

The FICTION Corner

NO SONG IS LOST
By C. S. MONTAYNE

MARIO went through the cool, cloistered half light of the living room in Edna's Amarillo Canyon bungalow and sat down before her baby grand piano in the workroom where the shade of the trees outside lay in thick, green dusk. He swept aside a heap of Edna's penciled manuscript, smiling a little superciliously, for her composing efforts invariably amused him, and let his thin, nervous fingers roam the keys.



But he reminded himself, men like Hammond weren't contracting for her to write arias and spot hit numbers for the type of picture, and the operatic star, on which he had been at work.

hammered into a production number that could be played straight or used to satisfy the jittery inhibitions of the swing-minded. Hammond had set a deadline for the thing he wanted. He had been very decided when he told Mario the song, words and music, must be in by the next afternoon.

Mario was embroidering the theme, trying to give it substance and body, when he heard Edna's car outside. Her Great Dane barked joyfully, the iron gate banged shut, her heels clicked rhythmically on the polished floor.

"I thought I heard you playing. Been here long?" Her slim hand slipped into his. "I looked for you at the studio. Hammond said you left at one."

Her hair seemed to glimmer in the light and shadow; her long, oval

eyes were mysteriously enigmatic, her full lips parted. At that moment Mario decided again that she was lovely—lovely enough to excite romance, to thrill and inspire him.

He wondered, abstractly, while he lighted a cigarette, why he wasn't in love with her. Perhaps it was that strange superiority he felt—the constant knowledge that he had come to Hollywood from the concert stage, that the music he wrote was good, so much better than the banal, tinkling tunes Edna laboriously ground out. It was true she had earned a great deal of money and fame of a sort from the full length cartoon comedy she had set to music. But he reminded himself, men like Hammond weren't contracting for her to write arias

and spot hit numbers for the type of picture, and the operatic star, on which he had been at work.

They dined on the terrace. The moon swung up across the canyon and the stars came out, one by one. Mario, lounging in the candlelight, told her his troubles.

"Tomorrow afternoon... am I an automaton to have a crank turned... and music come out? That song I was playing—" He gestured with his thin, artistic hands. "It is what Hammond wants, I know that, but—"

"It fades into nothing," Edna interpolated softly.

He nodded, deep in thought, hardly conscious she had gotten up and gone into the bungalow. He lifted his brooding gaze when he heard the ripple of the piano. He jerked his head sharply left, his

eyes on the open doors, listening. She was playing the same tune he had toyed with when she had come in. But this time the melody had a meaning, a significance. It built itself in a melodic tone picture that gripped him and held him fascinated. The middle part that had hung suspended, escaping him completely, was now a bridge that carried the burden of the theme surely across to its exquisite climax.

"Something like that?" Edna came back through the cloying gloom. Mario stood, his young face earnest and intent, his hands trembling.

"Yes, something like that." "Go in and write it down before you forget it." She spoke casually. "Pencil and score sheets on top of the piano. Help yourself."

"But—" She pushed him away, gently, decidedly. "Hurry, before it goes."

Brennan, who was doing the lyrics, put words to the melody the next morning in Mario's hotel room. At noon Hammond heard the song, approved, and took Mario out to lunch.

"Funny how a little urging can get you artistic guys underway," he grunted. "Frankly, I don't like highbrow musicians. I'd rather work with the Tin Pan Alley variety—people like Edna Sheridan, Tommy Dorlon. But that's a good tune. Sounds like a natural."

It was after five when Mario's taxi took him to Amarillo Canyon. The Great Dane barked ominously when he opened the iron gate, but the dog was chained and Mario went on to the letter-box and key Edna left for him. There was a note saying she'd be back in an hour, on the living room table, an open manuscript on the piano rack. Mario saw its title, "No Song is Lost," when he switched on the shaded light and sat down to play.

SHE had raided a Los Angeles delicatessen. When she put her car in the garage, she called for him to help her with the packages. Mario carried them in to the glistening porcelain table in the model kitchen.

He looked deep into the enigmatic eyes Edna lifted. He tried to answer her smile, but his lips were stiffly serious. She frowned, watching his expression change dramatically.

"What did Pete Hammond think of the number? Why do you look at me like that, Mario? What's the matter? Something gone wrong?"

"Very wrong!" He was trembling oddly, the blood was pounding through him, his mind was confused. Only one thing had any clarity, any vision. "Why, Edna?" he heard himself asking in a strange voice.

