conduct. They thought no mere of respectable appearance than South Sea Islanders. Yet they seemed to be as happy as they tried to be. They had their dis-appointments, jealousies, scandals, gossip, grief and shame, but so had the gray village people she had left. These Utopians had no winter in their climate or in their souls—only a little rainy season, a bit of chill. When Leva and her friends came in at dinner time they came like young business men home from office, know- ing no law except their own self-respect for health or reputation or efficiency. The first one in to set a Victoria to playing a jazz tune before she noticed Mem. The second one in joined the first in a dance. They quarreled over a new step with laugh- ing violence. Mem was against as her contempt for conventions. They despised the furniture who abhorred them. They swapped their fingers at appearances and regarded caution not as an evi- dence of decency, but as a proof of hypocrisy. They had in their time known all of Mem's companions, but had abandoned them one by one as a soldier throws off all baggage that hampers the freedom and range of his march; as a swimmer in strong currents casts away everything that weighs, including clothes. She would learn that many of those who loved to break the rules of outward prop- riety were sold as white marble in the most spurious of only whited sepulchers. She would conform herself with trepidation at first and with much backsliding into respectability as she understood it. But she would soon embrace the new paganism with de- vour, simplicity, meekness, prayer, remembrance. Here people worshiped the sun, flowers, dancing, speed, hilarity, laughter and love. They worked hard, but at the man- ufacture of pretty things, of stores,

not fret much over the unconven- tionalities of gypsies. At first she supposed that all Los Angeles was Hollywood. But she would learn that to a large portion of the city's population the word "Hollywood" was a synonym for rot- titude, a plague spot, a kind of spon- dylitis. And in Hollywood itself she would find a large, old-fashioned village element dazed by its splendor. Furthermore, the city, which her father had gained with such wholesale horror, was nine-tenths composed of mid-westerners like him- self, people who had brought their churches and churchiness with them. There were hundreds of thousands of Texans, Missourians, Kansans there; and they held picnic constantly—spacious reunions which differed from the camp meetings and barbe- ques of the mid-west only in the fact that the groves were not of maple and oak and hickory, but of eucalyptus and palm and pepper. Whether Mem had come to her ruin or her redemption, she had come to a new world. Before she learned how freely, with what mas- culine frankness, these women conducted their lives, before she could recoil from such perilous associations, she was entrapped in their cordiality, their vanity, their lavish kindness. Leva, the third one home, welcomed Mem as if she were a returned prodigal sister instead of a passing acquaintance met in the desert. She would listen to nothing but the un- tacking of the gaiters and the ac- ceptance of a little bed covered with a gaudy Navajo blanket. There were flowers at Mem's plate in a lavish hand. And a big basket of fruit was set in her room. Californians are sybaritic and frequent with gifts of flowers. The other women came in variously. One walked. One drove her own car up into a garage just a little bigger than the car. One was set down by a big studio touring car that delivered its passengers of nights and gathered them up again of mornings, for Los Angeles is a city of manifold distances. Every place is a Sabbath day's journey from every place else. And there is no Sabbath—at least no level Sabbath. Yet the people seemed to be extraordinarily good and kindly. They seemed to get the sun into their lives. Their hearts felt as big and sudden and juicy as their own oranges. Even the men had a sweeter acidity than at home. At home "California fruit" had been a byword for bigness, high color and insipidity of taste, something a little better than Dead Sea fruit. The smaller, plainer native apples, pears and peaches had possessed a better flavor. But California fruit had reached Calaverly after a long, dark journey, and it was eaten in a foreign air. Out here, however, where the oranges could be lifted warm from the tree, the few sliced fresh for breakfast, the peaches stripped of their downy skin while their wine was new, there was no lapse from the joyous promise of their advertisement. If the sunlight was of a gold re- fined and somehow enriched, the shadow was also of a deeper cool, just inside its edge the sun was walled out. The first at builders had not known this. They had set above their houses the roofs of wintry ci- nates, and one night still see in older Los Angeles obsolete homes whose slanting shingles were excellently ar- ranged to let the snow slide off. Since there was no snow to slide, they served as furnaces for the hot sun. Next came the low roof with the wide, flat eaves, casting a heavy shade about the windows. But this made the houses chilly, and the new school brought the tiles just to the brim of the walls; and these walls were not often glaring white as before, but brown, dove gray, salmon, shrimp, olive. Where the shadows lay along the lawns or the walks they were of un- usual design, not duppages of round- ed leaves as in the mid-west, but the long scissored slashes of palm fronds, the thready reeds of papyrus, the pep- per's delicate flounces. Even in this Eden, however, there



"Turn Washday Into Wash-hour" advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman washing clothes and the headline "The Woman With an Electric Washer Knows No Washday Drudgery".

Advertisement for Maytag Thor and Automatic Washers. It features a large illustration of a washer and text: "Our Big 3 Cash Refund Offer", "Solves Your Washday Problem", "WE GIVE 'CASH REFUND'", "THIS BASKET FREE!", "Pay Only \$5 Cash and \$5 Monthly", "Buy One of These Three Famous Washers", "Nebraska Power Co.".

Advertisement for PIGGLY WIGGLY featuring the headline "CLEANEST STORES IN THE WORLD" and a list of products and prices: SUNSET GOLD BUTTER, Lb. 41c; CHEESE WISCONSIN FULL CREAM YELLOW, LB. 26c; CHOCOLATE Walter Baker's Premium 1/2 lb. 16c; BEANS Choice Hand-Picked Michigan Navy, 1922 Crop 7c; COCOA Walter Baker's 1/2 lb., 18c; Hershey's 1/2 lb., 12c; SYRUP KARO BLUE LABEL 1 1/2-lb. tin 8c; 5-lb. tin 22c; 10-lb. tin 40c; KARO RED LABEL 1 1/2-lb. tin 9c; 5-lb. tin 25c; 10-lb. tin 46c. It also includes the slogan "YOU WILL FIND THE SAME PRICES IN EVERY PIGGLY WIGGLY IN OMAHA" and "CLEANEST STORES IN THE WORLD".

Parents' Problems and Common Sense columns. Parents' Problems: "Should children be taught that it is wrong to have a 'favorite' sister or brother?" Common Sense: "What Are You Going to Give Mother for Christmas?"

Advertisement for STEP IN AND SHOP featuring a list of grocery items and prices: SUGAR, 10 LBS. BEST CANE . 73c; FLOUR Food Center, old hard wheat, 48-lb. \$1.59; CHICKENS FRESH DRESSED SPRING CHICKENS 22 1/2c; FRUITS and VEGETABLES; MEATS; GROCERIES; DAIRY; BAKERY; CIGARS; SKINNER'S; PEARL WHITE; M. J. B. COFFEE; TREE TEA; MAIL ORDERS; FOOD CENTER.

Advertisement for TUTTI FRUTTI ICE CREAM featuring an illustration of a woman and the text: "Like Tutti Frutti? It's at its best in this week's Harding Sunday Special Ice Cream. Order some for your week-end dinner—for home parties—for the unexpected guests. Freshly frozen at dealers who serve Hardings One Cream of all ICE CREAM".