"Why—what?" His hands closed about her shoulders. He was drawing her to him, hardly aware of what he did. "That song," Mario said all at once. "No wonder it was elusive, haunting! I must have heard it here the first night I came! It must have hidden in some far corner of my memory! It was your song—the theme piece you did for that cartoon nonsense—so good you took it out, shelved it! Why, Edna—?"

He broke off. She was close to him now and quite naturally, simply, her arms linked themselves about his neck. And she was smiling, not enigmatically, but happily.

"What is the theme of all music, of all life?" she asked, unsteadily.

Mario laughed. "Love, of course!" he told her, before he put his own arms around her and leaned to kiss the warm red of her curved, glowing mouth.

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Politicians Eye Vast Increase in Women Voters

WASHINGTON.—For the second time in American history more women than men are eligible to vote.

Up to 1940 the men had the edge. In 1944 the population figures switched the advantage to the dis-favored side. There were some guesses that it might be the war, with the men away, but that guess now appears incorrect.

Both parties figure there are about a million and a half more eligible women voters than men. Both major parties are preparing an emphatic wooing of the petticoat ballot.

Each has gotten out a sort of primer for the newcomers.

The Democrats call theirs the "Guide Book." It gets down to such fundamentals as "What Is a Precinct?" and how to work in one.

The Republicans call their booklet "Selecting and Electing." It concentrates on how to become a delegate to the national convention and how to help run things there.

Both books would be good for either men or women hopefuls in the political wings.

Women Are Determined
Women in both parties are determined to put more women into political office for two reasons: (1) They like to see women in office, but also (2) they hope that the party which is most generous to women office seekers will also corral the largest part of the women's vote.

Women's first loyalty appears to be to the party and then to their sex.

Women office holders reached a peak in state legislatures in 1945-'46, when there were 234 women in office. There have slipped now. There are 23 less.

That slip worries the women chiefs of both parties—Mrs. India Edwards of the Democrats and Mrs. Robert W. Macaulay of the Republicans.

The political plums on which the women concentrate are seats in congress. Right now there are seven women in the house, none in the senate.

Plenty of Contenders
But there are plenty of contenders on the road. The Republican women, through the mails, have heard of 18 women all told fighting for seats in the house.

The Democrats have further information about possible contenders which may bring the women seeking congressional posts to between 20 and 25.

Frances Perkins still stands alone in the political history of American women. She has been the sole woman cabinet member, as secretary of labor to President Roosevelt.

Soft-Hearted Bartender Sponsors Children's Hour
HOBOKEN, N. J.—Now it's a saloon with a children's hour.

The place is run by one Parky Radigan, who has a soft spot in his heart for the neighboring kids.

He hates to see those children's television programs going to waste in his place.

"These kids," he says, "don't get to see television. They're too young to drink."

The idea occurred to him when he turned the lights up one day after a baseball television broadcast. The dark corners were filled with youngsters, who had sneaked in to watch.

So Parky perused the television schedules and picked out some children's shows.

The customers may have been started at first but they made no protest when—as the children's program started—Parky closed the bar and called in the kids playing in the street out front.

The kids loved it.

For the older boys, Parky plans an afternoon a week of baseball. Dry, of course.

Rugged Jeep's Best Selling Point Today Is—Comfort
TOLEDO, O.—The Jeep, that great taskmaster of the last war, has gone "soft."

Once reputed to be the world's roughest riding vehicle, the Jeep has caught on with America's farmers largely because they say it is the most comfortable vehicle in which to do farm chores.

Willis Overland motors analysts report that more than 50,000 of the sturdy little cars have wound up on farms since V-J day. Oddly enough, the farmers say the jeep's outstanding characteristic is—comfort.

Some farmers even have installed radios. Then mom and the kids ride along while pop does what used to be lonely field chores.

Actress Stabs Self in Trying To Avoid Traffic Ticket
HOLLYWOOD.—Evelyn Bertucci, 26, an actress, stabbed herself in an effort to avoid getting a traffic ticket.

"If you give me a ticket, I'll kill myself," she warned F. R. Couch, motorcycle officer, who signaled her to the curb after she allegedly drove through a red signal.

Couch opened his book of tickets. Mrs. Bertucci, known in the movies as Evelyn Smith, pulled out a seven-inch-long Chinese ceremonial knife from the glove compartment and plunged the blade into her hip.

She was treated at Hollywood Receiving hospital, then taken home.

THE BIBLE SPEAKS
International Union Sunday School Lessons
BY DR. KENNETH J. FOREMAN

SCRIPTURE: Psalms 119:97-106; Luke 1:1-4; John 20:30-31; 1 Timothy 3:14-17
DAILY READING: Psalm 119:137-144

All-Time Best Seller
Lesson for October 3, 1948

IF ALL the Bibles sold in one year by one manufacturer, the American Bible society, were piled on top of one another, flat—not endwise—that pile of Bibles and testaments would be 28 miles high. In 1947 that firm put out the astonishing total of 9,310,439 Bibles, testaments or portions. During the first 125 years of the society's existence, 305,579,217 copies of Scripture were printed and sold by them, this would make one shelf 870 miles long.

The Bible is the best selling book in the world. No other book is in its class.

Not to know the Bible is not to know the most widely read book in the world. The American Bible society publishes it in only 167 languages, but parts of it have been translated into as many as 1,000 languages and dialects.

Many Authors
Such popularity must be deserved. There are many reasons why the Bible continues to be, year after year, the all-time best seller. But one of the reasons is its impressive variety. It is not one book, it is a library of books. Whatever your mood, whatever your need, there is a page in the Bible, somewhere, for you.

A Christian will try seriously to appreciate the whole Bible and not merely one or two parts of it. Yet there is such variety in it that invariably some persons are attracted by one feature of it while another feature makes stronger appeal to others.

Our studies these next three months will be in "The Literature of the Bible" and each week we shall be noticing a different feature. This week we give a thought to the tremendous variety of the Bible, along with its underlying unity.

Many Types
LOOKING through the Bible you find all varieties of literary types; you find poetry and prose; stories, essays, sermons, biographies, dramas; rhapsodies, love songs, funeral dirges and battle hymns.

Here are pages as prosaic as a telephone book and here are pages more exciting than any fiction. Here are simple, straightforward ideas that a child can understand as soon as he understands the words and here are mysteries so profound that the world's mightiest and boldest minds shrink back in awe.

The Bible is not like a piece of music played on one single instrument, like a tune on a piccolo; it is more like an immense symphony—the more often we listen to it, the more we hear in it.

Many Times
NO ONE knows exactly how long it took for the Bible to be written. Let us suppose that the earliest parts came from the pen (or stylus) of Moses, and the latest part from about 100 years after Christ (John and the Revelation) if Moses flourished around 1300 B. C., that would mean that the Bible was completed 13 centuries after it was begun.

In 13 centuries much can happen, and much did. There is hardly any circumstance or crisis, there is scarcely any time, however humdrum or thrilling, which does not have its match in the Bible. Its writers were inspired men; they knew God. But they also knew the times in which they lived, and thus can speak to ours.

One Theme
FOR all the vast variety of the Bible, there is in it a deep and lofty unity. It is bound together by its mighty purpose, which drobbed in the heart's blood of every man who wrote a line of it. That purpose is to make God real to man, and to bring man to God. The writers of the Bible may have had their lighter moments, but they did not write these pages then.

They wrote under the irresistible impulse, born of the Holy Spirit, to make plain to other men what God had revealed to them.

So as you come to the Bible, remember its purpose is not to make you admire or revere it as a book; its great purpose is to be transparent, a window through which you shall see God.

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Fight Preliminaries

AN OLD and very wrinkled woman in a calico dress was summoned as a witness in court to tell what she knew about a fight in her house. The judge asked her in a kindly voice what took place. She insisted that it didn't amount to much but the judge was persistent and finally persuaded her to tell the story of the whole fracas.

"Well, I tell ye, Judge, it didn't really amount to nothin'. Fust I knowed about it Tom Harris called Jim Beane a liar 'n' Jim knocked him down with a stick o' wood. One o' Tom's friends then cut Jim, slicin' a big chunk out o' him. Then Bill Home, who was a friend o' Jim's shot the other feller and two more shot him, 'n' three ur four others got cut right smart by somebody. That nackerly caused some excitement, Jedge, 'n' then they commenced fightin'."

Spring Song
A young musician, Bob, and his wife Annie, experienced some difficulty agreeing upon a name for their firstborn. Bob wanted to name the boy "Peter," but Annie preferred "Frederic."

"Named the youngster yet?" a fellow student asked Bob one day.

The young musician grinned sheepishly.

"Not yet," he replied.

"Then what do you call him?" the other inquired.

"Opus," the proud father replied.

Postwar Plan
When Gen. Brehon Somervell retired after four years of work, seven days a week and twelve hour a day, as head of army service forces, he was dog-tired. A friend asked him his plans.

"I'm going to rest," Somervell declared. "For six weeks I'm going to just sit on the porch. After that, I'm going to start rocking—slowly."

Appreciatin' Appreciation
The late George L. Dyer used to tell of a colored cook who remained with his family for many years. On occasion he made it a point to praise her for some unusual culinary achievement and to express his pleasure at having her in his home. Whereupon Mandy would say: "Mistah Diah, there isn't nobody in this whole wide world who appreciates appreciation as much as ah do."

WILLIN' TO LEARN



Sailor—I can't marry you. We have nothing in common. Why you wouldn't even know port from starboard.

Girl—Well, I could look at the label on the bottle, couldn't I?

Did You Hear?
Overheard at the lunch counter—
"Well—of course, I wouldn't say anything about her unless I could say something good. And, oh boy, is this good..."

Shockproof Watch
Nit—Did your watch stop when it fell to the floor?
Wit—Certainly, did you think it would go straight through?

Bachelorhood
The difference between a bachelor and a married man is that when a bachelor walks the floor with a baby—he's dancing.

MONEY GOES FAST

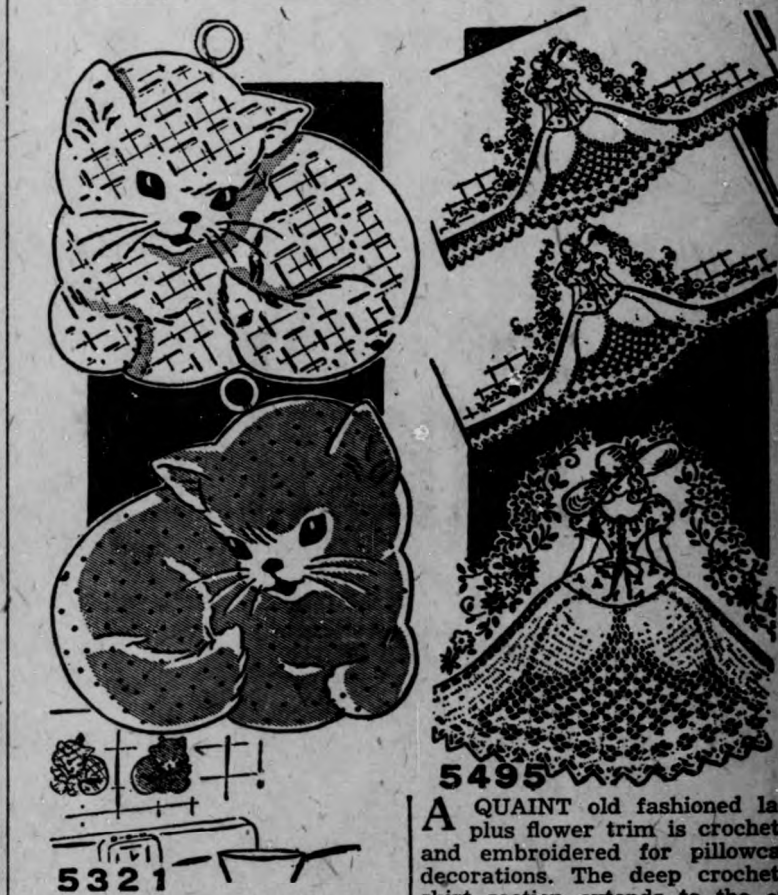


"How about that ten-spot you borrowed from me a month ago?"
"Well?"
"You said you only wanted it for a short time."
"That's right. I only kept it about 10 minutes."

Share and Share Alike
"I can hear your new radio set as though it were in my room."
"Then would you care to help me pay off some of the installments?"

NEEDLEWORK PATTERNS

Bright Kittens for Potholders
Lovely, Demure Lady to Crochet



5321
Shower Gift.
THESE adorable little kitten potholders add a gay touch to your kitchen decorations. These faces are embroidered on dotted percale, colorful gingham or bright chintz. A wonderful idea for a kitchen shower or a bazaar gift.

To obtain complete instructions for making the Kitten Potholders, actual size on pattern for embroidering, (pattern No. 5321) send 20 cents in coin, your name, address and pattern number.

5495
A QUANT old fashioned lady plus flower trim is crocheted and embroidered with pillowcase decorations. The deep crocheted skirt section extends to the end of the material in a train-like effect. Lovely and dainty as can be.

To obtain transfer design, complete crocheting instructions for lace embroidery, stitch illustrations and color suggestions for Romantic Decorations (Pattern No. 5495) send 20 cents in coin, your name, address and pattern number.

SEWING CIRCLE NEEDLEWORK
530 South Wells St. Chicago 7, Ill.
Name _____
Address _____

AROUND THE HOUSE

The traveler can safeguard her luggage from damage caused by spilling or leaking cosmetics by sealing bottles and boxes shut with a strip of Scotch tape.

Developing films in the sink or bathtub is risky. Some of the chemicals may ruin the enamel surfaces.

When making jellies and preserves, keep a small saucer on the side of the stove to hold the spoon after stirring the mixture. If rested on the stove the sirup frequently bakes to the stove and this hardened mass is difficult to remove.

Rugs can't take it. If floor boards are poor, never put rugs directly over them. Use a rug pad or put several newspapers between the floor and the rug.

Convenient storage place for playthings for the convalescent child is a fabric shoe bag which can be hung beside the bed. Crayons, pencils, scissors and paper fit easily into the shoe pockets.

It is best to buy nutmegs, cloves, peppercorns and cinnamon sticks whole, and grind when needed.

Baked apples served a la mode make a party dessert. Put vanilla ice cream on a warm half of the baked apple.

Put a sponge in a bowl of left-over starch and let it absorb the starch. Then when you have a petticoat ruffle that needs a bit of starch, dampen the sponge and squeeze the sponge into water for sufficient starch.

If one key in an otherwise well-behaved piano suddenly refuses to play, don't send for the repairman. First, look inside the instrument to see if, as so often happens, some small object has fallen on the strings.

don't use Harsh Laxatives

Keep regular this healthful way—
The juice of a lemon in a glass of water, when taken first thing on arising, is all that most people need to insure prompt, normal elimination. No more harsh laxatives that irritate the digestive tract and impair nutrition! Lemon in water is good for you! Generations of Americans have taken lemons for health—and generations of doctors have recommended them. They are rich in vitamin C; supply valuable amounts of B1 and P. They alkalinize; aid digestion. Not too sharp or sour, lemon in water has a refreshing tang—clears the mouth, wakes you up. It's not a purgative—simply helps your system regulate itself. Try it 10 days. USE CALIFORNIA SUNKIST LEMONS

TRICKS FOR TEENS
By NANCY PEPPER

WISE GUISE
You guessed it, this is about those characters with crew cuts at one end and argyle socks (the ones you knit for them) on the other—boys, that is. Everybody knows that their latest fashion favorite is the collarless cardigan sports jacket, a la Sinatra, but only our hi style scouts could round up their latest fads—and only you would be interested in them.

Boys and Curls—Frankie Laine isn't the only one who can sing. "Just Because My Hair Is Curly," now that a new wave has swept over the high school boys—a Permanent Wave, we mean. Seems out in the Middle West they're letting the front of their hair grow long and then curling it with those home permanent sets. Well, a forelock comes in handy when you have to honor your partner in square dancing.

News in Neckwear—The latest fad with his T shirts is a cotton bandanna kerchief, worn around the neck and slipped through a ring in front—preferably a friendship ring with a sentimental inscription. Looks as if he's been influenced by your silk scarfs.

Close Shave—Although we don't like to believe it, one of our Oklahoma scouts declares that the latest fad among the local Big Wheels is to shave their heads completely. Serves us right for complaining about their Crew Cuts. How hideous can they get, is what we'd like to know? Maybe we'd better not try to find out; there are times when "It Pays to Be Ignorant."

Hose for Joes—Miniature argyle socks are the latest good-luck trophies to hang in their jalousies. Of course, they're made by their favorite Needle Nudgers. And, boys who have big collections of hand-knit argyles, are now wearing different patterns and colors together, instead of matching pairs. Such a dazzling display!

Added Attraction—As if Spike Jones recordings didn't shatter the air waves enough, some disc jockeys have discovered that they can add

their own sound effects to records, with hilarious—and noisy—results. Wait 'til you hear what they do with the "Bells of San Juanita!" In comparison, "My Old Flame" is a lullaby!

Minor Detail.
From now on when we chance to meet, I'll turn my head and cross the street.

The things he said, I can't forget. I'll cut him dead—with no regret. I can't forgive our bitter brawl, His insults are beyond recall— The only point on which there's a doubt Is what our quarrel was about.

Bare Trees
Grace Nell Crowell

SO DELICATELY beautiful, These bare trees are as lovely quite As when their boughs were tossed by wind, Or filled with crimson light!

They stand against the winter gray Revealed in all their fragile grace: Black inky lines that write God's own Clear message on blue space.

He does not leave us desolate, Even these stripped trees, starkly bare, Hold beauty enough to warm the heart And melt the icy air.

Rugged Jeep's Best Selling Point Today Is—Comfort
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Handsome CORDE HANDBAG
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